

Surprised 1071

Chapter 1071 Excellent Relationship

Georgia seemed to be dumped. After the ward round, the doctors left.

She was half dying, looking pitiful.

The Clarke family had refused to pay her debt. Even if she woke up later, she would suffer mental disease and be unable to pay it.

She had also evaded taxes. She would be sent to jail if she couldn't pay it in a certain period.

Emerald Bay.

The Marsh family simply talked about something abroad after dinner. Then they went to bed.

After all, Aubree and the children had a long journey on the private jet.

The following day. Thanksgiving.

Finnley and Mya got up at six.

At nine, they left the prison after visiting Clarence. Mya looked upset, feeling depressed to part from her father.

Finnley propped his arm on her shoulders. "Mya, we'll try to visit Dad every 20 days. Mr. Marsh will help

us arrange it."

He pulled the passenger's side door open and let her sit in. Then he returned to the driver's seat.

He started the engine. "As you see, Dad is well. He's not bullied. He's also healthy. You should feel

happy for him."

"Ehn." Mya sighed, "I've never been parted from him for such a long time. He used to travel with my

mom for weeks, but now..."

"I know. Cheer up, Mya. We should have a happy life, so Dad won't be worried about us. OK?"

"Be happy, Mya." Finnley pulled the car away. "We'll see Mom soon. If she sees you like this, she'll be

upset."

Mya curled her lips into a smile, peeking out the window. "Lovely day."

"Yeah. My parents have set off from home. Claire messaged me earlier. They'll arrive in ten minutes."

Finnley and Mya prepared Thanksgiving lunch for the family gathering. The Russell couple and Shirley

joined them to celebrate the holiday.

Emerald Bay.

Pippa was playing soccer with Alfie and Diana in the yard. The maids had changed towels for them

twice.

Ivan was working in his study on the second floor.

Jennifer and Aubree were chitchatting in the pavilion, enjoying the warm sunshine.

Jennifer said, "Mom, I've found my birth father. Ivan helped me a lot and encouraged me to meet him."

"I saw the news when I was abroad." Aubree sipped the fruit tea. "Congratulations, Jennie. I'm happy for you."

"So you know everything?"

Aubree nodded, smiling at her. "Yep. Your original name is Michelle Clarke. Your father is the president of the Clarke Corp. I read the post about real and fake daughters. It's scary."

"I didn't expect it to end like this." Jennifer sounded regretful. "If they could take me in, I would get along with them well. After all, I've married Ivan; the Clarke family is only my maiden family."

"Exactly," Aubree said, "The two women are not intelligent."

"When you return to the house, you won't take anything away from them. They accompanied and took care of your father for many years, so you must be grateful for them."

Aubree knew Jennifer well.

She added, "In that case, Georgia Clarke would have a brighter future in the entertainment business.

Ivan would be her brother-in-law. Who dares to bully her?"

Unfortunately, Joan and Georgia were too stupid.

"Mom."

In the autumn breeze, Jennifer beamed at her gently. "Ivan and I will go to my dad's for lunch later.

Would you..."

"Go ahead. I understand." Aubree said, "Take the kids over. Your father must like them a lot. I don't

think you youngsters can understand such a feeling. I bet he's looking forward to you guys."

Chapter 1072 Stay for a Holiday

Jennifer was surprised by her words, feeling touched.

She stared at Aubree with unconcealed gratitude and joy.

"Go ahead. It's almost 10. You can't arrive at lunchtime," Aubree prompted, "I'll call Ivan to remind him."

Then she pulled out her phone and dialed Ivan's number. "What's the time now, Ivan?" She sounded

solemn. "Aren't you supposed to have Thanksgiving lunch at your father-in-law's house? Hurry!"

Ivan was surprised that his mother knew it.

He immediately answered, "I'm ready to go. I'll turn off my laptop now."

"Make it quick!"

"All right. All right."

Jennifer was delighted while listening. "Mom... We will gather with our friends for a barbecue this afternoon. Would you like to join us?"

"You are all youngsters. No, thanks," said Aubree. "I had a long journey on the jet yesterday, and I still have jet lag. I'll take a nap this afternoon. You guys have fun."

"My father will join us."

"I prefer peace and quiet. No, thanks," Aubree refused her politely.

Jennifer didn't insist. "Pippa will be home with you. I'll rest assured. I'll remind Marry to prepare Thanksgiving lunch for you."

"No worries. I know what to do. Get ready and go."

They exchanged a smile. Jennifer stood up, bent over, and hugged her. "Thank you, Mom."

Soon, Ivan carried some gift boxes into the car trunk. The children took showers and washed their

hands. Marry helped them put on clean clothes.

"Hooray! We'll meet our grandpa soon."

"I can't wait."

The children excitedly rushed out of the house and sat in their father's Lamborghini.

Jennifer waved Aubree goodbye. "Mom, we're taking off. Call us if you need anything."

"Go ahead. Enjoy your lunch."

"Bye!"

Jennifer walked towards the Lamborghini in the yard, feeling sweet.

Finally, Aubree had become a loving mother-in-law. Their life would be increasingly beautiful as long as they could let the bygones be bygones.

Life is short. People should treasure everyone they meet and be kind to each other.

The Lamborghini left Emerald Bay.

Five minutes later, Aubree finished her fruit tea, put down the teacup, and walked towards the house.

Suddenly, a black Volvo was driven into the yard and pulled over in front of her.

Aubree stopped mid-step and watched the car door open. Spencer hopped off.

Spencer was shocked when their gazes met mid-air, as he didn't know Aubree had returned to town.

Aubree's heart tightened slightly, but she kept calm.

In the breeze, she broke the silence, "Your brother and sister-in-law have gone to the Clarke's for a gathering." Her words eased the awkwardness in the air.

Meanwhile, she didn't mention Ivan and Jennifer's names but "your brother and sister-in-law", meaning she had recognized Spencer as one of the Marsh family.

Understanding that, Spencer felt much better.

He withdrew his gaze, closed the door, and opened the car trunk. Holding two gift boxes and a box of tea, he said, "Happy Thanksgiving, Aunt Aubree."

He called her aunt to show his generosity.

They got along peacefully without Jennifer's presence for the first time, which was rare.

Spencer passed the gifts to Aubree, who took it over with a gentle smile. "Stay for lunch, will you?"

Looking into his eyes, Aubree said lovingly, "It's a holiday. Your club must be closed. You are alone. So am I. I invite you to stay here for a holiday."

Chapter 1073 Finally, I Saw You

Since Aubree said so, Spencer didn't think he needed to turn her down.

He decided to let the bygones be bygones.

Therefore, he nodded his agreement. "OK."

Aubree carried the gift boxes, walking into the living room with him.

In the Lamborghini heading for Clarke Villa, Ivan was driving as he had given Hank a day off.

Jennifer was sitting with the children in the backseat, telling them everything about their grandfather.

"It turns out Grandpa is also a successful businessman," Alfie complimented, "No wonder Jennie is so excellent. You have his good genes."

"Grandma told us we had a grandpa when we were abroad."

Jennifer was slightly taken aback. Rubbing Diana's hair, she asked, "What did Grandma say about him?"

"Grandma said Grandpa was a decent man. Like Dad, he's also fond of doing charity."

"Grandma also said Grandpa must love us a lot."

Their words sent warmth into Jennifer's chest.

"Mommy, does Grandpa have a wife?" Diana blinked her lovely eyes.

Jennifer was silent for a moment. Holding Diana's hand, she nodded. "Of course, he had. Your grandmother has gone to Heaven. I'm afraid you cannot meet her."

"Has she passed away?" Alfie asked bluntly, "Does Grandpa miss her?"

Jennifer thought for a moment and answered, "Alfie, of course, Grandpa misses her. After arriving at his house, don't mention her. Or Grandpa will be upset."

The children nodded sensibly, remembering their mother's reminder.

Emerald Bay.

After entering the living room, Spencer asked, "Aunt Aubree, what dishes are your favorite? I'll cook for you today."

"Will you?"

He nodded. "Yep."

Aubree was delighted. "I'm not picky. All up to you."

They exchanged a glance. Spencer nodded, walking towards the kitchen.

Aubree could tell he was familiar with the house.

Watching him vanish from her sight, she heaved a sigh. Thanks to Jennifer's effort, they could get along well. Otherwise, everyone would live in hatred.

They would have ended up like Joan and Georgia if that had continued.

If one had hatred, he or she wouldn't keep rational. In that case, one could do something evil.

The Lamborghini was heading for Clarke Villa.

"Creak!"

Suddenly, Ivan stepped on the brake as a woman opened her arms to block their way.

Jennifer immediately reached out to prevent her children from bumping. Fortunately, they were in the children's seats and fastened with seat belts.

"What happened, Mommy?"

Jennifer didn't know either. She consoled them, "It's alright. Dad will deal with it."

Ivan gazed at the woman icily as he recognized it was Catherine.

"Ms. Collins? What are you doing, Ms. Collins?" Kerry ran towards her while panting, pulling her away.

Catherine opened her eyes. The Lamborghini was stopped a yard before him. She looked over at the

driver's seat, meeting Ivan's eagle-sharp eyes.

She didn't see him the previous night but met him now, feeling satisfied.

"Let's go, Ms. Collins." Kerry tried her best to pull her away. "Mr. Marsh looked annoyed. He'll be mad."

Jennifer also noticed the pregnant woman in front of the car.

'Gosh! She risked her life. What if Ivan failed to stop the car? She would have been hit fiercely.'

Catherine looked into Ivan's icy eyes, opening up her arms stubbornly, refusing to move away.

She wanted him to get down.

A few seconds later, Ivan raised his chin slightly, unbuckled his seat belt, and got off.

His action brought warmth into Catherine's heart.

"Finally, I saw you, Ivan. Happy Thanksgiving!" Tears welled up in her eyes. She looked aggrieved and

excited with mixed feelings.

Chapter 1074 Catherine Risked Her Life

Ivan, however, wasn't touched. Standing before her, leaning against the Lamborghini, he held his arms

across his chest and gazed at her sternly.

Catherine looked into his eyes, putting down her arms. "Ivan..."

She choked with sobs, millions of words simmering on her lips.

"Catherine Collins," Ivan reminded her out of his kindness, "If you dare to block my car again, I won't step on the brake. Want a try?"

Catherine could tell he meant what he said from his eyes, feeling a sharp pang in her heart.

"Ms. Collins, let's go..." Kerry pulled her repeatedly and convinced her, "Let's go. It's meaningless to pester Mr. Marsh."

"You hate me, don't you?" Catherine asked, feeling frustrated.

Ivan chuckled, "I never loved you. How could I hate you? You sickened me. That's all."

He checked the time on his wristwatch, stood upright, and said to Kerry, "I sent you to take care of her out of kindness. Did you mislead her?"

Catherine suddenly looked back at Kerry. "Were you sent by him?"

Ivan was slightly taken aback as he didn't expect Catherine not to know it.

Kerry looked at Ivan, shaking her head. "No, Mr. Marsh. I didn't mislead her. I've never done anything to make her misunderstand. It's Thanksgiving, a holiday for a family reunion. She's sentimental."

Catherine couldn't hear Kerry's words at all. She was shocked that Kerry had been sent by Ivan.

Her heart hammered.

She wondered if it meant Ivan still cared about her. However, he never admitted it.

"Ivan!" she called his name excitedly.

"Stop it!" Ivan didn't have the mood to speak to her. Looking down at her icily, he added, "After your

baby is born, you'll be sent to jail. You are a grownup, so you must pay the price for the evil things

you've done."

"Boom!"

Catherine's heart sank. She watched him return to the driver's seat, back the car, and drive bypass her.

The vehicle soon vanished from her sight.

Catherine collapsed to the ground. Fortunately, Kerry helped her up. "Ms. Collins, stand up. Don't sit on

the street."

Holding her belly, Catherine followed Kerry to the roadside. "Are you working for Ivan?" she asked,

gazing at Kerry without blinking.

"It's not important," Kerry said bluntly, "I'm here to take care of you. Mr. Marsh sent me to gather Leslie

Eastwood's criminal evidence. After he's gone to jail, Mr. Marsh didn't ask me to leave. You hoped me to stay, so... I'm free to leave or stay."

"I see..." Catherine twitched her lips into a smile in self-mockery. "It turns of an apple of Sodom."

In the Lamborghini, Jennifer didn't ask Ivan anything. Neither did the children.

Ivan didn't pity Catherine at all. He would never let her at large.

Seeing the Lamborghini stop in his yard, Zack was overjoyed. He strode out of the living room.

Aiden walked out from the side hall. Eason, who sat on the stairs, jumped to his feet and peeked out the window, his eyes lit up.

"Master Eason, your older sister, Michelle, is back home," Aiden said to him joyfully.

The doors of the car were opened. Ivan and Jennifer got down with their twins.

"Happy Thanksgiving, Dad."

"Hello, Dad."

The Marsh couple greeted Zack. Ivan went to the car trunk to fetch the gifts.

Jennifer hurriedly told the children, "This is your grandpa. He's my father."

"Nice to meet you, Grandpa!"

Alfie and Diana held hands while bowing at Zack, their voices loud.

"Nice to meet you, too, Alfie, Diana," Zack called them. Squatting, he gently grabbed their shoulders while looking at them in excitement.

"The kids are adorable. Like you and Mr. Marsh," he said to Jennifer.

Alfie and Diana immediately answered in unison, "We look like you more, Grandpa."

Chapter 1075 He's Your Uncle

Their answer pleased Zack, who laughed loudly.

The children held his hands, and Jennifer and Ivan carried bunches of gift bags. All headed for the house.

Eason stood at the door, gazing at Jennifer without blinking as if she was the only one he could see.

When Ivan entered the living room, he saw Tristan go downstairs. Tristan wore a suit, looking charming and spirited.

Ivan wondered why he didn't go home on Thanksgiving.

"Happy Thanksgiving, Mr. Marsh and Ms. Brooks," Tristan greeted the couple politely.

Jennifer smiled at him. "Happy Thanksgiving, Tristan." Then she saw Eason.

"Please let me take the bags, Lady Michelle." Aiden hurriedly took the gift bags from her.

Eason stared at Jennifer without blinking, his eyes glittering with joy. His lips curl up slightly.

He took the initiative to take Jennifer's hand as he had expected to see her for days.

Jennifer bent over to hug him, feeling sorry for this pitiful boy.

The children had a tour of the living room. Walking towards Jennifer, they looked at Eason curiously

and asked, "Who is he, Mommy?"

"You are so cute, little boy." Diana stood before Eason. She was even taller than him.

Jennifer forgot to introduce Eason to the children.

"Well..." she replied with a smile, "You can't call him a little boy. He's my younger brother. You should

call him Uncle Eason."

"Uncle Eason?" the kids repeated in unison, gaping at her.

"Why is Uncle Eason shorter than me, Mommy?" Alfie asked. He had never experienced such a matter before.

His question made the atmosphere awkward. Jennifer felt embarrassed as she had forgotten about it.

"Eason's hand is cold. Aiden, can you please take him to put a vest on?" Jennifer asked Aiden gently.

Aiden understood what she implied. "Sure, Lady Michelle." She hurriedly took Eason's hand and left with him.

Jennifer seriously explained to the twins, "Uncle Eason is sick for the time being. Have you heard of autism?"

The children nodded.

"He suffers from autism. It's not easy to communicate with him. But Uncle Eason can feel it. If you treat him nicely, he'll be willing to befriend you."

The children nodded in understanding. Alfie and Diana were kind-hearted. Besides, Eason was their uncle, so they would definitely be nice to him.

"I'll share my toys with Uncle Eason." Diana couldn't wait to let Eason join her.

Alfie also said, "I'll share my favorite food with him. We're family."

Zack was touched by their words, thinking kindness could be passed on to generations.

Tristan was shocked and touched by Jennifer's generosity.

Ivan looked at him, only to find he stared at Jennifer without blinking. Jealousy surged in Ivan's chest.

He walked up to block Tristan's sight, seemingly unintentionally.

Tristan withdrew his gaze and returned to his senses.

Ivan guessed his father-in-law must have trusted Tristan the most.

According to his investigation, Tristan was more outstanding than Finnley.

Sometimes, Ivan wondered if Zack would have let Jennifer marry Tristan if Jennifer had grown up in the Clarke family and never met him.

Thinking of that, Ivan felt awkward while looking at Tristan.

"Alfie! Diana!"

Zack took out two gift boxes from a room. "Here are the gifts for you. I hope you like them."

"The LEGO blocks!"

The twins were excited. "Thank you, Grandpa." They were never fearful but full of confidence, enjoying all the love from everyone.

Chapter 1076 About the Treasure

Alfie and Diana unpacked the gift boxes, put all the building blocks on the coffee table, and started to

play. They didn't argue or fight.

"Where is Uncle Eason, Mommy?" Diana called to Jennifer, "Please ask him to join us."

Alfie suggested, "Diana, you'll team up with Uncle Eason. We'll compete to see which team builds

faster. OK?"

"Good idea."

From their tones, the grownups could tell they didn't look down on Eason at all.

They also didn't ask bothering questions but accepted Eason as one of their family.

"Let me call him."

Jennifer left the living room. Shortly after, she returned while holding Eason's hand. Aiden put on a vest

on him, making him look more handsome.

He drooled unconsciously, and Aiden hurriedly wiped it off.

"Eason, would you like to play LEGO with Alfie and Diana?" Jennifer bent over and asked him gently.

Eason held her hand tightly, shaking his head. He wasn't interested in playing but only Jennifer.

Jennifer was surprised. She squatted down and coaxed him, "Don't be afraid. I'll be watching you." She

tossed the hair on his forehead.

Sometimes, Jennifer wished Zack to be Eason's birth father.

Watching them, Zack was delighted and thought it was because of their blood kinship.

A chef and several cooks were busy preparing lunch in the kitchen.

"Michelle," Zack said to Jennifer, "Can you follow me to the study?"

Jennifer could tell he wanted to talk to her privately. "Sure, Dad." Then she reminded Aiden to keep an eye on Eason.

She followed Zack upstairs and thought about the forbidden zone on the third floor, feeling touched.

She could tell Zack had never stopped loving her in the past decades.

On the contrary, she hesitated for a long while before plucking up her courage to meet him.

"Michelle," Zack went straight to the point in the study, "Where is the crystal I gave to you when you were little?"

"I kept it in Emerald Bay. Why?" Jennifer looked into his eyes.

Zack answered bluntly with a worried face, "My half has been stolen by Joan Houghton. I don't know to who she has given it. I believe there's a manipulator behind it."

"A manipulator?" Jennifer was shocked. "Has she... always been restless over the years?"

"I don't know much about it." Zack drifted to the window, standing with his hands behind his back. "I

never expected her to cheat on me. I gave her plenty of money to spend. I also gave her freedom and

a sense of security after she married me. I only wished she could keep my family well."

His words brought up Jennifer's hunch. She guessed Eason's birth father must be the manipulator.

'How greedy they are!'

"There is a rumor about our Clarke family. Sometimes, the netizens discuss it online."

"It's about a treasure."

Jennifer was taken aback as she had never heard of it.

Zack continued, "The key to open the doors to the treasure is said to be the two halves of the crystal together."

"Where is the treasure? What is it?" Jennifer asked, "Is it passed on from our ancestors?"

"Beats me, Jennifer." Zack chuckled, looking back at her. "Your grandfather never mentioned the treasure to me. Besides, I found a designer to design the crystals back then. It means nothing special."

"So the treasure doesn't exist, right? Someone believes the rumor and wants to get the crystals."

"Exactly." Zack nodded. "My half has been stolen. I haven't found who has it. I went to see Joan

Houghton, but she refused to tell me."

Jennifer was lost in thought.

"Michelle, you must be careful," Zack reminded her, "If someone wants the crystal, give it to him. Don't

be persistent."

Jennifer answered, "If we encountered such evil ones, Ivan would definitely send all of them to jail."

Chapter 1077 Jennifer's Decision

"I'm checking it now," Zack said, "Before the investigation ends, you must be careful. I'm worried about

you, Michelle."

Jennifer held his hand with a kind smile. "No worries, Dad. I'll tell Ivan about this matter. He sends me

to work and picks me up every day. I'm also a martial artist. Please rest assured."

Then she changed the topic. "Dad, have you sent Eason to see a doctor?"

"Yes, I have." Zack felt frustrated, thinking about his son. He sighed, "He was like an ordinary child

before turning two, pretty lively and adorable. He called Dad and Mom clearly."

"How about after he turned two?" asked Jennifer.

Zack rang the bell and answered honestly, "After he turned two, I gradually found he was different from

kids the same age. He reacted slowly and ignored us. Sometimes, he didn't utter a word for one day."

"What did the doctor say?"

"Mental retardation and autism. I sent Eason to see many doctors. He took pills and had injections for

years, but nothing worked. I guess he stopped growing taller because of the medicine's side effects."

Jennifer roughly understood Eason's status from his answer.

"Dad, I can tell you love him very much."

Smiling, she added, "If you trust me, please let me cure him. I want to have a try."

"You?" Zack stared at her in confusion.

Looking into his eyes, Jennifer nodded determinedly. "Yep. Do you know Rowan Watson, Ivan's

personal doctor? He's a talented pharmacist who has studied and developed many new medicines to

benefit humans."

"Yes, I know him. I read his reports."

"I'm his teacher," said Jennifer, "I'm Darcie, the pharmacist."

Her words were like a bombshell to Zack. "My daughter... is an expert. How could I not trust you? Even if there's only a ray of hope, I wish Eason could be cured."

Jennifer heard the excitement in his trembling voice.

Zack couldn't calm down. As Eason's father, he had felt bitter and helpless for years.

"In fact, I never wish Eason could be someone famous. I'll be satisfied as long as he can live like an ordinary man who earns a monthly salary and contributes to the world. I don't want others to disdain him for being worthless."

"Dad."

Jennifer held his shoulders, repressing the sorrow in her heart, and consoled him, "He's not worthless.

He's your son. You love him. We all care about him. I'm sure he'll recover after the treatment. Trust me."

"Michelle..." Zack also pinched her shoulders gently, looking at her tearfully. "You are indeed kind-hearted."

"I'm a doctor."

Jennifer didn't hide her identity from him. No matter who was Eason's father, she could tell his recovery

could delight her father.

Therefore, she decided to hide the truth from Zack. She had no heart to expose it.

Moreover, Eason was innocent. If he had a chance to choose, he wouldn't have chosen to be born by

Joan.

Soon, Aiden went upstairs to inform them the lunch was ready.

The Clarke family prepared a feast--58 delicious dishes covered the long marble dining table.

For Zack, it wasn't an ordinary Thanksgiving.

On this day, he introduced her daughter to his family officially. His outstanding son-in-law and

grandchildren also celebrated the holiday together.

Tristan stayed for lunch. He was gentle, polite, and quiet but emanated a charm from a mature man.

Chapter 1078 A Pleasant Afternoon

"Mommy, when shall we go to the barbecue?" Diana couldn't wait. "Can we take Uncle Eason with us?"

While she asked, she picked up a piece of pork and put it on Eason's plate, smiling sweetly at him.

Diana liked him a lot after playing LEGO with him. Eason was quiet. Moreover, after teaming up with

him, they almost defeated Alfie.

Jennifer filled the kids' bowls with soup and answered, "After lunch, we'll rest before going. Mya will call us."

She added, "Of course, we can take Uncle Eason. Grandpa will also join us."

"I'd better stay home, Michelle. You are all youngsters. Have fun." Zack beamed at her lovingly and didn't want to be a damper on the youngsters' gathering.

Ivan said, "Dad, please join us. It's a holiday. We can celebrate it together. If it's because of the age, I'm afraid I cannot join them either."

His words amused others.

"OK. OK. I'll join you." Zack didn't refuse. After all, he also wanted to take care of Eason, so others could enjoy themselves.

After lunch, Tristan bid them farewell and left.

At two in the afternoon, Mya called Jennifer. "Have you done your lunch, Jennie?"

"Yep. How about you? Is everything settled?"

Mya answered joyfully, "My in-laws have gone to their company just now. Finnley sent me to my mom's

house. We'll be there soon. I'm sorting out the things at home. Ready to go."

"We can leave anytime. Let me ask Spencer and Rowan."

"OK. Claire is with us, helping me sort the things. I've bought everything on the list. You know I'm

careless, but Finnley isn't."

"Ehn. I trust you guys."

After the call ended, Jennifer called Rowan. Since she had told him about the barbecue in the

afternoon, he answered he could go anytime.

Emerald Bay.

Spencer enjoyed the sunshine in the yard, playing chess with Aubree after lunch. He didn't want to

move as it was too cozy.

He took a sip of the good black tea, feeling delighted.

After he put down a pawn, his phone rang. He checked the caller ID and swiped to answer, "Hello,

Jennie?"

"Have you closed the club?" Jennifer asked, "We'll have a barbecue this afternoon. Would you like to

join us? You can take the kids from the club."

"I'm not in my club now."

"No?" Jennifer was surprised. "I asked you to join us for Thanksgiving, but you said you would take care of the kids. Why? Where are you now?"

Spencer picked up his teacup. "At your house." He sipped the tea.

He sounded leisurely, but Jennifer could tell he wasn't joking.

"For real?"

Jennifer couldn't believe her ear. "In Emerald Bay? When did you go there? Why didn't you tell us beforehand?"

"It's your turn to move now, Spencer," Aubree said.

Hearing her graceful voice, Jennifer was taken aback. "Are you playing chess with Mom?"

"Ehn," Spencer answered indifferently.

Jennifer widened her eyes. "OK... I won't hold you up too long. Go on."

"OK," he answered in the same tone, having no interest in the barbecue.

Jennifer hung up, still feeling shocked. With a mysterious look, she tugged Ivan's arm and asked,

"Guess where Spencer is now."

"Our house?" Ivan was also shocked as he overheard her call just now.

"Right. Spencer is playing chess with Mom."

Ivan blinked, curling his lips into a smile, feeling delighted.

Soon, they got ready for the barbecue and set off.

Alfie, Diana, and Eason sat in Zack's car.

Jennifer and Ivan sat in the Lamborghini.

On the other side, Rowan also set up and took a medical box with him for an emergency.

Finnley and Mya filled their car trunk with all kinds of things. The stoves were new. Wearing a hat,

Claire helped them.

It was meant to be a joyful afternoon. Something wonderful would happen soon.

Chapter 1079 The Woman in Rowan's Car

The venue for the barbecue was a small hill with a beautiful environment. The cars could be driven up and parked nearby.

There were two glasshouses on the hill with delicate decorations, which were tearooms.

Besides the glasshouses was a piece of land as the yard. A maple tree aged 800 years shaded the yard, its leaves rustling in the breeze.

The place was built by Finnley's friend, who was abroad. Since they were close, his friend gave him a spare key.

Finnley used to take his friends there before, but it was the first time for Mya to be there.

"Whoa! I love this place."

A few cars were parked on the hill, one after another. The doors were open, and all got down.

Clair wore a light-blue dress. With a single glimpse, she saw Rowan get off his black Volvo.

He wore a white hoodie, the collar of which had a unique design. In the breeze, he looked in the distance. He was handsome and charming.

"Claire, help me carry this stove." Mya opened the car trunk.

Her voice brought Claire back to her senses. "Coming." She strode towards Mya.

"Let me do it." Finnley strode over. While carrying it, he said, "You can take something light. Let me handle the heavy ones."

Mya leaned over to Clair. The latter glanced at Rowan and whispered, "Mya, is that man Dr. Watson? I

met him before, but I am not sure now."

"It's him."

"I see." Claire nodded thoughtfully. "He's a talented doctor with a charming face. He seems to be quiet.

Doesn't he like speaking?"

Mya carried some ingredients from the trunk, praising her, "You are awesome. He is. I don't know him

much, though. I only care about Finnley."

"Aren't you friends?"

"Right, but it doesn't mean I know him well." Mya told her, "I saw him a few times after getting injured.

He's decent. Do you have a crush on him?"

"Stop talking nonsense." Claire looked around and grumbled, "He's the only single man here, so I'm

curious."

"How did you know he was single? Does he need to tell you if he has a girlfriend?"

Claire was rendered tongue-tied, helping her carry the ingredients.

Suddenly, the black Volvo's door on the passenger side was opened. A tall, pretty woman got off. With

a smile, she looked around the landscape around the hill.

"Rowan, who is she?"

Diana joyfully trotted over and tiptoed. Rowan lifted her. She held his neck like a koala.

The woman watched them in a daze.

"Diana, she is Daphne, my friend," Rowan answered bluntly.

Daphne Wells walked to them in high heels. With a smile, she took Diana's hand gently. "Is she Mr.

Marsh's daughter, Rowan?"

Diana smiled at her sweetly. "Did you hear about me? I have an older brother. We're twins. We don't

look like each other, though."

She pointed in the distance. "Look. My brother is over there."

Following her finger, Daphne saw a boy staring at his tablet. He wore a fashionable outfit and a black

cap, looking pretty and lovely.

"Nice to meet you, Mr. Clarke."

Mya politely bowed at Zack. "I'm Mya Saunders. My husband is Ivan's special assistant."

Zack realized her father was the former mayor.

With a loving smile, he answered, "Nice to meet you, too." He could tell she was kind-hearted and lovely.

Everyone got off the cars and started to get ready for the barbecue.

They set up the barbecue stoves and prepared the ingredients together. Soon, the barbecue started.

Chapter 1080 Claire's Concept of Love

Ivan had a strong hands-on ability. Working with Finnley tacitly, he set up the barbecue stoves shortly after.

Rowan sorted the ingredients according to their types. Daphne walked to him. "Do you need help?"

"Can you chop them to chunks and put them on the skewers?" Rowan passed a bunch of skewers to her.

"Sure."

Daphne picked up a bag of potatoes and eggplants, holding a sharp knife.

Rowan didn't remind her to be careful. After all, she was a surgeon, so it was a piece of cake for her to chop the ingredients.

In a glasshouse, Mya was about to make tea. Claire boiled some water and prepared the tea set.

Subconsciously, she peeked out the window.

Then she saw Rowan and his female friend working tacitly. She asked, "He's got a girlfriend so soon.

Will he get married suddenly as well?"

"What's wrong, Claire?" Mya darted at her. "You pay a lot of attention to the talented doctor."

"Not really." Claire chuckled, "I never want to marry. Usually, I don't pay attention to a man. I just feel curious, wondering why you all have got married."

"We've met the right ones," answered Mya.

A breeze entered the yard, bringing leaves off the branches. They floated along the wind and fell to the ground.

Jennifer sat beside Eason, studying him according to a doctor's professionalism.

Suddenly, Daphne's phone rang. She hurriedly removed the gloves, pulled the phone out, and swiped

to answer, "Hello, Mom?"

The woman on the other end of the line spoke.

Daphne glanced at Rowan and answered, "No worries. I've met Rowan. I stay in his house for the time

being. He has also arranged my employment. Please rest assured."

A while later, she put the phone next to Rowan's ear. "Rowan, my mom wants to speak to you."

Rowan was busy sorting out the ingredient, so he answered without holding the phone, "Hello. Mrs.

Wells." His voice was gentle and polite.

Daphne's mother said with a smile, "Rowan, thank you for looking after Daphne. She has never been to

such a big town as Arkpool City. She knows no one there. Fortunately, you are in town."

"You are welcome, Mrs. Wells. I have a big house. She also majored in medical studies. Probably, she

could help me sometimes," Rowan replied to relieve her.

Daphne was joyful to hear his words.

After the call ended, she asked half-jokingly, "Do you need a personal assistant, Rowan?"

"No, thanks," Rowan answered without hesitation.

Daphne was shocked, staring at his charming face. "Why not? Don't you want a helping hand? It can

save you much effort and time."

"I prefer peace," Rowan drawled.

Daphne was taken aback and buttoned her lip. She put on the gloves again to prepare the skewers.

In the glasshouse, Mya asked curiously, "Have you ever fallen in love, Claire?"

Claire asked, "What do you think love is? What's your standard?"

"Pardon me?" Mya didn't follow her.

Claire continued, "Is love a confession? Ensuring the relationship? Holding hands? Kissing? Having

sex? Or a skip of the heartbeat? What do you think love is?"

"Well... Well... Can't they represent love?" Mya asked, "Those are what the lovebirds do. Everything you mentioned will happen."

"I disagree." Claire peeked out the window with a smile. "In my opinion, when your heart skips a beat and thumps, it means real love. Others are just the deals between two adults for what they demand."