

Surprised Wife With Twins (Ivan and Jennifer) Chapter 213

"Auntie, I love him truly," Catherine sobbed, "In this world, except for you, nobody loves him more than I do. I promise I'll never do anything to harm anyone in the future. Please keep me by his side."

Ivan stopped at the door, watching Catherine kneel and grip his mother's wrist to beg her.

He heard every single word she said.

His stomach was turning. If Catherine hadn't placed obstacles in the way, his mother wouldn't be so determined.

Anger flames burned in his eyes. He emanated a murderous aura.

Ivan rushed in and lifted Catherine from the ground. "Fuck off!" Then he flung her away violently.

"Ah!" Catherine exclaimed miserably.

She spun, and her belly hit the corner of a table. The pain made her face twist and her body numb.

Aubree was frightened by her son as well.

Before she helped Catherine up, Ivan blocked her way, gazing at her icily. "Tell me. Where is Jennifer?"

"I knew Andrew had given her the ticket. Stop denying it," Ivan reminded her tolerantly, "God is watching you."

Aubree felt guilty for some reason.

Catherine leaned against the desk. The pain made her forehead sweating. She took several deep breaths to relieve it.

"Tell me. Where have you sent her to?" Ivan's voice was trembling, his face turning livid. "Let me repeat it the last time. Where the heck is she?"

Aubree knew Ivan was serious. Calming down, she answered, "New York."

Her words caused a sharp pang in his chest. Ivan continued, "What did you do to make her leave? What did you say to threaten her?"

"She left voluntarily," Aubree answered indifferently, "No one made her leave by force."

"Where in New York?"

"No idea." Ivan could tell Aubree wasn't lying.

The most important now was to look for Jennifer.

Before leaving, he gazed at Catherine, and the latter shivered in fear. Her nerves were so tense that she almost broke down.

“Listen. Even if Jennifer never existed, I wouldn’t marry you,” Ivan bit out determinedly, “Hand over your work to Finnley. Go through the resignation process in a week. Get out of my face!”

Each of his words stabbed her heart like daggers.

Ivan withdrew his sharp gaze and turned away.

“Ivan!” Catherine followed him by instinct.

Ivan trotted downstairs, but she tripped over near the handrail. “Ivan!” The physical pain from her belly mixed with the sharp pang in her heart. Tears trickled down her cheeks.

“Ivan...” Catherine collapsed, overwhelmed by the bitterness. She had never owned him but had already lost him. The feeling tore her heart apart again.

Instead of following them out, Aubree stood in front of the floor-to-ceiling window and watched her son drive away. Lamborghini rushed out of the villa.

It started drizzling in the morning. Soon, the rain became a downpour, blurring her sight.

Aubree wondered if her son had really fallen in love with Jennifer.

She was upset but didn’t think she should change her mind. In her opinion, it wasn’t good for her son to love that woman so deeply.

In marriage, loving someone is far more suffering than being loved by someone.

She didn’t want her son to give out and suffer.

Aubree turned around and walked out of her room. Seeing Catherine weeping beside the handrail, she felt sorry for the young woman.

Catherine’s eyes were hollow and lifeless.

“Don’t disappoint me again,” Aubree said evenly, “Stand up.”

In a trance, Catherine bit down the pain, grabbed on the handrail, and stood up. Then she met Aubree’s gaze, wondering what she meant.

Aubree looked at her calmly and continued in a determined tone, “I’ll help you drug him. You can get pregnant with his child. You two must get married.”