

Surprised Wife With Twins (Ivan and Jennifer) Chapter 330

Then she said to Tammy, "Tammy, can you get me some ginger soap? The more, the better. He needs to bathe in it. Or you can put the sliced ginger into the bath water. Hurry. We don't have much time."

"Okay, Ms. Brooks." Tammy turned away without asking Spencer.

Spencer didn't expect Ivan to be so fragile. "How's he doing? Is it severe?"

Jennifer could tell he cared about Ivan. She darted at him and shook her head. "It's not severe. Carry him to my room. Come on!"

She sounded like a typical doctor now.

To her room?

Spencer was unwilling

"Hurry up!" Jennifer gazed at him. "Probably you had injured him back in the hospital, or he wouldn't have fainted because of the rain."

Spencer still didn't move, looking evidently reluctant.

Jennifer gazed at him sharply. Although he was unwilling, he had to help her.

Spencer carried Ivan to the second floor.

Tammy put the sliced ginger into the bathtub and filled it with hot water.

Spencer helped Ivan take a ginger bath. Jennifer waited for them outside the door. "You can't take revenge on him now."

"Why don't you come in and help him?" Spencer retorted, "I didn't expect you to care about him so much. He's going to marry another woman soon."

"Stop stimulating me. You know what?" Jennifer asked, "If anything happened him in your house, you can't escape the blame."

Spencer was wordless.

Ten minutes later, he helped Ivan walk out. Ivan seemed to have some consciousness.

After he was put onto Jennifer's bed, he furrowed his brows and muttered unconsciously, "Jennie, is it you? Don't leave me... I have a lot of words to say to you."

He was on fever, so his throat dried out.

Jennifer sat on the bed edge while pasting a fever-cooling pack on his forehead.

Spencer poured a glass of water for him and helped Jennifer feed Ivan with the antipyretic.

“He’s a grownup, isn’t he? Why is he still so childish?”

This was also the first time that Spencer had seen Ivan so lonely and helpless.

His mother was in the hospital, but he stubbornly stood in the storm.

“Let him rest. His fever would be brought down in half an hour approximately.” Jennifer tucked Ivan in the quilt, stood up, and said to Spencer, “Thank you for your help, Spencer.”

Spencer didn’t reply. He turned around, wondering if he had been bewitched.

Jennifer watched his receding figure. After Spencer gently closed the door, she felt sorry for him.

However, she chose to stay by Ivan’s side. Sitting on the bed edge, she waited for his body temperature to become normal.

After 30 minutes, she could tell his fever was gone. Ivan also fell asleep, sleeping soundly. Jennifer could tell how exhausted he had been in the past few days.

She stood up and tiptoed out of the room. Then she sat in front of the window of her study, opening a book to read at random.

Spencer sat on the steps, holding a bottle of whisky. From time to time, he gulped some liquor down, feeling bothered.

After getting along with Jennifer for a while, he had a crush on her.

She also promised to be his girlfriend and offered him a tiny possibility.

However, he knew Jennifer still loved Ivan deeply.

Ivan disliked Catherine; no matter how much she had given, Ivan wouldn’t like her. Instead, he detested her more.

Spencer gulped some liquor again. He also didn’t wish Jennifer to detest him. He hesitantly wondered if he should let Ivan and Jennifer be together.

What’s love? Just watching her be happy is enough? However, it was a high-minded thought, and Spencer didn’t think he could do it.

Hence, he wondered if he should help and bring them together as they truly loved each other.

For Jennifer, Spencer started trying to forget his hatred. However, he hadn’t realized it and still behaved stubbornly.