

Surprised Wife With Twins (Ivan and Jennifer) Chapter 68

Rowan didn't continue. It had been seven years. How could he tell Ivan everything in only a few lines?

"Mr. Marsh, I hope you can treat her well." Rowan took a sip of the wine, his eyes glittering with solemnness. "I like her and worship her. If you cannot do it, please return her to me."

He could only speak those words after drinking the wine, and his tone was half-joking.

Ivan was surprised, staring at him.

Rowan looked into his eyes. Time seemed to have paused.

Afraid he would misunderstand, Rowan smiled and added, "Anyway, she's an outstanding woman. She has many admirers besides you."

Ivan didn't deny that he was one of her admirers.

If not, he wouldn't have come to Rowan's house or asked him about her life in the past seven years.

However, Ivan wondered when he started to like Jennifer.

He had no idea.

After a while, Rowan sipped the wine and asked thoughtfully, "Do you know who Darcie is?"

Ivan thought for a moment and asked, "The famous pharmacist Darcie?"

"Yep." Rowan's mouth corner lifted, his eyes glimmering with worship. "She's your wife, Mr. Marsh."

Ivan looked shocked.

He was always calm and seldom shocked by something.

He didn't think he needed to doubt Rowan's words.

Recalling something, Ivan asked, "Do you know her relationship with Emma?"

Rowan shook his head. "Nope."

"She's Darcie. Why did she stay in the village?" Ivan was puzzled.

Rowan answered gently, "You can ask her and get to know more about her."

The Marsh Group.

Catherine walked out of the lobby, feeling the night breeze. She felt lonely.

She pulled out the door of her car and sat in the driver's seat. When she looked at the window of Ivan's office, she saw the light was on.

Catherine thought of her efforts and sorrow in the past several years, a pain rising in her heart. She loved him wholeheartedly, but he kept ignoring her.

She wondered how stunning and excellent she must be so that his gaze could fall on her.

The ringing tone of her phone brought her back to her senses.

She swiped to answer. The person on the other end said, "Hello, Ms. Collins. The suit you designed for Mr. Marsh has been tailored. Would you like us to deliver it to your company, or would you come to get it?"

"Please send it to my company at seven tomorrow morning. Thanks."

"All right, Ms. Collins."

After ending the conversation, Catherine started the engine, heading for Rowan's house.

She recalled that Ivan would go there after work.

If they could meet, it wouldn't be awkward as Rowan would be there. Probably, they could chitchat on Spencer's matter.

On the way, the scenes where Ivan and Jennifer were together appeared in her mind. She recalled he rode the roller coaster with Jennifer and even vomited. He took Jennifer to the police station to meet Spencer. Jennifer tossed the cotton candy that Ivan gave to her.

She recalled that Jennifer had moved into Emerald Bay and slept with him.

Pain stabbed into her chest, and she had to suck in a breath to steady herself.

Catherine parked her car in front of Rowan's villa, behind the Lamborghini.

Right then, Ivan walked out of the living room and saw her in her car with a single glimpse.

The driver opened the rear door of the Lamborghini.

Ivan strode forward. Catherine gazed at him, holding her breath. Whenever he stepped forward, she felt he was stepping on her heart.

Ivan stopped in front of his car and sat in.

Catherine's heart sank. She watched the Lamborghini leave.

Rowan saw her through the floor-to-ceiling window of his living room, so he walked out.

Two minutes later. The living room.

Catherine sitting at the table opposite Rowan. The latter poured a glass of wine for her and could understand who she felt.

“Why did he come here?” she asked in a low voice, “For Spencer?”

“Nope,” Rowan answered gently and bluntly, “For his wife.”