

## Surprised Wife With Twins (Ivan and Jennifer) Chapter 117

Jennifer didn't get in her car until the other vehicle was gone.

Sitting in the driver's seat for quite a while, she was engulfed in sorrow. She closed her eyes and tried her best to shake off the negative emotions.

At the deputy president's office, the Marsh Group.

Catherine was lost in thought. She recalled seeing Aubree come out of the Emerald Bay mansion and seem to get along with the two children well.

She panicked.

Jennifer could sit on Mrs. Marsh's throne longer if her children gained Aubree's favor.

Moreover, she slept with Ivan every night.

Catherine believed that even if a man didn't love a woman, he would fall in love with her as long as they slept together long enough.

She was anxious, wondering what to do, worried about her future happiness.

In anger, she grabbed a document on the desk and tossed it away.

Linda, who was sorting out an EXCEL file nearby, was startled by Catherine's outburst. "Ms. Collins... What happened?"

"Linda..." Catherine almost burst into tears. She tried her best to repress it and said in a trembling voice, "If I can't be the woman who's with Mr. Marsh in the end, my efforts all through the years would be meaningless..."

She felt indeed exhausted.

"Ms. Collins..." Linda felt sorry for her. "Why don't you talk to Mr. Marsh? You seemed to have communication barriers. I don't think he likes Jennifer Brooks."

Catherine sighed.

"Jennifer is just a peasant," Linda complained, "She doesn't deserve Mr. Marsh at all. Those designs were Mr. Marsh's works, and she only did the presentation. Anyone who's not blind could tell it." She was angry when mentioning it.

Catherine knew it was useless to complain about or curse Jennifer.

The current situation wouldn't change unless Jennifer vanished from this world.

"Do you have wine or liquor?" Catherine was indeed upset. "I want to get drunk."

Linda poured her a glass of wine. "Ms. Collins, you work with Mr. Marsh daily and are close to him. Besides, you two have known each other for a long time. You have a tacit understanding with each other."

Catherine was silent. She gulped down the wine in one go.

Linda reminded her, "Mr. Marsh is back."

Catherine calmed down, her eyes glinting with inexplicable emotions. "Can you prepare some ingredients for making congee? I want to cook for him."

"Sure."

Half an hour later.

Ivan was reviewing documents in his office, and Finnley was comparing the data. The office was quiet and harmonious.

The clip-clop of high heels approached.

The two looked up and saw Catherine, who entered while holding a bowl.

She walked to Ivan's desk and said gently, "This is congee for you. Please have it while it's still warm."

Finnley stood up instantly. He picked up a file and left the office.

"No. I won't drink it." Ivan raised his head to dart at her. He bit out coldly, "Take it away."

"I personally made it for you." Catherine beamed at him patiently. "Please have a try. Probably you'll like it."

She would be closer to success if she could make him like her cooking.

Ivan stopped reviewing the file and repeated solemnly, "Once again, I won't drink it. Take it away."

Catherine felt awkward, and her heart was like being stung by needles. "Why don't you go home to rest for a few days. Finnley and I will take care of the company for you. We'll still go to you for the important decisions, via video conferences or email."

"I'm fine. I don't need a rest."

The office fell into pin-drop silence. The pressure in the office almost suffocated Catherine.

Ivan ignored her utterly. He held the mouse with one hand and picked up his coffee mug with the other, staring at the figures on his laptop.

Catherine felt more frustrated. She had to take the congee away in dismay.

Ivan refused her kindness again. Her heart sank.