

Surprised Wife With Twins (Ivan and Jennifer) Chapter 173

Mya was indeed fond of Jennifer and worshiped her. How could she let Jennifer be bullied without doing anything?

She was the mayor's daughter. If she fought against Ivan, she could give him a hard time. After all, the political and financial circles were tightly connected.

Jennifer took her hand and told her, "Thank you so much for your care. My face hit the wall by accident. I didn't turn on the light when I went to the bathroom at midnight. Probably I had hypoglycemia, so I felt dizzy."

"You are a doctor. How did you end up having hypoglycemia?" Mya reminded her kindly, "Women should love herself more."

"I got it." Jennifer heaved a sigh. "I had put on the concealer."

Mya spit out bluntly, "Not of much use. Your cheek is swollen."

Jennifer hugged her while smiling gently. "All right. Calm down, Mya. It has nothing to do with Ivan. Catherine Collins is his coworker. No need to be angry. As you said, we women should love ourselves more."

"That's my reminder to you." Mya pushed her away, feeling sorry for her. "Stop retorting. I'm very well. I always take good care of myself."

"I know. I'll keep your words in mind, Mya." A smile played on Jennifer's lips. "It's late. I gotta go home. Ivan will return tomorrow."

"I'm also on the way back home." Mya heaved a sigh. "My father asked me to go home for dinner. I also need to take off."

They bid each other farewell.

Jennifer hailed a cab back to Kelsington Bay. In the backseat, she checked her face on the cell phone. Her right cheek was swollen indeed because her molar was loosened.

After getting off the car, she entered the yard of Kelsington Bay villa.

Standing in front of the window in the living room, Aubree gazed at her while Jennifer was approaching the house.

"Good evening, Madam Aubree," Jennifer greeted her after entering.

Aubree looked gloom and sulky, ignoring her greetings, seemingly not in the mood to talk to her.

Jennifer went upstairs directly. The photos that were shown on the LED screen popped up in her mind. She had mixed feelings, such as envy and jealousy.

She could be calm and unperturbed in Mya's presence.

However, when she thought it over now, she was still upset.

She guessed Catherine probably was also an irreplaceable person to Ivan.

After removing the makeup, Jennifer put on the ointment on her cheek.

Then she went to the lab, starting to make the stomach medicine for Ivan.

The warm sunlight of the setting sun fell into the living room through the window.

Aubree sat on the sofa, and Pippa squatted down to put on the medicine on her scars.

Aubree took off her gloves, looking at the repaired skin on her right arm. It was evident.

“Madam Aubree!” Pippa exclaimed in joy. She sounded confident, “Try it on your face. Probably the scars will disappear in a few days.”

Aubree looked at every inch of the recovering skin on her arm, shocked.

Those scars had been with her for over 11 years, but Jennifer was actually able to remove them.

At the beautiful manor, New York.

The banquet ended. Mr. Edison bid the last guest farewell and watched his car leave the manor.

The night was deep. Some maids had finished their job and taken showers. Catherine was still sitting next to the swimming pool in her beautiful dress.

Holding a glass of wine, she stared at the sparkling ripples of the swimming pool under the moonlight. She still felt a prickling heartache.

The pain spread from her chest and through her veins.

She raised her head and gulped down the wine in one go. She wished to get drunk so she could forget about him for the time being.

Accidentally, she saw Ivan sitting in his car, wondering where he was heading at midnight.

She was surrounded by pain and disappointment when she watched the car leave the manor.

Catherine reminded herself that she couldn't let Jennifer cure Aubree. Otherwise, she would lose Ivan completely.

Love could make one irrational and crazy. That was the power of love.

However, Catherine wondered whether love was still the same if she tried every possible means to gain it.

She didn't know the answer; she only knew that she couldn't live without Ivan. She lived for him, and she loved him deeply.

Ivan left the manor at midnight as he wanted to find a gift for his wife. He had just sent the children to bed. Otherwise, he wouldn't have left them alone.

The night in New York was still lively. The city was lit up brightly, and the traffic was bustling.

The following early morning, around five, when the dawn had just broken.

Catherine was woken up by the doorbell. "Who is it? It's so early!" She was indeed sleepy. With bleary eyes, she got off the bed to open the door.