

Surprised Wife With Twins (Ivan and Jennifer) Chapter 402

"Thanks for your concern," Ivan replied with a faint smile. "Her husband takes care of her 24 hours a day. Of course, she's well."

"That's good, then." Instead of ending the call, Spencer continued, "You'd better send some bodyguards to protect her from Georgia Clarke's harassment. I just passed by."

"Save your explanation. I don't have the mood to listen to you," Ivan replied indifferently. "I fully trust Jennie's taste."

Spencer wondered if he was belittled, and he felt somewhat unhappy.

"You trust her. Why are you calling me then?" Then he hung up the phone.

On the other end of the line, Jennifer also watched Ivan put his phone away. Evidently, the conversation had ended.

"Were you talking to Spencer?" She guessed upon Ivan's tone.

"Can you call him by his full name?" Ivan looked at her solemnly. "Don't be too intimate with him." He was jealous but tried to hide it.

Jennifer confirmed that he talked to Spencer just now.

Although Ivan ended the call shortly after exchanging a few words, she wasn't upset. In her opinion, Ivan was childish sometimes, and she could understand it.

"Heard what I said?" Ivan asked.

Jennifer nodded. "Got it. I'll keep it in mind. I'll call him Spencer Lawrence."

A smile cracked on Ivan's face, softening his aggressiveness.

The early morning. The Marsh Group.

Linda arrived at her office pretty early. Then she started sorting the documents and putting them into different categories.

After that, she held a dozen files to the president's office for Finnley's signature.

The corridor was quiet.

While walking toward the president's office, Linda wondered how Catherine had been doing recently.

'Has she let go of it? Has she bought more liquor and got drunk?'

The thought made Linda plan to check on Catherine after work later.

At the corner, Finnley happened to stride out from the office and Linda was absentminded. Finally, they bumped straight into each other.

"Oops!" The files in Linda's hands were scattered to the ground.

When she saw Finnley, she politely bowed at him. "Sorry, Mr. Russell. I didn't mean to do it." She hurriedly bent over to pick up the files.

"It's alright." Finnley also bent over gentlemanly to help her.

Linda panicked, feeling that she had made a terrible mistake.

When they both picked up the last file, their fingers touched accidentally.

For a moment, a weird feeling traveled through Linda's veins, and her heart began pounding.

Her ears reddened.

Instantly, she withdrew her hand and watched Finnley pick it up. He passed the rest of the files to her. "I'm going to a meeting. You can put them on my desk, Linda."

His voice was calm and gentle, making her feel at ease.

"Sure." Linda took the files over with both hands, daring not to look into his eyes.

Finnley's footsteps gradually went far.

She sucked in her breath, striding toward the president's office.

After putting the files on Finnley's desk, she returned to the vice president's office.

Linda picked up her mug to get some water. After turning on the tap for hot water, she recalled the scene earlier and got lost in thought.

Soon, the hot water overflowed and scalded her hand.

"Ouch!"

She almost dropped the mug. In a panic, she put it down and went to find the first-aid kit for the ointment.

'How could this happen?' she wondered.

For a whole day, sitting in her chair, Linda kept being absentminded.

The scene where she bumped into Finnley in front of the president's office repeatedly appeared in her mind. She could still remember the touch of his hands.

Linda was evidently battered out of her senses.

Finally, it was time to knock off.

Instead of checking on Catherine, Linda went home for a shower. She tossed about on her bed at night, wondering what the weird feeling meant. When recalling the scene, she felt warm in her chest.