

## Surprised Wife With Twins (Ivan and Jennifer) novel

### Chapter 13

He chewed carefully, feeling it was delicious, and he didn't feel sick.

Jordan inadvertently saw the scene and was stunned.

It was like seeing the sun come out of the west.

Ivan was engrossed in eating the noodles. Jordan found it was not a dream, so he stepped forward.

Ivan raised his eyes at the sound of Jordan's voice and looked indifferent.

"Mr. Marsh," Jordan stood in front of the coffee table and asked with surprise, "You can eat now? Your stomach is better?"

Ivan paused and replied, "I just taste it."

"Don't you feel sick?" Jordan was pleased.

Ivan thought for a moment, "Not really."

Jordan was cheerful to know that Miss Brooks had made the noodle. It seemed that she was a savior.

The family chef frequently changed before because no one could make food to meet the taste of Ivan. He constantly vomited no matter what he ate and relied on nutrient solutions to live.

Could Miss Brooks do magic?

Jordan, who was always strict, was full of smiles. "It's a great fate."

The rain had stopped, the sun rose from the east, and the courtyard was fresh after the rain.

After breakfast, Jordan took the children upstairs to do their homework.

Jennifer sat in the chair, staring at the Lamborghini in the courtyard. "It's almost eight o'clock. Isn't he going out yet?"

She avoided meeting him, and she felt incredibly embarrassed when she was gazed at by him.

Ivan sat on the custom-made sofa in the luxurious living room. His long legs folded and his arms around his chest. Leaning on the back of the chair, he patiently waited for Jennifer to come out to try on the dress.

“She’s too slow.”

He had already finished eating, leaving an empty bowl on the coffee table.

Finally, he, who hated waiting for people, got up and walked toward the kitchen.

Under the sunlight coming through the window, Ivan was extraordinarily handsome. He was mysterious when he saw Jennifer sitting in the chair, dazed.

Following that line of sight, he found she was staring at his car.

Jennifer didn’t notice him but complained, “What the hell? Doesn’t he go to the office?”

“Mrs. Marsh, what did you say?”

She was startled, raised her eyes to see him standing right in front of her, and her heart suddenly missed half a beat.

“I am a human being, not an evil from hell.” Ivan stared at her.

She feigned calmness, withdrew her gaze, rolled her eyes, and went to the living room.

Looking at the long row of hangers filled with dresses, eye-catching colors, elegant and luxurious, she enjoyed looking at them.

“Accompany me to a banquet this afternoon.” Ivan stood beside her, “Pick one for yourself.”

A little surprised, Jennifer asked uncertainly, “You’re taking me to show up?”

He used to be without a female companion around him no matter the occasion, which was why he had no scandals.

“Are you too gorgeous to be afraid to be seen by others?” Ivan asked indifferently.

Jennifer glared back at him.

Ivan’s tone was relaxed, “You’re not a mistress, but the real Mrs. Marsh. Isn’t it only a matter of time before you show your face?”

He was serious.

“But it is a contract marriage.” Jennifer knew that things would not be good for anyone if they fermented.

“Indeed, but the contract just gives you a process to adapt. I don’t like to force you.”

Jennifer was speechless.

“Pick one.” Ivan showed her a glance, “Let me see your taste.”

Jennifer knew she had to do what he wanted and not provoke him so that she could see the child every day.

“Anything here will prove my taste, because every single dress that appears here is certainly not ordinary.”

She considered it carefully. The white gown in a unique and novel design was so familiar.

“I’ll take this one.” Jennifer pointed it.

“You have a good eye.” The maid picked out the dress and praised it, “This is the latest work of the famous designer Emma. It’s size S.”

“It’s not the latest. It’s from last season.” Jennifer blurted out.

The maid was a little embarrassed, and Ivan was quite surprised. He gazed at Jennifer suspiciously, but quickly returned to his senses, “Put them back.”□□□□□□□□