

## Surprised Wife With Twins (Ivan and Jennifer) Chapter 182

Pippa was taken aback and chuckled, "That's simple. She's here. You can ask her to cook." Aubree seldom made such a request before.

Aubree hesitated, wondering if Ivan would be unhappy if she did so.

Also, the stubborn lady didn't want Jennifer to know she liked her cooking.

Pippa had been taking care of her for years, so she could read Aubree's mind easily. She bent over and whispered in Aubree's ear with a warm smile, "Madam Aubree, please let me handle this matter. I'll talk to her. She won't know anything."

Watching Pippa go upstairs, Aubree heaved a sigh.

Jennifer had successfully developed a bottle of medicine. She happily put a tag on it.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Marsh." Pippa entered the lab. Behind Aubree, Pippa always addressed Jennifer in that way.

Jennifer looked at her. "Yes, Pippa?" She shook the bottle in her hand excitedly. "Look. This is my research result today. It can repair all kinds of skin with necrosis."

"You are indeed wonderful." Pippa admired her from the bottom of her heart. "Once it can be produced in factories, then it'll benefit people all over the world."

"Exactly! I'll send the sample to the research department. Hopefully, it'll help more patients."

Pippa was moved. With mixed feelings, she said solemnly, "Mrs. Marsh, I want to apologize to you on Madam Aubree's behalf."

Jennifer was surprised for a moment, and then she smiled. "Let the bygones be bygones. I can understand her."

"Mrs. Marsh, would you mind preparing dinner tonight?" Pippa asked bluntly. "I want Mr. Marsh to have dinner with Madam Aubree. I heard Mr. Marsh only ate your food."

Jennifer would never refuse the chance to improve the relationship between Ivan and his mother.

"Of course," she agreed instantly. "Please inform Madam Aubree about it. After all, this is her house. I'm afraid she'll be angry without informing her. The children will also be home by then."

"No worries. I'll convince her." Pippa was overjoyed. "I won't hold you up for too long. You can go to the kitchen when it's time."

"All right. Thanks."

Pippa bowed at her. "Mrs. Marsh, I should thank you."

Shortly after Pippa was gone, Jennifer checked the time and decided to wrap up her work today.

After ten minutes, she went downstairs and entered the kitchen. She put on the apron and started to cook.

Living room.

Aubree dialed her son's number on the landline phone. "Ivan, your wife is cooking for dinner tonight. Come home early. Let's have dinner together."

"Wonderful." Ivan was delighted. "Mom, she said you liked the dishes she cooked. I want to learn from her in the future. When I'm free, I can cook for you."

Aubree's expression changed. Ivan grew up in a prestigious and wealthy family. She would never want him to do the cooking himself.

After hanging up, she panicked. She believed that Jennifer had gradually changed her son.

If this went on, her son would become an utterly different man.

In Aubree's opinion, Ivan should find a woman who loved him instead of a woman he loved. Otherwise, he would be exhausted.

A car arrived at the yard. Aubree looked over, watching Andrew get off the car with an envelope. He strode toward the house.

"Good afternoon, Madam Aubree." Andrew stopped in front of the coffee table and bowed at her.

Aubree's gaze fell on the envelope in his hand. She stood up. "Follow me."

A minute later, in a lounge with a locked door.

Aubree sat on a couch. Andrew pulled out ten paternity test reports from the envelope and handed them to her. "All the hair you gave to me was put in tests. The two children are definitely the descendants of the Marsh family," he whispered.

"It took a while to get all the results ready because I sent the samples to several different labs. The results are the same."

Aubree finally felt relieved. At least Ivan didn't make any stupid mistake of recognizing his children.

If the children were not his and the media found out, the public would laugh at Ivan's poor judgement.

"Madam Aubree, I also found something else," Andrew added hesitantly, wondering if he should tell her.