

Surprised Wife With Twins (Ivan and Jennifer) Chapter 37

"Of course not." He insisted, straightening his back and withdrawing his gaze.

"Then what are you doing over here?" She looked at him, "Miss me?"

"Of course not!"

Jennifer laughed and stretched, "Oops, the noodles are getting cold." She walked towards the kitchen, "People have to eat on time despite how busy they are. I'll fill up my stomach first. Make yourself at home."

Ivan followed her and saw her eating the noodles with a big mouthful, regardless of any elegance.

He couldn't help but gulp.

After tasting her food, Ivan resisted injecting Nutrition Agent, leaving work early to eat her cooking.

Jennifer walked to him, asking as she ate, "What's the matter?"

However, Ivan snatched the chopsticks and bowl and ate them regardless.

Jennifer stared at him dumbfounded.

"Isn't he a downright neat freak?"

"How come he didn't mind her saliva?"

This Ivan was unlike that President of the Marsh Group, who was formidable and domineering.

After just two bites, he suddenly frowned and started to puke at the garbage can.

"Hey!" Jennifer was startled. "Are you okay?" She hurriedly put his bowl down, took a tissue and poured water for him.

Ivan's stomach was like being turned upside down. He felt sick.

The noodles were all vomited out as if they were toxic.

Jennifer held the water, "Come here, rinse your mouth." He was too fragile now.

Ivan gargled with water, and then took a deep breath.

"What's wrong with you? Such a strong reaction."

"You didn't make this?" Ivan asked with his dark eyes containing a layer of frost.

"Edward cooked it." She laughed, "I don't have time. I've been helping David with his wounds."

Ivan was speechless.

Jennifer remembered what Jordan had said. Ivan was not used to eating food made by anyone except her.

He stared at her so sternly that she stopped smiling.

“Wait a moment.” Jennifer went into the kitchen.

He followed and watched her cook without a word.

She boiled water, cut tomatoes, and cooked noodles.

Her long, waterfall-like hair billowing, and the slight curls at the end of her hair made her look innocent.

She was cooking for him, which made him feel warm and touched.

Jennifer quickly brought out two bowls of noodles and handed him a pair of chopsticks.

“Sit down and eat together. This place is simple but clean.” Her tone was comforting, “Edward would tidy up the house every day when I was away.”

Ivan sat down opposite her, and he slowly looked around. The children lived here for six years. Six years.

The noodles smelled good and were to Ivan’s liking, and he ate happily.

Jennifer snickered, “Not afraid I’ll poison it?”

He looked at her, not wanting to pick up her subject.

“What’s with the long face? You took the initiative to come to me.” She withdrew her gaze to eat the noodles.

Later, Ivan went around the bamboo house, familiarizing himself with the place where the children used to live.

Jennifer sorted and classified the herbs that had been dried today.

Edward returned and was unhappy when he saw the Lamborghini still parked in the yard.

The two black-clad bodyguards were standing by the car, which he found annoying.

He met Ivan at the door, who was tall and imposing.

Edward did not take the initiative to greet him. He feared Ivan, and at the same time, a bit hostile, because Ivan was the one who took away the kids and his Master.

“Are you going back tonight?” Ivan asked Jennifer.