

## Surprised Wife With Twins (Ivan and Jennifer) Chapter 383

"Have I agreed to give birth again?" Jennifer jumped to her feet anxiously, wishing to grab the phone. "Don't make a promise to them easily and then break your word. Once you promise them, you need to do it."

"Of course. I will do it." Ivan dragged her hand down, feeling delighted. "I'm not going to break my word."

The children giggled on the other end of the line.

Suddenly, a car was parked in the yard behind the Lamborghini.

Aubree got off. She didn't take Pippa with her and only came here with a driver.

When she entered the living room, Jordan and Marry were shocked. They hurriedly put away their smiles and bowed at her respectfully, "Good evening, Madam Aubree."

"Where is Ivan?" Aubree asked expressionlessly.

"Mr. Marsh is upstairs."

Without letting them inform Ivan and Jennifer, Aubree walked directly upstairs.

Jordan and Marry exchanged a glance with each other, daring not to move.

They were afraid Aubree would make trouble for Jennifer. However, Ivan was with her, so they felt relieved.

The phone conversation had ended in the living room of the second floor.

Ivan was sitting on the sofa, and Jennifer curled up next to him after taking off her shoes. Pressing her chin on his left shoulder, she massaged his right one. "How could you make such a promise? I don't want to give birth again."

"We're married. Why can't we have more children?" Ivan asked deliberately. "Let's have a daughter looking like you and a son looking like me. How wonderful! Our children are our wealth. Priceless."

"Do you know how difficult it is to take care of a child?" Jennifer complained while smiling. "I've been so tired of doing it. Every night, I needed to tell them bedtime stories before they fell asleep. I almost became an expert in stories."

"Tell me a story, then." Ivan turned to dart at her, pressing his forehead against hers. "Let me see how good you are telling a story. I'm afraid you might negatively impact my children's intelligence."

"Oh, come on!" Jennifer stood upright, hitting him while giggling. "You can't look down on me. I put into much effort to take care of them."

Ivan enjoyed chitchatting with her. He seized her hand and prompted, "Hurry. I want to listen to a story. Ms. Brooks, can you tell a bedtime story to Baby Ivan?"

“Hey, stop playing at being cute. You’re much older than me, Uncle Ivan.”

“All right. Tell a story to Uncle Ivan.”

Somehow, Aubree had been standing at the door, gazing at the couple on the sofa.

The room was filled with laughter.

Aubree was attracted by the warm, pleasant smile on Ivan’s face. It was from the bottom of his heart. She could tell he was relaxed and joyful, and she hadn’t seen him like this for almost ten years.

She felt touched by the scene deeply.

It was difficult for her to connect the current young man with the decisive, competent, and aloof man in the office building.

She wondered if it was because Jennifer was his Miss Right, so he could be like a child.

Jennifer told Ivan a story. Standing on the sofa, she looked and behaved exaggeratedly, just like a kindergarten teacher. Seemingly a three-year-old was sitting before her.

Ivan, the three-year-old, gazed at her without blinking. His eyes glimmered brightly. A smile played on his lips. After the story ended, he gave her applause.

Suddenly, Aubree felt jealous, thinking that Jennifer had fully obtained her son’s heart.

“Ahem. Ahem.”

Upon hearing the cough, the couple turned to the door. They both were startled while seeing the mid-aged woman.

Jennifer returned to her senses and hurriedly put on her shoes.

Ivan also put away the child-like smile on his face, returning to look as aloof as usual.

Aubree nodded at them, entering the living room.

“Good evening, Auntie Aubree,” Jennifer greeted her, feeling embarrassed.

“Mom, why did you come here so late? What’s the matter?” Ivan asked bluntly.

He sounded as if Aubree was forbidden to come over without any matter.

Jennifer could sense that Aubree wished to talk to her son in private, so she walked toward the door and said, “I’ll make some herbal tea. Enjoy your conversation.” Then she fled out of the door and trotted downstairs.