

## Surprised Wife With Twins (Ivan and Jennifer) Chapter 442

His words sent Aubree into a trance for a moment.

“Grandma, I used to dream about you.” Alfie suddenly jumped to his feet, his eyes lighting up. He was excited, as if he was telling a fairy tale. “I dreamed of you when I was five.”

“What did I look like in your dream?” Aubree asked curiously.

“You looked exactly the same as you do now. You were patient with us and liked us a lot. You also told us bedtime stories.”

Alfie had exquisite features, just like Ivan in his childhood. Looking at him, Aubree felt warm and sweet.

“I also dreamed of you, Grandma.” Diana looked adorable with a cream stain on the tip of her nose. She added seriously, “I dreamed of sitting on your lap. We looked at the moon while you were telling me stories.”

The children’s words made tears well up in Aubree’s eyes. For some reason, she felt sorry for her grandchildren.

“Grandma, you’ve got cream there,” Diana reminded her, wiping it off with a paper napkin.

It sent warmth through Aubree’s veins. Suddenly, she felt upset. “Thank you, Diana.”

“You are welcome.”

Her voice and movements made Aubree feel much better.

Aubree had been expecting love and care all her life.

Her husband cheated on her, so she didn’t trust anyone. The cold and hard shield of her heart had been cracked by the children.

Dusk came.

Although she had excellently accomplished all her tasks, Linda decided to work overtime.

She always remembered Catherine’s suggestions, working hard to become excellent while keeping lowkey and modest.

Linda wished her crush could see it so she could leave a good impression on him.

Finnley lived alone, so he had dinner in the canteen and decided to work overtime as well.

He was a workaholic.

“Mr. Russell, these are the documents for the meeting on the day after tomorrow. All sorted.”

The president's office was lit brightly. Finnley raised his head after hearing the voice. He was reading a financial report, and Linda entered to pass him the file folders.

He was taken aback. "You are still here?"

Their gazes met in mid-air. Linda beamed at him. "Yeah. Working overtime." Her heart was thumping.

Finnley asked, "Will you take a day off tomorrow?"

Linda was startled, wondering what he meant.

Finnley took the folders over. While opening one, he added, "I thought you were about to take a day off tomorrow, so you finished the work earlier than planned."

"No, no," Linda replied with a smile. "I won't take a day off. I'm in a good state to work today, so I work overtime. Anyway, I have nothing to do after returning home."

A rare smile touched Finnley's lips. Usually, he kept looking stern at work.

The smile made Linda overjoyed.

"Mr. Russell..." she plucked her courage up to ask him curiously, "What are you laughing about?"

"Our thoughts are alike." Finnley opened the desk drawer and put the folders in. He continued in a relaxed tone, "I have nothing to do after returning home, so I work overtime."

By accident, Linda saw some cartoons on the paper in the drawer, which were sketched with a pen. The drawn comic characters covered the whole piece of paper.

"Anything else, Linda?" Finnley asked after closing the drawer.

Linda hurriedly looked at him and answered, "Nothing else." After smiling at him, she turned away calmly. However, her heart hammered.

'Does Mr. Russell like cartoons?'

Linda wondered if it was her significant gain this evening.