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Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1879

Obviously, Susan wasn't going to tell her the real reason.

She cooked up a random excuse by saying that she was carsick before coming out of the washroom.

Unexpectedly, Sigrun leaned into her ear and whispered, "By the way, Ms. Susan, since my birthday is next week, there's something I would like to seek your opinion on."

Go on.

"I have a friend who encouraged me to ask Ian how he is going to celebrate my birthday for me. Do you think I should do that?"

Sigrun stared at Susan earnestly and asked a question that was equivalent to twisting a knife in her heart.

At that moment, Susan's ears were ringing.

For the first time in her life, she felt the urge to flee. In fact, it would be best if there was a place for her to hide and not hear such a sound ever again.

Why would she ask him that? Can it be that he has celebrated her birthday with her before? No, they have only known each other for half a year. Hence, the timeline doesn't match. But the fact that she would say such a thing only means that they are close to each other.

Finally, Susan heard herself ask, "Has he celebrated a special occasion with you before?"

Sigrun nodded. "He has. During Christmas last year, he went to the amusement park with me. We even had a blast riding the carousel together."

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A vibrant smile emerged on her face as if she was visualizing what happened that day.

In the meantime, Susan's face lost all color.

Just when she felt as if she was about to be tormented to death, someone appeared behind them.

"What are both of you still doing here? The food is getting cold."

Upon seeing it was Kurt, Sigrun quickly ended the conversation and ran back to the dining room.

Susan slowly followed behind her.

Kurt asked, "Are you all right?"

"I'm fine. I just feel a little dizzy. It's probably just the carsickness."

She made up an excuse to hide her true feelings.

Even though Kurt didn't expose her lie, he had a question for her when they were about to reach the dining room.

"What was up with you and Ian in the morning?"

Susan didn't know how to reply.

Turning abruptly to face him, Susan instantly forgot her troubles from a moment ago and blushed up to her ears.

"What makes you say that?"

"He wore mismatched socks today."

After a long pause, Kurt made a comment that blew Susan's mind.

When she hurried back to the dining room, Ian was sitting upright at the table. Trailing her gaze down to his feet, she noticed that the designs of his socks didn't match at all.

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Consequently, she was dumbfounded for a long time as a warm sensation filled her heart.

Vivian invited, "Aunt Susan, what are you standing there for? Come over and have your lunch."

"Sure."

As a smile graced her face again, she made a conscious choice to sit by Ian's side.

Ian, who was in the middle of his meal, showed no objection at all.

However, Sigrun's expression turned grim.

"Ian, don't take so much mustard as you have a weak stomach. You should have this instead."

Susan served him a portion of cod.

After glancing at it, Ian didn't say anything as he began to dig in.

At last, Susan could enjoy her meal.

Half an hour later, everyone was done. Usually, their routine after the meal was to rest for a while before returning to school. Since this was Susan's first visit, Vivian took the initiative to show the former the room where she could rest.

At that moment, Sigrun piped up again, "Ms. Susan, let me tidy up your room for you."

"It's fine. You should go ahead and get some rest. I'll get the butler to help me." That was the first time Susan rejected her. Subsequently, she turned around and went off to find the butler, leaving Sigrun there with an awkward expression on her face.

Nonetheless, that wasn't the last of it. Just when Sigrun was feeling groggy in her room, she suddenly saw a familiar figure walk out from one of the rooms along the corridor.

Ian?

Her sleepiness disappeared the moment she saw him.

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She had made no mistake, for it was indeed Ian.

Holding his phone, he had come out after receiving a message. He proceeded to the garden to look for the girl who sent the message seeking his help.

“Ian, you’re finally here! I-I’m sorry. S-Since this is my first time trying to fix this, I have no choice but to ask you for help.”

In the garden, Susan was standing on the lawn where the grass shoots had just begun to sprout. Her face and hair were dripping with water as she held a broken tap in her hand.

Truthfully, she had not meant for this to happen. She had merely wanted to wash her hands before going to rest. Unexpectedly, she ended up breaking the tap by accident.

Susan watched as Ian approached her.

“Why are you washing your hands here?”

“Huh?”

Susan felt even more awkward when asked that.

“I-1 was too shy to use the bathroom. The room given to me looks like the master bedroom, so I assumed it likely belongs to Lady Adalyn. Hence, it isn’t my place to use it as an outsider,” Susan explained with her face red all over.

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