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Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1871

“Woah, Aunt Susan, you’re amazing. That means well get to eat both Kurt’s and your cooking in the future!”

“What’s the matter? Are you losing interest in my food after eating my cooking for so long?” a certain someone grumbled.

The girl quickly consoled, “Of course not. How can I possibly do that? My Kurt’s cooking is the tastiest of all. Come on, let’s go wash up now.

She was getting more and more shameless in flaunting her relationship.

Even Susan’s face was red as she watched them.

Soon, Ian and Sigrun came out as well. Sigrun was equally delighted to see the scrumptious meal.

“Oh my god, Ms. Susan, you’re amazing! You’ve actually made so much delicious food!”

“It’s nothing. They’re just normal homecooked dishes.” Susan quickly shook her head humbly.

However, just as she said that, the girl named Sigrun began studying the breakfast spread.

“I think Ian will like the sandwich and milk. I’ll get some condensed milk for you.”

With that said, she went to the refrigerator for the condensed milk.

When Susan noticed that, she took out the pot of oatmeal she had prepared earlier from the kitchen and put it in front of Ian.

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“He doesn’t eat that. He prefers oatmeal. Come, Ian, eat up. These are your favorites. I’ve even made a plate full of steamed buns for you.”

Susan then smiled as she served the dishes.

Sigrun, who was In front of the refrigerator, froze. Then, she turned to look at the two of them.

Even Ian frowned when he saw the food. He then asked, “These are my favorites?”

Susan replied, “Yes, you loved the oatmeal I made most when we were at the University of Pollerton. You’d even have a few bowls of it every time I make it.”

Ian fell silent, and so did Sigrun.

Even Kurt and Vivian, who had just come out of the room upstairs, lowered their heads and looked at the trio.

In the end, Ian scooped up a spoonful and ate it. However, everyone noticed that he stopped after a few bites. Instead, he took the milk and sandwich that Sigrun had prepared for him.

The living room turned quiet.

“Ms. Susan, could it be that you’ve remembered it wrongly? We’ve been staying here with Ian for half a year, and he has never asked me to prepare these for breakfast. He prefers milk and sandwiches,” Sigrun questioned.

Susan did not speak.

She only looked at the young man, who was digging into his breakfast as if nothing was happening around him, in a daze. All of a sudden, a thought entered her mind, and the feelings of remorse and sorrow nearly suffocated her.

That’s right. He never had anything he liked nor disliked. He ate anything I made for him as long as I’m the one who made it. He has never been picky, and he always polished everything off his plate. That’s why I thought he liked it. The truth is that Ian has always been considerate of me. He’s actually a picky eater.

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Susan retreated to the kitchen. For a long, long time, she never re-emerged.

“Ian, what are you doing? Aunt Susan prepared all these for you early in the morning. How can you be so mean? Even if you don’t like them, you should’ve eaten them!”

Vivian, who had seen the moment, furiously began lecturing her brother once she went down the stairs.

However, Sigrun did not agree with her.

“But Vivian, how is he supposed to eat it if he doesn’t like it?”

“But...”

“All right, keep it. I’ll eat it later.”

Right as the girls were arguing, Ian, who was sitting at the side, interrupted them. After frowning and asking them to keep the oatmeal, he went back to his room.

Vivian instantly and merrily brought the oatmeal back to the kitchen.

“Aunt Susan, you don’t need to be sad anymore. I’ve taught Ian a lesson, and he says he’ll be eating it for lunch.”

As Susan looked at the young woman who was still defending her, she felt even worse-she realized she could not forgive herself anymore.

What have I done?

That morning, when Susan went to the supermarket, she made a call to Oceanic Estate.

“Mrs. Hayes, it’s me, Susan. I’d like to ask what Ian usually likes to eat. What about Vivian? I was thinking of cooking something for them. They said it’s been a long time since they’ve eaten homecooked food as they’ve been ordering takeout all along.”

“Oh, I see. Sure, I’ll tell you right away.”

Sasha was exceptionally delighted when she heard that.

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Immediately, Sasha went to compile a document a few pages long about the food her children liked before sending it to Susan.

“Darling, look at how sensible and thoughtful Susan is. The first thing she thinks about upon reaching their place is what she can cook for them.”

Sebastian was in the middle of reading the newspaper in his hands when he heard her words. He then crossed his legs and muttered, “Is that so?”

Sasha replied, “Yes, yes. She was even asking me for a list of food they like.”

Sebastian then asked, “Did the daughter from the Lightburn family not ask you for a copy?”

The Lightburn family?

The moment Sebastian asked that, Sasha froze.

Right, I’ve forgotten about that. Sigrun is the girl that Grandpa wants as Ian’s significant other. After all, her grandfather used to be his comrade.

Sasha had also heard that the young woman seemed like a nice person who had been getting along with Ian.

“She didn’t ask me for it, but I heard from Vivian that she apparently takes rather good care of Ian.”

“I see. What are you planning to do, then?” Sebastian suddenly asked.

For families like theirs, once the boys reached adulthood and had a suitable partner, they would quickly make their relationship official. Furthermore, Ian was already nineteen. Jonathan had been thinking about making his relationship official for a long time.

Sasha had nothing to disagree to after hearing Sebastian’s explanation.

“If both parties are fine with that—if Ian agrees to it as well—let’s make it official.”

Sebastian did not reply to that.

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Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1872

Two days later, the semester started again.

As it was Susan's first time around, Vivian wanted to accompany her to the campus to report in. However, Kurt analyzed the situation and thought that it was not appropriate for her to keep Susan company.

"Susan's in accounting, and it has nothing to do with your design. It's best for Ian to keep her company instead. Ian's in finance, and they're in the same school."

"Oh, you're right!"

Vivian found sense in Kurt's words.

Instantly, she ran to her brother's room.

"Ian, accompany Aunt Susan to campus today. Her major is similar to yours, and her classes are also physically closer to yours. Kurt said you're the better choice to bring her around."

Ian was in the middle of packing his laptop and his books when Vivian ran in. When he heard her voice, he lifted his head to look at her.

However, before he could say anything, Sigrun walked over from the room next door.

"The Faculty of Finance isn't the same as accounting. They're two different fields, and the classrooms are pretty far apart. Why don't I bring her there instead? I'm in business management, and my classes are closer to Ms. Susan's."

It was truly a sudden turn of events.

Vivian, who was standing by the doorway, was taken aback by it.

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To everyone's surprise, Susan, who had packed up her things upstairs, suddenly came downstairs with her bag. When she heard the voices in Ian's room, she, too, came over.

"It's fine if it's a little far. Ian knows my situation better. I think it'll be better for him to lead me there. Ian, will you mind?"

When her bright eyes looked into the room, even Kurt could not help but turn to look at her a little longer.

It seemed like something about her had changed.

In the end, Ian agreed to it. Sigrun was disappointed about it, but she did not dwell much on the matter.

To her, Susan was just their aunt.

Soon, the few of them reached the campus.

"Ian, I'll head over with Kurt first. Let's get in touch once we're done with our classes."

"Okay."

Ian nodded.

In the blink of an eye, Vivian and Kurt were gone; the only ones left at the campus entrance were Susan and the other two. Susan, naturally, had no other plans, but after Sigrun watched Vivian and Kurt leave, she headed straight to the bicycle zone by the entrance.

"Ian, let's ride over."

"Sure," Ian agreed.

Susan guessed it was their routine.

A second later, she came to a decision.

"Huh? Ms. Susan, why aren't you getting a bike?"

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“Oh, I don’t know how to ride one...” Susan gave them an apologetic look as she stood rooted in place awkwardly.

Sigrun never thought that Susan would be unable to ride a bicycle. Once she registered what Susan had said, she immediately offered, “You don’t know how to ride a bike? Why don’t you... Why don’t you ride on mine as a passenger?”

Susan fell silent.

However, she did not reject the offer. After Sigrun got onto her bicycle, Susan moved to take a seat behind her as well.

Nevertheless...

“Ah!”

Thump!

Both cried out at the same time. If not for Ian supporting them in time, they would have fallen to the ground.

It was inevitable. The bicycle was designed differently from the models back home. The designs of the wheels and the handle were meant for a solo rider. Even if someone wanted to take a passenger, they would have to be extremely skilled in balancing the bicycle.

Susan had noticed this at first glance, which was why she had taken up Sigrun’s offer.

After finally getting on Ian’s bicycle, Susan glanced at the lonely young woman on the other bicycle and guiltily looked away.

However, she did not regret her decision.

Susan had to try walking back into the young man’s world again. Regardless of what the results were in the end, she was going to try her best.

Not long after, Ian brought her to her faculty.

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Those who knew Ian noticed the unfamiliar face and curiously asked, "Ian, is she your new friend?"

Pursing his lips, Ian nodded and replied, "Yes, she's my aunt."

Susan blinked, a little shocked.

Even after finishing up her enrolment procedures, she was still feeling disappointed. There was no trace of joy or anticipation in her despite having transferred to a new university.

Ian turned around to glance at her for a beat before saying, "Don't worry. The culture here is fine. The people here won't put you in a difficult spot and are friendly."

"Is that so?"

It was only then Susan seemed to brighten up a little.

"In that case... Ian, can I come and find you more often? I... I just came here, and I'm not too fluent in French. Vivian and Kurt are too far from me. I..."

"Sure," came the young man's swift response.

Upon hearing that, Susan finally smiled. When her wide smile reached her bright eyes, Ian found himself lost in a trance for a moment.

It was a pure and sweet smile.

The joy on her face when he said yes was as if she had gotten everything in the world. The eyes that reflected no one but him made his heart ache.

Ian left.

That day, he kept staring out of the windowsomething he rarely did. It was as though he was waiting for something.

When Sigrun came to look for him, she spotted him staring right at her.

"Ian?" the young woman happily called out.

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