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Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1900

“Announce what?”

About a minute passed before Ian’s rather bewildered voice rang out from the room.

Upon hearing that, Sasha was promptly taken aback.

Huh? Why is he wearing such a perplexed expression?

“Well, your marriage with the daughter of the Lightburn family. Ian, didn’t your great-grandfather tell you about this matter back when he sought you out?”

In a flash, Ian’s gaze turned chilly.

“What? He only told me that Sigrun wants to come here to study and that her grandfather is his old comrade-in-arms, so he wants me to take care of her as much as possible when she comes over. When did such a farce occur?”

By the time he enunciated the last sentence, his voice was terrifying to the core. His handsome countenance was also blanketed with a layer of ice that would chill one to the marrow.

Sasha was dumbstruck.

It seems that he really didn’t know about this. So, what exactly is Jonathan’s problem that he didn’t even bother telling Ian about this? Doesn’t he know that he needs to respect Ian’s wishes since he’s already an adult?

She hurriedly coaxed, “All right, all right, since you weren’t aware of it, we’ll scrap this matter. You don’t like Ms. Lightburn, do you?”

“Mom, do you think my taste in women is that horrible?” Ian retorted.

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Following that, Sasha burst into giggles. "Haha..."

That remark had her torn between crying and laughing.

Unbeknownst to her, Sigrun, who was eavesdropping outside, had gone entirely pale as they both joked in the room.

Her expression had also contorted into a mask of rage.

He doesn't like me and didn't even know about this arrangement? How's that possible? I only came over because our families measured our compatibility and agreed to the match. Only then was I sent here. Now, he's calling off our marriage with a single remark of having no feelings for me and ignorance of the matter?

Her hands balled into such tight fists that her knuckles popped.

The next day, Sasha woke up early in the morning after arriving at the apartment to prepare breakfast for her children.

Unexpectedly, she discovered that someone was already bustling around in the space by the time she reached the kitchen. That aside, the fragrance of food was already wafting in the air.

"Susan? You woke up so early?"

She was utterly surprised when she caught a glimpse of the girl busy cooking inside upon reaching the kitchen door.

Hearing the sound, Susan glanced back over her shoulder. At once, a shy smile bloomed on her face.

"Yeah. Good morning, Mrs. Hayes."

"Good morning. What have you cooked? Oh my God, you're too incredible! When I heard from Vivi that you cooked for them every day, I told her not to trouble you since you're also studying. I didn't expect you to even prepare breakfast for them!"

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When Sasha walked in and saw that the breakfast in the kitchen actually consisted of both Chanaean and western cuisines, her fondness for Susan grew. Meanwhile, Susan felt even more shy after receiving that compliment.

Nonetheless, she was inwardly ecstatic.

Phew! I'm glad she likes it! After all, she's their mother.

Susan continued cracking another egg into the pan. "Mrs. Hayes, you should step out first, otherwise, your clothes will smell. I can manage by myself."

"It's okay. I'll help you. By the way, Susan, I'd like to ask whether you know that Ian is sick," Sasha questioned out of the blue, her eyes pinned on the girl.

Huh?

As soon as her words fell, Susan, who had been bustling around, abruptly stilled as though frozen in time. Her fair face promptly drained of all color.

"H-He's sick? When did that happen?"

"You didn't know?" Sasha was inexorably disappointed to see such a reaction from her.

She then expounded with a frown while helping at the side, "Kurt told me about it. He said Ian has been very despondent recently and even visited the psychologist two days ago. As such, I thought you'd know something since you're taking care of him here."

Clang!

This time, Susan even dropped the spatula in her hand onto the stove.

Sasha was wholly nonplussed.

What's wrong with her?

By eight o'clock, everyone had eaten breakfast. Shouldering her backpack, Susan slowly descended the stairs. She wanted to wait for Kurt to ask him about the matter of Ian visiting the psychologist.

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Recalling how he suddenly turned indifferent toward her two days ago, the unease within her ballooned.

After she dragged her feet downstairs, however, Kurt and Vivian came downstairs hand in hand. If she wanted to ask the former her question, she would have to send Vivian away, which would arouse suspicion.

In the end, she kept quiet.

“Who are you waiting for? Are you waiting for him?”

Not only did she fail to wait for the person she wanted to wait for, but an extremely annoying person appeared before her instead—Sigrun.

Susan glanced at her, but when a trace of detestation welled within her, she walked off right away.

“Stop right there, Susan! I have a question for you!” Unexpectedly, Sigrun, who was behind her, reached out and grabbed her.

Having no other choice, Susan halted in her tracks and regarded Sigrun coldly.

“What exactly do you want?”

“Nothing much. I just want to tell you something. I overheard Mrs. Hayes’ conversation with Ian in his bedroom last night. It turns out that she’s here because of our engagement.”

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