

The Returning Ex Chapter 1437

Chapter 1437 A Sense of Familiarity

Cindy let out a soft chuckle after finishing her sentence. "I learned how to sew when I was a child, and a lot of people praised me for having really compact stitches. They all said that I had the talent to become a successful fashion designer someday. Tsk," she muttered in a self-deprecating tone. "I had internalized their words to a point where I actually thought that I would turn into a world-renowned fashion designer one day. However, my present reality is simply too far away from my dreams."

After hearing her words, Ian stared at her side profile for a while without saying anything. Once Cindy was done tidying up, she washed her hands and stepped outside. "Okay. I'm all done. I'll just need to cook some vegetables later. Let's watch some TV now." Cindy couldn't think of anything else to do while spending time with Ian—she felt like watching TV was her only option.

Both of them returned to the couch, and Ian picked the TV controller up before flicking channels to put on another horror movie. After contemplating for a moment, Cindy got up and walked to the kitchen, then came back with two bottles of juice and two bags of chips. These were necessities that helped to set the mood while they watched TV.

Ian didn't enjoy eating snacks, and he seemed to hesitate for a moment when Cindy handed him a bag of chips. However, he eventually took it from her. Cindy sat cross-legged on the couch as she spoke. "Someone else recommended me to watch this movie. I heard that it gets really scary in the middle."

When Ian turned around to look at Cindy, he was stunned by what he saw. Cindy looks exactly like Sophia right now, especially the way she crosses her legs and hugs the bag of chips in front of her... It's exactly what the old Sophia would do.

When Cindy didn't get a response from Ian, she instinctively turned to stare at him. She froze when her eyes met his. His gaze is so intense. He already has nice facial features to begin with, and he looks especially mesmerizing when he stares at me with such a sincere expression. For some reason, she felt like she had lost her ability to speak at that moment. "W-What is it? I-Is there something on my face?"

Ian immediately looked away—he realized how his actions might have been a little too abrupt and inappropriate. "Nothing. It's nothing at all."

Cindy stuck her bottom lip out as she shifted her focus back to the TV. She was somewhat frustrated at herself as she didn't understand why her heart seemed to be racing and pounding against her chest. I don't like him, so I don't know why I'm feeling so nervous when he simply glanced at me. I don't understand this at all. I'm not someone who judges others by their looks so I don't feel much when I see men who are good-looking, but why do I feel so lost and helpless when he looks me in the eye?

The horror movie was starting, and an eerie theme song, the ones typically heard in such movies, filled the room. Both Ian and Cindy wore rather similar looks on their faces. They appeared as if they were paying attention to the movie, but there was a faraway look in both their eyes.

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At the start of the month, Ian brought Cindy along with him to the company. He had received his schedule for the whole of the following month. While Ian and Hannah discussed some work-related matters in the office, Cindy excused herself to hang around at the lounge area. The area was empty at first, so Cindy and the driver each found a spot for themselves. She pulled her phone out to scroll through some gossip and news while the driver played a mobile game.

Just minutes later, someone else walked into the room—it was none other than Linda, one of the senior artists working for the company. Cindy hastily got to her feet to greet Linda. The driver, on the other hand, didn't seem to be bothered. He was a middle-aged man, not an aspiring celebrity, so he saw no point in building connections. The driver shifted his gaze back to his phone after stealing a brief glance at Linda.

Typically, this wouldn't be an issue. There were a good number of drivers who hung out in the company, and most of them wouldn't greet all the celebrities they saw. Most of these drivers were middle-aged men, and they usually couldn't tell the difference between the new and old artists in the entertainment field.

In the past, the company's artists seldom cared if the drivers greeted them. However, for some reason, Linda lost her temper when she saw the driver ignoring her today. Without any warning, Linda threw the items in her hand onto the table with a loud clang. "Where are your manners? Are you blind or mute? Don't you know how to greet someone?"

Cindy froze, taken aback by Linda's sudden outburst. The driver only lifted his head to stare at Linda then. "Are you talking about me?" he asked with a frown.