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Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1788

Chapter 1788 Ingratiation

That same afternoon, the lot of them gathered for lunch together.

The venue chosen was a small eatery just outside of the school grounds, and a thoroughly unremarkable one, at that.

When Susan arrived, she saw that the environment was not the best and was concerned about whether it would be to Ian's liking. Hence, she decided to draw out a piece of tissue to wipe down the stool for him.

Before she was able to get down to it, however, Yasmin was already one step ahead.

"Allow me."

With keen eyes and quick hands, she grabbed something and started to give the seat Ian was about to occupy a good cleaning up.

Susan was stunned to see that the item used was a pristine white handkerchief that was obvious at one glance to be something that she had brought along herself.

Ian was likewise astounded as well.

He was not quite as at ease with himself as he was before when they met up after he had learned of the girl's background. What he felt then was a cautiousness tinged with a hint of contrite, as though he was fearful of hurting her again if he was not careful.

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That girl though, behaved as if nothing was amiss, and went about ingratiating herself with him as she always did.

Does that mean that she hasn't found out about what happened to her brother?

There and then, Ian felt relieved inside, and that sentiment was naturally reflected in his demeanor which had reverted to being as upbeat as it used to be.

"Okay."

Regarding her with gentleness, he settled himself down into the chair.

Across from him, Susan watched as she awkwardly clutched onto that piece of tissue in her own hand, and for a considerable time thereafter, she remained ill at ease.

In spite of that, she was nonetheless the considerate type and was thus happy to see the duo back on good terms. Although Ian made no mention of it these past two days, she and her brother knew well how downcast the former felt.

"All right. What would you all like to have? I'd go place the order for us."

"Okay. I'd like some spicy sliced beef." Yasmin unreservedly named the dish that she herself wanted.

Such a spicy dish? Thought the amused Susan as she jotted it down.

Next up was her younger brother Timothy and Ian's turn.

"...I would like to have a..."

"You'd want a gumbo because I bet you seldom have it. I used to have that a lot on my previous visits here and what's great about the one they serve here is that it isn't spicy."

Yasmin spoke up again. This time, to offer a recommendation to Ian as a regular patron at this joint and emphasize the fact that it was not spicy.

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Susan turned her gaze toward the young man seated across from her when that voice faded off.

The dark pupils of the usually lukewarm youth's pretty eyes lit up when he heard those thoughtful words, just as she had anticipated. She could sense the elation about him in spite of where she was.

She lowered her eyes, but this time, there was no smile on her lips. As she kept her head down and earnestly scribbled away on the order chit, the grip on her fingers had tightened around the pen quite considerably.

She had no other desire, save for a simple wish that every smile that bloomed upon the face of that innocent young man from their family would not be rewarded with disappointment.

Everyone very much enjoyed themselves over that meal.

Once they had their fill, it was time to return to class. Coming out, Yasmin was excited to see a moped parked not too far away.

"Hey Ian, let's go back in that."

"Great idea!" Ian readily agreed once more.

While the siblings watched that pair depart, Susan's eyes narrowed where she stood. She then instructed her brother beside her, "Keep an eye on him."

"What for?" asked Timothy.

"I'm asking you to check in on him more regularly. Your faculty's closer to his, so do drop by his place whenever you've time to spare. It's not as though you are unaware that he still doesn't know how to navigate relations with others."

"Got it," Timothy scratched the back of his head before he finally assented.

A couple of days later, it seemed that everything was progressing as it should. In response to Yasmin's initiation, Ian had her take on the role of his assistant once more.

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Certainly, owing to the revelation of his identity, she was also in the know that he was the one who was really calling the shots over that building project.

“Isn’t your father extremely bold? You’re not even eighteen, and already he’s putting you in charge of such a huge project for the company, just like that?”

That weekend, both of them made another trip to the office building. When Yasmin looked out at the construction works that had already begun beyond the windows, she could not resist asking that of the young man behind her.

Hailing from a wholly different world made her rather curious about the lives of people from wealthy families like his.

Pursing his lips, Ian placed down the work that he was busying with on hand.

“My Dad just wanted me to have the opportunity to go through the paces. Besides, my aunt is currently a little unwell and has gone to Jetroina to receive treatment. With my uncle unavailable to come into the office at the moment, et all, I’m just doing my part to help out,” he very candidly shared with her his family matters.

There was an element of recompense in the way he was treating her right now because of what happened with her brother. It could be said that he would be amenable to answering any questions she may have, or acquiescing to whatever she needed him to do for her.

The current state of affairs suited Yasmin just fine, especially in the absence of Susan’s interference during this stretch.

“Is this document meant for the engineering team, Ian?”

“It is.”

Lifting his head to look at the copy of statistics in her hands that he had just come up with, he nodded.

He had been personally overseeing those as he wanted to ensure that nothing went awry, seeing that this was his first time being in charge of a project, after all. After these were

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complete, they would be collected by the representatives from the engineering department who would come by to pick them up for themselves.

However, that afternoon, that girl decided to volunteer herself for the task.

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