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Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1789

Chapter 1789 Susan In Trouble

“How about I have it sent over since we’re in the vicinity? They seem like they are going to be quite busy today.”

“Oh, okay.”

In the end, Ian went along with it,

Perhaps, he was also in agreement that there was not too much ground to cover.

Never did he know, however, that the moment she took the item downstairs and exited that building, she immediately made a call to someone she had long wanted to reach out to.

“Are you busy right now, Susan? I’ve something that I’d like to have your help with.”

“Huh?” Susan, who was busy revising for her examinations in school, let out a look of surprise when she received that call.

Help? What sort of help? Isn’t this girl currently working with Ian? What else could she have that would be in need of my assistance?

“The situation’s like this, Susan. Ian just passed me a set of data sheets that he said are the accounts for the project. As you know, I don’t work on stuff like that and it’s giving me a headache. That’s when I thought of you. So could I like, get you to offer me some pointers?”

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Through the phone, Yasmin seemed to have picked up on Susan's doubts, and as such, took the initiative to elaborate further.

As things stood, it did not seem proper for Susan to turn her down under these circumstances.

Hence, that girl returned to school to seek out Susan some twenty minutes later, clutching a stack of data sheets in her arms.

"That many?"

"Um-hum," replied Yasmin as she wiped the sweat off her own brow. "To be honest, Susan. I wanted to make a good impression of myself at Ian's company now so that I might have a chance to work there after I graduate."

She regarded her counterpart with a mixture of urging and self-consciousness. More significantly there, was the display of resolve she had.

"I see. It's good thinking on your part. Actually, I'm planning to intern with them over the summer holidays myself. That's why I've been in discussion with the lecturer to secure my qualifications earlier in order to facilitate my own entry," Susan chuckled.

Without any semblance of guardedness, she also shared her personal plans in their entirety.

At the tender age of just twenty-one and having been raised by her own parents thinking that the world was a place filled with warmth and love, how could she have thought anyone capable of such deviousness?

Her wariness from before had stemmed purely out of protectiveness over Ian.

Yasmin lowered her eyes to conceal the enviousness and contempt that was madly entangling her like vines. Some parts of her heart had ultimately begun to succumb to the darkness that was slowly but surely devouring it.

"Is that so? Splendid. Let us work hard toward our goal together then."

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“Okay. Sit tight for a bit while I get this ready for you, and oh, don’t tell Ian. Just say that you did it yourself. I’ll teach you some basics on finance and accounting matters later.”

Susan made sure to offer a reminder before she got down to sorting out that set of data sheets.

While Yasmin waited by the side, her phone suddenly rang about five minutes later.

“Hello?”

“When will our supplies be arriving, Ms. Snow? We need them to get cracking.”

“Huh?” Yasmin shot up onto her feet when she heard that.

That got Susan’s attention as she, too, lifted her head. “Is something wrong? What happened?”

“There are some supplies that were due to be delivered to the site that has yet to arrive, and I wasn’t aware that they’re waiting to have them to work with. I may have to head down to the work site to look into it.”

“No worries. You go on ahead. Just come by to pick these up after they’re done.”

“But this one’s quite urgent as well,” Yasmin was sweating buckets and appeared to be a little flustered.

Seeing no alternatives, Susan could only offer to help deliver those data sheets on the girl’s behalf.

That greatly pleased Yasmin.

“Would you really? That’s terrific. In that case, shall I wait for you over at the work site?” she said with a look of gratitude.

Susan happily obliged.

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Very soon, that girl was gone. On her own part, Susan focused herself on filling up those data sheets before she rode away with them on a bicycle from the school premises.

At this juncture, she decidedly refrained from bothering Ian.

Firstly, because she was studying for her own examinations.

Secondly, she had seen how much he cared about Yasmin and wanted to give them some space. As far as that young man was concerned, she had always tried her utmost to satisfy him.

That fateful day though, something was to happen to her after she entered that building that was under construction in the Old Town which she had not been in a very long time.

Crack!

She blanked out when the cement board gave way asudden beneath her feet, and the first thought that came to her mind was whether Ian would be able to complete his project in a timely manner if she were to meet with an accident there.

“Hey! Come quickly! Somebody has fallen in!”

The workers on site were in a frenzy when they witnessed this.

Not far away, a girl who had long since been observing this from a distance saw the slender figure clad in light blue cast adrift like an untethered kite.

She shuddered all over.

Bang!

After Susan dropped into that massive foundation hole that was dug up, she vanished so quickly that it left Yasmin shell-shocked.

When the latter was able to react, she broke into a frantic run, only to discover that it was a channel meant for the induction of cement. By the time she arrived upon that large mass of viscous slate, the girl who was in the prime of her youth was already nowhere to be seen.

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The former's strength deserted her...

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover

Chapter 1790

Chapter 1790 She Is Not Dead

The entire site ceased operations when Ian arrived.

None of the workers had experienced such a terrifying ordeal that they didn't know what to do and remained frozen in place even after Ian showed up.

"What are you guys still standing there for? Get down there and start looking!"

The young man flew into a rage at the sight.

A ghastly look crossed his handsome face as he prepared to head down himself too.

Suddenly, someone grabbed onto him.

"You can't go down there, Mr. Ian. I've already called the fire department."

It was Yvonne.

That caused Ian to come to a stop and keep his eyes low, but he couldn't stop quivering.

The firefighters soon arrived and went down to begin the search immediately.

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Meanwhile, Yasmin finally returned to her senses. Despite feeling chills all over her body, she mustered up the courage to walk over slowly, wanting to know what had happened.

Indeed, she had deliberately gotten Susan to come over.

The young woman had been struggling with herself ever since that anonymous character contacted her many days ago. She didn't want to do this, but ultimately, she did.

As she walked over and noticed how many firemen in yellow uniforms had entered the huge concrete canal but there was still nobody to be found, her face turned white like a sheet.

At that very moment, a worker came this way. "The lady left this on the floor before falling in there, Mr. Ian."

It was the document Susan had dropped.

As soon as Yasmin saw that, all the color drained from her face, and her body turned ice-cold.

"A data sheet? Why would she have this?"

"I'm surprised too. I thought I saw you give this to Ms. Snow," Yvonne added.

In a mere matter of seconds, they both turned to Yasmin frostily.

"What did you do?"

This time, Ian didn't even bother saying the woman's name first.

Moreover, his voice sounded much grimmer compared to how gently he usually spoke to her. A chill ran down Yasmin's spine as she saw how differently the young man behaved.

So, this aunt of his matters the most to him?

While initially filled with fright and panic, Yasmin suddenly found herself calming down after being questioned.

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"I... I wasn't sure how to write some of the data, so I asked Susan for help. Then, someone from her site called me to say that materials needed for the renovation haven't arrived, so I came back."

"So, you had Susan bring the document here?" Yvonne asked quickly.

Yasmin nodded. "Y-Yes. I didn't want her to, but she insisted because she didn't want to trouble us."

She tried her best to push all the blame on Susan.

In truth, everything she had said seemed legitimate, for she had already come up with the details while laying out this scheme.

Surprisingly, Ian said nothing more.

He merely retracted his gaze, clutched the document tightly, and turned around to focus on the canal below.

Seeing that, Yasmin heaved a sigh of relief.

Susan remained missing two hours later.

Ian's body began to sway as he heard that.

"Ian!"

"Are you all right, Mr. Ian? Calm down. We'll find her," Yvonne assured, hastily holding onto him.

But realistically speaking, if the woman couldn't be found here, the only other place she could possibly would be at the very end of the canal – inside that huge concrete mixer.

Ian's mind buzzed as his face paled terrifyingly.

"Ian?"

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Yasmin called out to him right after noticing that he was about to head below while staggering.

Yet, as soon as her words fell, the young man turned his head and glared at her viciously.

“You’d better wait right here.”

In that instant, Yasmin dared not move an inch, but she could feel a shiver hit her again.

He definitely doesn’t mean anything good by that. He’s saying he’ll deal with me when he finds her.

Thinking that, fear surged through the young woman once more.

A few minutes later, Ian, who had personally made his way down the hole, arrived at the end of the channel and stared at the fearsome-looking concrete mixer.

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