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Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1817

Chapter 1817 Saved You A Seat

Susan did very well on her paper, having almost scored full marks.

Even the professor was happy for her.

“With grades like these, Susan, you could go anywhere you want. Have you decided where you would like to apply for an internship?”

Susan decided to be frank. “Yes. I sent my resume to Hayes Corporation.”

Hayes Corporation! They’re ranked first in the country.

The professor gazed at her approvingly as nothing made him happier than seeing his students get a good start in their careers. “Good on you to aim high! I’d be happy to write you a recommendation letter when I return. Rest assured, Susan. You’re getting in.”

Susan was overjoyed.

After exiting the faculty building, she did not wait to break the news in her Whatsapp group with the other two.

Susan texted: Good news, guys. I passed!

Ian was the first one to reply: Congratulations!

Timothy chimed in next: Should I expect a celebratory meal? I’m feeling KFC tonight.

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This freeloading brother of mine!

However, Susan was in a very good mood and agreed.

She replied: KFC on me tonight, then. By the way, what are you two doing?

Timothy responded: I'm playing ball with the management department next door. Having a blast!

Ian, however, answered: I am in Professor Rind's lecture.

Susan perked up. Professor Rind? The Wall Street Investor turned teacher?

She hurriedly texted: I'm coming over. Do you have a spot available? It's always packed whenever this professor gives a lecture. Latecomers never get seats.

Timothy chimed in again: What's so interesting about that professor?

Susan retorted: Shut up!

Ian texted: There still are. Come on over.

Susan's eyes lit up in anticipation as she rented a bicycle and took off toward the lecture hall at the other end of the university with her knapsack on her back.

As the Faculty of Business Administration was inherently related to finance, a lecture given by such a legendary figure with his Wall Street credentials would only benefit her.

Despite making it there as quickly as she could, Susan discovered to her dismay that even the exterior of the lecture hall was crammed with hopeful students holding their laptops at the ready, trying desperately to glean something from the speaker within.

I knew it! Looks like all of them had the same idea as me.

Grimacing while muttering awkward apologies, Susan squeezed her way through.

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Fortunately, she quickly spotted the handsome young man through the dense crowd sitting in the first row. Next to him was a girl with her hair in a topknot clad in a cute floral dress.

Zaylynn?

Susan was stunned.

“Over here, Susan!” The girl had also spotted her and was already beckoning frantically with her arms.

The sound of her name roused Susan out of her reverie.

Only Ms. Neal is capable of knowing no embarrassment.

Striding over to her friends as inconspicuously as she could, Susan squeezed herself into Zaylynn’s seat.

“You could have told me you were coming, Susan. I would have reserved three seats.”

“That’s all right. I’ve only just found out from Ian today that Professor Rind is giving a lecture. A single seat should fit two skinny girls like us.”

Gazing at the girl’s indignant yet delighted expression at her presence, Susan could not help returning the smile as she was fond of Zaylynn.

Though she’s loud and not very bright at times, her heart’s in the right place.

Without wasting any more time, Susan started her laptop.

“Here’s what happened before you arrived,” Ian offered as he slid his notes over.

Susan took the notebook from him and perused it quickly.

“God, he’s amazing. We were never taught any of these in class.”

“He is,” Zaylynn said proudly. “Why else would I save you a seat?”

Susan tousled her friend’s bun and grinned in response.

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It did not take long for her to catch up with the help of Ian's notes. Soon, she could not only keep up with Andy's lecture, but she had also begun taking her notes.

"Remember, many factors cause fluctuations in exchange rates. Therefore, conducting a thorough market analysis should always be the first step. Factors such as the military, crude oil, and natural disasters are major determinants of the market's direction. If you find that they pose a risk to your investment, you must stop immediately."

Characteristic of a Wall Street investor, Andy's speech was bold.

However, every word of his rang true as the market would either plummet or skyrocket from the determinants he mentioned, regardless of the nature of the financial instruments.

"I have a question, Professor," a voice came from the middle of the lecture hall. "Some of the factors you mentioned are beyond our ability to predict. How can we stay ahead of them?"

Susan's writing hand froze as that very question had occurred to her.

Though the discovery of crude oil may contribute to market fluctuations, the prediction of military instability and natural disasters were factors that most civilians would not be able to foresee.

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Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover

Chapter 1818

Chapter 1818 Catch A Ride

Yes, how can we stay ahead of them?

Seated atop the stage, Andy suddenly sighed.

“Good question. This brings me to my next point: talent!”

“I know that it’s not appropriate to talk about this at university where meritocracy is the norm,” he continued with a wink, “but we have to admit that it plays a role. Some people, like this friend of mine, are able to spot innocuous clues at a glance.”

At the sudden mention of his friend with such prophetic abilities, the students in the hall began to engage in a buzz of speculations. They were eager to learn the identity of such a talented individual.

Susan was one of them.

“She is a woman,” Andy proclaimed, smiling with pride and nostalgia. “A decade younger than me, but what a talent she had for financial forecasting. In fact, she predicted the famous oil riot in Zaewora and made me a fortune.”

The mysterious introduction only served to excite the students even more.

“Who is she, Professor? Where is she working now? Is there any chance of her giving a lecture?”

Andy chuckled.

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“She’s retired from public life and is very happy remaining home with her husband and children. Even I am unable to make an appointment with her,” he remarked only half-jokingly.

It’s true. She’s a powerful woman now. I’m not even qualified to shine her shoes.

The lecture lasted a full two hours. The sun was already disappearing down the western horizon when the trio emerged from the lecture hall.

“This professor is really something, Ian,” Susan exclaimed as she went over her notes again. “He talks about these things that our syllabus never covers. Even a student of finance and accounting such as myself found it enlightening.”

Ian merely nodded without comment.

On the other hand, Zaylynn nodded off during the lecture. Eager to participate in the conversation as she was, she found herself lost in their jargon.

“I found it interesting too,” she chimed in. “Especially the part about his friend. It shocked me to hear about such powerful women in the world today!”

Susan nodded vigorously in agreement.

Ian made a surprising response to that. “He’d exaggerated a little. Though he did make a fortune from the oil riot back then, he had forced the person to do it for him.”

The girls stared at him with their mouths wide open.

“How do you know?”

“Because that friend he spoke of is my mother,” Ian remarked casually before striding ahead with his schoolbag on his back, leaving the girls behind thunderstruck by his proclamation that was uttered with as much enthusiasm as if it had been a statement of fact.

His mother!

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Susan was in complete awe. Right before they were about to exit the gate of the university on their way to dinner, she suddenly remembered. "Was your mother ever in Hayes Corporation?"

"Of course," Ian answered. "She used to be the director of the operational department."

I never knew Sasha to be as well-versed in finance as in medicine! That explains how her son managed to complete the building project so beautifully at only seventeen years of age. He has great genes.

"Wait a minute. Where are you guys going?" Zaylynn cried. Keen not to be left behind, she stamped her feet before hurrying up to them. "Can I come along? I did reserve a seat for you today, didn't I? It was hard work, you know."

Though Ian frowned at the intrusion, Susan readily agreed.

"The more the merrier, Zaylynn. We're having KFC for dinner, is that all right with you?"

"Of course," Zaylynn said at once. "I'm not picky."

Waving her chauffeur away, she hopped on a bicycle like the others and set off with Susan and Ian.

The warm hues of the sunset made the scenery surrounding the campus look as though it had been kissed by fire. Engulfing the entire city in yellow and orange, the setting sun cast elongated shadows of the trio onto the road they made their way to dinner amidst yells and jests of youth.

Unbeknownst to them, a figure appeared behind them after they left.

With a stack of books in her arms, the figure stood there expressionlessly as she watched them leave. The unsettling aura her presence emitted caused those who passed by shudder involuntarily as they gave her a wide berth.

Why does this girl look so scary?

"Hello, Yasmin. What are you doing here? Are you getting ready for work again?"

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The sudden mention of her name in a voice laced with concern appeared beside her.

The speaker was the secretary of the student council, Jacques.

Yasmin withdrew her gaze and looked at him with its hostility retracted.

“Where are you going, Jacques?”

“I was just about to head home. Would you like a ride?”

Jacques was a local who lived with his upper-middle-class family. Upon being told by Yasmin that she was working part-time, he took pity on her and offered to drop her at her workplace.

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