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Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1887

After getting into the car, Susan could still feel Ian's imposing aura, so she didn't dare to utter a word. Instead, she just sat obediently in the back seat and looked out the window.

There was nothing but dead silence in the car.

Although Ian was driving very fast, the car was so soundproof that all Susan could hear was the sound of the air conditioning blowing.

Without even realizing it, Susan was clenching her fists when she said, "The man that sent me out was a military officer in the embassy. Mdm. Bennett assigned him to protect me."

There was no response.

Ever since he got here to study, it has been hard to get him to talk. That attitude of his is rather terrifying. After getting no response from him, Susan continued, "Also, he sent me down b-because I-I wanted to bid for something that belonged to my grandpa. However, I don't have enough money, so h- he-"

Screech!

Suddenly, the car came to a halt by the side of the road.

I haven't even finished my sentence. Why did he suddenly stop the car?

Frightened, Susan held her chest and gazed at the driver. She was so scared that she was even conscious of how loud she was breathing.

"He lent you money?"

"Y-Yes..." Susan stuttered after hearing his frightening tone.

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Right after she answered him, his aura had become even more terrifying. "Are you stupid? There are so many people at home. Why didn't you just call home?"

"I-1 wanted to, b-but he had paid for it right away. Besides, I was at the auction. When he raised the paddle, t-the money was deducted from his account instantly." Susan was terrified, and she was on the verge of crying.

As she was explaining herself in her shivering tone, she looked miserable.

Indeed, there was nothing she could've done.

She was told that the starting bid for the items was a hundred. Since it was for charity, Susan agreed to attend when Mdm. Bennett invited her.

However, she didn't expect the people there to increase the price by ten thousand every time they bid.

Ian's face was flushed red with fury.

In fact, he didn't even know why he was so angry. As he stared ahead, he felt a fit of intense anger coursing through his veins.

Ultimately, he asked, "How much?"

Susan quickly whipped out the fountain pen and stammered, "F-Fifty thousand."

Ian went silent. He then took out his smartphone and tapped on the screen. Soon, he transferred a sum of money from his account.

Susan was watching his movements from behind.

A while later, her smartphone vibrated. When she lowered her gaze to see her smartphone, she saw a notification saying that she had received a sum of money.

"Five hundred thousand? Ian! Have you gone mad? Why did you give me so much money? I only needed fifty thousand!"

"Shut up!" Ian yelled in annoyance.

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He then threw his smartphone aside and started driving again.

Susan was rendered speechless. He has gone mad. He has really gone mad. Forget about it. I shouldn't annoy him anymore tonight. I'll just return him the money when he's in a better mood tomorrow.

Susan didn't bother him anymore. Instead, she quickly transferred fifty thousand to Vincent, and she texted him: Mr. Vincent, here is the money. Thank you for helping me just now.

Vincent replied: So soon? Didn't you say you have to work to get the money? How did you come up with the money so suddenly? Are you in trouble now?

Vincent was thoughtful enough to ask if she was in any trouble after getting paid so soon.

Trouble? Oh, yes. I am scared out of my wits! However, Susan felt relieved after seeing that Ian had calmed down. At that moment, she could see him focused on the dark road ahead.

Susan replied: No. It's just that my family has arrived. I meant to call them when we were at the museum just now.

Vincent texted: Oh, okay. Will you work at the embassy?

Susan was just about to reply when she heard Ian asking, "Are you not done texting? Aren't you supposed to just return the money?"

Upon hearing that, Susan immediately put her phone away and sat quietly. Isn't he driving? How did he know I have returned the money and texted that man? Does he have eyes on the back of his head? I better not do anything anymore.

After that, Susan fell asleep in the car after being out the whole day. Besides, she didn't even sleep well the night before.

When Ian heard her slow and steady breathing, he checked on her through the rear-view mirror and saw her sleeping. He then slowed down the car immediately.

Forty minutes later, they arrived outside the apartment building.

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"Ian..." Susan was awakened. When she opened her eyes and saw a familiar face, she subconsciously opened her arms.

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Ian was dumbfounded.

Seeing that he was not moving, Susan threw herself at him. She wrapped her arms around him and buried her head in his neck groggily.

Purring like a cat in its dream, she pleaded with him piteously, "Ian, I was wrong. D-Don't run away again, please? It was all my fault. I'll never back down again. Let's be together happily from now on, hmm?"

Ian was thunderstruck.

He was as motionless as a statue, and his mind went blank. He could neither hear nor sense anything.

What's the matter with her? What did she mean?

Why did she plead with me not to run away and to be together happily from now? I'm her nephew. Isn't it preposterous for her to say so?

Her words had stirred ten magnitude turbulence in the young man's mind. Having lost some snippets of his memory, he was utterly overwhelmed.

"Ian, you're back." Right then, a familiar voice sounded behind him.

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It was none other than Sigrun, who had surprisingly stayed up late to wait for them.

Ian came to his senses in an instant. He was about to pull Susan away from his arms and push her into the car.

"Hmm? What is Ms. Susan doing? Is she asleep? Let me help her upstairs." Sigrun volunteered, stifling her boiling rage. She had a hunch about the current situation from their interaction a while ago.

Ian was at a loss. The next second, he tightened his arms around Susan and said to Sigrun indifferently, "It's fine!"

With that, he carried Susan down from the car, slammed the door shut, and headed straight upstairs.

Sigrun was exasperated. A grimace distorted the sweet smile on her dainty face. Susan Limmer! Have you no shame?

That night, Susan had a good night's sleep.

"Aunt Susan, you're finally awake! Breakfast is ready.

I heard you visited your grandpa's old friend yesterday and retrieved his memorable belonging at an auction!" Vivian chirped, grinning from ear to ear. She had rushed into the room excitedly when she discovered that Susan was awake. Undeniably, she was like the dazzling sun that brightened up everyone's day in the apartment.

Susan felt refreshed after waking up from a deep sleep.

She got out of bed and whipped out the fountain pen from the auction the day before to show Vivian. "This is the one."

"Wow! What a unique fountain pen! I bet my greatgrandpa will be overjoyed if he sees this!" Vivian gasped admiringly, rejoicing earnestly at Susan's success in retrieving the memorable fountain pen.

Susan smiled and put it away carefully. "Oh yeah! Isn't it about time to head for class? I'd better wash up now."

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Vivian giggled. "Aunt Susan, are you still dreaming? It's Saturday today. Anyway, we've decided to go fishing. Are you joining us?"

Fishing?

Susan scratched her head, astounded by her suggestion. She could barely spare time for leisure activities at the moment. Apart from her studies, she had to grab the time to work and save money to pay off her debt of fifty thousand to someone. Hence, she could only turn Vivian down nicely.

In the dining room, Sigrun was over the moon when she heard that Susan would not be joining them fishing.

However, she pretended to sound disappointed as she said, "Oh, is it? Too bad we can only proceed with our plan without her. Anyway, we can enjoy eating the fish with her later."

"Then what's your Aunt Susan busy with?" Kurt asked.

Vivian thought for a while and said, "I think she said she had some homework to do. She doesn't dare to take it too lightly since she has just arrived. She's afraid that she can't submit her work on time."

Hearing that, Kurt did not ask further.

Just as they were ready and about to set off half an hour later, Vivian realized that Ian did not step out of his room.

"Ian, we're leaving now! What are you doing?" Vivian called out to him.

"I'm not going!" he replied curtly.

Vivian was stupefied.

Meanwhile, Sigrun, seated in the living room, stood up and advanced toward his room hastily. "Ian, why did you suddenly change your mind? Didn't we decide on the plan during breakfast just now? I've already made an appointment with the farm owner." "You guys can go ahead yourselves." Ian was sitting in front of the computer. He did not even turn around.

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Sigrun clenched her fists.

“Just let him be. Even if he joins US, he won’t fish. After all, he only sits aside and watches US whenever we go out and have fun,” Kurt said.

“Yeah, you got a point. Sigrun, it’s all right. Since Ian doesn’t want to go, just let him be. The three of US can still enjoy ourselves without him.” Vivian rushed over to pull her arm and drag her away.

Seeing that, Kurt left with them with the fishing equipment.

Susan was oblivious to it as she was in the bathroom. By the time she stepped out, Vivian and the others had left. She cleaned up hastily and got ready to leave with her bag.

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