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Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1891

Susan was taken aback again.

Monday to Friday? Why have the working days changed? When I applied for the job, didn't it say work would be on the weekends? otherwise, I wouldn't have submitted my resume.

She could not help thinking that it was odd. Nonetheless, since the other party had already stated their requirements, she began doubting herself and wondering whether she had made a mistake. In the end, she had no choice but to leave dejectedly.

Ring... Ring...

Just then, her phone started ringing.

Hearing that, she took it out of her bag and answered the call. "Hello?"

"Aunt Susan, where are you? We just got back from fishing, and we caught lots of fish! Come back soon, okay? Kurt says we can cook up some barbecued fish tonight."

The call was from Vivian, and Susan's lips subconsciously curved into a smile when she heard the former's voice.

Although Vivian was oblivious to the point of heartlessness, she was very affectionate toward others, and Susan adored her.

Temporarily casting aside all thoughts about the failed job interview, she hailed a taxi and hurried home.

Indeed, it'll be nice to have a barbecue in this cool spring weather, and it'll be even nicer since we'll be having those freshly-caught fish.

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She was about to reach the apartment when she deliberately made a little detour to the supermarket to purchase some vegetables for the barbecue before heading upstairs.

When Vivian opened the door, she was delighted to see Susan. "Aunt Susan, you're back! Kurt has already cleaned and prepped the fish."

Susan grinned as she carried the bags into the apartment, intending to go and help out in the kitchen. But as soon as she stepped inside, her gaze moved past the living room, and she was surprised to see a familiar figure fiddling with the charcoal grill on the balcony.

"He-"

Thinking that Susan was about to say that Ian should not be tending to the grill, Vivian quickly cut in to tell her not to worry about her brother. "Oh, Ian? You don't have to mind him. Let him do some work. He's in charge of the grill tonight. You can go and help Kurt with the fish while I prepare the vegetables."

See, that's the thing. Ian is too lazy. Back when we used to go out and play, we'd always eat ready-made food. This time, I have to make sure he does some work.

Taking the bags of vegetables from Susan, Vivian skipped over to the balcony to keep Ian company.

"I've come to keep you company, Ian. Hurry up with that. I'll prepare the vegetables."

Ian remained silent.

Even from afar, Susan could sense his annoyance.

Nonetheless, she was quite pleased to see him helping out.

Walking into the kitchen, Susan saw Kurt draining the blood from the fish. Taking the fish he had cleaned and prepared, she skillfully sliced them and marinated the fish slices.

"Where did the two of you go today?"

"I went with him to a securities firm. After grabbing a bite, I went for an interview."

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“An interview?”

When Kurt heard those two words, he tilted his head and shot her a surprised glance.

Susan nodded. “Yeah. I borrowed fifty thousand from Ian to buy my grandfather’s fountain pen at the auction yesterday, so I need to return the money to him.”

Kurt was silent for a few seconds before finally asking, “And?”

And?

A disheartened look crossed Susan’s face. “I didn’t get it. The company said they didn’t want students. But when I submitted my resume last night, I’m sure I saw that they were recruiting. That’s why I applied.”

After hearing that, Kurt fell silent for longer.

Well, of course. Fifty thousand. Who would dare to hire someone whom Ian has his eye on? Forget about fifty thousand. Even if it were only five thousand or five hundred... There probably still wouldn’t be anyone in Atlantius who’d dare to hire her.

Kurt continued preparing the fish silently as those thoughts crossed his mind.

They busied themselves for over an hour. By the time Ian finished prepping everything, it was already evening, and the sun was almost setting. They also made some stew with the fish. As soon as they lifted the lid from the pot, the fragrant smell wafted through the apartment.

Vivian’s stomach was already growling from hunger, and she rushed over immediately when she smelled the tantalizing aroma. “It’s done! We can eat now!”

Kurt brought out the pot of stew while Susan carried the side dishes together with the marinated fish slices for the barbecue.

Alas...

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“Ian, what’s wrong with the grill? Why isn’t the fire going?” Vivian was on the verge of stomping in frustration when she hurried over to the grill to barbecue some fish, only to find that it was not yet ready.

He’s an idiot!

Although Ian felt somewhat embarrassed, he still wanted to cling to his pride and was reluctant to admit that he could not light the grill himself.

“It couldn’t light up. What does that have anything to do with me?”

Everyone was stunned by his words.

In the end, Susan stood up and walked over, gazing at the grill as it continuously emitted smoke due to whatever Ian had done. Tilting her head, she saw that the smoke had caused Ian’s eyes to redden.

His beautiful dark eyes shimmered with tears, and there was a tinge of redness to them.

It’s a rare sight to see him like this. Ian has always been cold, aloof, and a little bit of a loner. There are not many things that’d elicit such expressions from him. It’s as if he’s isolated from the rest of the world, giving others the sense that he’s unapproachable. But that hint of redness in his eyes seems to have pulled him back to be a part of this world.

Withdrawing her gaze, she began to teach him how to light the grill. “Look. If you want the charcoal to catch fire, you have to prop the charcoal up like this. Then, light the kindling and place it underneath.

That’ll ignite the coals.”

Ian did not show any sign of impatience as he listened.

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Ian merely stood there, watching how Susan went about starting the fire. She blew on the blackened coals until red flames really did start slowly appearing.

Suddenly, there was a crackle as the fire flared and spat sparks.

Susan's mind went blank. Before she could react, a hand had already moved in front of her face to shield her, and she felt herself getting pulled backward swiftly.

Everything happened so quickly that Susan was still in a daze after getting dragged backward.

"Ian? What happened to the two of you? Are you okay?"

Vivian was setting the table in the living room when she noticed the commotion and rushed toward them worriedly.

Susan finally returned to her senses, instantly realizing what had happened. She straightened her back immediately as if by reflex while she stood in the arms of the person behind her, then turned to grab the hand he had quickly retracted.

"Are you okay, Ian? Let me see your hand."

"I'm fine," he replied, stubbornly refusing.

He did not let either of the two girls take a look at his hand. After all, a minor injury like that was nothing to a man like him.

The two ladies usually appeared gentle and weak. However, at such a critical moment, Vivian came up from behind and grabbed him forcefully. As for Susan, she was even bolder!

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She wrapped her arms around his, practically latching onto his arm.

“Just hurry up and let me take a look!”

He stared at them, speechless.

What are these two creatures?

The veins in Ian’s head throbbed even worse when he swept his gaze over to Kurt. Not only had the latter not stepped forward to lend a helping hand, but he wore the expression of someone watching a good show instead.

In the end, Ian showed them his hand.

He only realized how badly injured he was when he showed them his hand and saw that it had begun to blister.

“Oh my goodness! That’s serious! Quick, I’ll take you to the doctor’s.”

Seeing how severe it was, Susan immediately became anxious and dragged him after her without another word.

Vivian wanted to follow too, but just when she reached the door, Kurt pulled her back.

“Hey! What are you doing, Kurt?”

“You should stay and eat. Your aunt is with him, so what do you have to worry about? Hurry up and eat. Otherwise, the fish won’t taste as nice anymore,” Kurt responded without the slightest hint of guilt.

After dragging her back to the living room, he made her sit down, ladled steaming hot stew into a bowl for her, and told her to eat up.

Right. Once we’re full, we’ll go and game for a while...

Meanwhile, Susan quickly rode up on a bicycle after leading Ian downstairs.

He stared at her in the evening light without saying a word.

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When she saw him standing rooted to the spot, she urged, "Hop on. Why are you still standing there? It's only a short distance to the clinic near our university, so we can just ride the bicycle there. If we were to go to the hospital, we'd have to make an appointment, and it'd be much more troublesome."

Fortunately, he finally approached her after hearing her explanation. He climbed onto the back of the bicycle, and she began pedaling away.

By then, the beautiful sunset of an early spring evening was not glowing as brilliantly as before. It seemed to have lost its dazzling luster, leaving behind the soft grey twilight.

Although the sky was a little dark, it was still beautiful.

As Ian sat behind her, something flashed across his mind for a split second. It was so fleeting that he could not figure out what it was.

What was that?

As he puzzled over it, he did not notice his hands had moved to clutch at Susan's skirt.

"Don't clutch at my skirt, Ian. You might hurt your hand further. Just hold onto me."

Huh?

His eyes flew wide open, wondering whether he had misheard.

But while he was still reeling in shock at her words, the bold as brass Susan had reached for his other hand and placed it on her slender waist.

This is crazy...

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