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## Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

“Speaking of which, I need to thank you. If you didn’t help me by lending me the money, I won’t be able to get my grandpa’s fountain pen,” Susan thanked him as she was very grateful to Vincent.

Indeed, during the auction, the price of the fountain pen eventually reached fifty thousand. The price could be even higher if Susan wasn’t a descendant of the Limmer family.

However, Susan didn’t have fifty thousand on her.

In the end, Vincent paid for her.

“Don’t worry, Mr. Vincent, I’ll pay you back the money as soon as possible,” Susan uttered awkwardly, and she was determined to pay Vincent back.

In response, Vincent merely replied with a smile, “You don’t have to, Ms. Limmer. You’re still a student. You can pay me back when you start work in the future.”

“Oh, no. I’ll work and study at the same time. I’ll be able to pay you back in no time,” Susan quickly answered.

As soon as her words fell, Vincent’s handsome face was filled with disbelief. “You’re able to work and study at the same time?”

“Why not?” Susan flashed a faint smile and was about to leave.

Since it was getting late, she thought Vivian and the others would get worried about her.

Upon hearing Susan’s answer, Vincent suddenly said, “If you can do that, you should come and work at the Foreign Affairs Department, Ms. Limmer. Mdm. Bennett told me you’re studying accounting.

Coincidentally, the Foreign Affairs Department needs someone like you.”

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“Oh?” Susan was dumbstruck, and she didn’t know how to react. Did Christmas come early this year?

Right then, she heard the sound of a sports car engine igniting.

Vroom!

Susan immediately turned toward the sound and saw a red Lamborghini driving away at a high speed. She didn’t react in time because everything happened so quickly. What was that?

The car had disappeared from sight.

Susan was at a loss for words. Wait. Was that...

“Security, what just happened?” Vincent asked.

“Mr. Vincent, that person arrived not long ago, and it seemed like he was here to fetch someone. He had even asked me what time the auction will end.

However, he left all of a sudden.” The security guard was quite perplexed as well when he saw the car speeding away.

Susan abruptly blanked out when she heard that. Ian?

She immediately dashed out of the building and ran toward the direction the car had gone.

However, the car was long gone. All that was left was the cloud of smoke left behind by the sports car.

In an instant, Susan turned pale.

She quickly whipped out her smartphone and rang him, but his number was unreachable.

Susan was at a loss for words.

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Vincent went after her and saw her in a daze while standing in the middle of the road with her smartphone in her hand. Hence, he asked concernedly, "What's wrong, Ms. Limmer? Did something happen?"

To his dismay, Susan wasn't in the mood to entertain him.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Vincent, but I have to go now. I'll contact you when I'm free."

With that, Susan left.

When Vincent saw her leaving, he chased after her and said, "It's late now. Let me send you back, okay? It's not safe out there."

Susan wanted to get Vincent to leave and let her be, so she pleaded, "That's not necessary. Someone's here to fetch me, and he's just right in front. Please leave me be, Mr. Vincent. Please."

That was the only thing she could do at that moment because she was on the verge of a breakdown. If that was Ian, he's going to be mad! He's the type of person who gets jealous easily. Back then, when we were in Yeringham, he wouldn't even let me talk to the men in the village.

In order to get Vincent to leave, Susan got into a taxi.

After Vincent left, Susan turned back and went to a cafe opposite the museum.

She was hoping that Ian would go back to get her.

After a few hours of waiting alone in the cafe, all the patrons had left, and the owner of the cafe was about to close the cafe. Susan swept a glance at the empty cafe. Ian was nowhere to be seen.

He's not coming back, is he? Susan lowered her head and couldn't help but sob.

Creak!

Right then, someone entered the cafe that was about to close.

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"I'm sorry, mister. We're about to close-"

The rest of the sentence got stuck in the waiter's throat because he saw the handsome young man with an imposing aura walking toward the girl who had been sitting there for hours.

Clank!

The sound of a car key being thrown onto the table resonated across the empty cafe.

Susan was frightened by the sound, and she abruptly raised her gaze. With tears in her eyes, she just stared blankly at the person who approached her.

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