

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 118

Aunt Kelly was right!

“It’s alright. I’ve already booked the flight.” She hesitated and then made a request, “If you have the time, could you send me to the airport later?”

Sebastian frowned slightly. He took a glance at his watch and agreed nevertheless. “Alright, I’ll fetch you after I finish my work.”

Xandra nodded in satisfaction.

Kelly was right in saying that she should treat a man as if she were flying a kite. If she constantly pulled the string taut, it would eventually snap. Likewise, a man would only feel suffocated and try to break free from her.

Thus, she made up her mind to let the string loose sometimes, allowing the kite to fly. This way, only would the man willingly stay by her side.

In the meantime, Sasha finally got to meet Solomon in a café.

“Solomon, I’m sorry for asking you out all of a sudden. I hope I didn’t cause you any inconvenience.”

Sasha felt sorry because Solomon, the young man with gold-rimmed glasses, was already waiting for her at a table by the window by the time she arrived.

“It’s alright. I’m on my lunch break anyway.”

Solomon discreetly sized her up.

The woman had light makeup on, with a faint reddish tinge on her cheeks so that she would not look that pale. Her full lips looked moist and plump after the application of lipstick.

“Thankfully I didn’t disturb you.”

Sasha heaved a sigh of relief. Tiny beads of sweat were seen covering her forehead.

She took the seat opposite Solomon and was about to call the waiter over when the latter said, “I’ve ordered a Jamaican Blue Mountain for myself and a cup of hot cappuccino for you. You prefer it with sugar and milk, am I right?”

“Huh? Y-yes... but I was supposed to treat you to coffee.”

Sasha smiled sheepishly when she heard Solomon had already ordered for both of them.

In fact, a cup of sweet and creamy hot coffee indeed suited her liking. She knew people would definitely laugh at her taste if she was to order this in a high-end café, thinking it was a waste of the high-quality coffee beans.

Nevertheless, she always ordered coffee according to her liking. After all, why would she force herself to drink black coffee when life was already full of bitterness?

“Actually, Solomon, I wanted to ask you about something. Earlier, you told me that your friend wanted to hire me to work in his clinic. I’m wondering if he still needs me.”

Solomon was surprised. “You’ve decided to work?”

Avoiding his gaze, Sasha then gave him an excuse to put him off, “Yes. I might need to stay here for a while, so that’s why I’m finding a job. I wonder how much he’s going to pay me?”

Fortunately, Solomon was tactful enough not to ask further questions. "I told him that you've worked for Clear previously. I suppose your annual salary will be higher than what Clear Hospital offered."

"Is that for real?"

Sasha's eyes brightened.

As a famous doctor in Clear Hospital, her annual salary was more than a million. If she was to work at Solomon's friend's clinic, perhaps she could negotiate and request an advance payment of six months' salary.

She finally found a glimmer of hope.

"Solomon, is it okay if I go for a job interview now?"

"Now?"

"Yes. Oh, you don't need to accompany me. Just give me his address and contact number, and I can go by myself," Sasha reassured him as she was afraid to waste any more of his time.

Solomon suddenly stood up and grabbed his coat.

"You've never seen him before. It's better that I bring you there. Besides, he doesn't have many patients in his clinic at this time"

"Oh, um... okay then." Sasha nodded her agreement since he insisted.

Soon after, the two left the café.

Finding a job and requesting an advance payment of salary was the only way Sasha could think of. Previously, she did the same thing to raise her two children when she just moved to Clear.

After that, Sasha got into Solomon's car.

Initially, she thought he would drive her to meet his friend right away. However, a few minutes later, she realized they were heading to a mall in the city center.

"Why are we..."

"I think you'd better change into a new set of clothes. My friend is germophobic, so..."

Sitting behind the wheel, Solomon cast a sidelong glance at her while smiling teasingly.

Sasha's face flushed scarlet when she lowered her head to look at her coat.

It was indeed a little dirty.

When she moved into Royal Court One, she didn't bring her clothes from her rental apartment. For the past few days, she was wearing the very coat that Matteo brought her when she still was receiving treatment in the hospital.

Thinking that it was inappropriate to meet her future boss in a dirty coat, Sasha eventually agreed to Solomon's suggestion.

Unbeknownst to her, a black Bentley had arrived at the mall's parking lot after their car.