

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover

Chapter 1801-1960 1801

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1801 Worried Old Man

Susan rejected her request in the end. "I can't do that because I've already promised his parents to take care of him. You can go after him, but there's no way I'd move out. Besides, what difference does it make if I remained in the apartment when you guys get into a relationship? If he were to be staying with his parents, would you ask his parents to move out?"

After saying that, an ambiguous smile appeared on Susan's face. She's pushing her luck, isn't she?

Yasmin merely remained silent and blushed.

Indeed, she was crossing the line.

Susan left the place afterward.

That night, Susan gave the contacts she'd gotten to her people.

"Mr. Glen, please investigate this. They're the ones who went after me," Susan uttered.

Somewhere in the dark, an old man answered the phone and agreed, "Okay."

Hearing that, Susan was about to hang up the phone.

"W-What's going to happen after we've investigated them? What's your next move, Ms. Jadeson? If they're really the family of those kids back then, they'll surely come after you and Mr. Jadeson," the man on the other end of the phone call abruptly asked. He was also warning her at the same time.

Susan remained composed upon hearing that. "In that case, we'll just report them to the police. If we don't have anything incriminating of theirs yet, we shall keep an eye on them in the meantime, Mr. Glen."

"Is that all?"

When Susan heard the old man's question, her expression turned serious. She then warned, "If not? What else do you want to do? Remember this, Mr. Glen, don't kill anyone anymore. Don't worry. If those people want to kill me and my brother instead, I'll get Sebastian to deal with them and punish them accordingly!"

Indeed, that was her attitude toward the matter. I'm not taking any lives, but if I can't protect myself anymore, I'll just hand them over to Ian's dad. I'm sure he'll protect us.

The old man still had something to add, but Susan had already ended the call.

When she got back to her apartment, it was already late at night.

However, she was shocked to see that the lights in the apartment were still on. When she walked in, she saw a tall and thin figure watching the television on the couch.

"You're back, Ian? Why are you still up?" Susan asked in puzzlement.

Amidst all the matters she had to attend to that night, she'd forgotten to ask Ian about how the party went.

Susan then walked over to him hurriedly because she wanted to ask about his night.

To her surprise, Ian suddenly stood up when she was approaching him. At that time, he was around one point eight meters tall, and he was about to turn eighteen.

When he suddenly stood up in front of her, she instinctively took a step backward. "Ian, what—"

"Where have you been?" Ian's eyes were gloomy, and his handsome and beautiful face was rather cold. In fact, he looked terrifying.

Hearing that, Susan felt guilty. "I-I didn't go anywhere. I was revising at school. Did you not have a good time at the party? Or are you blaming me for not fetching you? Ian, I—"

"I don't need that!" With that, Ian walked away with his darkened face.

Bang!

He slammed his bedroom door so hard that it had given Susan a scare.

Oh, no! He must be pissed because I've gotten him to join a party with so many people. Susan was filled with regret.

That night, she was worried about him, so she sent a text to Sasha, who was at Oceanic Estate.

Her text read: Sasha, I've gotten Ian to join a party at his classmate's house, but he came home angry. Did I do something wrong, Sasha? Did I make him feel uneasy? What should I do now?

After sending that text, she held her smartphone in her hand and fell asleep feeling bothered.

Upon finding out that Hayes Corporation had nothing to do with her flunking her examinations, her respect for Sebastian and Sasha had been restored. Hence, she'd report back to them regarding Ian.

Back at Oceanic Estate, Sasha had only seen the text when she woke up the next day. When she saw it was about Ian, she got up immediately.

"Ian had attended a party? That's great!" She brought her smartphone to the balcony outside to show Sebastian, who was stretching.

Sebastian merely glanced at the text and asked, "Party? Is she talking about the small party held by the Neal family last night?"

"That should be it. Since he's willing to attend parties nowadays, it seems like we've made the right decision by sending him to Susan's. However, Susan said Ian seemed pissed. This child..." Sasha couldn't help but get worried again.

Sebastian remained silent and picked up a watering can as he gazed at his budding plants under the morning's rays.

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Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1802 Showed Up For Real

"Oh, by the way, Susan said there's a girl! Sebby, do you think our son is into this girl? He'd even found someone he likes! He's doing well!" Sasha was a woman susceptible to gossip, so she figured that out in no time.

Suddenly, she held her smartphone in her hand and started cheering.

Sebastian, who was watering plants, couldn't help but ask, "He likes a girl? He's too young!"

"No, he's not. He's almost eighteen now, so why can't he be into someone? Did I not marry you when I was eighteen?"

Sebastian was rendered speechless.

Seeing Sebastian's half-hearted attitude, Sasha suddenly asked, "Wait. Are you looking down on the Neal family? Since we're on this topic, I must ask you about the marriages of both our sons. Do you have any requirements for their spouses? Must their spouses be of similar social status?"

Sebastian remained silent for a while and felt helpless. What is she talking about? Similar social status? When I married her, was the Wand family even on par with the Hayes family?

"No. As long as they're happy together," he answered.

"Is that it?" Sasha was doubtful because Sebastian was acting like the Neal family was below him.

Upon seeing how doubtful Sasha was, Sebastian nodded resolutely. "Am I that closed-minded? Have I ever required them to do as I wish regarding who they end up with? For example, when have I ever dictated that little girl?"

Sebastian ended up mentioning his precious daughter again. When he was saying that, he seemed a little annoyed. Indeed, no one could blame him because she'd been under his care for so many years. Before he knew it, not only did she fall for someone else, but she'd also been through countless life-threatening moments for him. Fortunately for Sebastian, he wasn't of age yet. Otherwise, he'd have gotten heart attacks because of how angry he was.

Sasha finally understood what he meant. Abruptly, she went up to the disheartened man and hugged him from behind. "There, there. Don't be so angry, okay? Kurt isn't that bad. At least we don't have to worry about her anymore, no? Vivi is going to the same university after she graduated. Isn't that good? We don't have to worry about anything."

Sebastian remained silent.

Although she had a point, Sebastian's face remained solemn because he knew there was even lesser of a chance she'd return to him. That rascal!

After finding out what was on Sebastian's mind, Sasha went back to her bedroom and replied to Susan's text: Susan, it's all right. Maybe it's because it was his first time attending such an event. Just spend some time with him in the meantime. If possible, bring him to more events so that he'd get used to it.

To which Susan replied: Okay.

Susan's reply was instantaneous. It seemed like she was anxiously waiting for Sasha's reply.

Susan felt relieved after receiving Sasha's text. She then left her bedroom and ran to Ian's room.

She knocked on his door and tried to please him. "Ian, are you up yet? It's the weekend! Do you want me to make some ravioli?"

She had no choice but to pacify him when he was mad.

Luckily, he wasn't holding any grudges. Susan could hear him moving around in the bedroom after a few knocks. Within seconds, a handsome boy in casual clothes appeared in front of her with his black, short, and messy hair.

"Ian? Should I make ravioli for you?" When Susan saw him, she leaned on his door and gazed at him with her huge and beautiful eyes.

Ian kept mum for a while. Fine. I'll just let her off the hook this time.

Ian then nodded coldly. "Okay."

Hearing that, Susan raised her arms into the air happily and cheered, "Yes! I shall make breakfast for you, then! Wait for a while, okay, Ian? Delicious ravioli is coming right up!"

She then hurried to the kitchen happily.

As for Ian, he merely smiled before heading toward the washroom.

Around half an hour later, Susan was done preparing the ravioli. At the same time, Ian was also done getting ready for the day. As they were having breakfast, someone rang their doorbell.

"Who could it be?" Susan was bewildered.

Ian had even less of an idea because he practically had no friends there.

Susan went to open the door. "Yasmin? You're here?"

"Yes. Good morning, Susan! I-I stumbled upon the newly opened Brew Cafe nearby our university, so I've brought you guys pancakes and yam porridge. Have you guys eaten yet?" Yasmin asked.

No one expected Yasmin to visit them so early in the morning.

That morning, she was wearing a light green short skirt and an embroidered white decorative belt around her waist. With her long black hair draping across her shoulders, she looked rather beautiful.

Susan was baffled upon seeing her. Did she actually come? That was the first thought that popped up in her head.

When Susan saw how well Yasmin had dressed up, she couldn't help but feel uneasy seeing that she was still in her pajamas herself.

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Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1803 Blessing

"No, we haven't! Come in!" Susan invited her in warmly.

Yasmin's looks were famous at University of Pollerton. Hence, she was known as the most beautiful girl with a cold demeanor in the Faculty of Finance.

Susan brought her to the dining table and said, "Ian, Yasmin is here. She'd brought breakfast for us, and—"

"No!" Ian interrupted rudely before Susan could even finish her sentence. Within seconds after Yasmin arrived, his darkened handsome face had turned solemn.

Hearing that, Susan's palms started sweating cold sweats, and she was stunned. "Ian, she—"

Right then, Yasmin interrupted and explained, "Ian, I've come here today to apologize to you guys. I know I've made a mistake, and I'm very grateful to you guys for letting me off the hook. Hence, I'm here to promise you guys that I'll never commit such a mistake ever again. Please forgive me, Ian."

As she was explaining herself, she had her head lowered, and she looked remorseful. When she was assuring them she'd never commit such a mistake again, she purposefully took a step forward toward Ian. She was afraid that he might not forgive her.

Upon hearing that, Susan was stunned. Although she told me she'd take the initiative to go after him, I never expected her to be so brave! With her decisiveness and wittiness, it seems like she's not the girl with a cold demeanor anymore! Why do I feel like she's even more impressive than me?

When Susan glanced at Ian, he seemed dumbstruck as well.

Indeed, Ian was so shocked that he'd remained motionless for a good few seconds while staring at Yasmin.

“Ian, are you not willing to forgive me? That’s all right. I’ll call the police now and get them to arrest me. I’d do anything to earn your forgiveness.” With that, Yasmin whipped out her smartphone and was about to call the police.

At that moment, Ian finally reacted. He reached out to grab her smartphone and threw it across the table. “Are you done with all this ruckus?”

“Ian, I—”

“Listen to me. If you really want to turn over a new leaf, you can’t possibly do it with just words. If you’re sincere about it, be honest from now on and stop coming up with silly schemes.”

Ian finally spoke. His tone was stern, and his expression had remained tense.

On the other hand, when Susan saw him grabbing Yasmin’s smartphone away from her, she knew Yasmin had succeeded. She’s good, indeed! As expected of a law student because she’d learned about psychological theories in her syllabus. She must be good at figuring people out. She’d gauged his weakness, and that’s her own brother.

Yasmin managed to remain at the apartment and had breakfast with Susan and Ian.

“Susan, since it’s the weekend, do you guys have anything planned?” Yasmin asked.

“Not much. Ian’s mom called and told us she has a friend here who’s holding an opening ceremony, so she told me to bring Ian there to deliver a gift on their behalf,” Susan uttered casually.

In fact, Sasha had instructed Susan to do so. Due to her social status, it was only normal for her to have a friend in the area.

Sasha had done so because she wanted Susan to bring Ian out to attend these events so he could get used to socializing.

Another party? Yasmin’s eyes lit up.

The day before, she was irritated when she heard Ian was attending a party held by the Neal family. She knew how wealthy the Neal family was, and she never thought she could get a chance to get close to Ian.

That was why Yasmin was in low spirits before Susan went to look for her in the student council. Now, I might have a chance.

When Yasmin was helping with the cleaning up in the kitchen, she suggested, “Susan, do you want me to accompany him instead? Didn’t you say I should take the initiative? I think this is a perfect opportunity for me to do just that. Will you let me accompany him?”

Susan was utterly shocked. She turned around and gazed at Yasmin blankly. She was so stunned that her hands had frozen while she was still scrubbing the plates. Isn't she a bit too straightforward?

"What's the matter, Susan? Don't you think it's a good idea? Since you told me to go after him last night, I think this is a good opportunity for me. As Ian's aunt, will you not give us your blessings?" Yasmin added.

This time around, her determined eyes were layered with a hint of puzzlement.

It was as though she couldn't comprehend why would an elder refuse to offer her blessings to a younger couple.

Ultimately, Susan caved in under Yasmin's gaze.

She retracted her gaze and went back to washing her dishes. After a moment, she nodded and said, "Okay. It's not that I don't want you to accompany him. I was just worried about your leg."

"Oh, it's been a while now. It's fine! Besides, I can also get him to take care of me if I have difficulties with my leg." Yasmin was over the moon after getting Susan's approval. She got even more excited when she realized she could get Ian to care for her because of her difficulties.

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Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1804 Not Obligated

Susan then left the apartment with a backpack and an umbrella. After coming out of the building, she raised her gaze toward the dazzling sun before walking into the sultry weather.

Indeed, the sun was rather unforgiving that day.

Hence, she decided to just do her revision at the school. The school had allowed her to retake the examinations after clarifying what had happened.

When Susan had left for school, Yasmin remained at the apartment to continue cleaning up. She felt relieved knowing that she had the whole place for herself and Ian, so she was thinking of ways to approach Ian. Should I just tell him that his aunt had asked me to accompany him in delivering the gift? Or should I find an excuse so that he'd be more approachable?

She was left in a dilemma for quite a while.

Ultimately, she made up her mind when she saw Ian coming out of his room after getting changed. "Ian, your aunt had left. She said her school had agreed to let her retake her examinations, so she'd gone there to revise."

Upon hearing that, Ian, who was wearing his blue shirt with white stripes, stood still and stared at her coldly. "Why are you still here, then?"

"Huh?" Yasmin was startled, and her scalp went tingly.

"Y-Your aunt told me to stay. She told me you're going to send some gifts on your parents' behalf, so she'd allowed me to keep you company. She'd even given me taxi fares," she uttered cautiously while whipping out two one hundred banknotes.

She had to say that to convince him because she was afraid that Ian might end up rejecting her.

However, Ian's expression got even more frightening when he was staring at the banknotes in her hand.

"Haha." He let out a chuckle.

Yasmin was baffled when she heard that. What did he mean by that?

Right after he chuckled, Ian turned around and went back into his room before slamming the door shut.

Yasmin was rendered speechless, and she stood there in a daze for quite a long time. In the end, she slumped into a chair behind her.

At that moment, her pretty little face had turned pale. Is he not willing to go with me? He'd never been like this. Back then, he'd go to wherever I invited him to. Even when I was working part-time, he'd also accompanied me. Why is he acting this way now?

In utter remorse, she sat there and started sobbing.

Meanwhile, Susan was concentrating on her revision at her school's library. Since it was the weekend, the library was almost empty. In fact, it was as if she had the whole library to herself. She was able to focus fully on her studies because it was that quiet.

Buzz! Buzz!

Suddenly, her smartphone started vibrating in her bag.

When she heard that, she quickly took it out, fearing that it might cause a disturbance to the other students.

“Hello?”

“Susan, Ian is unwilling to go with me. I think he’s still blaming me for what happened. Could you come over and bring him there instead? I’ll just tag along,” Yasmin said.

Since she had no idea how to deal with Ian, she ended up looking for Susan for help.

Susan was annoyed because the phone call had interrupted her concentration. When she heard about Yasmin’s outrageous request, she couldn’t help but scold, “Yasmin, that’s your problem! Since you’ve already decided to get him back, you should work hard on your own instead of looking for me for help. Although I’m his elder, I’m not a parent to him!”

With that, Susan hung up the phone relentlessly.

When Yasmin heard that, she was embarrassed, and she felt as though she had just been delivered a slap across her face.

Indeed, she was too full of herself prior to that.

Is it because her father had died too soon, so she had a poor upbringing? Or did she do that on purpose? Before Susan could compose herself, she was once again interrupted by her smartphone. This time around, Sasha called and asked her why she had not brought Ian to her friend’s event. Upon seeing no sign of Ian, Sasha’s friend had called to ask Sasha personally.

“What?” Susan was panicking. “About that... Sasha, Ian said he was going to attend the event on his own. I’ll go back and check on him now.”

“Okay. Do that quickly. Every time he encounters something unpleasant, he’d just lock himself up in his room. Go over to check on him. If he’s still home, please persuade him and bring him to see the Lowry family yourself.”

“All right. I understand,” Susan answered hurriedly before grabbing her backpack and leaving the school.

I mustn’t let them know about Yasmin! Otherwise, they’re going to get pissed at me. With that thought in her mind, Susan got on her bicycle and rode home as fast as she could.

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1805

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1805 Quite Something

Around twenty minutes later, she’d arrived at the apartment.

When she got back to the apartment, she was panting heavily. Indeed, she saw Ian's pair of signature handmade shoes outside the apartment's door.

Sh*t! He's really still here. Susan's palms started sweating.

She then quickly opened the door with her keys and walked in. After throwing a cursory glance around the place, she noticed no one was around. She gulped and walked cautiously toward the tightly shut bedroom door and knocked on it.

Knock! Knock!

She leaned against the door and asked, "Ian, it's me. Are you inside?"

There was no response.

Although there was a pair of squeaky clean slippers outside the room, the silence she'd gotten was as if the room was empty.

Sh*t. I'm doomed. Is he mad? Beads of perspiration had already formed on Susan's forehead.

However, she still needed to complete her task. Susan took a deep breath and continued knocking on the door. "Ian, open the door, okay? Your mom had just called me. She told me to bring you to the Lowry family before it's too late. Be cooperative, okay?"

Again, she heard nothing in response.

"Ian, if you don't open the door now, I'll have to get the key to your room. Don't get angry at me by then, okay?" When Susan realized he wasn't going to open the door, she gave up knocking and decided to get the key instead.

However, the door suddenly opened with a click the moment she turned around.

Susan froze upon seeing for the first time how frightening Ian could look.

He appeared in front of her in his blue shirt with white stripes. At that moment, his young and handsome face looked like a character out of a comic book. Despite his handsome face, his body was exuding a cold aura when he was glaring at her with his darkened eyes. His demeanor was so gloomy that Susan felt like a storm was fast approaching.

He remained silent as he glared at her.

When Susan saw him, she couldn't help but shudder. "I-Ian—"

“You’re really quite something, Susan!” Ian uttered sarcastically.

Upon hearing that, Susan could feel her scalp going numb because he was speaking in a rather devilish tone. H-How is he so scary? All I did was get Yasmin to bring him to the party, no? He can choose not to go if he doesn’t want to. Besides, didn’t I come back already?

After gulping and composing herself, Susan uttered, “A-Are you angry? I’m sorry, Ian. It’s just that I remember how well you got along with Yasmin. Since she’s determined to turn over a new leaf, she—”

Bang!

Suddenly, something was thrown at her.

Instantly, Susan covered her ears and shrieked. The object that was thrown at her had shattered into pieces. Some of the pieces had even been flung toward her body.

“Listen carefully, Susan! You don’t get to dictate what goes on in my life! Know your place!” Ian thundered before going back into his room and slamming the door.

Once again, the door was slammed shut.

Susan was utterly stunned. After standing still on the messy floor for quite a while, she lowered her gaze and looked at the smartphone that had been smashed into pieces. With tears in her eyes, she crouched down and picked up the shattered smartphone. He’s right. I’ve been too full of myself, and I’m a nobody. I’m just here because I need the Jadesons to protect me. I shouldn’t have gone over my head and wished for things for myself.

While sobbing, she picked up pieces after pieces of the shattered smartphone. As she was doing that, she noticed that her leg had suffered some cuts. She merely wiped it with a piece of tissue before heading to the washroom.

When she was done cleaning up the mess, she composed herself and sent a text to someone at Oceanic Estate: I’m so sorry, Sasha. I’ve failed to convince Ian. This is all my fault.

To which Sasha replied: It’s all right. That’s just his temper. I’d still like to thank you, though. It must’ve been tough.

Sasha was rather understanding and reasonable.

Susan’s eyes were brimming with tears once again when she read Sasha’s reply. She then quickly raised her head and put the smartphone aside. She’d only been able to regain her composure after some time.

That day, she didn't head out anymore.

Likewise, Ian's door was kept shut, and he stayed inside.

In the evening, when it was almost time for dinner, Susan went to the kitchen to see if they had any food left. Seeing that there wasn't much available at home, she grabbed her purse and went to the supermarket to grab some groceries.

The moment she left, Ian opened his door after locking himself inside for the whole afternoon.

Ian came out of the room and glanced around the apartment. Although his expression had remained tensed, he was clearly looking around the spot where he smashed the smartphone.

He then saw bloodstains on the floor, and the color started draining from his face.

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1806

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1806 My Sister Has Just Left

After doing her grocery shopping, Susan made a trip to a smartphone store near the supermarket. "Hi there. Can you recommend me a good phone?"

The store owner took a few phones out of the display cabinet and placed them on the counter. "All right. Check these models out. They're suitable for mobile gaming as they have large storage spaces."

"Might be a little pricey, though." He reminded after sizing her the girl, thinking she must be a student.

The moment Susan heard that these smartphones were designed for mobile gaming, her eyes brightened. "Okay. I'll take this then. I can use back the same phone number, right? By the way, my SIM card is damaged."

"Sure, not a problem. Your identification card, please," the store owner replied.

Identification card? I'm not buying it for myself, though. I bet he'll not come if I ask him to.

After contemplating for a while, she decided to show the store owner her identification card. As soon as she got back her phone number, she made the payment for the new phone and went home with it.

“Timothy? What are you doing here?” She was surprised to bump into Timothy at the foyer of the condo.

She ran up to him and asked, “How’s everything? How’s mom?”

Timothy, who had just returned from Jadeborough, looked exhausted and disheartened. “Mom is not doing well, Susan.

“I heard she spotted blood in her stools some time ago but refused to go for a body checkup. I eventually convinced her to do a thorough checkup, but the doctor said...”

“What did the doctor say?” Susan inched closer and grabbed his arms.

Bad things can’t happen to my family anymore. We’ve lost our father. We can’t lose our mother.

Timothy dropped the bomb. “The doctor said it’s rectal cancer. Mom is going die soon, isn’t it?”

The six-foot-tall boy burst into tears after delivering the news.

Susan blanked out and staggered, dropping the grocery bags in her hands.

“Susan...”

“No! Mom will not die. I’m going back to Jadeborough. Bring these up. I’ll bring mom to the hospital right now.”

Instead of going upstairs, the twenty-one-year-old grabbed her phone and left for Jadeborough in haste.

All this while, Susan had always been the decision maker of the family.

Timothy might be a male in the family, but growing up, he had always been a pampered child. Since Colton’s passing, Susan had to take charge of everything in the family, as her mother Sigrith was also a nose of wax.

In other words, all the family’s responsibilities were now on her shoulders.

Meanwhile, inside the condo, Ian worked on his laptop in the common area and did not return to the bedroom.

He waited for more than an hour but did not get to see the person he wanted to meet. Instead, he met Timothy.

“Timothy? Why are you doing here?” Ian asked.

"I came to tell Susan that mom is very ill. She just left the building a while ago." Timothy put the grocery bags aside, went to the refrigerator, and took out a beer.

Ian froze for a few seconds as he did not know how to react to that unexpected update.

"Susan went back? She went back just like that?" Ian asked.

"Yeah. I bumped into her at the foyer downstairs and told her about mom. She then left right away. Oh, she said she bought this phone for you. Why do you keep changing phone?"

Timothy immediately took notice of the new phone. It was as if he no longer had a care in the world after dumping the responsibility on Susan.

Ian was rendered speechless.

In that instance, he picked up the phone on his desk and ran out of the condo.

Timothy stared at his back and looked confused. What's wrong with him?

Meanwhile, Susan had arrived at the airport. But when she was about to purchase a flight ticket, she realized she did not have enough cash in her wallet.

"Could you give me a special rate, miss? I'm just a student." She begged the lady stationed at the ticketing counter.

After glancing at Susan, the ticketing officer said, "If you're a student, you must have a student card. Show me your student card to prove your identity."

Susan froze for a moment. Student card? I didn't carry my student card with me. I didn't even go home just now!

Right now, Susan only had her identification card.

She was on the verge of breaking down. "I came out in a hurry and forgot to bring my student card. I'm a student, miss, please believe me."

"Why don't you check my identification card? Here, here you go. Give me a discount, please! My mom is sick, and I must rush home now!" she pleaded continuously.

Yet, the ticketing officer remained indifferent. "How can I verify your student identity based on your identification card? Do you think I can give anyone a special rate just because they beg me? Come back once you've found your student card. Next!"

The officer's reply instantly dashed her hopes.

Susan clenched the phone in her hands, and tears began to well up in her eyes. As she walked away from the ticketing counter, she could not help but turn around to look at the ticketing officer once in a while, hoping she would sympathize with her.

“Hey, you need money for your flight ticket, right? How about this. You do something for me, and I’ll give you the money.”

All of a sudden, a well-dressed man appeared right in front of her and offered help.

Susan then looked in his direction.

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1807

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1807 Cry In His Arms Like A Child

“What can I help you with?” Susan asked as she needed the money to buy a ticket.

The man started explaining what he needed her to do. “Something easy. You see, I have all this luggage with me, and I can’t leave them here. Could you get me a cup of coffee in that café?”

He pointed at the café in the basement.

That’s it?

Susan put her guard down and agreed.

After the man had given her the money, she went downstairs to buy him a cup of coffee.

Buying a cup of coffee for someone was not a big deal, but she was so worried about her mother that she dropped her guard against the strangers around her in the airport. Had Susan been in her right mind, she would have remembered that there were airport workers who could help the man with the luggage.

Yet, she did not think of that. She arrived at the basement and realized most shops were newly open.

“A cup of coffee, please,”

“Sure. Please wait a minute.” A middle-aged man walked up to her.

While waiting for the drink, Susan kept looking at her watch anxiously.

“Why don’t you take a seat first? The coffee is not going to be ready anytime soon. How about a glass of water to calm you down?” The café owner then gave her a glass of water.

Without hesitation, Susan took a sip of the water as she was thirsty.

Some ten seconds later, her head started spinning. “You...”

“Are you tired? Why don’t you take a good rest? I’ll find you a comfortable spot.”

The man walked up to Susan with a baffling smirk.

Susan’s body started trembling. She wanted to escape but was too weak to hold herself up. Instead of standing up, she fell from the chair. “S-Stay away from me. Do you know who I am?”

“I don’t care who you are. The moment you step into my shop, you’ll have to obey me.” The café owner continued to inch closer with a syringe in his hand.

Susan plunged into despair and did not know what to do.

With the remaining strength she had, she pulled herself away. Fear was written all over her face, and tears began rolling down her cheeks.

Never in a million years did she think she would die in such a manner. Is this karma? Do I have to pay the price for the evil deeds that the Limmers had done in the past?

As the man approached with the syringe, Susan could only keep her eyes shut and not look at it.

In the nick of time, something came crashing into the café.

A flying chair then hit the man right on his head, and the sound of his cracking skull could be heard from a distance.

Susan immediately opened her eyes.

All of a sudden, a warm liquid splattered all over Susan’s face. She woke up and saw the man lying still in front of her.

The warm liquid was the blood from the café owner’s head.

While Susan was still gasping for air, a man ran up to her and swiftly grabbed her arm.

She then tilted her head to look at the young man. She gazed into his eyes for nearly a minute but could not hear a word he uttered.

After regaining her consciousness, she exclaimed, "Ian!"

She hugged his thigh and burst into tears.

She had never been so frightened before.

Likewise, she had never felt so helpless and disheveled too. At that moment, she had cast aside all the etiquette and embraced Ian with all her might.

Susan just wanted to hug him tight and cry out loud. It was as if she had found a haven amidst a life-threatening thunderstorm.

"Ian, you're here. I can't believe you're here! I thought I'm going to die, and I won't get to see you again!" She started bawling her eyes out while hugging his thigh.

Ian's body stiffened.

He did not know how to react as they had never experienced such intimacy before this.

When he lowered his eyes to look at the girl, who wailed like a child, he thought she did not look like her usual steady and modest self.

He found it amusing. "I'm here to protect you, don't worry."

He gently patted the back of her shoulder.

Susan froze for a bit and finally came to her senses.

Wait a second. Am I crying while hugging my nephew's thigh? What am I doing!

Susan tilted her head to look at the young man, and words caught in her throat as she did not know what else to say.

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1808

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1808 Spoiled By The Domineering President

"I... I..." "Let me carry you."

Subsequently, the good-looking young man bent down and picked her up in his arms.

Though he seemed thin and slender, he could easily carry Susan up.

She widened her teary eyes and gawked at him.

Her gaze was fixated on him even after they had both left the cafe.

She was literally in a daze.

“What happened, Mr. Ian?”

“Inform the police that the human traffickers are hiding beneath this area. If you want to keep your job, you’d better catch the mastermind red-handed. Otherwise, this airport will be acquired by the Hayes,” he instructed several men in black indifferently after getting out of the elevator.

His stern voice and imposing aura sent a shiver down the men’s spines.

He sounds and looks exactly like...

If the men had not seen Ian with their own eyes, they would have mistaken him for Sebastian.

It suddenly dawned on them that Ian and his father were most alike in all aspects.

Then, the men got to work right away.

Susan was still feeling groggy. When she finally snapped back to her senses, she realized that she was sitting in a lounge with a hot cup of coffee in her hands.

“I’ve bought the tickets, and we will board the plane in half an hour’s time. Take a rest for now.”

Ian took out a bottle of water and sat beside her.

However, he did not drink it. He kept the boarding passes and returned the identification card to her.

Susan was completely baffled.

When did he take my identification card? How come I wasn’t aware of it?

“What’s wrong? It’s not nice?”

“Oh, nothing. It tastes good. I’m... I’m just feeling a little dizzy.” Susan lowered her head and averted his intent gaze.

It was the first time she panicked before him

Feeling dizzy?

As soon as she said that, Ian recalled that she was drugged earlier on, and he rose to his feet immediately.

Susan was stunned. "Where are you going?"

"I'm going to get you some medicine. Don't roam around, just wait for me here." With that, he left the lounge.

Susan watched on for a very long time before taking her eyes off of his back. Then, she hung her head low and continued sipping on the coffee which she thought tasted very sweet.

Half an hour later, it was time for them to board the flight.

"Oh right, why are you here? Did Timothy say something to you when he went back?"

Upon taking her seat, Susan felt more at ease and posted a question to Ian.

He nodded in response while scrolling through his new phone.

The gentle sun shone into the aircraft through the windows and fell on his delicate and chiseled side profile. Basked in the golden rays, he looked absolutely handsome like a model coming straight out from a painting.

"Yup, he said that your mom fell ill. Don't worry, I'll ask my Mommy for help."

He gave her a short reply without taking his eyes off of his new phone.

Seeing so, Susan felt a little uncomfortable.

She was the one who bought him the phone, but she could not tell if he liked it. His previous one was gifted by his parents. It was a limited edition phone with only a few of the same kind in the whole wide world.

That made Susan a little apprehensive.

Luckily, he started playing games on it after setting it up.

"Um... You have to switch your phone off during take-off."

Hmm?

Her statement caught his attention.

Do I really have to switch it off? How troublesome!

Born with a golden spoon, Ian had never experienced anything less than a luxury life. He never came across this rule when he traveled in his own private jet as arranged by his father.

Nonetheless, he obliged with a frown.

“You can read some books. I have a Kindle in my bag. Would you like that?” Susan offered.

“Kindle? What’s that?”

“This one.”

Seeing that he was interested, she quickly fished out her most-loved gadget from her bag and passed it to him.

She usually travel light, but she would always have a backpack with her to keep her phone and keys.

Apart from those two essentials, Susan also brought her Kindle.

Ian took it and was surprised to see an electronic book.

Since young, Sebastian had been promoting paper books to Ian because they had a large library at home with an enormous collection of reading materials.

When he switched the device on, the title on the first page of the screen read: Spoiled Rotten By The Domineering President.

Ian was dumbfounded.

“Oh no, this is not for you. Hold on, let me find another book.”

Susan’s face turned crimson red, she was dying to find a hole to bury her head at that instant. She swiftly snatched the book away and deleted it before searching for one that he would like.

There goes my reputation. This is so embarrassing!

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1809

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1809 Knowing Her Position

Throughout the rest of the journey, Susan did not dare to engage in a conversation with him. Instead, she pretended to sleep all the way.

I've humiliated myself in the most massive way ever.

Fortunately, Ian did not bother about her. He found a book to his liking and started reading quietly. Perhaps the concept of electronic book was all too new to him, he was very focused.

Two hours later, they arrived in Jadeborough.

"Ladies and gentlemen, our aircraft has arrived at your destination. Please get ready to deplane."

A soothing voice of the flight attendant made a landing announcement as the plane made its way to the runway. At the same time, a sense of weightlessness came along and washed everyone over.

Susan woke up to find her head resting on Ian's shoulder. I fell asleep? Oops, I did.

She opened her eyes bigger and saw a wet patch on his blue shirt with white stripes.

She blanked out all of a sudden.

Thump!

The landing was a rough one, resulting in quite a turbulence felt by all the passengers.

Right then, Susan wanted to wipe off the saliva marks on her face, but her effort was in vain. She swayed to the side, slid down from his shoulder, and fell into his arms.

What an ill-fated voyage!

A wave of colors flushed her cheeks at once. A faint fragrant from his body snapped her back to her senses, and she quickly jumped up to her feet as though she was electrified.

"Um... I'm sorry, Ian. I... dozed off just now."

"It's okay."

Coincidentally, Ian looked down too, and their eyes met. Apart from his stiffened body, a tinge of red crept up on his otherwise pale ears.

The young man grew up in an extremely comfortably and lavish environment. Due to his health issues, his parents had never made him go for extra training like what they did to his brother.

Hence, he had very fair and silky skin. It was totally not exaggerating to say that his skin was more delicate than most girls.

Upon getting off the plane and exiting the airport, Susan felt much better.

“Ian, shall we call a cab?”

“Nope, Mommy knows that I’m back. So, Mark is waiting for us outside.”

Striding ahead, he did not say much.

Upon receiving his response, Susan trailed behind closely.

If Sasha had known about Susan’s situation, the latter knew that she would not need to worry about anything. This was because the kind-hearted Sasha would certainly help her out.

She will definitely help Mom!

Just as they had both expected, Mark did not bring them back to Oceanic Estate when they got back to Jadeborough. Instead, he drove them to the General Hospital.

“Your Mommy has brought the patient to the hospital the moment she received your call. Dr. Wallen is arranging for her check-up as we speak. Let’s go and have a look.”

“Sure.” Ian nodded.

Susan was moved to tears when she heard those comforting words.

Ten minutes later, they arrived at the internal medicine department. Susan scanned around and spotted her mother coming out of the examination room.

She ran toward her. “Mom, are you okay? How are you feeling?”

Tears welled up in her eyes again when she saw her ill mother. She’s not getting any younger. Fear, anxiety, and trepidation was written all over her face.

Sigrith said nothing.

Meanwhile, Sasha walked over and consoled the terror-stricken Susan, “Glad to have you back. Don’t worry, Dr. Wallen says that the cancer hasn’t reached its terminal

stage. We just need to wait for the report to be out and treat it accordingly with a surgery.”

Upon hearing that, Susan felt like a weight was lifted off her shoulders.

“Thank you so much, Sasha. My brother and I wouldn’t know what to do if not for you.”

“Don’t mention it, we’re family. Why didn’t your mom inform us that she’s sick? Are we outsiders? She’s my aunt and I’m your cousin-in-law. We’re the closest kins, so please don’t act like strangers.”

Sasha was a little frustrated.

Susan did not know how to respond to the overwhelming concern and kindness that Sasha had demonstrated toward her family.

She assisted her mother as she said, “You’re right, Sasha. My Mom is like that. She doesn’t like to trouble others. Rest assured that I’ll remind her that we’re family, and there’s no need to feel embarrassed when asking for help, right?”

“Exactly! That should be the way.” Sasha let out a smug grin.

Soon, the test results were out. Thankfully, it was just like what Grayson and Sasha had suspected. Sigrith’s condition was not that critical. Hence, everyone discussed and finalized the date for her surgery.

“All right, I’ll only return to campus after Mom’s surgery,” Susan stated resolutely after making up her mind to stay and take care of Sigrith.

Her decision instantly fetched an objection from the lady host of the entire Jadeson family.

“Why do you need to do so? Is there no one else at home? The Jadesons are a huge family. We can easily get two people to take care of your mother. There’s no need for you, a student, to bother yourself with the nitty-gritty. You can return to campus with Ian tomorrow.”

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1810

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1810 Two Worlds Apart

“But...” “Okay, great. Now that this is sorted out, Ian, you should come home with me and rest early tonight.”

Sasha did not leave Susan any room for further discussion. After rejecting her request swiftly, she changed the topic and focused on her son.

Ian was quiet the whole time.

When he was about to leave, he took out the Kindle and returned it to Susan.

“Here you go.”

“Hmm?” Susan looked up at his face, only to realize that he had looked away and walked off with his mother.

Holding on to her device, she watched the mother and son duo leave the ward. Moments later, she collected herself after Sigrith approached her.

“Susan, you must repay the kindness of your cousin and his wife, did you hear me? We must have done something right in our past lives to have met such compassionate people in this life.”

She nagged like a doting mother, reminding her to be grateful.

Susan said nothing.

She gripped her device tightly until her knuckles turned white from the vice-like grip.

Slowly, she released her fingers when they entered the elevator.

“Yes, Mom. I’ll surely remember their good deeds and try my best to return the favor.”

“Great. Listen to them, and don’t upset them in any way. Do remember to keep a look out for Ian in school. This is basic courtesy, do you understand?”

“I know...” she muttered indifferently, almost inaudible.

Yes, I’ll etch this advice in my head to fulfill my duty as a senior and take care of Ian. I shall do so to show my gratitude toward the couple and their family.

Then, Susan went home with her mother.

After a simple meal, Susan went into the room to help her mother pack her hospital bag.

Buzz!

Suddenly, her phone rang.

Who could it be to send me a message at this hour?

She stopped what she was doing and reached for the phone.

Upon unlocking the screen, she noticed the black and white profile picture. There was no text apart from a screenshot of flight details.

It's Ian!

Subconsciously, her lips curled upward. Her fingers started typing away, and she was ready to send him a list of messages to initiate a small talk.

What are you up to? Have you had dinner? What did you eat?

She typed a lot, but hesitated right before she was about to click the send button.

Her mother's advice dawned on her...

Susan replied: Received with thanks, Ian.

In the end, she sent him a laconic yet formal response.

Meanwhile, at the Oceanic Estate, only the lights in a bedroom on the second floor were still brightly lit. Ian was playing computer games while waiting for her reply.

As soon as he heard the phone buzzing, he paused the game and immediately checked his phone.

Instantly, his good-looking face became sullen, and his mood was completely ruined upon reading the message.

As a consequence, all the other players in the game were killed by him that very night. It was an awful and unbearable sight to watch.

The following day, Sasha woke up earlier than usual, knowing that her son had morning classes.

Awakened by the noise, Sebastian asked, "Why did you get up so early?"

"I have to prepare breakfast for our son. He's going to school today. I've got to be quick, or else he's going to miss the flight," Sasha answered while putting on her clothes.

Right as she said that, he pulled her back into bed.

"Why is he taking a flight? Get Karl to drop him off using the helicopter. Come sleep with me for a while more. I didn't sleep well last night."

Afterward, he tucked her in and hugged her to sleep.

Sasha was so annoyed, but she could not escape his embrace.

Ian woke up around eight. Upon checking the time on his watch and realizing that it was getting late, he got up immediately.

“Good morning, Mr. Ian, you’re up?”

“Yup. Where are Mommy and the others?” he asked as he took a seat at the dining table and picked up a fork.

The housemaid dared not tell him the truth that the adults were sleeping in.

Hence, she came up with an excuse. “Madam and Mr. Sebastian went grocery shopping. This breakfast spread was prepared by Madam. She said that Mr. Frost will take you to school once you’re done eating.”

What?

Ian raised his head.

Mr. Frost is sending me to school? I thought I’ve said no to Daddy last night? Why did he insist on this arrangement?

He put the food down, grabbed his backpack, and headed out.

The housemaid was taken aback.

“Where are you going? Why did you leave in the middle of breakfast?” reprimanded a solemn voice.

Hearing so, Ian stopped in his tracks and dared not move a muscle.

“Good morning, Great-grandpa.”

He turned around and was met by a sulky Jonathan who had just entered the hall with his walking stick.

His greeting put a smile on Jonathan’s face.

“Sit down and finish your breakfast. How can you neglect the most important meal of the day when you’re hitting puberty?” he instructed his great-grandson to sit down and accompany him for breakfast.

Jonathan had been wanting to spend more time with everyone in the family.

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1811

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1811 Address Me As Aunt Susan

Since age was catching up on Jonathan, he really longed for more opportunities to spend quality time with the younger ones.

However, as his great-grandchildren grew older, they became more independent and eventually drifted further from the family.

The obedient Ian obliged and sat down beside him.

“Are you settling down well in your new campus, Ian? How busy are you with your school work?”

“Not busy,” he answered honestly.

Then, he scooped a bowl of soup for Jonathan, making the latter very well pleased.

My eldest great-grandchild is such a sweet boy who is filial toward his elders.

After having several mouthfuls, Jonathan continued posing questions to Ian. “What about your classmates? Getting along well? I heard that you did a project for Hayes Corporation in between your studies. Can you cope with everything?”

“It’s fine. I’m done with it now, and it’s going to be launched very soon. If... you’re free to drop by during the opening, Great-grandpa, Mark can bring you there.”

Unexpectedly, Ian invited Jonathan to go witness the fruit of his labor, the very first showcase of his solo venture into the corporate world.

“Really?”

Jonathan’s eyes lit up in response. Having received an invitation out of the blue was like a highlight to his mundane lifestyle.

Ian nodded. “Of course! The building is located in the Old Town. Thus, I purposely designed an arcade for the senior citizens. You can enjoy yourself there with the others when you come to visit.”

“Hahaha...” Jonathan was over the moon.

“Wow, my oldest Great-grandson is so capable! Sure, that’s excellent! I’ll make sure I bring along my old comrades from Jadeborough to support you on your launching day.”

“Terrific!” Ian grinned.

By the time breakfast was over, Karl was already outside.

“Mr. Ian, the helicopter is ready. Let’s take our leave.”

Ian’s grimaced at that news.

Susan took the flight back to Pollerton that day.

She waited for hours at the airport, but the person who gave her the tickets did not show up. Finally, she gave him a call when it was time for boarding.

“Hello, the number that you’ve dialed is temporarily unavailable.”

Staring at her phone, a reminder from her mother before she departed her house that morning kept playing in her head.

Susan, don’t take the private jet. Go for the flight. We’ve bothered them too much. Let us be reminded of our place.

At that thought, she kept her phone in her backpack.

Fifteen minutes later, the plane took off. She looked at the empty seat next to her and plunged into complete silence.

When she arrived at Pollerton, a southern city, she was greeted by the monsoon season. As soon as she got out of the airport, dark clouds hovered above her head. The endless drizzle shrouded the entire city like a rain curtain.

“Miss, do you need a cab?”

“No thanks, I’m taking the bus.”

With only a couple of hundred in her purse, she strode to the bus station nearby.

The rain got heavier. Though the distance between the airport and the station was only a mile, she had already gotten herself drenched shortly after she exited the airport without an umbrella.

Luckily, she did not need to wait very long for the next bus heading to downtown.

Hence, she got herself a ticket and boarded the bus.

“Hello? Are you in class, Timothy? Otherwise, please come pick me up at the station. I don’t have an umbrella with me.

When she was about to reach her destination, the rain had not stopped. She gave her brother a call and urged him to come quick.

Where's Timothy?

Although he was a happy-go-lucky guy, he cared for his sister a lot. When he heard that Susan was on her way back, he hurriedly borrow a friend's moped to go fetch her.

"Susan, you're alone? Where's Ian?"

In the midst of the incessant pitter-patter, that was the first thing that came to Timothy's mind when he saw Susan.

She pressed her lips, got herself up the moped, and put on her raincoat.

Subsequently, she grabbed the hem of Timothy's shirt and said, "Well, his family sent him back separately. By the way, did you get into any trouble when I was away these two days?"

"What are you trying to imply? Why would I get into any trouble? I've been working my a** off, attending lessons everyday."

"Fine. Ian will be back soon. Let's head back to the apartment first. I need to get changed while you go for marketing. Then, I'll make us all a meal before we go for our classes this afternoon." Susan had it all planned out.

Just as Susan had predicted, Ian returned to the apartment half an hour after their arrival.

"You're finally back, Ian? Why is your private helicopter so slow? My sister is back for a while now," Timothy grumbled jokingly while mopping the living room when Ian walked into the house.

Instantly, the latter's expression changed.

"Where is Susan?"

"She's cooking lunch in the kitchen. You're back at the right time. She's almost done. We were just waiting for you." Timothy pointed at the range hood, in the direction of the kitchen.

Ian fell silent.

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1812

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1812 Ian Is Back

“Ah, Ian! Welcome back! You’re just in time for lunch! Go wash your hands and have a seat!” Susan greeted him with a surprised smile when she came out of the kitchen with the food.

Huh? Is she not mad at me?

Ian thought to himself in confusion while staring long and hard at her.

Not only was she not angry at him in the slightest, but she also had her usual warm and caring look on her face.

Feeling a little relieved, Ian replied with a nod, “Okay.”

He then put his bag down and went to wash his hands in the bathroom.

The atmosphere in the house returned to normal that day, and the three of them headed out together when the rain stopped later that afternoon. Because Timothy was in a hurry to attend a competition, Susan drove Ian to university using her moped instead.

“Ian, did your father say anything about the project you’re in charge of? Is he satisfied with your performance?” she asked along the way.

Having gotten used to riding around on mopeds, Ian was casually reading through an electronic book while seated behind her.

“He didn’t ask.”

“What? He didn’t ask? Why not? Was he unsatisfied with your performance?”

Susan grew anxious when she heard that. She even slowed down a little just so she could hear him clearly.

Ian looked up at her when he noticed the sudden decrease in speed.

“The fact that he didn’t ask me about it could also indicate something else.”

“What would that be?”

“That he doesn’t need to worry about it at all!” Ian replied confidently.

Oh, wow... Okay... You know what? Screw it, I’m not going to ask any further!

Susan thought to himself as she continued the journey to the university in silence.

“Susan, Ian, nice to see you two back on campus again! I heard you guys took the day off and went home yesterday. What happened? Is everything all right?” Zaylynn exclaimed in surprise the moment she saw them.

Susan simply flashed her a smile and brought the moped to a halt so Ian could get off.

“You head on over to your classroom, Ian. I’ll be in the Faculty of Business Administration. Give me a call if Timothy isn’t able to pick you up when your class is over, and I’ll come right over.”

“Okay.” Ian nodded obediently.

Zaylynn, on the other hand, started yapping the moment Susan left.

“Why does it have to be her that picks you up, Ian? I have a car, so I can send you home too! It’s way more comfortable than a moped! Ian? Hey, Ian! Wait, don’t go!”

Zaylynn stomped her feet in anger when she saw Ian carry on walking like she didn’t exist.

She then followed closely behind him until they arrived at the Faculty of Finance. Suddenly, the two of them happened to bump into Yasmin and Jacques.

“Ah, Ian! You’re back!” Jacques called out to him worriedly upon seeing him.

Not wanting to be rude to him, Ian stopped in his tracks and said, “Yeah.”

“Is everything all right at home? You left in such a hurry that Yasmin had to take care of your leave application!” Jacques shot Yasmin a glance as he asked.

A faint blush could be seen on Yasmin’s pretty, fair face when she heard that.

“Oh, it’s nothing worth mentioning! I—”

“Anything else I need to know? If not, I’ll be on my way to class now,” Ian cut her off coldly, much to Yasmin and Jacques’ surprise.

Neither of them was expecting for Ian to be so cold toward them.

Even Zaylynn was so shocked that she only snapped out of her daze when Ian entered the classroom.

“Hey, Ian! Wait for me! Ian!” she shouted while running after him.

Yasmin’s face was red with anger and embarrassment, and her knuckles turned white from how tightly she clutched her books.

“Um, Yasmin... Please don't take it personally. I heard Ian is just cold and aloof like that. He's not good at socializing with people, so we need to be more patient with him,” Jacques advised her when he noticed her response, but she didn't seem to hear him at all.

Moments later, she just turned around and walked off without saying a word.

D*mn, that's way scarier than her lashing out angrily!

Jacques thought to himself as he watched her leave.

Ian found the class to be quite all right, but it would be so much better if Zaylynn didn't pester him incessantly.

“Ian, look! I've made the notes for the classes that you missed! It's all here!” she said while handing him the notes that she had prepared throughout the past two days.

It was her first time ever doing such a thing.

Being quite the lazy student, the fact that she even prepared her own notes was a miracle in itself.

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1813

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1813 Could You Teach Me

Zaylynn was eagerly hoping for Ian to thank her for the notes, but he didn't seem to need them at all.

Despite being absent for two days, Ian was able to keep up with the lessons just fine. In fact, he even seemed a little impatient and annoyed at how slow the lecturer was progressing through the syllabus.

Although Zaylynn felt disappointed that her strategy of preparing the notes had failed due to Ian's high level of intelligence, she still had other tricks up her sleeve.

“By the way, Ian, I booked you a spot for Professor Rind's lecture this Friday! It wasn't easy, but I managed to get you a front-row seat!”

Ian turned around and glanced at her upon hearing that. “Professor Rind?”

Thinking she had struck gold, Zaylynn got really excited as she introduced the professor, “Yeah! Professor Andy Rind is the most famous professor in this university!”

He used to be a leading figure of Wall Street in Moranta! I heard he was very influential at that time!”

Andy was indeed Sasha’s boss when she was working in Wall Street back then, so what Zaylynn said wasn’t exactly far from the truth either. In fact, Andy used to be so powerful that he was bold enough to take on Hayes Corporation.

That man posed such a huge threat that Dad had to deal with him personally, and now, he ends up working as a professor here in this university?

Ian became interested in Andy after recalling his history with Sasha. “Okay, what time is his lecture on Friday?”

“Ten in the morning!” Zaylynn replied excitedly while holding all ten of her fingers up.

Yes! He agreed to it! My dream guy has agreed to attend the lecture with me!

As Ian had accepted her invitation, his attitude toward her warmed up a little. He even allowed her to sit next to him in the market analysis practical session after that.

The main problem, however, was her immense lack of intellect.

“Ian, I don’t know how to solve this. Could you teach me?” she asked coquettishly.

Naturally, Ian ignored all of her questions as usual.

Yasmin was attending that same class as well, and she glared coldly at Zaylynn when she heard her coquettish voice.

“What are you doing, Zaylynn? We’re in class right now. This isn’t the time for you to be having discussions. You can ask the lecturer if you have any questions,” she said sternly.

Naturally, Zaylynn wasn’t about to just take that without fighting back.

“I’m not having a discussion! I’m consulting Ian on something I’m not sure of! What, you got a problem with him teaching me?”

“You...”

Yasmin was livid with rage upon hearing that, but Zaylynn didn’t seem to care at all.

She even pulled a face at Yasmin and flashed her a smug grin just to rub it in.

Since they were both girls, it was only natural that Zaylynn noticed Ian being close with Yasmin. As such, she was deliberately trying to spite her as much as she could.

Time went by rather quickly, and the class was soon over.

Right when they were about to end the lessons for the day, news about the university's prepaid cards being hacked spread all over campus.

"Hey, did you hear? The amounts stolen were worth tens of thousands! They say it's the girls from the Faculty of Finance that did it!"

"Really? How did they pull off such a crazy stunt? That's so scary!"

"I know, right?"

The university's forum was exploding with comments discussing the incident.

Susan was coming over to pick Ian up after class when she saw Zaylynn and a few of her closest friends being taken away by the chief administrator.

Huh? What happened?

As she had been busy with classes in the Faculty of Business Administration, she had no idea what was going on at all.

"What's going on? Why are they being taken away?" she asked the student standing next to her.

"You didn't hear? Zaylynn lent her family's credit card to her friends so they could splurge on the university's prepaid cards! Someone exposed what she did, and now they're being taken away for investigation!" the student explained angrily.

What? Seriously? Has Zaylynn lost her mind? She's the one who will bear the cost in the end if they're using her family's credit card! Not only has she ruined her reputation, but she also literally pays the price for her actions!

Susan thought to herself in shock after hearing that.

Unsure of what to make of it, Susan was about to head on in when someone called out to her from behind, "Susan?"

"Huh?" She turned around in response, only to see a pretty girl standing behind her.

She was wearing a pair of jeans and a black T-shirt with white stars on it, giving her a refreshing yet cold appearance.

That girl was none other than Yasmin herself.

"What is it, Yasmin?"

“Oh, I just wanted to ask you why you two went home so suddenly yesterday. Did something happen?” she asked directly.

Unlike how reserved and conservative she was when faced with Ian, she was able to be completely open and direct with Susan.

Susan’s expression turned slightly gloomy as she replied, “Yeah, something came up.”

“What happened? Is it a problem within his family? Why didn’t you tell me about it yesterday? Did you know that he lashed out at me after you left? He even ignored me completely! I’ve been worried sick for the past two days!” Yasmin exclaimed angrily.

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1814

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1814 Extreme Hatred

Being a girl that prioritized her studies over everything else, she rarely cared about others.

However, all of that changed ever since she came across Ian.

Yasmin found herself wanting things between them to return to the way they were at the start. On top of that, she also wanted him to share all of his problems with her alone.

She would feel overjoyed whenever he looked at her, and him being cold toward her would upset her more than anything else in the world.

Yasmin really hated this side of her, but she simply couldn’t help it. The fact that Ian went to his aunt first when faced with trouble left her in a really bad mood.

“It’s nothing, really. By the way, you mentioned something about him lashing out at you?”

“Yeah... I thought he didn’t want me accompanying him, but it looks like he was in a bad mood because of what happened in his family. Am I right?” Yasmin asked with a pout.

Susan simply fell silent as she recalled how Ian had smashed the smartphone angrily in front of her when she got back.

“Susan?”

“Yasmin, I think you should stay away from him in the future,” Susan replied with an expressionless face all of a sudden.

Yasmin froze.

“W-What did you just say? Could you say that again?”

“Ian doesn’t like you, Yasmin. I suggest you stop pestering him and keep your distance from him the next time you see him on campus,” Susan said coldly before walking off.

Ian definitely doesn’t like Yasmin, or he wouldn’t have lashed out at me and smashed the phone like that. Heck, he even accused me of making decisions on his behalf! Wait... So, that’s what he was so mad about yesterday? D*mn, why didn’t I realize it sooner? I’m so dumb!

Susan smacked herself on the forehead in frustration at the thought of that. It was at that moment that she made up her mind to stop Yasmin from pestering Ian any further.

She had barely taken a few steps when someone grabbed her by the arm from behind.

“What are you talking about, Susan? Could you repeat what you just said earlier?”

The look on Yasmin’s pretty face had become extremely stern and somewhat vicious in an instant.

Susan frowned as she glared at her hand.

“Have I not made myself clear enough for you?”

“No, you most certainly have not! You clearly told me to go all out in courting him! Not only did you give me your full approval, but you even encouraged me and supported my pursuit! Why are you suddenly telling me to stop now? What’s the meaning of this, huh?” Yasmin was so mad that she practically spat those words out.

What the heck is she playing at? She was the one who offered to help me win Ian over! She said she would give me a chance, so why is she telling me to stay away from Ian now that I have finally decided to abandon my pride and dreams in pursuit of him? How could she do this to me?

With that in mind, Yasmin continued with a crazed expression on her face, “Does toying with the feelings of others run in your family or something? You Limmers hurt my brother in the past, and now you’re going to hurt me too? Are we just pawns to you guys? Is that it?”

They were causing such a huge commotion that everyone passing by stopped and stared at them.

Susan went pale instantly and instinctively took a few steps back upon hearing that.

“N-No... That’s not it...” she stammered.

Yasmin maintained her fierce glare as she asked, “Is that so? In that case, why does it matter who I pursue? Don’t tell me you actually want to keep him all to yourself?”

Unable to contain her emotions any further, Susan snapped back at her, “No! He’s my nephew, and I won’t let you slander us like that!”

“Then stay the heck out of my way, Aunt Susan!” Yasmin retorted and shot her a disdainful look before walking off.

Susan simply stood there staring blankly into space in complete silence.

It wasn’t until everyone left that she came back to her senses and slumped weakly to the ground.

She felt like a part of her had been removed, and it left her feeling empty inside.

Having been excellent in everything she did growing up, she had never expected to be pressured that much by the Limmer family name.

It brought her constant fear and allowed others to humiliate her wherever she went, even though she didn’t do anything wrong.

Susan felt so broken that she couldn’t even muster the strength to get back on her feet.

Suddenly, someone came forward and stood before her.

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1815

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1815 She Is Very Excellent

“What did she say to you?”

The voice sounded so cold that it sent shivers down Susan’s spine when she heard it.

She looked up at the person in response and went pale upon seeing who it was. “Ian? H-Has your class ended already? She didn’t say anything in particular. Let’s head back now that your class is over.”

Not wanting to worsen the situation, Susan tried to get out of there as quickly as possible.

However, Ian wasn't about to just let it slide like that. The look in his eyes grew cold when he saw that she refused to tell him the truth, and he walked off immediately after.

"Ian? Where are you going? Come back here!"

Susan was so frightened that she quickly ran after him and grabbed him by the arm.

"Let go of me!"

"I won't let go! It's fine, Ian! Don't go after her! She doesn't like me, to begin with, so it's normal for her to say some mean things once in a while! Please don't blow this out of proportion!" she pleaded while holding on to his arm as tightly as she could.

Ian paused and decided to not chase after Yasmin in the end. However, he still sent out a text upon heading out the front gate.

A few minutes later, Hayes Corporation's hiring manager came running out of the Human Resources Department.

"Who's in charge of recruitment for the internship program this year?"

"I am, Sir," replied an elderly staff.

The hiring manager waved at the staff as he said, "Is there an applicant named Yasmin Snow from University of Pollerton? I want her name deleted from the system right away! Also, arrange for Susan Jadeson to be an intern in the Finance Department!"

"Yes, Sir!" the elderly staff replied and deleted Yasmin's name from the list immediately.

Being a huge company, it was only natural for Hayes Corporation to contribute to society. As such, the company would hire a bunch of interns during summer vacation every year. On top of that, it was also a way for the company to discover more talents among the youth and possibly recruit them into the company in the future.

Yasmin's application went through a bunch of screening tests before finally being approved, so it was truly a shame that she got disqualified like that.

The atmosphere in the apartment was as peaceful as usual that night.

"Ian, Timothy, I made us some soup! Come help yourselves in the kitchen!" Susan called out to them as she tidied up the kitchen counter and took her apron off.

"Aren't you going to have some too, Susan?" Timothy asked when he saw her leaving the kitchen.

"You two go on ahead. I still have some revision to do," Susan replied before hurrying off to her bedroom.

Ian saw Timothy helping himself to the soup when he entered the kitchen.

"Ah, there you are! Here, have some soup!" Timothy said while pointing at the bowl of soup prepared for him.

"Where's your sister?" Ian asked while sitting down at the table.

"She's doing some revision. She missed out on quite a lot in the past two days, and she has a test coming up in a few days."

Huh? Another test?

Ian stared blankly at him in confusion.

"Haven't you heard? She failed her exam the last time, so she did some digging and found out that there was an issue with the test questions. The university is letting her sit for the exam again," Timothy explained when he saw Ian's clueless expression.

Little did he know, Ian was actually oblivious to the fact that Susan botched her exam.

"Actually, there is no need for her to take the exam," Ian replied calmly.

"Huh? What do you mean? Are you saying that you can get her a position in your family's company?" Timothy looked up at him in surprise upon hearing that.

"Yes, that's right," Ian mumbled as he carried on sipping on his soup.

Despite his best efforts to maintain a calm expression, Timothy's penetrating gaze caused him to feel awkward and unnatural.

Timothy was so touched that he gave Ian a few pats on the shoulder as he exclaimed, "Tsk, tsk, tsk... You sure are a considerate nephew, aren't you? It's too bad my sister probably wouldn't agree with your arrangement!"

Ian looked up at him immediately. "Why? Why won't she agree with it?"

"You may not know this, but she doesn't like relying on connections to get what she wants. Instead, she prefers to fight for what she wants and earn it all by herself. Honestly, you have no idea how annoying that can get! She's always scored first in school every year!" Timothy got a little annoyed upon mentioning that.

Because of how excellent Susan was, their parents have always doubted his capabilities since he was a kid. The difference between him and Susan was so huge that they often joked about him being adopted.

Although Ian knew she wouldn't accept his kind offer, he didn't get mad at her because of it.

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1816

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1816 Leave Her Alone

Instead, his eyes were filled with admiration and respect when he glanced at Susan's bedroom door. He then quickly finished up his soup and prepared to leave.

"Hey, where are you going? Aren't you going to do the dishes?" Timothy called out to him.

"I'm busy! There are a lot of things that I need to take care of!" Ian replied as he ran off.

The next morning, Ian was reading his electronic book while seated behind Susan as usual when she drove him to campus.

The two of them zipping through the little park near the university was quite a sight to behold.

"Ah, Susan, you're here! Professor Shaw is looking for you."

"Oh, really?"

Professor Shaw was the person in charge of her exam, so Susan stopped her moped upon hearing that.

"You head on over, then. I'll go to the Faculty of Finance by myself." Ian said as he got off the moped.

"All right. Take care now!" Susan replied with a smile before giving that student a ride to their faculty.

"Your nephew sure is handsome, Susan! I heard he's the hottest guy in the Faculty of Finance! No, I think he's the hottest guy on campus!" said the student jokingly as she and Susan were quite close.

Susan didn't know whether to laugh or cry when she heard that.

“What are you going on about? Focus on your studies!”

“I just want to know if your nephew has a girlfriend. If not, maybe you could get us both introduced or something! Since we’re such good friends, it’ll make the whole process a lot easier!”

Susan deliberately put on an angry expression as she shouted through clenched teeth, “Oh, shut up!”

Little did they know, Ian had been standing there the whole time and overheard everything they said.

Yeah, this is how youth should be! Free from drama, schemes, and conspiracies... A young woman like her should be enjoying life to the fullest and shine brightest among everyone else!

With that in mind, Ian turned around and began heading over to his faculty building.

He had barely taken a few steps forward when another moped pulled up beside him.

“Ian? What are you doing here?” Yasmin asked in surprise when she happened to pass by and saw him standing there.

The look in Ian’s eyes turned cold instantly upon seeing her. He then ignored her completely and carried on walking, leaving Yasmin rooted to the spot with her face all pale.

However, she bit down on her lip and refused to give up when she saw the breakfast she had bought him.

“Ian, want me to give you a ride? We’re still quite far away from our faculty building. Oh, and I also bought breakfast! It’s the sandwiches you said you liked! Would you like to have some?” she asked while cruising slowly beside him.

Ian simply kept on walking without saying a word, much to her disappointment. As they arrived at a corner, Zaylynn showed up and asked, “Good morning, Ian! Why are you walking to class? Want me to give you a ride?”

Before getting into her car, Ian turned around and shot Yasmin a cold glare as he said, “I don’t know what gave you the courage to continue hitting on me, but you’d better stay out of my way if you want to continue studying here.”

Those words hit her like a bolt from the blue and stabbed at her heart like a knife.

“Why is that?” Yasmin asked while trembling all over.

“Why, you ask? Do you really need me to tell you what you did? Don’t think that you can do whatever you want to Susan just because you know the Limmer family’s secret. Keep in mind that I can have you silenced permanently if I so much as feel like it!”

Ian sounded sinister and terrifying like a devil when he said that.

Yasmin felt like the world around her had been plunged into darkness.

“You... Are you going to kill me?”

“I won’t kill you because you’re Duncan’s sister, but I can keep you locked up somewhere far away for the rest of your life!” Ian replied viciously.

Yasmin’s eyes went wide with shock when she heard he would keep her imprisoned for life.

That was when she truly realized what Susan meant when she said Ian didn’t like her, and that he was only nice to her because of Duncan.

How could they do this to me? I’m the victim here! It’s the Limmers and the Jadesons who destroyed my family!

Yasmin thought to herself as she stood there and watched Ian leave in Zaylynn’s car.

Her fists were so tightly clenched that her nails dug deep into her palms, and her eyes were bloodshot from anger.

A few minutes later, she pulled out her phone and replied to an email that had been pending her action for a long time: I’m in!

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1817

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover 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.

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.

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.

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.

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1818

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover 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.

“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!

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?"

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.

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1819

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1819 Destruction

It was usually the warm and caring traits of board members that afforded them the opportunity to hold such positions.

Therefore, it was not out of character for Jacques to make that offer.

Yasmin tilted her head in consideration of the offer for a moment before agreeing.

“Thanks for the trouble, Jacques.”

“No worries,” he replied cordially as he reached over to open his door for her. “We’re all classmates after all.”

When they passed the famous bridge near their campus, Yasmin turned her head slightly and saw the four figures outside through the car window.

“Did the university not deal with Zaylynn, Jacques?”

“How can they? The Neal family is one of the shareholders of the university,” Jacques explained patiently with his eyes on the road. “Besides, it was an honest mistake on Zaylynn’s because she did not know that what she did was against the rules. As soon as the incident had occurred, she immediately confessed to the chief administrator and used her family’s money to make up for the loss incurred by her mistake. With all said and done, the university has decided to consider the matter resolved.”

In his opinion, Zaylynn’s mistake was forgivable as she did not do it out of malice. Coupled with the fact that she confessed to her mistake almost immediately, the university decided to give her another chance.

Jacques was not aware of the effect of his words in causing the gaze of his passenger seated behind to become colder.

Ten minutes later, Jacques pulled up at the side of the most prosperous commercial plaza in the city.

“Here we are, Yasmin. Take care of yourself at night, won’t you? Don’t get home too late. If you ever feel like you can’t cope with juggling work and study, I can help you apply for financial aid.”

“I’ll bear that in mind,” Yasmin said as she exited the car. “Thank you, Jacques.”

Financial aid. Yes, times are tough for me now. What about the offspring of the murderer? Why are they able to sit around and enjoy the sunshine without a care in the world for their daily expenses, let alone worrying about their future?

Stewing in bitter thoughts, Yasmin walked to the gate of the square.

To her further resentment, she did not expect to run into the four figures on their bicycles as soon as she had changed into her apron at the cafe she worked at.

“Are we dining in that KFC?” Zaylynn asked. “Should we park our bikes here?”

“That works,” Timothy answered. “It’s not far, anyway. Let’s walk over.”

With a general murmur of assent, the quartet parked their bicycles in the square.

After locking hers, Susan came over and saw Ian frowning before producing his own phone to scan the QR code provided at the designated spot.

“There is a QR code provided, Ian,” Susan said gently. “Just scan it and your bike will be automatically locked.”

Ian merely grunted but the knot in his brow instantly relaxed.

After ensuring that everybody had managed to successfully lock their bicycles, the group marched forward. Zaylynn’s boisterous debate with Timothy regarding the best-tasting flavor of chicken wings made her a perfect match for him.

How childish!

With a scoff, Susan ignored them and turned her attention to the boy walking beside her.

“Have you had KFC before, Ian?”

“Not often,” Ian admitted.

For a prominent family like the Hayes', KFC was something they did not particularly patronize. Besides, Sasha's attention to the health of her family turned her away from deep-fried food.

As a result, Ian had only had KFC several times when he was much younger and not anymore as he entered adolescence.

Susan grew a little worried.

"I'll get you something else later. Let's order you a steak at a different restaurant."

Ian refused gently. "That's all right. Let's dine together."

Soon, all four of them arrived at KFC. As soon as Zaylynn and Timothy entered, they made a mad dash to the counter to place their orders.

Susan and Ian simply exchanged a glance before getting a table.

"Let's sit here, Ian." Having found a table just right for four, Susan pulled her friend over to occupy it.

Ian obediently sat down.

It was a strange feeling for him as he rarely dined in such public places. Even if he did, it was always with his parents at higher-end and cleaner restaurants.

As he was seated here watching the traffic of other patrons, Ian suddenly realized that he did not seem to mind as much as he did from the way he meekly accommodated Susan's requests.

"We're back," Zaylynn announced excitedly as she returned with a large tray. "Status report: two burgers each, five packets of spicy wings, two packets of fries, and a large jug of Coke. How does that sound?"

Susan clicked her tongue in disapproval.

"That's too much food, Zaylynn. We won't be able to finish all of that."

"That's all right," Zaylynn said with a generous wave of her hand. "We can share it with our classmates and those homeless people outside."

Susan was dumbstruck with incredulity and amusement.

Ian, who was sitting next to her, also raised his eyebrows as a smile played on his lips.

When Timothy returned with another tray of food, the group's laughter stopped abruptly.

The group was so full after their meal that Zaylynn had to summon an errand boy to bring their leftovers back to the university.

Yasmin caught a glimpse of the errand boy's departure while on duty in the cafe beside the mall. Without hesitation, she reached behind her and undid her apron.

"Where are you going, Yasmin?" came the shrill voice of her employer.

"There's something I have to attend to. I'll be right back."

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1820

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1820 Something Bad Happened

Susan and the others returned home right after their meal. Zaylynn, too, got home after calling her chauffeur to pick her up.

Ring, ring, ring...

The Neal residence's landline rang, breaking the silence of the night. The sharp ringing jolted the housemaid who was on night duty.

Why would someone call at this hour?

The housemaid opened her eyes and ran downstairs to answer the phone. "Hello?"

"Bad news. There has been a homicide case at the university, and the victim is a student. It is said that she ate something Ms. Neal had bought for her before she died. The cops are heading to the Neal residence right now."

"Wait, what?" The housemaid was thunderstruck.

The cops arrived a dozen minutes later. Zaylynn's father, Feynman Neal, got downstairs in haste before he could even button up his shirt neatly. When he arrived at the door, he saw a police patrol car parked right in front of his house.

"Sorry to disturb you at this hour, Mr. Neal. There has been a homicide at the University of Pollerton. According to reports, the deceased consumed something your daughter brought for her. We came to take your daughter to the police station to assist in the investigation."

One of the cops presented his ID and told Feynman they would have to take Zaylynn away.

Homicide?

Feynman's expression darkened as he had never encountered an incident like that before. "Sorry, sir, what do you mean? What do you mean someone consumed my daughter's food and died? Are you trying to say my daughter poisoned the person?"

"Calm down, Mr. Neal. We'll know what happened once the investigation is complete," the cop consoled him.

Meanwhile, Zaylynn also came downstairs after hearing a commotion. She staggered and nearly fell after seeing all the unsmiling cops in the living room.

"Mom—"

The cops eventually took Zaylynn away.

Meanwhile, the coroner performed an autopsy on the deceased and found out she died from exsanguination after a stomach rupture.

Stomach rupture? How did it happen?

The Neal family could not believe their ears when they received the update.

"We found a chemical component called diethyl phthalate, known as DEP, in the deceased's stomach. The deep-fried food she ate reacted with the chemical component, causing her stomach to rupture."

The coroner then took out a piece of burnt item, which he had retrieved from the deceased's body, and placed it before the cops and Feynman.

Diethyl phthalate? DEP?

Feynman had no clue what that chemical component was. Zaylynn looked even more confused.

The coroner then glanced at her manicured nails. Upon noticing the glitter on her nails, he broke a tiny piece of it with a tweezer.

"Hey, my nails!" Zaylynn shrieked in dismay.

A few minutes later, the coroner returned with another update—he found DEP in Zaylynn's nails.

"Many nail salons in the market use unsafe and non-compliant products that contain excessive chemical components. I tested your daughter's nail polish and discovered excessive organophosphates on it. Do you know what that is?"

Feynman and Zaylynn kept mum, as they did not know the answer to his question.

“It’s a combustible substance that can cause explosions!” the coroner concluded firmly.

Upon hearing that, Feynman staggered and fell to the ground. Zaylynn’s mind went blank when she saw the cops walking in her direction with a pair of handcuffs.

No! I’m innocent. I didn’t kill her. I didn’t kill her!

The next day, Susan, Ian, and Timothy only learned about Zaylynn’s arrest after reading the messages their coursemates sent to their group chat.

Timothy was the first to come across that piece of news in the group chat.

“Zaylynn killed someone? How is that possible?” Timothy read the message while brushing his teeth in the bathroom.

Upon reading the message, he was so stunned that he spewed a mouthful of water.

Susan heard some commotion and walked to the bathroom to check on him. “Hey, what’s wrong with you?”

“Quick! Read the messages in our group chat. Someone from our university died last night, and the cops think Zaylynn is the murderer!” Timothy urged Susan to check her phone right away.

Susan returned to her room and checked the messages immediately. She was just as shocked as Timothy when she found out that Zaylynn had been accused of the murder.

She turned to Ian and asked in disbelief, “What do you think?”

“Let’s try to get more information about the case first.”

Ian, who had changed into clean clothes, replied calmly, and he was not going to sit idly by. Upon dropping his words, he carried his backpack and walked to the door to change into another pair of shoes.

Susan urged Timothy to keep up with Ian while she walked behind the two boys.

Zaylynn is not the murderer. I’m sure about that! Though she can be a little spoiled and arrogant, she’s not an evil person! Besides, what can she gain from killing that student? It’s not like she held any grudges against the deceased anyway!

The three of them soon arrived at campus.

“Let’s divide and conquer. I’ll head to the female dorm. It’ll be more convenient that way,” Susan proposed.

“All right. I’ll talk to the school authority then.” Ian nodded, volunteering to handle the most important task. Reaching out to the official source might give them more accurate details.

Timothy decided to approach students around the campus to gather more information. He would primarily focus on the few students who had spread the news in the WhatsApp group.

Susan arrived at the female dorm a few minutes later. “Hi, I’m Susan Jadeson from the Faculty of Business Administration. I heard that a homicide happened here. Is it true?”

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1821

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1821 Stop Being Such A Busybody

“Susan, you’re here!”

Unexpectedly, one of the girls from the dorm recognized Susan and ran toward her with red-rimmed eyes upon noticing her arrival.

Susan froze for a moment, but she soon remembered who the girl was since she had a good memory.

“Oh, it’s you. You’re the girl who always hangs out with Zaylynn, right?”

“Yeah, we’re besties. Susan, we all ate the food Zaylynn brought, and we’re still alive and kicking. I don’t believe Holly died because of the food!”

“Yeah! Everyone in this dorm room ate the food, but we all didn’t experience any discomfort at all!”

Susan was surprised to see so many of them defend Zaylynn. I guess Zaylynn is quite popular among these girls.

She tried to console all the anxious girls. “Calm down, girls. Let’s find out more about the case first, okay? We’ll be able to analyze the situation once we’ve gathered more information about it.”

Susan even assured them, “I want you girls to know that I’ll be able to help Zaylynn if she really is innocent. You have my word.”

After hearing Susan's words, the few girls fell silent for a moment. Then, they gave Susan a better picture of the incident.

The previous night, after dinner, someone had brought the leftovers to the dorm. The girls had all gotten excited and started munching on the drumsticks and burgers.

As for the deceased girl, Holly Halford, she was actually not from the same faculty as them. She was a computer science student, and she had come to their dorm to look for a friend.

"Since she was at our place, we offered her our food. It'd be awkward if we didn't do that, wouldn't it?"

"Yes." Susan nodded in agreement.

"So that was why we shared our food with her. But somehow, she felt sick soon after she left the dorm. We ate the same food, but nothing happened to us."

The girls started to get agitated again.

Susan knitted her brows. That's strange. They ate the same food, yet the girl named Holly was the only one who lost her life because of it. How strange.

Susan then left the dorm.

While she was on her way to meet Ian and Timothy, she bumped into Yasmin, who had just returned to the campus.

With a backpack on her back and a stack of revision materials in her hands, Yasmin entered the dorm with a solemn expression on her beautiful face.

"Good morning, Yasmin. You're early today."

Yasmin stopped in her tracks and looked at the dormitory warden who had greeted her. She asked in frustration, "Why are our classes canceled? Did something happen?"

The warden immediately inched closer after hearing Yasmin and whispered, "Haven't you heard the news? Someone from your faculty died."

"What?" Yasmin's expression changed abruptly, and she blanched at the warden's words. "W-What do you mean by someone died? Who died?"

"A girl from the Faculty of Computer Science. She died after eating a burger that Zaylyann brought to the dorm last night. You would have been in danger had you been here last night. Thank goodness!" The warden was relieved that Yasmin was away the previous day.

Yasmin continued to keep mum.

It seemed that the news had shocked her to the core. She hugged the books close to her chest and froze right there for quite a while, her face shockingly pale.

Susan walked over and stood in front of her. "Yasmin, you just got back?"

"It's none of your business," Yasmin said.

Since the fallout they had two days ago, Yasmin no longer had to put on a facade to pretend to be nice. She could finally show her true expression.

However, was that a facade of Yasmin?

It did not seem like it, as she really thought she saw some hope during the few days.

"I'm trying to investigate the homicide case that involves Zaylynn. Students staying in this dorm, including you, are potential suspects," Susan explained patiently.

Upon hearing that, Yasmin unexpectedly let out a mirthless laugh. "Suspect? Do you think you're a cop? Who are you to question my whereabouts? Stop being a busybody!"

Susan knitted her brows and decided to ignore Yasmin.

No longer looking at Yasmin's unpleasant face, Susan walked up to the dorm warden.

She suddenly pointed at a tiny black dot near the window frame of the room where the dorm warden stayed and asked, "Madam, is that a surveillance camera?"

The dorm warden's expression changed. "Um..."

"I won't tell anyone about it. Don't worry, madam. I merely want to check the surveillance footage to find out what exactly happened when the person brought the food over last night," Susan assured her, as she knew why the warden panicked as soon as she saw the latter's expression.

Obviously, the warden had secretly installed a surveillance camera in the common area to monitor students in the dormitory so that she could slack off. In fact, the school authority had forbidden the installation of surveillance cameras in the female dorm because it was a violation of students' privacy.

Yet, that warden had gone against the regulations and installed a surveillance camera there. Not only that, she had even aimed the surveillance camera directly at the interior of the building.

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1822

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1822 No

Ultimately, the woman handed the surveillance footage over to Susan, and an inexplicable look flashed in Yasmin's eyes as she saw this from afar.

It wasn't long until Susan returned with a copy of the footage.

Susan: I've made some progress. What about you two? How's it going?

Timothy: I asked around, but everyone's saying they only realized it after the girl's stomach burst. Some only found out after the police came over.

Susan: What about on your side, Ian? Did the chief administrators say anything?

Ian came online after Susan tagged him.

Ian: I spoke to them. According to the cops, the burger was contaminated with organophosphates from Zaylynn's fingernails, and that caused that girl's stomach to combust and rupture.

Both siblings were taken aback.

Organophosphates from Zaylynn's fingernails? How dangerous could nail polish even be?

Neither of them could believe what they had read.

But after the three reassembled, Ian took out a piece of the burger he had obtained from the chief administrators, and they noticed how it reeked of a pungent scent.

"It turns out that Zaylynn had gotten her nails done at a newly-opened salon, and then she went to grab some food after Andy Rind's talk."

Ian laid all the information he had received on the table, including some photographs.

Susan felt her stomach drop as she saw them.

This is the latest crystal nail manicure. I've never had my nails done this way, but I remember a friend talking about it before. It's really popular these days.

The manicure is done by painting excessive layers of clear-colored polish onto each nail.

It contains lots of chemicals and doesn't dry easily.

Everyone's expressions looked sullen.

"So, the girl really died because of Zaylynn?"

"You can put it that way."

Ian nodded at the conclusion while opening a bottle of mineral water in front of him and taking a huge sip of the drink.

He rarely involved himself with matters unrelated to him, but for some reason, he had spent so much time today running around everywhere for a girl who had nothing to do with him.

The young man really had changed.

He had become much warmer and more humane.

Feeling devastated, Susan gripped her temples as she sat there. The mere thought of an innocent girl getting locked up behind bars made her nose sting.

"Is there no other way? Zaylynn's still so young and she never has bad intentions."

Ian's heart sank as he watched her sit there quietly, her eyes unable to open due to the immense sorrow that filled her.

He felt so agonized.

That girl has nothing to do with her. Why is she taking this so seriously?

At last, he spoke. "I can get my dad to do something about this."

Indeed, the only person who could lighten that girl's sentence would be Sebastian, given his influence in this country.

Yet, as soon as Ian's words fell, Susan looked up at him.

"No! We can't do that. That would be misusing our power. Remember, Ian, even if Zaylynn is guilty, we can't use our power to interfere. The Jadesons may be on top of the world, but we should never do anything that would break the people's trust in us."

Ian had never expected this twenty-something-year-old young woman to turn him down right away.

She had even reminded him firmly that they had to uphold the Jadeson household's reputation in everything they did, rather than let the family name crumble in their hands.

Ian turned red in embarrassment and glanced downward.

Even Timothy felt his sister had gone too far with her words, but aside from being embarrassed, Ian had no intention of blaming her.

“I understand.”

“Okay. I think we should still look into this. Something just doesn’t seem right. By the way, Ian, don’t you have someone at home who’s a chemistry whizz? Could you get him to find out what’s inside the nail polish?”

“You mean...”

“I’ll go get my nails done the same way Zaylynn did, then we’ll go see him and get him to check if the contents of the nail polish are lethal enough to kill someone.”

Susan’s cheeks reddened with excitement at her own suggestion.

Ian pondered for a moment.

We can give it a try, but if that doesn’t work, we can get someone to conduct a blanket search on whichever area those burgers had passed through.

The young man was determined to get to the bottom of this case.

Half an hour later, Susan made her way to the same nail salon with the company of Zaylynn’s close friend, Felicia Johnson.

As soon as they headed out, someone hiding in a dark corner nearby began to panic.

“Susan’s gone to the nail salon. Could she have figured out something?”

“Don’t panic,” a voice responded to her. “That stuff vanishes in thin air. She won’t be able to find out about anything no matter how hard she tries. Besides, we have our own people working inside that nail salon. You don’t have to worry at all.”

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1823

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1823 So Smart That She Can Blow Minds

“What’s your end goal, then? I didn’t ask you to kill anyone, but now you’ve taken two lives! What are you going to do about this?”

The woman was so furious that she trembled non-stop, her face void of any color.

Yet, the person over the phone merely laughed.

“Ms. Snow, you said you want to give Susan Jadeson a taste of what it feels like to suffer a fate worse than death, so it’s only natural that we come to such decisions. Besides, weren’t you already prepared for outcomes like these the moment you agreed to be a part of this?”

“You!”

Upon hearing that, the woman found herself unable to retaliate.

But he’s right. It’s already over for me. Why am I still acting like I have the moral high ground? If I were that afraid of getting blood on my hands, I wouldn’t have contacted them in the first place. The fact that I reached out to them means I had already intended to do all this.

The other party hung up without another word.

Susan and Felicia arrived at the nail salon half an hour later.

“Welcome! Are you here to get your nails done?” an employee greeted.

“Yup. Crystal nails for both of us, please.”

Susan immediately mentioned the kind of service she wanted.

The lady readily agreed and led them into the store.

After taking a seat, Felicia said to Susan right away, “Susan, these are the exact same seats we were led to when I followed Zaylynn here.”

Hearing that, Susan nodded and waited for the lady from before to serve them.

Manicures were a popular beauty treatment in today’s age, and many women—including Susan herself—would have visited a nail salon at least once.

That was why Susan thought nothing of all the tools and bottles that the beautician had brought over, and the only thing she looked at was a bottle of clear nail polish.

“Is this what you’ll be using on our nails?”

“That’s right.”

The beautician nodded.

Not asking anything more, Susan and Felicia let the lady work on their nails, and they were done in an hour.

Upon getting up, Susan prepared to get Ian to have Xayden look into the nail polish's contents.

But just as she walked out of the store and arrived at the roadside, a sudden thought crossed her mind, causing her to stop in her tracks.

"What's wrong, Susan?" asked Felicia.

"I just remembered something you told me about Zaylynn's nails. They were quick-drying, right. Is that what you said?"

"Yeah," Felicia replied, albeit still puzzled.

Susan immediately glanced at her shiny nails. "Then, why did we have to cure our nails? Were we not clear enough with our instructions? Did the lady give us a different kind of manicure?"

"Huh?" Felicia only grew more bewildered.

Seeing that, Susan said nothing else to her, instead turning and heading back into the nail salon.

"Excuse me, ma'am. Can I confirm that we were just given crystal nails?"

"Yes, you were," the busy owner of the salon appeared confused to see them return. "It was our current best-selling crystal nail manicure. What's wrong? Is something the matter?"

"No. It's just that I heard from another friend that her nails were quick-drying when she got the same procedure done, but both of us here had to cure our nails. So, why the difference? Is there something different about the materials used this time?" Susan asked.

Hearing that, the boss hastily walked toward them and glanced at their nails.

"How could that be? All our nail services require curing. Could you have misheard something your friend said? We apply multiple layers of polish to each nail, then cure every coating and make sure it's dry before moving on to the next layer. That's what makes this a crystal manicure. There's no way each coating can dry that quickly just by blowing on them with a fan," she explained.

Susan fell silent for a long while.

Then, she sat on the couch and requested, “I think you might want to let me have a look at your store’s surveillance footage from yesterday. Someone from our school died because of your nail polish. It’d be troublesome if I were to inform the cops now.”

With that, everyone inside the salon turned to her—including the beautician who had just tended to her and Felicia.

How is she so smart?

Didn’t they say she’d be easy to deal with? She’s only in her early twenties! How could she have figured out something so trivial?

Taking advantage of the commotion in the store, the woman left in a panic as the owner went to retrieve the surveillance footage.

Meanwhile, Susan quickly noted from the footage that Zaylynn did not have her nails cured while she was here yesterday.

Not only that but her nails were coated many more times than they should have been.

“I... I never taught her to do it that way. Who on earth is she, anyway? I’ve never even met her!” the owner exclaimed.

As realization dawned on her, Susan hurriedly dialed Ian’s number while getting Felicia to call the police.

Whatever happened last night caused such a huge stir, and surely the cops must’ve come here since it had something to do with the girl’s nails, right? But why didn’t they figure out anything after dropping by?

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Chapter 1824

After hanging up, Susan stared blankly at the computer screen in front of her.

Ian showed up a while later.

“You’re here, Ian.” Susan jumped to her feet and pointed at the footage. “Take a look at this. I’ve confirmed that something really was off about the way Zaylynn had her nails done. The woman who did her nails just ran away.”

Ian sat down while rubbing his temples.

In fact, he had gotten a few people to look into this matter. After the errand runners had arrived at the university, they spotted two of Zaylynn's female friends—one of whom was Felicia—carrying the two buckets into campus.

After the girls passed a narrow path surrounded by trees, the errand runners then discovered some traces of phosphate on one of the tree branches.

In other words, this was a planned murder.

"Let's wait for the cops here," said Ian after watching the footage. "They'll definitely find out what else could be behind this. They're professionals."

He spoke coldly and relentlessly.

Susan didn't oppose after finding out the truth, and so the two remained inside the nail salon, waiting for the police to arrive.

As anticipated, a team of police dressed in full uniform showed up ten minutes later.

The captain made his way over to Susan and Ian right after spotting them.

"Good day. I'm Captain of the Crime Investigation Unit. Were you the ones who found a lead?"

"Yes, officer."

Susan stood up and related her experience here while referring to the surveillance footage.

The captain immediately began a search.

"And this is?"

"This is my nephew, Officer. He—"

"There's a narrow path with locust trees on both sides on the way to the female dorms on campus, officer," Ian suddenly chimed in. "If you take a look at the sixth tree on the left, you'll find what you're looking for on one of its branches."

Susan was completely dumbfounded. The young man had calmly relayed his thoughts instead of looking apprehensive like he usually did when dealing with strangers.

Is... he not afraid anymore?

Of course, the captain knew nothing about Ian's condition, so he gave the latter an approving pat on the shoulder after being provided with such an important lead.

"I'll do that. What's your name?"

"Uh... You should get to searching right away, officer. Don't let anyone ruin your plans."

Noticing the way Ian's brows twitched, Susan hastily changed the subject and pulled him over by the arm.

The young man didn't like interacting with strangers, and he certainly didn't appreciate being touched by one either.

After lugging him toward her, Susan sighed with relief as she watched the captain leave with his team.

"It's okay. You can change your clothes once we head back," she said while rubbing Ian's shoulder.

The young man said nothing.

He merely gave the woman's anxious-looking face a quick glance before shifting his gaze elsewhere coolly.

"Okay."

Eventually, Zaylynn was deemed innocent and thus released.

As for the reason behind the incident, the police believed that Zaylynn had attracted too much attention on campus, which ultimately led to some resentment toward her.

Still, the truth would remain a mystery until the culprit was apprehended.

Speaking of the culprit...

"I've received a text from the captain we met that day," explained Susan while busying herself in the kitchen. "He said they've issued a nationwide arrest warrant against that woman from the nail salon. She's now wanted across the whole country, and they believe she won't be able to run away for much longer."

Both young men could hear her. Timothy was reading a fantasy novel while hogging the bathroom, whereas Ian sat in the living room feeding a turtle they and recently bought as a pet.

Ian had nothing to respond with after hearing his aunt's words.

An arrest warrant?

I guess I've overestimated them. Not every cop is as efficient as Uncle Devin is. A lot of them are just trash.

Thinking that, the young man tossed two turtle pellets into the tank.

"You're feeding him again? You can't keep feeding the turtle, Ian! He'll die if he overeats!"

A slim figure walked out of the kitchen just in time to see him feeding the turtle, and the woman swiftly grabbed his hand before scooping the pellets out of the tank.

Ian silently glanced at Susan's slender hand before looking down, his thick lashes concealing the fluctuating emotions in his eyes.

Timothy walked out of the bathroom at this very moment. "Come on, Susan. It's just a turtle! Why are you being so dramatic? You scared Ian."

"Huh?"

Susan quickly came to her senses.

"Sorry, Ian! I guess I overreacted. Don't panic, okay? I had no intention of blaming you for anything," she apologized while letting go of the young man.

But in truth, how could Ian ever be upset at her over something like this?

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1825

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 1825

After having breakfast together, the trio was about to leave home when Zaylynn showed up with her parents, who had personally brought her there to express her gratitude.

"Thank you, Susan, Ian, and Timothy. I'm beyond grateful for everything you've done for me. If it weren't for you guys, I probably would've been..."

"We owe you big time! You're the Neal family's saviors. As Zaylynn's parents, we thank you!"

Both Feynman and his wife, Clara, bowed and thanked them profusely with tears in their eyes.

The two young men were at a loss, given that they had never dealt with such a situation before. Thus, it was Susan who spoke up and quickly told them to lift their heads.

“Don’t say that, Mr. and Mrs. Neal! Zaylynn is our friend. It’s only natural that we help her in times of trouble.”

“She’s right. You don’t have to thank us. Besides, there’s no way Piggy here could’ve actually killed anyone!” Timothy blurted.

Silence washed over the entire apartment as a scarlet-faced Zaylynn glared at the young man who had just addressed her in such a way.

“Hey, Timothy... What did you just call me?”

“S-Sorry, my bad... Hey, don’t come over. I didn’t mean it...”

A squabble soon ensued between the two, and Timothy ended up being chased into his own room and hiding in there.

Susan was deeply embarrassed by what had just happened.

She wanted to chastise her brother for his lack of manners and apologize to Zaylynn’s parents.

But unbeknown to her, Feynman and Clara seemed unusually pleased after exchanging glances with one another.

The Jadeson family was untouchable—so much that they would have never imagined their daughter being friends with Ian.

But this other guy isn’t bad either. He’s part of the Jadesons too. He may be from a different branch, but it seems that the current head of the clan regards him highly. That’s good enough for us.

Zaylynn’s parents left in high spirits, but not before extending a personal invitation.

“By the way, Mr. Ian and Ms. Susan, as a token of our appreciation, will you please accept our invitation to come and have dinner at our place? Don’t worry for we mean nothing by it. We just want to treat you to a meal.”

Just as Ian was about to reject their offer, Susan suddenly recalled his mother asking her to take him to more social events, and so she stopped him.

“Okay. Thank you for the invitation.”

“Not at all! In fact, we’re thankful to have you come over.” Feynman was instantly overjoyed.

Thus, the matter was settled.

After their guests had left, Susan sent Zaylynn a text message, reminding her of the help that had been given by her other friends.

Zaylynn: Don’t worry, Susan. I’ll invite all of them over. I know who my true friends are after what happened. Anyone who’s helped me for the past two days will have dinner at my place!

Susan: Okay.

Zaylynn: But my dad says you’ll have to bring your brother too. Oh, but please warn him that he can’t call me Piggy if he does come!

Susan didn’t know how to respond.

Even so, she was glad that they remembered Timothy. After arriving on campus and seeing Ian off at the Faculty of Finance, she pulled her thoughtless brother aside.

“Zaylynn’s inviting you over too. You’d better watch your manners and stop embarrassing me.”

“What?”

The tall young man froze on the spot.

I’m invited?

Suddenly, the thought of that round-faced, tantrum-throwing girl made him smile widely.

Should I get her a present?

Meanwhile, Yasmin arrived at the Faculty of Finance rather late today, and the first round of classes had already ended by the time she showed up.

Moreover, she seemed to be in her own world.

“What’s wrong, Yasmin?” the student council secretary asked in concern. “You don’t look so good today. Are you not feeling well? Were you giving home tutorials last night?”

Yasmin finally snapped back to reality.

“I-I’m fine. I just slept a little late last night.”

“Well, how about you get some rest inside the lecture hall? No one’s in there right now.”

“Okay.”

Yasmin carried her books into the lecture hall.

Students of this faculty often used the hall for self-studying. The place was usually packed at night, but it was much emptier during the day.

Yasmin pushed the door open, only to gasp in shock.

The first thing she saw was a young man who glanced at her with a pair of extremely frosty eyes upon hearing the door creak open.

Yasmin stilled instantly.

She had no words to describe the way he looked at her, but those eyes caused her head to turn numb in a flash, and she felt as though all the blood in her system had left her.

Her body felt so cold that she trembled—all the way to her fingertips.

“W-What are you doing here?”

“And what about you?” the young man asked, his voice as icy as his gaze.

“I…”

“A person only thinks of hiding away in a quiet place when dealing with immense fear and unease. That was exactly what I did when your brother died in prison. I locked myself in my room for three days and three nights.”

Ian began recounting his horrifying past, his lips pale and his pupils quivering slightly since the beginning.

Yasmin’s expression took an immediate turn.

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1826

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 1826

“To be filled with confusion and terror is like being completely engulfed in darkness. I would force myself to sleep, thinking that once I woke up, we would’ve returned to the past before anything had ever happened—to the time your brother was still your brother, or maybe to when I still hadn’t met him. Do you know what we call that?”

Ian suddenly stopped talking and stared straight at the woman standing before him.

Standing in place, Yasmin now felt as though she had been stripped bare, and all her deepest thoughts had come to light.

It was as if the young man had completely seen through her with just his gaze.

What do we call that?

It’s called running away. It’s called numbing oneself out.

As a psychology major, Yasmin understood this concept more than anyone else did. Why is he suddenly telling me all this? Could he have found out about something?

The woman was so fearful that she tremored from head to toe.

But to her surprise, Ian then packed his books and got up to leave without another word.

Yasmin quietly watched him exit the hall.

The moment he disappeared, she felt as though she had lost every ounce of her strength.

Thud!

The young woman slumped to the floor, leaning against the door behind her after suddenly recalling how Ian and Susan had handed things over to the police right after discovering a lead.

That meant Ian was still giving her a chance.

Yasmin couldn’t move at the thought.

Night fell.

Expectedly, Zaylynn had magnanimously invited every student from the Faculty of Finance to her place for a feast.

Susan stayed close to Ian all the while, worried he would feel uncomfortable.

Yet, he ended up doing better than she had expected. While he did furrow his brows upon arriving at the Neal residence, many of his classmates took the initiative to greet him, enabling him to blend in with them.

Seeing that, Susan eventually left him and headed over to the girls.

“Why didn’t Yasmin come tonight?”

“You’re right. I haven’t seen her.”

After a series of chattering, one of the girls couldn’t help but ask about Yasmin.

Susan had arrived just in time to hear that, and she stilled briefly.

“Is she not here?”

“She’s not, Susan. Did Zaylynn not invite her?” someone mused.

But no matter how spoiled and willful Zaylynn was, she still had her manners and would surely not leave anyone out after inviting the entire faculty over.

Susan walked over to her.

“I did invite her. I even sent her a personal text, but she’s not here. That’s not my problem.” Zaylynn pouted.

“It’s okay,” Susan assured with a smile. “It’s her loss for not coming. Look at all the good food she’s missing out on!”

“Right? It’s better if she doesn’t come,” the other girls quipped.

Everyone consoled the young host.

But to their surprise, Yasmin did show up eventually.

With a long, khaki bodycon dress, her silky black hair cascading down her shoulders, and a flawless face, she captured everyone’s attention as soon as she appeared.

She was absolutely gorgeous.

Even Susan couldn’t help but compare her to a famous actress upon seeing her.

“Y-Yasmin is here. Quick! Keep all this stuff!”

“Clean up the floors too! How did you guys make such a mess? What will she think of us?”

Chaos erupted among the boys in a matter of minutes.

They frantically cleaned up the mess they had made. Some even moved all the stools and other obstacles aside just to make way for the ice queen.

The girls flew into a rage upon seeing that.

Yasmin is such a jinx!

They all turned and left, not wanting to have anything to do with her. In the end, it was Susan who brought Zaylynn over, asking her to attend to Yasmin.

“You’re here. Well, help yourself to whatever you want. It’s all here,” said Zaylynn, pointing at all the food being served.

In response, the discomfort Yasmin felt only grew more intense.

I plucked up the courage just to be here, okay?

I’d only look more suspicious if I didn’t come.

And yet, the girls’ lounge area became empty the moment she showed up, and that humiliated her greatly.

Not only that but seeing how all the girls fawn over Susan made her feel worse. How she wanted to leave this place right away.

“Hey, Yasmin. Do you want something to eat? We just grilled some chicken wings.”

Suddenly, a boy approached her with a plate of food.

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1827

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Chapter 1827

Yasmin glanced at him.

The young man looked nothing out of the ordinary, and she would have never given him the time of day if they were in school. But now...

“Thank you.”

She took the plate with her slender hands and placed a chicken wing to her lips.

Oh, God. The ice queen accepted my gesture.

The young man was on cloud nine.

All the other boys grew excited upon seeing that. It was only normal for them to react that way toward a girl as beautiful as Yasmin.

With that, Yasmin soon became the subject of all the boys’ adoration.

The other girls were on the verge of exploding.

“Look at that. I told you she’s such a b*tch! She won all the guys over the moment she showed up.”

“Right!”

They were livid.

Susan frowned. “Come on, now. You left her on her own back there. What could she have done if the boys hadn’t approached her? Did you put yourselves in her shoes?”

She understood how Yasmin must have felt.

Unfortunately, Yasmin didn’t seem to appreciate Susan’s kind thoughts. After sitting down for a while, she suddenly caught sight of Timothy and made her way toward him.

“Do you need help?”

“Hmm?”

The young man immediately looked up while grilling some meat.

She’s...

Timothy found himself unable to look away or even speak. It was as though everything else around him faded away the moment he saw her.

A blush crept across Yasmin’s cheeks.

“Do you need help?” she repeated.

“Oh! Sorry about that. Yeah, I could use a hand.”

Timothy snapped out of his daze and readily accepted her offer to help.

As someone from a different faculty, he had heard of a famous ice queen from the Faculty of Finance, although he had never taken a proper look at said figure despite having met her a few times while with his sister.

But, she looked way too stunning.

The woman was now clad in a beautiful dress and had dolled herself up, looking like a goddess. It was only normal that a young man like him would be smitten.

Yasmin spent a good part of the night helping him, and it didn't take long for them to grow close.

Susan walked in their direction just in time to see the two chatting away, and a chill ran down her spine instantly.

She dashed over without a second thought.

“What are you doing, Timothy? Put those things down and stay away from her!” she screamed at once, having lost her ability to reason.

Timothy froze in shock.

Even the other guests looked bewildered.

What's going on?

Hasn't she always been level-headed? Why does she look like a completely different person now? Why is she making such unreasonable demands with her brother?

“What's wrong with you, Susan?” Feeling his blood boil, Timothy glared at his sister and refused to comply.

That only aggravated Susan more.

She charged toward him, slapped away whatever he was holding, and began to drag him away with her.

“You're coming home with me right now!”

“Susan!”

Having never expected his sister to be this unreasonable, Timothy pulled his own arm out of Susan's grasp, resulting in the young woman losing her balance and falling over.

"Ahhh!"

An intense feeling of pain came from Susan's waist as she clutched onto the table, unable to get up for a moment.

Timothy and all the other guests fell silent.

Just as everyone glanced at one another, a young man emerged from the building after hearing the commotion outside.

"What do you think you're doing, Timothy?"

Laced with anger, Ian's voice pierced the air, instantly causing everyone to shiver with fright—including Timothy.

"I... I..."

"Shut your mouth! Get your a** home right now, or you'll be leaving this place in a different way."

The same icy voice rang across the room again.

Despite being older, Timothy was unable to stand up for himself as an unexplainable hint of fear surfaced in his eyes.

He then remembered who led the Jadeson family.

This young man standing in front of him possessed such a powerful and fearsome energy. He's just as terrifying as his father!

Susan finally left with Timothy a few minutes later.

Having been calm and collected all this while and finally losing her mind because of her brother, she could only scurry off as quickly as possible.

Her fears were deep-rooted.

Ian stayed behind, his eyes never leaving the woman before him as the sun set behind the garden they were in.

"Are you that tired of living?"

Those words sounded as though they had crawled out of the abyss.

Yasmin stood there in a daze, her face slowly losing its color.

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1828

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 1828

“Did I do something wrong?”

After calming down, Yasmin glanced at the young man with an aggrieved look on her face.

“All because I said a few words to her brother? Shouldn’t you be a bit fairer to me, Ian? Zaylynn’s the one who invited me here, but she didn’t give a d*mn about me! Have you ever considered how I felt?”

Ian kept silent.

“The boys were willing to talk to me, so I stuck with them! Is there a problem with that?” the woman questioned, tears brimming in her eyes.

Yet, the young man remained aloof.

“Are you sure you had no other intentions when you approached Timothy? Timothy is Susan’s younger brother, and he’s also the grandson of Eddie Limmer. He’s the only male descendant of the Limmer household. Did you really not have other motives?”

He stared at her with his piercing eyes.

Yasmin’s feet instantly turned cold.

Did she not have any other motives?

Of course, she did.

The resentment within her had resurfaced ever since she found herself being neglected while Susan became the center of all the girls’ attention. That was when she couldn’t help but turn to Timothy.

She was up to no good from that moment onward.

The woman was unable to say another word.

Seeing her reaction, Ian added, "I handed that case over to the police because I still wanted to give you a way out. But if you still insist on walking this path, that's fine; I'll personally hand you over to my dad."

At last, he mentioned that person—his father.

Yasmin's eyes grew wide as she stared at the young man in disbelief. It was now that she understood what it meant to experience true fear—what it meant to no longer be given a way out.

Sebastian Hayes was like a god in this country. Once she fell into his hands, her life would indeed be over.

With an ashen face, the woman watched Ian leave.

As soon as she returned to her dorm later, she removed every method of communication on her phone and computer.

Meanwhile, Susan warned Timothy not to be around Yasmin again the moment they arrived back at their apartment.

Timothy was baffled.

"Why can't I be close to her? It's not like she has a boyfriend!"

Seriously? This idiot's already thinking about dating her?

Susan was fuming.

"So, you're thinking of being her boyfriend just because she doesn't have one? Don't make me get you to drop out of school and go home, Timothy!"

"What? You'll make me drop out? Who are you to make me do that, Susan? Do you think you get to decide everything for me just because you're my sister? Aren't you thinking too highly of yourself now?"

"You!"

Susan was so exasperated that she nearly collapsed.

Ian so happened to return in the middle of the heated argument, and he stared at Timothy grimly. "She may not have the right, but my dad does."

"I — "

“You’d better listen up before my dad comes to a decision, Timothy. If you ever talk to Yasmin again, I can’t guarantee what I might tell my dad.”

Ian glared at the imprudent man while giving him a warning.

Timothy’s face turned red in fury.

How dare he talk to me like this? Does he not remember who’s the older one here? Has he forgotten that I’m his uncle?

Unbelievable!

Still, he dared not utter a single word in response.

Susan finally began to cool down.

I’m better off leaving this in the hands of family. It’s not like I’m of any use now. Whether it was Sebastian or Jonathan, she knew that either one of them would surely deal with Yasmin.

Thus, she returned to her room.

Meanwhile, at Oceanic Estate, Sasha was dumbstruck upon hearing that Ian had called to inform Sebastian about Colton’s children.

“Is it that serious now? Ian actually called you?”

“Yeah. Timothy’s a bit of a halfwit, and Susan can’t keep him in check. It’s also not wise to tell him Yasmin’s true identity, so we have no choice but to interfere,” Sebastian replied while casually reading a book.

Sensing something off about what the man had said, Sasha put down the skincare product she was using and walked toward him.

“What do you mean by that? Did something happen again?”

“Yeah. Yasmin’s got her eye on Timothy now. She was an accomplice in a murder case that happened two days ago, but their plans were foiled after Ian and Susan did some searching. That’s why she started vying for Timothy’s attention while she was at the Neal residence last night.”

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Chapter 1829

Indeed, nothing could escape this man's eyes.

Sasha's expression darkened instantly when she heard that.

"How could she do this? She's only a little over twenty! How did she turn so evil within such a short time? Wasn't she a good-mannered and excellent scholar before this? How did she become so terrifying in only a few months?"

Sasha was enraged.

She herself had walked through hell and made it out alive without hurting anyone else. Yet, someone as young and as bright as Yasmin had chosen to let the negative environment shape her into someone bitter. Within a short period of a few months, she had entirely transformed into someone new, and not for the better.

Yasmin's actions truly baffled Sasha.

How can this be? Is it really just because of the resentment her family has? Is Yasmin aware of what we have planned to offer her?

When the couple first came across Yasmin and noticed her brilliance, they had intended to pave the way to a bright future for her.

Even her application for an internship in Hayes Corporation was given a green light.

Sasha was so furious that her blood began to boil.

"First," Sebastian said, "it's the result of how she was raised. Second, it has something to do with her nature."

"How so?" Sasha turned to look at the man.

"Look at her family background. Ever since the accident involving her father and brother, only the girl and her mother were left behind. I wouldn't be surprised if the mother-daughter pair had been bullied by society. Because of that, her mother must have festered resentment in her heart and forced the girl to be exceptional. Over time, Yasmin herself became someone bitter with resentment and someone who has to stand out. You can see that trait of hers from her actions. Yasmin has been nothing but cold to her peers in school." Sebastian started to break it down for her.

Sasha nodded in agreement. "From a psychological perspective, that would be how it happened. But you mentioned something about her nature?"

“I meant it’s a trait that she was born with. It’s in her blood. For example, Susan has given Yasmin so many chances, yet Yasmin has never shown gratitude. However, a tiny offense by Susan immediately spiked her resentment. This proves that she’s naturally a competitive, defensive, and extremely petty person. This is just her character and has nothing to do with the environment.” With that, Sebastian concluded his analysis.

Every single word he said hit the nail right on the head. There was nothing Sasha could say that could refute his points.

After all, it was true that being competitive and jealous wasn’t a trait that was only confined to people of poorer status. Many among the wealthy echelons shared the same trait as well.

Therefore, the environment could not be blamed.

Rather, it was one’s nature.

Once Sasha understood the situation, she was even more worried.

“So what are you gonna do about it now? Are you gonna arrest her immediately? You already have your hands on the proof that she’s the murderer, right?”

In contrast to Sasha’s anxiousness, Sebastian was unfazed. “Patience, Darling. There’s still a bigger fish to fry. Let’s wait until it takes the bait,” he said casually.

Bait? Is he still fishing for something larger?

Sasha could not help but worry about Ian, who was in Pollerton. She did not want her son to be caught in the whole ordeal.

That night, Sasha sent a text to his youngest son, who was at the military academy.

She wrote: Matteo, are you free these few days? Can you take a few days off?

Matteo: Sure thing, Mommy. Is something wrong?

Seeing that Matteo was willing to agree to her request without hesitation, Sasha felt relieved.

She quickly sent another text to Matteo: Just the project Ian’s working on. The grand opening is happening soon. I’m just a bit concerned that someone might be secretly causing trouble. I’d like it if you can come back and protect Ian.

Sasha intentionally left Susan and Timothy out of the picture.

Instead, she mentioned the trouble faced by the Hayes Corporation.

All in all, the couple was as sharp as people gave them credit for. One of them knew every detail regarding Susan and Timothy's ordeal, while the other could detect a hitch in the workings of the company miles away.

When Matteo heard that someone was daring enough to plot against Ian, he immediately agreed to help without a second thought.

The next day, Matteo flew to Pollerton, missing Susan and Timothy by just a hair.

Nevertheless, picking up a child at the airport was the last thing on his mind as he landed and descended the plane.

"Are you Matteo?"

All of a sudden, a little girl of about six to seven appeared out of nowhere. The girl was absolutely beautiful. Her big, round eyes sparkled in the sun. Her chubby cheeks were as white as porcelain. At the sight of Matteo, she immediately ran over and hugged his legs.

Matteo was already more than one hundred and eighty centimeters tall. His eyes popped with surprise as he stared at the kid wrapped around his legs.

Where did she come from? And how does she know I'm Matteo?

"Who are you? You know who I am?" Matteo asked, puzzled.

"Of course I know who you are. Daddy has a picture of you, and I look at it all the time. Also, it's Vivi who asked me to wait for you here. She and Kurt will be here soon." The girl's childish voice filled the area as she explained with a huge grin.

Matteo was rendered speechless.

What is this? What's Vivi doing here? And Kurt as well? What's going on?

To his relief, it was not long before he caught a glimpse of a young woman in a pink dress and a white lace hat. The young woman was sitting on top of a suitcase like a child as she was pushed along the exit lane by a tall, muscular, and handsome young man.

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Chapter 1830

“Matt! I’m over here! Over here!”

Vivian dragged the last syllable of the last word as she waved her arms at Matteo.

The entire airport could hear her excited voice, and it annoyed Matteo to no end.

“Why did you come back? Also, you coming back is one thing, but why is there a kid here? Unless...”

Something suddenly crossed Matteo’s mind, causing his signature big eyes to widen even more. His gaze moved from the little girl on his legs to the faces of the two people moving toward him.

As usual, Vivian was slow in picking up clues. She did not figure out what was happening.

Kurt, on the other hand, instantly turned red at Matteo’s gaze. Soon enough, his expression turned grim, and there was a shadow on his beautiful features.

“Have you seen a nine-year-old child having a baby?” Kurt asked.

Matteo was at a loss for words.

After some quick calculations, Matteo remembered that the guy in front of him was only sixteen, while the little girl still hugging his legs was already about six to seven years old. It was impossible for the girl to be his child.

Matteo chuckled sheepishly to hide his awkwardness.

“Haha, I’m just messing with you. Then tell me, whose child is this? Why did you guys suddenly bring her here?”

“Matt, don’t you recognize her? She’s Ms. Fischer’s daughter. Her father is sick and no one can take care of her at the moment. We were on a trip and visited him, and he asked us to bring her along with us,” explained Vivian.

At that, Matteo lowered his gaze once again to look closely at the girl. Only then did he realize that the child’s features looked very much like Willow’s.

Matteo sighed, remembering the late woman who used to take care of them when they were younger. His heart sank as the grief of her death weighed it down.

After a few seconds, Matteo bent down and picked the girl up in his arms.

“Don’t get me wrong. I’m not here to see you. We’re here to see Momma,” said Natalie.

“Momma?” Matteo asked, puzzled.

“Yeah, Momma Ichika. But we were already on the plane when we found out Momma has gone to Jetroina and is taking care of the baby in her tummy, so she can’t take care of me. That’s why Vivi brought me here.”

“Yep! Convenient!” Vivian said in a straightforward manner.

It truly was convenient for her. To go to Avenport, they had to make a stop at Pollerton. When Sasha informed them that Ichika had not yet returned, they decided to just stay in Pollerton instead.

Besides, Vivian wanted to see Ian too.

To her pleasant surprise, Matteo was there as well.

Vivian was overjoyed. Despite the fact that she was already eighteen, she felt like a small child again when sandwiched between the two young men. The entire way, Vivian carried six-year-old Natalie while Kurt pushed them out of the airport on a suitcase.

Seeing the image, Matteo shook his head at Kurt disapprovingly. “At this rate, you’re going to spoil her.”

Kurt did not say a word.

After a moment of silence, the young man turned his emotionless face toward Vivian and asked, “Do you have a problem with that?”

Matteo’s mouth dropped to the ground.

This guy is really something!

The four of them made their way to where Ian was staying.

When the door of the apartment opened, Ian was dumbfounded by the sight of the four of them. He froze at the doorway and gaped at them in disbelief, forgetting what he was supposed to be doing.

It was only after Susan heard the commotion did she walk over.

“My gosh! Matteo, Vivi, and Kurt? What are all of you doing here? Why didn’t you give us a heads-up? I didn’t prepare anything for you guys.” Upon seeing the four of them, Susan was taken aback as well.

“You don’t have to prepare anything for us, Aunt Susan. We’re all family. There’s no need to be so courteous.”

Vivian waved her hand dismissively before waltzing into the apartment as if it were her own.

Kurt followed from behind.

It didn’t take him long to notice a weight dragging him down. Lowering his gaze, he saw a child hugging his leg and staring at him with puppy eyes and a pout on her face.

“Kurt, why didn’t anyone welcome me? Do they not like me?”

Her pitiful voice melted everyone’s heart instantly.

Kurt stared at the girl quietly.

Just as he was about to explain, a huge silhouette appeared beside him. Seeing that Natalie had her arms wrapped around someone’s legs again, he bent down and picked her up.

“Aunt Susan, come here. Let me introduce you to the kid Vivian and Kurt picked up from the roadside along the way.” Matteo grinned.

“Huh?”

“Matt, what are you talking about? She’s—”

All of a sudden, Natalie burst into tears.

Giant teardrops escaped her pair of lovely eyes and rolled down her smooth cheeks, dropping onto the ground with a splat. She flailed her arms and looked aggrieved.

Susan did not know whether to laugh or cry.

She quickly went over to Matteo and carried Natalie into her arms, not forgetting to scold Matteo. “Matteo, you went too far. She’s just a child. You startled her.”

“Heh, I was just kidding…” Matteo chuckled awkwardly.

“You are as thoughtless as I am.” Timothy eyed Matteo.

Timothy's words managed to shut Matteo up.

Ian stood at the side and eyed the situation in silence as well.

After a long while of comforting and coaxing, Natalie finally stopped crying. Once she had calmed down, she trotted over to Ian, who posed the least danger.

"Do you like me, Ian?"

The adorable little girl ran into Ian's room. Seeing that he was working, she went over and rested her head on his desk. She then looked at him with her head tilted.

Ian glanced at the little girl.

She truly resembled her mother. Even though her facial features were still of a child, one could tell she was a real belle.

"Go play outside." Ian did not answer her question but shoed her away casually instead.

Natalie did not budge.

She kept staring at Ian while maintaining her position, mesmerized by his clean features. Out of the blue, a drop of clear liquid dripped from her pink small mouth and onto Ian's desk.

Splat!

Ian was dumbfounded.

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Chapter 1831

Natalie ended up lazing in Ian's room.

The fact was that she was afraid of Matteo. He was tall and looked like he enjoyed playing pranks on others. Hence, whenever she went out and saw him, she was always afraid that he might lift her up again.

Hence, she sat on Ian's couch and played obediently.

Meanwhile, Susan was cooking outside. Since there were suddenly so many guests, she became busy.

Luckily, Kurt was there to help.

“Kurt, I didn’t expect you to know how to cook! How impressive. Did you know that Timothy doesn’t know how to do anything? He just asks for everything that he needs. I wonder if he’ll starve to death in the future.”

Looking at Kurt, who was cutting the vegetables skillfully, she was surprised and envious.

A smile formed on Kurt’s lips.

Naturally, he knew how to cook after training at SteelFort for a few years. The training was not just limited to combat—survival skills were taught as well.

Furthermore, he had a glutton with him; thus, there was no way that he would not know how to cook.

Kurt tried his best to help Susan prepare the food.

“Time to eat! After we are done, let’s take a look at Ian’s project.” Matteo was always optimistic. When he saw that the food was served, he ran to Ian’s room.

When Natalie saw him, she shuddered in fear. She ran away from the couch and crawled into Ian’s arms.

Ian was speechless.

Matteo complained, “What’s wrong with her? Why does she always run to you whenever she sees you, but treat me like I’m a ghost?”

Ian replied, “All right, let’s go out and eat.”

Then, he pushed his big-built brother out of his room and pulled Natalie out of his arms.

With his large figure, Matteo would undeniably intimidate children. Since he had been in the military school for quite some time, he was very strong and muscular. Furthermore, he was a prankster.

On the other hand, Ian did not train so intensely due to his health and was much thinner. His introverted personality made him seem more approachable too.

However, this was only Natalie’s perspective. Any other person would think that Ian was cold and aloof whenever they saw him.

“Let’s go and eat,” instructed Ian calmly as he gazed at Natalie.

While being carried by him, Natalie blinked her large, watery eyes.

“Can I sit with you? Kurt is definitely sitting next to Vivian, so I can’t sit there. There’s also Matteo and the other dude...” Natalie pouted as she revealed a fearful expression.

Is she serious?

The veins on Ian’s temples throbbed.

However, left with no choice, he could only take Natalie out.

Susan asked, “Huh? Is she with you all this while? It’s no wonder I didn’t hear anything.”

When she brought the food out and saw Ian bringing Natalie out, she was very surprised. She walked over and stroked her tiny head.

“Your name is Nat, right?”

“Yeah!”

When Natalie saw how gentle Susan was, she immediately took a liking to her.

Susan asked, “Do you want to sit with me? He might not know how to take care of you.”

She pointed at Ian, who had never taken care of anyone.

Natalie looked at both of them.

A handsome big brother or a gentle big sister... Never mind! I’ll fill my tummy first before playing with him.

Natalie allowed Susan to carry her away obediently. The meal ended in a fun and lively exchange between those young men and young ladies.

After eating, Ian agreed to take them to the project area.

Hence, the whole gang left enthusiastically.

“Ian, how’s the project looking? Are you going to turn everything into a commercial district?” asked Vivian since she was quite knowledgeable about businesses.

Ian passed her a blueprint.

“It’s going to look like this for now, but I want the surroundings to form a business ring. That’s how we can maximize profit. So, we’ll wait and see how things turn out after business starts.”

“That’s possible. But do you want to add something more unique?”

Vivian suddenly made a suggestion after receiving Ian’s blueprint—a contrast to her usual carefree personality.

What? Something unique?

Ian glanced at her. Matteo, who was driving in the front, and Kurt in the front seat also turned around simultaneously.

“What do you mean?”

“Like classical architecture, you know? The show that I organized in Elysium, Yorksland, helped the place to shoot to popularity. We can look for something similar to that,” reminded Vivian.

Everyone had to admit that among the triplets, Vivian was the most naturally gifted in terms of business. In short, she had inherited the good genes from both Sasha and Sebastian.

A smart man like Ian immediately understood what she meant. Ideas started surfacing in his mind rapidly.

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Chapter 1832

He was not as talented as Vivian since his strength was in the area of research. However, with his highly intelligent brain, he understood her idea immediately.

Soon, he came up with a strategy.

“Are you talking about an international modeling competition?”

When Susan heard that idea, her mouth fell agape in shock.

Isn’t that too much? This is only a small project. Is there a need to spend so much?

However, when Ian raised that idea, all the others agreed unanimously, especially Vivian.

“That’s a good idea! We can leverage the Hayes Corporation brand and organize a large-scale modeling competition! This building will have its first headline.”

“Sounds reasonable,” agreed Kurt.

Matteo and Timothy did not even need to say anything. They merely followed the majority’s opinion.

Half an hour later, everyone arrived at the building and Ian brought them on a tour around the place. After ensuring that the project was feasible, he would have to consult Sebastian.

Since Solomon had not returned, Sebastian was in charge of the final decision.

Indeed, when Sebastian, who was all the way at Jadeborough, heard that idea, he thought that it was quite good. However, he changed it a bit—the international modeling competition could just be for clout. They could just invite a few international models, while the rest of the participants could be locals.

The Hayes Corporation would host the competition. They could announce that that place would be the origin of Hayes’ first foray into the fashion industry.

“Oh my God! Daddy is like a god.” Vivian was extremely impressed by Sebastian when she heard the final plan.

Ian and the rest immediately changed the strategy at the office. Since it was almost time for the opening ceremony, almost everyone played a part in it.

Vivian offered, “I’ll be responsible for contacting the supermodels. Lady Adalyn can help me with that.”

Matteo said, “I’ll be in charge of rebuilding the place. If this is the final plan, we must redo the surroundings and extend it by a few more kilometers.”

Kurt chimed in, “I’ll take charge of safety! You can leave the entire project to me.” He was the most ambitious.

Ian patted his shoulder gratefully and passed him the contact details of the captain of the security team.

As for Susan and Timothy, their task was to contact the competitors. After all, they had studied there for a long time.

After returning home, Timothy scratched his head and asked, "Susan, who should we look for?"

Susan glanced at her school, which was nearby. She thought about it and said, "I wonder if there's anyone from our school who'd be willing to join."

"Our school?"

"Yeah! We can invite anyone to join the modeling competition. It's somewhat like a talent show. If that's the case, even students from our school are eligible."

Susan was smart enough to have understood the ingenuity of the plan instantly.

Timothy's eyes lit up.

Immediately, the siblings split up. Timothy was in charge of looking for guys, while Susan looked for girls.

"A modeling competition organized by the Hayes Corporation? Oh my God! I'm going! I'm so going!"

Amongst the girls, Zaylynn was the first to jump in excitement upon hearing the news.

If she was already so excited, the other girls would naturally be equally so.

Within one afternoon, Susan managed to find many people who wanted to join. She had a jolly good time looking at all of them, who were blessed with long legs and slender waists.

It was the same for the guys too.

Although Yasmin knew about the competition, she did not dare to say anything.

With her looks and figure, she was more than eligible to join the competition. However, she did not dare to do so. She felt like a clown that had been dragged to a dark corner, hidden from the light forever. She could only enviously watch the other girls grab that rare opportunity.

"Why aren't you going, Yasmin? You've got such a good figure. If you sign up, you'll definitely be selected!" A voice rang out from behind.

She immediately turned around and looked at the student council secretary, who had approached her.

"I..."

“You don’t dare to go? If you’re scared, I’ll accompany you there. This is an amazing chance. Although I know that your dream is to become a top financial planner, winning Hayes Corporation’s modeling competition is also a shortcut to success!” stated the student council secretary directly.

The secretary was right. This was the easiest shortcut to reach success.

If the Hayes Corporation truly had an intention to expand into the modeling industry, it would be influential enough to secure a huge market. The model who won the competition would definitely become famous. When that time came, she would be drowning in invitations.

There was no one definite path to success. Many people would realize that their route to success would not be the same route that they had dreamed of initially.

Hence, this would not conflict her dream at all.

However, Yasmin lowered her gaze despondently.

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1833

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 1833

“No, I don’t like it.”

With that, she left with her head still bowed.

Seeing that, the student council secretary had no choice but to sigh and walk away.

Yasmin quickly returned to her dorm. To her surprise, she received a message on her phone immediately upon returning.

Anonymous: I want you to attend that competition.

Crash!

Her phone fell to the ground. She glared at it in utter terror, as if she had just encountered a ghost.

Feelings of fear, shock, and disbelief were written on her face immediately.

Why? Didn't I already delete him? Why can he still contact me? How did he infiltrate my phone?

Shuddering, she stood there for more than a minute, completely paralyzed. It was like something terrifying like a plague or a vicious demon was lying on the floor instead of her phone.

She wished for nothing more than to smash it into pieces.

In reality, she did that. However, when she stepped on the phone, it started blaring loudly. There was nothing more despairing than this.

Oh god, is there no way out of this?

In the end, she picked the phone up with a despondent look and placed it against her ear robotically.

"What are you doing, Yasmin? Do you think that you can cut off contact with us just like that? Let me tell you this. From the moment you contacted us, you will never be able to get rid of us. Don't even think of escaping us!" reminded the person viciously over the phone. Every word was like a venomous snake sinking its fangs into her flesh, causing her to shudder in fear.

However, she was at her wits end.

"Yasmin, don't forget that you've got blood on your hands. Someone died. Although you didn't kill the person personally, you're involved in every step. You can't prove yourself innocent anymore," he continued harshly.

Yeah! There is no way I can wash the blood off my hands. It looks like I can only follow them to hell now!

"What... What do you want to do? Ian's siblings are here. There's no chance for you to kill Susan and her brother!"

"That's why I'm making you join the competition," revealed the person sinisterly. "Let me tell you this—Sebastian's eldest son has a mental illness. Sebastian sent him to the University of Pollerton and made him in charge of the Hayes Corporation's project in order to train him. If Ian ruins the project, what will happen to him?"

"I'm really looking forward to this. If someone dies, it'll be even more entertaining!" added that vicious man.

Immediately, Yasmin felt like darkness was engulfing her again as she stood in her room. She smashed her phone onto the ground and shrieked shrilly.

She finally understood how despair and fear felt like—once she stepped into the abyss of darkness, there would be no path of return.

The next day arrived.

After all their effort yesterday, those who stayed in the apartment completed their tasks exceptionally. The next step was to continue with their own duties.

“My task is to design clothes today. Within a week, I’ll finish designing all their outfits.”

“Sure!”

On the temporary meeting table, which had been repurposed from the dining table in the apartment, everyone started reporting their work progress before even having breakfast.

Ian, who was in charge of the project, was pleased when he heard about Vivian’s progress.

It was Matteo next. “I’ve already found a renovation team. After your side is done with the blueprint, we can start work immediately.”

“My security system is almost done too. I can ensure that not even a fly can escape my eyes.” Kurt handed his blueprint up too. If he was the one in charge of security, the outcome would undoubtedly be good.

As the top assassin of SteelFort, this was a piece of cake for him.

Ian glanced at Timothy and Susan. While Timothy did not make much progress and had only found a few guys, Susan produced a long list of names.

Vivian exclaimed, “You’re so amazing, Aunt Susan! You managed to recruit so many people in such a short time! Who are they?”

“Some are my schoolmates. When they heard that the Hayes Corporation is organizing a modeling competition, everyone was so excited that they raced to sign up. Another portion of them is made up of less popular celebrities whom the Neal family had recommended to me.”

After Susan introduced the first list, she whipped out another one.

Wow, celebrities!

Everyone’s eyes lit up.

If there were celebrities joining, the competition would definitely attract more attention. The building and the business district surrounding it would be even more popular as well.

Everyone glanced at Susan, admiring her intelligence.

Ian was gazing at her too, not concealing the look of approval that was showing in his eyes.

Since everyone was done with their preparations, the next step was to start working on them. After eating breakfast, they all left. There was only Ian, who was the chief in charge of the project, and the six-year-old Natalie left in the apartment.

They just stared at each other for a while...

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Chapter 1834

"Don't worry, Ian. I'm a very easy baby. You don't need to feed or coax me. Just bring me along with you wherever you go!"

When the six-year-old girl saw Ian frowning, she immediately carried her bag, ran to the entrance, and waited for him.

I'm so obedient, he'll definitely bring me along!

In the end, Ian brought her along and arrived at the building half an hour later.

"Oh my God! Where did this little girl come from? She's so pretty!" exclaimed Yvonne and the rest in shock when they saw Natalie.

Looking at the lady pinching her cheek, Natalie flashed a sweet smile at her.

"I'm Natalie, Ian's little sister. In the future, I'm going to be his wife!"

"W-What?" When she said that, everyone in the building was dumbfounded.

Meanwhile, the water in Ian's mouth spurted out in the office.

"What are you talking about, Natalie? Who allowed you to spout such nonsense?"

"I'm not saying nonsense! When I grow up, my dream is to become your wife, Ian. Daddy said that it is possible. As long as I try my best, I can definitely become your wife."

With that, the cute little girl stared at Ian with her head tilted to the side. Drool came dribbling down her mouth again.

Yvonne and the rest doubled over in laughter, unable to control themselves.

Indeed, Natalie seemed like a child who was raised by an eccentric guy like Brandon. Furthermore, there were photos of him, a huge celebrity, and his daughter published occasionally. It was obvious that he doted on her greatly.

Rumors had it that because his daughter loved to draw, he just lay there and let her tie his hair, apply lipstick to him, and even paint his nails...

It was no wonder that he had raised a daughter who wanted to marry Ian.

Meanwhile, Ian fumed at the side.

When Vivian and Kurt returned at noon, he made a huge fuss and urged them to send Natalie back to Jadeborough.

Vivian asked, "Why? I've got so much work to deal with now. The models will be arriving soon!"

Yvonne explained, "Ms. Vivian, this little girl declared right in front of everyone that her dream is to become your brother's wife!"

"Yeah! Hahaha!"

Everyone could not help but burst out laughing again.

Vivian muttered, "Um..."

Kurt was speechless.

After a long while, Vivian scratched her head.

"So you already found out, huh? Ian, this is all Uncle Brandon's fault. She has been pasting your photo above her cot since young."

"She was willing to come over for your sake," added Kurt calmly.

The building was so quiet that they could hear a pin drop. At that moment, everyone fell silent, their gazes flitting between Ian and Natalie.

They completely ignored Ian's extremely grim expression.

What a bloody mess!

Furious, Ian sent a message to Sasha and scolded Brandon for his failure in educating his child.

Sasha was speechless. A few seconds passed before she finally replied to his message.

Sasha: Ian, Brandon did that because Nat was diagnosed with lymphoma when she was three and almost lost her life. To motivate her and encourage her to continue with her treatment, he mentioned you.

Ian: Me?

Sasha: Yeah! Because you were born prematurely, so your health wasn't that great. Furthermore, since your blood type is special, your father had to take a helicopter to search for hospitals multiple times just to save you.

Sasha: By using you as an example, Brandon hoped to encourage her to continue living. After she emerged victorious from the battle against her illness, she has been treating you as her idol.

Sash revealed this hidden past to Ian and even sent a few photos from back then.

Ian fell silent after seeing the photos.

Natalie was curling up on the bed like a weak little kitten. Her face was deathly pale and her eyes were shut. Even her nose was filled with all sorts of pipes.

"She's just a little kid. At six years old, she doesn't know what being a wife means! Don't be angry, Ian. She's just fooling around like a child," assured Vivian at the most critical moment.

She glanced outside the office and saw Natalie completely engrossed in playing with a little dog, her butt poking out.

In the end, Ian decided to ignore this matter. He lowered his head and scrutinized the first batch of name lists.

Yasmin Snow?

When he saw the last name, a menacing look immediately appeared over his initially relaxed expression.

Ian: Why is Yasmin's name here?

Susan: Huh?

Perhaps Susan was busy, she did not react immediately.

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Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 1835

When Ian noticed that, he sent a photo of the name list gloomily. Even through the phone, his fury and displeasure were glaringly obvious.

Susan was at a loss for words.

How should I explain this? Since that student council secretary specially approached me, I can't possibly refuse. What happened between Yasmin and me hasn't been publicly revealed yet.

When Susan read the message on the screen, she could already imagine Ian's furious expression. Not knowing how to reply to him, she sent a few words back.

Susan: The school recommended her.

Ian: So what?

Susan: Ian, no one know about our conflict yet. If you contact the school and force her to withdraw from the competition, she might see me in a bad light again.

Susan's last sentence had a pleading note.

Yeah! That's what I'm the most afraid of. I can already feel that Yasmin's state of mind has changed drastically. Sometimes, I'm even terrified by her. At the Neal residence the other time, she approached Timothy directly!

Susan just hoped that everything would become peaceful again.

Ian read the message in the building. Although there was still some lingering anger within him, he could sense her pleading tone. Hence, he did not say anything else.

At that moment, Kurt arrived.

“Kurt, I want you to keep an eye on someone.”

“Who?”

Kurt was a bit surprised. From his impression, it was rare for Ian, who had a very calm and rational personality, to want to keep an eye on someone so warily.

He picked up the name list.

“Yasmin Snow?”

“Yeah, she’s Duncan’s elder sister. After realizing that Susan and Timothy were from the Limmer family, she has been acting shady in the dark. She’s already responsible for someone’s death.” Ian did not hide anything from Kurt.

When Kurt heard that, he was in disbelief.

So it’s her! Is this Uncle Sebastian’s true objective in asking me to come here? Does he want me to bait all these people?

The intelligent man immediately understood.

Nodding, he memorized Yasmin’s name and face. Soon, he left.

By the time night fell, the few of them had returned to the apartment. However, Vivian soon noticed that Kurt had not come back yet.

“Where’s Kurt? Why hasn’t he returned?”

“I think he’s still dealing with the security system. Hey, you’re too much. Why aren’t you showing concern for me? I didn’t even manage to take a sip of water after coming back,” complained Matteo while answering her question. He had just returned to the apartment as well.

Vivian blushed.

Just when she was about to pour some water for Matteo, she spotted a pair of tiny hands. Natalie placed a cup of water in front of Matteo before turning around and dashing away.

“Huh? Nat?”

“Wow! It’s Nat! You love me the most, don’t you? Come here and let me give you a hug!”

Natalie had already hidden behind Ian. When Matteo saw her, he quickly beckoned her to come over. However, she was unwilling to do that.

Grabbing Ian's shirt, she poked her head out and snuck a peek at Matteo carefully before hiding again.

"Hahaha!"

Matteo was taken with how adorable she was. His heart softened as he stood up from the chair and walked over, wanting to carry Nat over.

"No! I don't want him to carry me! Ian, save me!" screamed Natalie before snuggling into Ian's arms, as if Matteo was a beast.

This made Matteo unhappy.

He stared at Natalie gloomily. "This is so weird. Do I look very scary? Why is she so scared of me?"

"You don't look scary. It's just that your actions are! Nat is still a child. How can you be so violent? If you want to have a good relationship with her, you need to be gentle and coax her," analyzed Vivian.

When Matteo heard that, he slapped his forehead in realization and quickly took out something from his pocket.

"Come here, Nat. Look at what this is! If you come here, I'll let you play with it."

Still clinging to Ian, Natalie glanced at him.

What's that? Is that a toy?

In the end, Natalie allowed Matteo, who was as tall as a skyscraper to her, to carry her. She sat on his lap and started playing with a robot he had brought from the building.

Time passed quickly. Soon, it was time for the building's opening. Everyone was done with their preparations as well. The media reporters who had heard about it quickly rushed over.

"Even the reporters are here. Seems like today's event will be big." When Ian received the news, he specially summoned Kurt over to his room and told him that.

A calm expression hung on Kurt's face.

Actually, he wanted to ask Ian something. The main event for today is the project he's in charge of. Why is he constantly thinking about that issue? What is he really focusing on?

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Chapter 1836

"Don't worry. I've already made all the necessary preparations. Every single one of Yasmin's actions will not escape my eyes," assured Kurt.

Ian heaved a sigh of relief upon hearing that. After getting ready, he left with Kurt following behind him.

"Kurt, thanks in advance for today. I just received a call saying that Zaylynn's father will be bringing some government officials over. The event will be on an extremely grand scale! In that case, security will have to be tighter as well."

To Kurt's surprise, he bumped into Susan after coming out. She had not left yet.

Stopping in his tracks, Kurt casually glanced at Ian, who had just entered the car, then back at Susan.

"It's fine. The preparations are all done. I've even arranged for some people to come all the way from Oceanic Estate. There won't be a single hiccup."

"Good." Susan felt relieved when she heard that.

Carrying the box on the ground, she walked alongside Kurt and said, "Ian's project is very important. Nothing bad must happen."

"Why?"

"This is his first assignment after he made his first step into society. Both of us know what his personality is like. It has not been easy for him to reach this stage."

Susan gazed at the car waiting for them in front. As she stood there, a gentle look appeared in her eyes—like a light breeze rippling the surface of a tranquil lake.

It was as if the only person that she could see at that moment was Kurt sitting in the car. However, she did not even notice that.

Kurt smirked and averted his gaze.

“Don’t worry. I won’t let anything happen to him.”

And you too.

However, Kurt did not say the last part.

Soon, everyone arrived at the building. The greatly anticipated ceremony and the modeling competition were finally unveiled in front of a huge crowd...

“I’m so nervous! So many people came today. Those famous models are really here!”

“Yeah! There are even celebrities. The Hayes Corporation is really capable. We must seize this golden opportunity!”

“Yeah!”

The other models in the building’s dressing room discussed excitedly with each other, especially Zaylynn and the rest.

Since it was such a grand event, they were naturally very thrilled.

Yasmin was in the dressing room too.

While she sat there and listened to their discussion, her fingers turned cold.

“Miss, you’re too nervous! It’s not easy for me to do your makeup like this. Relax!” reminded the makeup artist when she noticed it.

Yasmin took a deep breath and forced herself to calm down.

After much difficulty, her makeup was done and the next step was to pick her clothes. The models filed out of the room and headed to the other changing room.

“Yasmin, here’s our strategy. Sebastian’s daughter will be in charge of the changing room in the front. She’s responsible for all the models’ clothes. Your mission is to stir up some trouble there.”

“What did you say?” shrieked Yasmin in shock when she heard that.

Are those devils crazy? How dare they target Sebastian’s daughter? Aren’t they afraid that they’ll die a horrible death?

She froze in her tracks. Lifting the hem of her dress, she rushed to a quiet place. She suppressed her fury and demanded, "What are you planning to do? Our target is Susan and no one else!"

"I know. But doing this is for the sake of targeting Susan."

"What do you mean?"

"If something bad happens to Sebastian's daughter in this event, Ian will undoubtedly be greatly affected. Once both of his children are harmed, what will Sebastian do? He'll naturally be furious. By then, he won't defend Susan and Timothy anymore. After all, he entrusted Ian to both of them personally. Without Sebastian's protection, we can kill them anytime we want!" gloated the person menacingly over the phone.

That was their final plan—to let someone else do the dirty work for them.

The most powerful force backing Susan and Timothy up was Sebastian and the Jadesons. If they could not ruin that connection, they would never be able to get Susan and Timothy.

Furthermore, if Ian was cast out of the picture, it would be easy for them to kill a twenty-one-year-old woman.

When the person on the phone thought about this plan's success, he laughed gleefully.

Yasmin's chest heaved rapidly.

She felt like she was on the verge of fainting. Her body felt even colder as if she had just been plunged into a terrifying abyss. Other than death, there was no other option.

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Chapter 1837

Why did I reply them back then? Why did I do that?

"Yasmin, are you in contemplation? It's okay if you're unwilling, we won't insist. But it's a good day today. There are so many reporters here too. I don't mind making this opening ceremony a lot more exciting."

"W-What do you mean?"

“You don’t understand what I mean? We have records of everything you’ve done.”

That demon then burst into maniacal laughter over the phone...

Yasmin felt her last shred of hope vanish into thin air.

Meanwhile, in the dressing room.

The place was Vivian’s turf, at least for that particular day.

A large portion of the designs was her works. And even though there were inclusions from other fashion designers she had invited, she was still the main person in charge. As such, upon arrival at the venue, the models were basically heeding her commands.

“Look, guys. That’s Ian’s sister. She’s not only pretty but is extremely capable too.”

“Exactly! She’s amazing!”

When Zaylynn and the others walked into the dressing room and saw Vivian buried in work, they all had astonishment and admiration filled their eyes.

Even Yasmin, who arrived later than the rest, was dazed momentarily at the sight of Vivian at a distance away.

She is very beautiful, indeed.

All along, Yasmin had been very confident about her appearance. She had received numerous compliments since she was a child. Furthermore, she had never encountered another girl who could win her in terms of looks.

But after meeting Vivian, she had to admit that the latter was much more gorgeous than herself.

Vivian had a perfect oval-shaped face with a pair of watery, black eyes that sparkled like gemstones. Despite the large crowd at the venue, she would still pull a sweet smile up on her face whenever someone called her. Her appearance was honestly a sight to behold.

“Vivi, should we run a round of rehearsal after everyone gets changed?”

Susan was inside too.

She was in charge of the order of the models’ entrance into the show. Therefore, there was a need for clear communication between Vivian and her to avoid making any possible blunders.

Turning around, Vivian nodded in acknowledgment after seeing that it was Susan.

“Yeah, Aunt Susan. It’s Ian’s first project; we can’t afford any mistakes. It’ll be great if we do some rehearsals before that.”

“All right.” Susan was totally for the idea.

With that, she led the models and headed into the dressing room. Meanwhile, Vivian stayed outside to watch the models, who had already got changed, do their rehearsal on the runway.

Just then, Yasmin walked over.

“Huh? Why haven’t you gotten changed?” Surprisingly, Vivian spotted her presence despite the crowd in the area.

At once, Yasmin stopped in his tracks.

“I... I...”

“Oh gosh. You have what it takes to be a model. You have a great figure and sharp facial features. Which team are you in?”

Vivian grabbed onto her tightly, and after closely observing her from head to toe professionally, the former’s eyes glistened like the stars at night. Without hesitation, she inquired about Yasmin’s team.

In truth, her reaction was just like any other designer. While they were particular about designing clothing, finding a good model was also something they highly coveted.

The turn of events was, unquestionably, out of Yasmin’s imagination, leaving her slightly bewildered. Before she could try to say anything, the naive and enthusiastic girl in front of her asked her assistant to bring over an outfit.

“Hey, babe. Here you go! This dress is the flagship design of my entire collection. You shall put this on!”

It turned out that Vivian wanted to let her put on the best piece of work.

Yasmin stood rooted to the ground, unsure how she should feel at that moment.

Nonetheless, having exchanged gazes with that pair of beautiful eyes filled with hope and affirmation, she suddenly had one thought pervaded her mind—she must not hurt her!

“What’s wrong with you? Do you not like this?” Vivian had no idea that the young lady before her was her biggest threat. Seeing her lost in deep thought, she showered her with concern.

“If you don’t like it, I-”

“No, I do. I like it very much!” Yasmin finally broke her silence and quickly grabbed the dress over from Vivian’s grip.

“But I don’t know how to put this on. Can you help me with it?”

“Of course, that’s not a problem,” Vivian agreed to it readily.

And so, the two of them headed toward the dressing room together.

As it was the first time Yasmin was removing her clothes in the presence of someone else, she was a little embarrassed and nervous that she seemed slightly hesitant to make a move.

“Don’t worry. I’m a lady too, and I can promise you that there are no pinhole cameras in the dressing room. No one will infringe your privacy,” Vivian thoughtfully reassured in a sweet voice.

Yasmin lowered her gaze, and a slight blush spread across her cheeks.

“Great.” She then proceeded to take her clothes off.

Wow. What a perfect figure indeed. Every measurement hits the golden ratio.

Vivian was over the moon. She was so engrossed in waiting for Yasmin to put on the dress that she did not realize strange noises sounding from the dressing room next to hers.

Click! Clack!

It was a crisp sound of something breaking.

After someone gasped in shock, the crowd outside instantly cast their fear-filled gazes toward the direction of the dressing room. At the same time, a black figure dashed in from outside.

“Oh, my gosh. What happened? Why will this dressing room suddenly collapse?”

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Chapter 1838

"I don't know. Did someone fall?"

"No. It's merely a mannequin." Someone in the crowd suddenly made that comment.

A mannequin?

Yasmin's expression turned ghastly upon hearing that.

Naturally, she knew the reason why that dressing room had collapsed. Otherwise, she would not have brought Vivian to another dressing room instead.

But why a mannequin?

A bad feeling slowly crept up within her. Instead of getting done with changing into the dress, she parted the curtains and peeked out.

And like what she had expected, there was a commotion outside.

However, it was not as chaotic as she had thought. Many in the crowd were instead casting their curious gazes at the dressing room.

At that moment, a tall, slender silhouette appeared in the dressing room.

Is that... Ian?

She felt her heart skip a beat.

Unexpectedly, it was not Ian. When she caught sight of that person who walked out from inside after taking care of the mess created in that dressing room, she realized it was an unfamiliar face whose features were nowhere inferior to that of Ian.

And Yasmin was, again, struck in awe by the youth's appearance.

He had a pair of beautiful almond-shaped eyes that sparkled like how a porcelain lamp would. However, he was dripping with an exceptional cold and distant aura.

As the youth apathetically swept his gaze across the surrounding, the girls around could instantly sense a menacing hostility enveloping the atmosphere, leaving them not daring to make another sound.

Who is this young man? He's so good-looking!

"Oh, Kurt? Why are you here?" While everyone was in awe, Vivian's line of vision also landed on that young man and immediately came running out, surprised.

Well, the young man was none other than Kurt.

While Yasmin continued to watch the situation in the dressing room, she noticed how the threatening aura that the youth was exuding toned down as soon as Vivian made her way out. His expression turned more tender-looking as he quietly watched the young lady approach.

"I came over to take a look. Anyway, you guys didn't set up one of the dressing rooms properly."

"Is that so?"

Hearing that, Vivian walked behind him to take a look. Upon finding that there was a big hole formed after the inside of that particular dressing room collapsed, she jumped in shock.

"Oh gosh. Thankfully we didn't go to that dressing room. Phew, how fortunate." She patted her chest as she heaved a sigh of relief.

Kurt merely grunted a reply before he continued scanning through the area with his cold gaze that ultimately landed in Yasmin's direction.

The intense exchange of gazes threw Yasmin off her composure. She could not help but suck in a sharp breath and shuddered uncontrollably in front of that youth. Her heart nearly fell out of her chest in that instant.

It was so bone-chilling Yasmin felt her mind in a complete blank for a moment.

"All right. Since everything has been resolved, you should head outside first. It's all girls here, so I doubt it's very convenient for you to stick around." Vivian tried to shove Kurt out of the room.

Her words seemed to have pulled those models, who were enraptured by the handsome youth, back into reality. In that split second, what followed after a scream was those girls covering their chest with their arms while their faces flushed red in embarrassment.

Kurt was a little taken aback by the situation.

In the end, he was dragged out of the room.

Subsequently, Vivian darted back inside. "I'm sorry for the slight mishap. Let's continue getting changed."

Yasmin seemed to have yet recovered from the situation earlier. "O-Okay..."

Regardless, she followed Vivian back into the dressing room.

But then, she could no longer be as calm and composed as earlier when she looked at her reflection in the mirror.

Who exactly is that young man? And why would there be a mannequin in that dressing room? According to the plan, I should be bringing Vivian into the dressing room, and we'll be the ones falling in. But why would there be a mannequin inside?

Those thoughts only further fueled Yasmin's uneasiness.

"Erm... M-Ms. Vivian, can I ask you something? Who's that guy earlier?"

"Him? He's my family. We grew up together since young," Vivian casually revealed Kurt's identity.

But as soon as her words fell, she saw Yasmin quivering in front of her.

Grew up with her since young? Could it be... Could it be that he's the personal bodyguard of this young lady of the Hayeses? And that means he's the top assassin of SteelFort those people have been mentioning? So, Lucy, Elizabeth, Colton, and the others have all died at this guy's hands?

Yasmin's mind was in an utter mess.

Right then, a voice rang out from the micro earpiece hidden in her ear.

"Yasmin! You're amazing, huh? How dare you do that again? Are you tired of living?"

Yasmin did not respond.

"Fine. Just you wait. I'll settle scores with you again." Finishing that, that person switched off the transmitter.

"Hey, what's on your mind? I've put on the outfit for you. I have to head outside to watch the other girls rehearse. Go look for my assistant to get your hair set."

After putting the dress on Yasmin, Vivian was preparing to head outside.

To her surprise, just as she turned around, Yasmin vehemently grabbed onto her arm.

“No, you can’t. Don’t go anywhere. G-Go and look for the young man from earlier. Where is he? Stay by his side. Hurry!” It was the first time Yasmin had ever lost control of her emotions.

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Chapter 1839

Yasmin grabbed onto Vivian’s wrist firmly. At that moment, she finally found her conscience after evil and darkness devoured her entire soul.

Puzzlement swamped the latter as she stared intently at Yasmin.

Snap! Right then, the lights in the dressing room suddenly grew dim following that sound.

“Aaaahh!” the girls at the venue shrieked in horror.

Similarly, Vivian looked up above her head in shock. Within a second, just as she felt someone grab her wrist and pull her out, she also felt a pair of hands pushing her from the back.

Following that, a clattering noise resonated through the air. Outside Vivian’s line of vision, a massive black hole appeared. This time, the young lady standing behind her fell straight into it.

Nobody liked darkness, to be honest.

Unfortunately, it was too late.

When the lights lit up again, Vivian saw Kurt right before her. The youth had made his appearance again, and this round, hugging her in his arms. Turning around, she instantly fell into a daze when she saw that there was not a single soul in the dressing room.

“Where is she?”

“Someone took her to get her makeup and hair done. Don’t worry,” Kurt gently comforted her while hugging her.

With that, Vivian felt at ease. In the blink of an eye, she pulled herself together and devoted her attention to the fashion show that had yet to conclude.

Little did she know that in the building where the fashion show was taking place, an opening ceremony was happening concurrently and was under the attention of various media outlets and many audiences. And not too far away, there was an abandoned, old house. Inside, Kurt sat on a stone bench expressionlessly as someone was being thrown in.

“It’s him?”

“Yes!” Standing by the side, the SteelFort member bobbed his head after bringing in the last person.

Only then did Kurt raise his glance to look and walk over to that person slowly.

Throughout it all, that person merely stared ahead numbly.

Even though he did not recognize Kurt, he felt an inexplicable fear surge inside him as the youth walked up to him. It was almost as if Kurt had the presence of Lucifer and was about to send him to meet his doom.

“W-What do you want from me?”

“What do you think?” Murderous intent filled Kurt’s eyes as he placidly threw a question back.

Suddenly, he reached his arm out as fast as lightning, grabbed onto that person’s chest, and forcefully smashed him toward the ground. Loud crunching sounds, similar to the ones heard in the dressing room earlier, resounded in the air.

That person’s ribs were crushed!

“Pfft!”

It was simply too horrifying.

Blood spewed out from that person’s mouth. Standing by the side, the two SteelFort members felt their scalp prickle and could barely breathe as they watched the scene.

Indeed. This rascal has got even more merciless.

The most frightening fact was that Kurt had no intentions of ending that person’s life. He wanted the latter to suffer in immense pain.

"I've underestimated you. I thought you only wanted Susan and her brother's life. But it seems like you're eyeing Vivian's too. Do you know what my bottom line is?"

Kurt stood up and pulled out a silk handkerchief to wipe the blood stains off his fingers. Then, he walked back and sat down again.

That person could not muster the strength to speak. Tremendous fear was over pouring from him.

Of course, there was no need for him to respond. The answer was clear—it was the naive little girl, Vivian.

That person shut his eyes in agony.

"What's his name?" Kurt gulped down a mouthful of water and finally popped that question.

"Maurice, a student of the University of Pollerton and the student council secretary. We've run a check, and he doesn't seem to have any connections to those people on the name list."

The SteelFort member brought over a document, which seemed like they had secured while capturing that person on the ground.

Kurt grabbed it and carefully looked through it.

It was the same name list. Oddly enough, several names on the list had been strung together and used to form a string of numbers. On one look, it made no sense at all.

Kurt had no reaction whatsoever.

"Hahaha! There's no need to look so thoroughly. There's no way you guys can figure out even if you guys are smart enough."

That person had finally managed to catch his breath and spoke rather brazenly, perhaps because he figured he was doomed.

Yet, things did not turn out that way. He was left disappointed as it only took Kurt one glance before he grabbed a pen and drew on it.

"Go look up for this latitude and longitude; find out what place this is."

"Got it." The members went to investigate without delay.

Several minutes later, they achieved findings.

“We found it. It’s also in Xenhall. But it’s on a mountain called Minnewell Hill.”

“Minnewell Hill?” Confusion flashed across Kurt’s eyes.

The blood-stained face of that person lying on the ground turned grim upon hearing the SteelFort member’s report.

“So, Xenhall used to be Eddie’s nest. If that’s so, there must be some secret hidden in it. Send this information to Mr. Hayes and get him to check what on earth is it about.” Kurt made a decision.

Beads of cold sweat began forming on the foreheads of the SteelFort members.

Isn’t that rascal a little too outrageous? It’s a task handed to him, yet now he’s instructing Mr. Hayes to investigate something? Does he have an idea who’s the boss here? And who’s the subordinate?

The two members were, undoubtedly, rendered speechless by Kurt!

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Chapter 1840

Nevertheless, the two SteelFort members had no choice but to pass the message in the end.

What left them utterly stunned was how they received news from Oceanic Estate within twenty minutes.

“Mr. Hayes says that place should be Eddie’s other military supply storehouse.”

“The other?” A frown formed between Kurt’s brows.

I remembered Karl mentioning the military supply storehouse. According to him, it should’ve been blown up in the underground tunnel during the battle back then. Why will there still be one here?

“Does that mean that he is a remnant of Eddie’s followers? And he’s going to make a comeback? Then why is he after Susan and Timothy? Aren’t they the grandchildren of Eddie?”

“Erm... that’s not it. Don’t get too agitated, Kurt. Mr. Hayes says this person probably only wants to seek revenge for his family.” The SteelFort member sounded a little awkward. He took out the phone and clicked open to show Kurt the information Sebastian sent.

Revenge?

Kurt was left completely puzzled until he took the phone over and saw the photo that revealed the true identity of that person before his eyes.

“Maurice White? His last name is White?”

“Yes. He’s the grandson of Alfred’s brother. Back then, after Alfred suffered a crushing defeat at the hands of Mr. Hayes, Eddie saw that there was no use for this pawn anymore. Afraid that Alfred would divulge his secrets, he got Elizabeth to poison them to death.”

“Poison them to death?” Kurt raised an eyebrow.

“That’s right. This child coincidentally was placed under his grandma’s care, and that was how he was lucky to escape death.”

Kurt’s face turned grim.

Without a doubt, he knew who Elizabeth was. He was, after all, the one who killed her.

Even if she has something to do with Eddie, she’s still Alfred’s wife. They even gave birth to Baylor. How could she be that ruthless?

Kurt shifted his gaze to Maurice again, who was barely alive after being badly whacked up by him earlier.

“So, your real motive is to avenge your family members?”

“I-Isn’t that the same? Aren’t those names on the list all die at Eddie’s hands? I merely gathered them together. I-Is there anything wrong with me killing Eddie’s descendants and taking his things?” Trembling involuntarily on the floor, he exerted all his energy to query his doubts.

Kurt went silent.

He could not find words to answer those questions. After all, Eddie was also his enemy whom he held a grudge with.

Back then, had he not colluded with Daphne in an attempt to usurp Elysium to make it his base, Daphne would not have bewitched his father to kill his heir, one after another.

It was first Calvin and Channing, then him.

That was why he could totally relate to that person when he mentioned boring a grudge.

But grudges aside, choosing to kill some other innocent people just because you wanted to seek revenge, what difference will that make of you from Eddie or Elizabeth?

Kurt returned the phone to the members beside him.

“Do you have any idea who killed Elizabeth?”

“Who?”

“Me!”

A silent pause ensued.

“Then, do you know what she did before I killed her back then?” Kurt kept his stoic expression as he continued to ask.

No words could come out of that person’s mouth. The words he heard seconds ago left him completely paralyzed, his brain unable to process anything.

He had been looking for Elizabeth all this while. It was a pity he could not find a trace of her throughout the years, and it was only until last year that he received news about her death.

He learned that she was killed by a mad youth.

Back then, that youth had charged toward Yartran and single-handedly wiped out all the nests Elizabeth occupied within a day. Eventually, he also annihilated that cunning woman personally.

Even at that point, he remembered every single detail of the incident.

Because of that incident, he had been hoping to meet that youth to show his appreciation for helping the White family seek their revenge.

“The last thing she did was kill her biological son just so that she could run away. And her son was none other than Susan’s father, Colton. Think about it—if she could bring herself to kill her son, she wouldn’t bat an eye on killing you?”

There was no response.

“In other words, Colton was actually a victim too. Why would you see him or his children as your target for revenge? He had never mentioned anything about his true identity to

his daughter. And because he tried to save Vivi from the snake venom, his mom killed him. Not everyone wants to be the devil in the darkness in this world, and he was one of them. He only wanted to live a normal life. Why did you not let them off?" It was rare of Kurt to advise anyone with such patience.

Perhaps, he did that because mentioning someone else's family tragedy reminded him of himself.

Laying on the floor, Maurice finally stopped saying anything.

He stared blankly at the ceiling. His face, probably because of too much blood lost, had turned as white as the dead, and as time elapsed, he slowly shut his eyes tight.

"Take him away." Kurt waved his hand as he figured the matter had been settled.

Shortly after, when he strode out from the deserted house, Matteo, who had brought people along with him, ran toward him.

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Chapter 1841

"So? Have you taken care of the matter at your end? I heard the person backing them up was the student council secretary in their school," Matteo asked.

"Mm, he's Maurice White, Alfred's grandson. What about Yasmin?" Kurt asked.

Matteo shrugged. "She's been sent to the hospital. She'll be fine. You've made a lot of preparations. Still, she must pay for what she has done."

"Mm." Kurt didn't deny it.

After that, both of them returned to the building and acted as though nothing had happened. They waited until the grand opening ceremony started and the fashion show ended before they went to find Ian.

"Wow, today's event was a great success! Look, everyone's talking about us on the internet."

"Yeah! We're trending!"

“Zaylynn, look, they’re all talking about you...”

That show had achieved unprecedented success. Even after it had ended, there were still people sticking around.

Ian was standing at a distance, staring at the scene.

It was his first time appearing in front of so many people. However, he was no longer afraid. His heart was currently filled with great joy that the success of the show had brought him.

Joy like that made everyone appear pleasant to his eyes.

Indeed, a person’s environment could change a person.

Susan was carrying a bunch of gifts. It was prepared by the models for the organizer to celebrate the success of the show, and they insisted on sending those gifts.

“Ian?” She approached him while panting.

She had wanted to ask him to help her out.

However, when she saw the joyous look in his eyes as he stared at the crowd, she stopped and quietly accompanied him from across.

Happiness filled her beautiful, watery black eyes.

Compared to the success of the show today, she was gladder that Ian had walked out of his solitude.

While that transition might not be complete yet, she still felt it was an achievement worth celebrating.

“Hmm? Why are you carrying so many things, Aunt Susan? You didn’t ask anyone for help? Ian? Where is he? Why isn’t he helping you carry these?” Matteo and Kurt approached her from behind.

They had come to help her out when they saw her carrying so many things at once.

It was then Susan returned to her senses.

“It’s all right. There aren’t that many things here. Oh yeah, where did the two of you go earlier? Why didn’t I see both of you?” she asked when she saw both of them approaching her.

Matteo vaguely mentioned that they had gone on a patrol.

As for Kurt, who was usually a taciturn person, he remained silent.

When all three of them reached the other side, Ian noticed them and swept his gaze across them and the items in their hands. "Where's Vivi?"

Before Susan could reply, Kurt suddenly put the gifts in his hands back to her, turned around, and left.

Once everyone cleaned things up and returned to the apartment, it was already evening.

"I got news about Yasmin. After she woke up, she called the police and turned herself in."

In the evening, one could see a magnificent view on the balcony of the apartment. The brilliant setting sun colored the sky, turning the scene into a splendor painting.

Kurt shoved his hands into his pockets and stared at the person watering the plants on the balcony. What's that flower?

He stared at that dog-tail-looking plant and didn't find it all that pleasing to the eye. Yet, the affluent young adult in front of him was willing to lower himself to water that plant.

"Is that so? What did she say?"

"She said she killed someone. A girl from the school. She admitted it," Kurt replied plainly.

The moment he finished, the person watering the plant stopped.

At her age, admitting to murder wouldn't lead to her getting a death sentence, but she would have to stay in prison for at least a decade.

Ian continued to water the plant and instructed calmly, "Tell my daddy to transfer a bit of money to the Snow family. It's better for her to sit in prison for a few years than be dead."

He didn't say anything about Yasmin being punished appropriately or celebrating it. Instead, he provided humanitarian aid to her family.

As for Yasmin herself, he was simply glad that she wasn't dead, and it was obvious from his tone.

Kurt pursed his lips silently and was about to head back to the living room when Ian asked, "I heard Maurice used the military supply storehouse buried by Eddie in Xenhall as bait. Is that true?"

“Yes.”

“Then are you heading there next?”

Kurt didn't expect him to ask that.

He stayed silent and turned to the woman playing with Natalie in the living room.

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Chapter 1842

“Don't worry. I won't tell her. I just want to remind you about it. If you're really heading there, you need to be careful,” Ian said.

“What do you mean?” Kurt turned back to him.

If one compared their intelligence, the difference would be apparent. However, everyone has their own strengths. For example, Kurt was great at setting up strategies and executing them.

As for Ian, he was good at analysis and deductions.

He had his father's mind. When the pieces were displayed on the board in front of him, he wouldn't make a move, but he would be able to notice important information hidden within quickly.

“That's Eddie's old nest. Daddy hasn't found it yet after searching for a long time. Why would Maurice know about it? How old was he when his family was poisoned to death? The secret was important, sure, but back then, the White family didn't expect they would be wiped out. So how did he know?” Ian laid out the analysis he conducted in his mind.

Kurt furrowed his eyebrows upon hearing that. “So you're saying that your daddy is asking me to destroy it so that no one can get it? Is that right?”

“Yes. That's why you need to be careful. I believe someone else is involved. They'll no doubt get the news that something happened to Maurice,” Ian reminded once again.

Kurt raised his eyebrow.

He didn't dwell on the matter. Instead, he was worried about Vivian after he left.

“What are you standing there for, Kurt? Help me find the beads! Nat accidentally scattered them on the floor.”

Both men were standing on the balcony when they heard an exclamation from the living room.

It was then followed by the sound of beads falling to the ground from the coffee table.

The beads were scattered everywhere.

Vivian was on the verge of tears.

She didn't care about much, but she cared a lot about her clothes-making material.

When Kurt saw that, he quickly went in to help her pick it all up.

The others helped too. Natalie was so shocked that she stood unmoving.

“What are you standing there for? Go to the side.” Matteo was bending down to pick up the beads when he saw the culprit remained standing on her spot. He picked her up and put her on the couch. That way, it would be more convenient for his huge body to move around and pick up the beads.

Natalie's watery, big eyes instantly turned red. Nobody likes me or welcomes me here!

She was hurt, and seeing that no one was paying attention to her as she sat on the couch with teary eyes, she pouted before running away.

Only when everyone gathered the beads did they realize Natalie was gone.

“Where's Nat? Where did she go?”

“Huh? I don't know.”

Everyone was confused.

In the end, it was Susan who noticed that a pair of small shoes had gone missing from the entrance.

Everyone began to panic as the sun had completely set. Without hesitation, they all immediately went out to find her.

Timothy said, “I'm blaming this on Matteo. She probably ran away because you picked on her.”

"I... I did?" Matteo wanted to deny it, but in reality, he couldn't remember if he had upset her.

That was because he liked to tease all kids.

"All right. Let's not talk about that for now and just find her. Oh yeah, Timothy, how about you try calling Zaylynn? Her family is familiar with the place and they know a lot of people. We can ask them for help," Susan said.

She suddenly thought about the Neal family.

Timothy immediately made a call.

Soon, the entire police force in the area moved out to search for Natalie.

"Do you want to join me, Matteo?" Susan intentionally invited him to join her. She could feel his anxiety when they split up to find Natalie.

"It's okay. I move faster than you. I can find her myself," he said and quickly left, which made Susan feel quite worried.

At that moment, Ian came by. He saw her staring at his little brother's back and pursed his lip. "He's just feeling guilty. That's why he's desperate to find her."

"Ian, you're here." Susan returned to her senses when she turned around and saw him.

She sighed and attempted to defend Matteo. "I know that, and it's why I'm worried. Matteo definitely didn't do it on purpose. He just likes to joke around with Nat. How can a cheerful guy like him be mad at a kid?"

Ian stared at her. This seems to be the first time I've heard what she thought about someone else, and it turns out to be my brother.

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Chapter 1843

Even in the dark of night, Ian could see her fondness for Matteo, especially when she mentioned the cheerful part. She had meant it genuinely.

Ian looked away and turned around.

Susan quickly caught up with him and walked by his side. "Where should we find her? This side?"

"No." His voice suddenly sounded cold.

Susan was a little confused by his sudden coldness. But since he had said that, she decided to follow behind him silently instead. When he turned right, she turned right too.

Did I say something wrong again? Oh my god!

Matteo finally found Natalie at the police station.

She was sitting on a chair, surrounded by a male and a female officer. In her hands was a giant lollipop, and she was enjoying it.

"What's your name, little girl?"

"Natalie." Her cute voice and the scent of the sweet softened the police officers' hearts.

They all found her name to be pleasing to the ear.

Just as Matteo let out a sigh of relief at finding her, a vein bulged on his forehead when he saw her sitting there and eating a lollipop casually.

Right as he was about to head in, a policewoman sat next to Natalie because she liked the girl very much.

"Tell us, Natalie. Why did you run away from home?"

"I didn't run away from home. It's because Daddy's sick."

"What did you say?"

That stunned everyone in the station. Even Matteo paused his steps when he was just about to go in.

Natalie continued, "Yeah. My daddy's sick, so I'm here. But now I want to go back. Can you take me home?"

She suddenly raised her head to stare at the policewoman. Tears swelled in her wide eyes.

The policewoman asked, "Why do you want to go back?"

“Because I miss Daddy...”

Tears streamed down Natalie’s cheeks as she lowered her head. The entire police station turned silent in an instant.

Matteo’s fists tightened.

Ever since he was a child, he had been an optimistic person. Even when he encountered many upsetting things in his life, he never let them affect his mood.

That was until the current moment.

He wasn’t sure what he was feeling.

There was guilt, but there was remorse and heartache, too.

Vivian had told him that when they went to pick up Natalie, Brandon called them because he learned that they were in Netheria for vacation.

It had been six years since Brandon left with the child and never returned to Avenport. Matteo couldn’t help but wonder how Brandon and Natalie had been living for the past six years.

He also wondered what would’ve happened to Natalie if Vivian and the others hadn’t gone to Netheria.

Matteo stood at the entrance and watched tears fall from Natalie’s eyes. At that instant, he really wanted to slap himself. What have I done?

“Nat, I’m here to pick you up.” He entered the police station after calming down.

However, when Natalie heard his voice, she was so frightened that she jumped into the policewoman’s embrace.

Matteo and the policewoman were speechless.

“No! I don’t want him! I don’t want...” Natalie cried out loud.

It made him feel even more at a loss.

The police asked, “Wait a second. Who are you? Why is this child so afraid of you? Are you really her family?”

“Yes, I’m her brother.”

Natalie shouted, “No, he isn’t! He’s a bad guy! I don’t want to see him!”

She didn't hesitate at all to call him a bad guy.

A vein bulged on Matteo's forehead when he heard that. "I dare you to say that again, Natalie Emmanuel."

Natalie, who was making a scene a second ago, abruptly turned silent. She was so terrified that she stopped moving.

When Matteo saw that, he pulled out his identification card and showed it to the police officers.

A few minutes later, he brought her out of the station.

When he lowered his head and saw that she refused to leave with him, he scooped her up and left the building with her in his embrace.

Natalie was shocked.

"Stop messing around. I'll take you to eat something nice." Matteo didn't feel entirely comfortable either.

After all, aside from hugging his sister, he had never hugged another living being.

The dogs he hugged while training in the military were different.

The girl widened her eyes in disbelief. She couldn't believe that the tiger-like Matteo was going to bring her somewhere to eat tasty food. Not only that, but he wasn't scolding her anymore.

Her gaze was fixed on his face.

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Chapter 1844

It was then Natalie also realized that Matteo had a pair of attractive eyes that looked like a crescent moon.

"What are you staring at me for? I'm not going to eat you." Matteo had no idea why she was staring at him.

He thought she was afraid of him again since she had been staring at him after he carried her.

The moment he finished speaking, she immediately hid her head in his embrace as though she was a kitten that had done something wrong.

Kids sure are hard to take care of. Matteo sighed.

He brought her to a supermarket and let her pick what she wanted to eat.

Natalie was finally smiling again as she sat inside the cart. Matteo pushed her around while getting the food and even toys that she wanted.

“I want this! That one too! And that one! I want it! Buy it for me, Big Tiger...” She got so excited that she accidentally called him that.

Matteo was speechless. I’m a big tiger? When do I look like one? I’m clearly a knight in shining armor, given how handsome and cheerful I am.

Thereafter, he returned to the apartment with a bag full of snacks and toys in one hand while carrying a six-year- old girl on the other arm.

“Oh goodness! You two are finally back!” When the others saw them after waiting inside the apartment for the entire night, they let out a sigh of relief.

They were glad the child had finally been found.

The next day, in order to prevent any accidents from happening again, Matteo and Vivian brought Natalie back to Jadeborough to hand her to Sasha.

As for the others...

“I’m going back to the company,” Ian uttered emotionlessly as he watered the flowers on the balcony.

Kurt nodded. “I’ll help you bring your things over there. Once it’s done, we’ll return to Jadeborough.”

It was a perfect excuse that innocent Vivian didn’t find suspicious.

After everyone’s destination was set, the next was Susan and his brother. Whenever summer vacation arrived, both of them would take up part-time jobs.

However, the situation was different that year.

“I’m., also going to Hayes Corporation with Ian. I passed my internship interview,” Susan announced.

Vivian was happy when she heard that. "Really? It's great that you're going there! Let me tell you something, Aunt Susan. With your talents, you're going to have a good time working at a big company like that! Don't worry. Daddy will definitely give you special treatment!"

She even mentioned her father, as she was certain he would treat his relatives nicely.

However, in reality, would Sebastian really do that?

Susan didn't think about it that much, nor was she looking forward to it happening. After all, she was already glad that she could make it into Hayes Corporation.

She turned to the balcony.

To her surprise, the teenager watering plants on the balcony didn't seem happy to hear the news. He simply continued to water the plants emotionlessly.

Her smile froze.

Buzz... Buzz...

Suddenly, her phone on the table rang.

"Hello?" she answered the call.

"Hello, is this Ms. Susan Jadeson? We're the police, and we're currently in the hospital. Do you have time to come over? Yasmin wants to meet you."

She was taken aback when she realized it was the police calling her and that Yasmin wanted to meet her.

Why does she want to see me?

She quickly tidied things up, grabbed her bag, and went straight to the hospital.

Truthfully, she only knew what was going on with Yasmin after Yasmin had been sent to the hospital and the matter had concluded.

When she learned that the people who wanted to hurt her and her brother had been captured, she had to admit that a huge wave of relief washed over her.

She could finally stop worrying about someone trying to kill her and her brother.

However, none of that told her why Yasmin wanted to meet her.

She arrived at the hospital with suspicions. The moment she did, she saw a young woman sitting inside a ward illuminated brightly by sunlight.

Yasmin still looked pretty even in her changed clothing.

She was basking in the sunlight and staring out the window, allowing the golden rays of light to make her look even more charming.

“You’re here?” Her head didn’t turn when she heard Susan walking in.

Susan slowly approached Yasmin, put her bag down from her shoulder, and stared at the latter.

“Look at how beautiful the sun is today. I suppose I should be grateful that I can see such dazzling sunlight before I go to prison.”

“You’re still young. There are many more wonderful days waiting for you in the future,” Susan comforted, not knowing what else to say.

After all, it wasn’t a death sentence, nor was it lifetime imprisonment.

Yasmin smiled.

It was a genuine, liberating smile.

“Yes, I suppose so. What about you? Have you thought about what to do?”

“Me?” Susan was taken aback, not understanding what Yasmin meant. “What should I be doing?”

“Aren’t you going to be with Ian? Or do you plan to stay as her Aunt Susan?” Yasmin finally turned her head and gazed at Susan calmly.

It was as though a bomb had exploded in Susan’s mind. Is she crazy?

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Chapter 1845

“What are you saying? What do you mean by staying as her Aunt Susan?” Susan stared at Yasmin with rage and shock.

She didn't understand why Yasmin had called her to the hospital just to force her to listen to a bunch of nonsense.

Yasmin still appeared to be calm as she stared at Susan's infuriated expression. "You know that's not what I meant. Or are you going to tell me that you still don't know how Ian feels about you? Do you really think he still treats you as his aunt?"

She went straight to the point, which bewildered Susan.

Susan's eyes widened. Her mind was blank, and her gaze was fixed on the woman in front of her for a few seconds.

"You're insane!"

"Am I? You should know if that is true or not. I did think he simply saw you as his aunt at first, but I was wrong. The way he looked at you was different," Yasmin recounted.

It was raining outside when she first saw the two of them in the cafeteria. Zaylynn had ordered a table full of food for Ian after she thought she had chased Yasmin away.

However, Ian didn't care about that at all.

It wasn't until Susan showed up that his eyes sparkled like the brightest stars in the cosmos.

In any case, it was Yasmin's first time seeing someone as cold as him being so enthusiastic about meeting someone.

It was also then that she started to dislike Susan.

"You're lying. Ian, h-he's just my nephew. We're relatives. That's why he's happy and will protect me when he sees me," Susan uttered as she suppressed the emotions in her heart while clenching her fists.

Yasmin smiled and advised, "I'm just reminding you about it. You can accept it or leave it be. If you really don't want to have that kind of relationship with him, then I suggest you stop treating him nicely. The better you treat him, the more he falls in love with you. When that time comes, if his father really disapproves of his relationship with you, it'll probably be catastrophic for him emotionally."

At that moment, she had really let everything go. She had asked Susan to visit her because she genuinely wanted to give that advice.

Ever since she turned herself in and her brother died, she had learned a few more things about the situation from Kurt.

He had told her that because of her brother's death, Ian had locked himself in his room for three days straight

and almost didn't leave at all. It wasn't until Sebastian woke up and helped Ian that Ian slowly recovered.

Susan finally fell silent.

Her face turned completely pale in just a few seconds. It was as though her heart had finally been stabbed by something that was always there.

She didn't want to admit it, but at that moment, she could feel nothing but cold sweat running down her body.

"Times up, Yasmin," the police officer, who was standing outside waiting for her, said.

Yasmin stood up, brushed the hair on her forehead aside, and prepared to leave.

"Why did you tell me all of this?" The voice coming from behind her stopped her in her tracks.

"Because"-she glanced back-"you're not the only person who likes him. Right now, I'm going to pay for my sins by going to jail, but at the same time, I hope he can lead a happy life."

It was a simple reason, yet it was one that didn't come to her until she had learned how to let go of everything.

Susan watched her leave before sitting in her spot, basking in the golden sunlight next to the window. There she remained for a long time as she digested that astounding revelation.

A week later, summer vacation finally arrived.

Ian left the school building and, instead of returning to the apartment as usual, headed to the moped parking spot.

He still didn't know how to ride it.

Or perhaps it would be more precise to say he didn't want to ride it and only wanted to be a passenger.

After he waited for a while, a pair of siblings approached him. Each of them was carrying a big pile of books. They looked as though they weren't coming back the next semester to study.

"You're already out, Ian? How did you do on the exam?" Susan asked with a smile when she noticed him.

It was pretty clear the books were weighing her down with how strained her smile was.

They all had an exam before the holiday, and she had just finished hers.

Ian raised his eyebrow before silently and helpfully carrying the books in her arms.

Timothy smiled. "Come on, Ian. Help your Uncle Timothy carry some books, too."

Ian shot a piercing glare at Timothy, which effectively shut him up.

Susan drove the moped while Ian sat behind. As for Timothy, he drove another one by himself. Right as they were about to set off, Zaylynn approached them.

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Chapter 1846

"Where are you all going? Is it back to the apartment? I wanna go there too!" "What for? It's the holidays. Why do you want to join us instead of going home?" Timothy, being the dense guy he was, retorted.

It made Zaylynn so angry that she wanted to cry. "It's none of your business! I wanna go back there with you guys! I ordered a barbecue. Since the holidays are starting soon, I want all of us to gather one last time before we split up."

"Sure. You can sit behind Timothy," Susan suggested.

And so the four of them headed back to the apartment.

Upon arriving at the apartment, Susan still prepared a few dishes because she was worried Ian wouldn't enjoy barbecued food. She thought the food might be too heavy on the flavor department, so she prepared a couple of dishes that she knew he liked.

Once everything was set up, everyone had a great time eating.

“So now that the holidays are right on our doorstep, what plans do you guys have in mind?” The liveliest person in the group, Zaylynn, brought up the topic first.

Timothy was eating grilled fish when he heard that. He answered, “I’m going to get a part-time job, of course. Not everyone is as rich as you, Zaylynn.”

“You-”

“All right, Timothy. Why do you have to act like a child every time? Zaylynn’s a girl. You have to treat her better,” Susan advised in order to prevent another fight between them from occurring.

Only then did Timothy stop.

Zaylynn asked, “Then where are you going to do your part-time job? If you don’t mind, you can come and work at our family’s hotel. My dad said he’s recruiting people.”

“Really?” Timothy’s eyes sparkled.

The hotel operated by the Neal family was a famous local hotel. Otherwise, the Neal family wouldn’t have been as influential as it was.

Susan thought the idea sounded good too, so she turned to Zaylynn. “That sounds great. Timothy was going to work in an internet cafe for the summer. He probably needs to work at night, and the pay isn’t that great. If your hotel has a position for him, that’ll be great.”

“There is a position that suits him. He’s good at computers, and our hotel security department needs someone who can deal with their computer system. My dad was planning to hire someone at a high price to deal with that.” Zaylynn was quite happy that her seniors agreed to the idea.

If they went to her place, then Ian...

“Sure. It’s decided, then. Timothy will go to your family’s hotel while I stick with my original plan.”

“Where are you going?” Zaylynn asked.

Ian hadn’t said anything so far, but his expression looked relaxed as he cut the steak on his plate.

“I’m going to Yeringham,” Susan said before quickly glancing in Ian’s direction.

Clank!

His response was straightforward.

He threw the knife in his hand on the table, his cold, handsome face covered in a layer of darkness.

Zaylynn and Timothy were both shocked.

As for Susan, a chill ran down her spine as her fingertips turned cold.

“Why?” Ian questioned.

“Huh?”

She fearfully gazed at Ian as he turned his line of sight toward her. His look was so scary that it was preventing her from speaking properly. “I-1 have a senior there asking me t-to join a company that focuses on charity. 1-1

told her I would give it a try. I’m sorry, Ian, for not telling you sooner. I’m not going to Hayes Corporation.”

“Suit yourself!” That was all he could muster as disappointment filled his heart.

Then he stood up, entered his room, and shut the door tight.

For an entire minute, the dining room was dead silent. The remaining three’s faces were deadly pale.

What’s going on with him? Why is he so angry? So what if she doesn’t want to go? Do interns not have the freedom to choose? Zaylynn and Timothy were puzzled.

After everyone left, Susan brought the plates and cutleries to the sink to wash them. She was using so much force that she snapped a plate in half.

In an instant, the sharp edges of the plate cut her, causing blood to spill out.

It’s fine. I just need to endure this for now. She wiped her tears away and treated her cut before resuming her dishwashing.

In the afternoon, she left the apartment and headed to Yeringham.

Before she left, she gave Sasha a call and mentioned that she wouldn’t be working at Hayes Corporation. Then she asked the older woman to send someone to

pick Ian up.

Sasha found it odd. “Why does Susan not want to intern at Hayes Corporation anymore? And why did she decide to go to a place like Yeringham?”

“Probably because of her resentment,” Sebastian said when he heard that as he read his book.

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1847

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 1847

Resentment sounds possible, yeah. Back then, she wanted nothing more than to work at Hayes Corporation. However, ever since Maurice and Yasmin were arrested, she started to change her mind. Doesn't that mean she's starting to become aware of her identity? What other reason could there possibly be for her decision? I hope she's okay and knows what she's doing. Sasha pursed her lip.

Sebastian didn't really care about the matter.

However, he didn't expect his eldest son, who was capable of handling a full-fledge project flawlessly as a student, to start treating his job carelessly after returning to the company during the holidays.

“Mr. Ian didn't show up again, Mr. Hayes. I specially went to Frontier Bay to check up on him and found him still sleeping at eleven in the morning..”

“That's right, Mr. Hayes. He's the manager of the operational department and he has the responsibility of leading the team. This isn't a good performance at all. Sometimes, he even turns off his phone.”

“Also, he has been playing video games in the office all day..”

Sebastian had been receiving all kinds of complaints about Ian in just ten days.

It made him furious.

“Is that brat itching to get his butt whooped? Did I send him there to play?”

“All right, all right. I'll give him a call and check up on him.” Sasha was concerned about what he would do to their son, so she decided to deal with the matter.

Thus, in the evening, Ian received a video call from his mother when he was playing video games with his friends after waking up from his nap.

“You’re... playing games right now, Ian? Why aren’t you at work?” she asked worryingly.

Ian finally turned off the computer and answered, “I don’t want to go to work anymore, Mommy. It’s boring. I want to go home.”

“Hmm?” Her heart instantly softened when she heard that.

Her eldest son had always been an independent and obedient child. Ever since he was a kid, he had rarely asked for anything from her.

It made her wonder if something had happened at his end.

“I think I should go there and check up on him. His situation with Matteo and the others is different. It is quite a sudden for him to just jump into the workplace. Did you tell the company employees not to give him special treatment? I’m worried he’s not adjusting well.”

She brought up the issue with Sebastian after hanging up the phone.

Sebastian didn’t disagree. However...

“Can you leave Tillie? She’s six months pregnant right now, and she’s afflicted with a terminal illness. Her life depends on you. If you leave, what will you do if something happens to her?”

Sasha furrowed her eyebrows and kept mum. Tillie’s situation is pretty awful right now. I told her not to carry the child when she found out she was pregnant, but she insisted on doing it, saying that she wants to give that man a kid. Women can be foolish sometimes.

In the end, Sasha stayed while Sebastian went to Avenport personally.

When the news reached Ian, he was freaking out a little. He thought he would be getting a few cozy days when his mother arrived. However, it turned out that his father was the one visiting him.

He had no other choice but to force himself to perk up.

The next day, Sebastian arrived at Hayes Corporation instead of going to Frontier Bay. He immediately called for a meeting and when he didn’t see his son anywhere, he asked Luke to make a call.

“Mr. Hayes has arrived, Mr. Ian. He said that if you don’t arrive in fifteen minutes, you’re not going home for the rest of your summer vacation.”

He’s a lunatic! What kind of father is he? Ian swiftly got out of his bed and rushed to the company without washing himself up.

“Daddy,” he greeted upon meeting his father.

“What are you doing? Who allowed you to act so permissively?” Sebastian was sitting in his office as he stared at his son.

Ian was sporting disheveled hair, and there were two dark circles around his eyes.

Sebastian was livid that his son looked like a delinquent in distress. How can the son I personally raised become like this in just ten short days?

Seeing that he was about to get angry, Ian, who bore the same temperament as he did, rebelliously walked over to the nearby couch and slumped on the furniture.

“Myself, Daddy. I don’t want to work anymore. Please let me go.”

“What did you say? You don’t want to work anymore?” Sebastian was so angry that the veins on his forehead were throbbing. “Do you think this is a game, huh? Do you think you can just quit if you don’t feel like it? You’re already eighteen years old, Ian! You’re an adult, so you need to act like one, and you can start by fulfilling your responsibilities!”

“What responsibility? I didn’t choose to do this. You forced this job onto me. I never liked it, but now you’re making me take responsibility? What is my responsibility?”

“You!” Sebastian got so furious that he almost grabbed the ashtray on the table and threw it at his son.

Thankfully, Luke was outside. When he saw both of them arguing, he quickly approached his boss and advised, “Calm down, Mr. Hayes. Mr. Ian is simply in his rebellious phase right now.”

“What did you say?” Sebastian was pulled out from his blinding rage when he heard that and was stunned. Rebellious phase?

Luke continued, “That’s right. It’s only natural that your grown-up child has a rebellious phase. It means they’re currently in a transition period of their life when they’re starting to be aware of their independence and desperately want to escape their parents’ custody.”

He even pulled out a Wikipedia page for his boss to read.

If anyone else was there to see that, they would be laughing their shoes off.

A CEO needing his assistant to tell him how to raise his son? How could it not be funny?

Sebastian was still enraged, but he stopped shouting at his son.

After he kicked Ian out of the room, he asked through gritted teeth, "He wants to escape my custody too?"

Luke was sweating bullets. "That's... just a figure of speech."

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Chapter 1848

Sebastian burned the midnight oil and went through a few books to get a better understanding of teenage rebellion as per his assistant's suggestion.

He learned that several factors contributed to the cause.

Some of them included parental pressure, arrogance, and heartbreak.

Sasha felt amused yet annoyed when Sebastian concluded his findings to her through the phone in the middle of the night.

"Mr. Hayes, which category do you think your son belongs to?"

"One, we don't pressure him into anything. Two, he's arrogant, but not that arrogant with me around. So, by the process of elimination, he must be heartbroken."

Cough! Cough!

Sasha, who was drinking water, choked upon his words.

Heartbroken... Another one of my children has fallen in love once again. But why did he have to get his heart broken? Is he that bad? Why was he dumped? Damn it!

Sasha couldn't keep still anymore as she asked, "Have you figured everything out yet? Who is it? Why did she dump my Ian when he's so smart and handsome?"

Sebastian was rendered speechless.

So is this how men's brains are wired differently than women's? Unlike Sasha, Sebastian was having a fit when he found out about it.

He got his heart broken? How could he enter a relationship when he can't handle himself yet?

However, Sebastian had completely forgotten that the young man by his daughter's side was younger than Ian by two years.

Sebastian decided he would get to the bottom of things.

That night, Susan, who was in Yeringham, couldn't help but send a message to the younger generation's family group chat when she heard of Ian's little fiasco.

Susan: Hello there, how is everyone doing? It's so cold over here.

She then proceeded to send a photo.

Everyone else in the group popped up when they saw her message.

Vivian: Wow, Aunt Susan. Where are you at the moment?

Why is there snow in the summer? Is this real?

Susan: Yeah, it's real. We're at high altitudes. I'm dressed in a down jacket today.

Timothy: This is terrible!

Susan was at a loss for words.

Matteo: That's called being noble. She went there for charity work, not for herself. We should be proud of her.

Vivian: That's right. Kurt went to Norham with Mr. Frost a few days ago. He told me the water level there has risen.

Matteo: Why didn't I know about this?

Ian: What do you know?

He finally appeared.

Susan immediately mentioned him in the group chat without hesitation.

Susan: @Ian, how are you doing? I heard that you're not feeling well as of late. Your dad even went to the office, right?

Vivian: That's right, Aunt Susan. Ian is being stubborn again. He doesn't want to go to work.

Ian: Vivian!

He practically yelled at her in the group chat in front of everyone.

Vivian sent an emoji showing a face with a stuck-out tongue to show that she was joking and fell silent.

Shortly after, the chat group quieted down. Vivian noticed that someone had sent her a private message. She clicked on it and saw that it was Susan.

Susan: Vivi, what's wrong with your brother? Why is he in such a bad mood?

Vivian: Yep, Aunt Susan. He's throwing a fit. He refuses to go to work and has been home all day. He finally relented when

it drove Daddy nuts.

Susan: What?

The news took her by surprise.

At the same time, she felt worried about Ian.

Why is he making such a huge fuss out of the blue? Is it because of work? Or... is he still mad at me?

She paused at that thought and deleted the message she was about to send to Vivian as if she had done something wrong.

Susan gave herself a tight slap.

"Susan, what are you doing? Why are you trying to act all high and mighty when you're a wh*re?" she scolded herself.

The text message was never sent out after that.

However, she wasn't aware that a certain young man, who had been hiding behind the screen, had been checking his phone every so often that night ever since the group chat fell silent.

But he was only met with disappointment.

Halfway through, he couldn't take it anymore. Ian flung his phone onto the ground and submerged himself in his video games for the rest of the night.

Sebastian came in to check on Ian the next morning.

He nearly had a stroke when he saw Ian lying in a heap by his computer that he had yet to shut down.

"Ian, you are crossing the line," he snapped.

One hour later, Karl, who was in SteelFort, received a mission. He was to bring someone over from Frontier Bay to SteelFort and train him for two months.

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1849

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 1849

Him? Who? Has Mr. Hayes found someone new again?

Karl was feeling rather bored lately. Hence, he was very excited when he heard the news. He left on his motorcycle after instructing his subordinates on things to do while he was out.

Little did he know...

"Are you kidding me, Mr. Hayes? You want me to bring him over? I'd rather you just kill me!"

Karl's face darkened.

It felt frustrating because Ian had been a sick and weak boy since he was young. Moreover, he wasn't exactly likable. Karl was worried Ian would lose his life within two days if he brought him over.

However, it seemed that Sebastian was determined to teach his son a good lesson.

“Okay, then. I can shoot you right now.”

Karl was at a loss for words.

In the end, he had no choice but to take Ian away with him.

Meanwhile, Ian never uttered a word ever since he found out about it. He remained expressionless throughout as he climbed onto Karl’s motorcycle.

Very soon, he was whisked away by Karl.

“Mr. Hayes, I’ve finally found out what happened. Ian and Yasmin were good friends back in school.”

Luke came over just as Sebastian was fuming with rage. He quickly reported everything he had found out the night before to Sebastian when he saw that he was in a bad mood.

Yasmin?

Sebastian’s face darkened as he stared at the photos in his hand.

He had never seen that side of Ian before. That little b*stard. He even went to work in a cafe for the girl’s sake.

“How pathetic. Is it because he feels guilty?”

He had hit the nail on the head.

“It’s possible. After all, she’s Duncan’s sister. Whatever the case, it’s been a long time since I’ve seen Ian smiling so brightly,” Luke said awkwardly.

Luke stood his ground even though he knew Sebastian well enough that he would be displeased to hear those words.

As expected, Sebastian’s frown deepened.

This girl became a killer at a very young age. There is no way I am going to let someone like her become my daughter-in-law. Ian can forget about getting together with her.

Sebastian decided he would teach this son of his a good lesson.

At the same time, he planned to find him a new school.

“Transferring again? It’s only been one semester and you want to transfer Ian to another school?”

“Why not?”

Sebastian frowned as he spoke through the phone.

“Just look at him right now. Returning to the University of Pollerton will only remind him of Yasmin. He won’t be able to free himself from her if this continues.”

Sasha fell silent.

He’s actually making sense.

Hence, she agreed in the end. That night, she gave Sebastian the green light to pick a new school for Ian.

It wasn’t until a week later that Susan found out about the news. Vivian was the one who told everyone about it in the group chat.

Vivian: I have good news, everyone. Ian will be transferring over to my school.

Timothy: Why?

Vivian: I don’t know. Daddy called the shots. Maybe because he thinks Ian should transfer over since he’s been very naughty as of late.

She explained in the group chat.

Nobody else responded that day after that, including Susan, who had read the message.

Ian’s transferring to a new school? Why? Was his dad the one behind it? I’m sure it’s because he has found out something about Ian, not because he’s a naughty boy.

Chills ran down her spine as she couldn’t think straight anymore. She even curled up on the bed out of fright.

It was as if she was afraid someone would come over at any moment and find out about her deepest, darkest secrets.

She tossed and turned all night.

It wasn’t until the next day that the sound of someone knocking on the door woke her up. She stared out the window blearily.

“Susan, are you up? Have you had your breakfast? We’re heading out soon.”

It was the other college student who had volunteered to be part of the Villagers' Committee.

Susan scrambled to her feet.

Indeed, the place she was at this summer was vastly underdeveloped. The government had just set up the Villagers' Committee to help them walk out of poverty.

Hence, Susan and her college mates were here to educate these people.

Susan came down from the stairs after a while.

"Nicky, are you chatting with your boyfriend again?"

She couldn't help but tease when she saw Nicky giggling at her phone like an idiot.

Nicky smiled, feeling embarrassed.

"Yeah. He's asking me if I've had breakfast. Oh right, Susan, do you have a boyfriend?" she asked out of curiosity.

Susan immediately shook her head. "No..."

It was true. She was single.

She had many suitors in school, but she had never accepted anyone as her boyfriend. After all, she only planned to find one after making a name for herself, as she was an ambitious girl.

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1850

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 1850

Susan kept her head down and ate her breakfast.

Nicky, on the other hand, continued complaining to her boyfriend after seeing how Susan had stopped talking.

"You claim that you miss me so much that you can't sleep, but you didn't drop by to see me. You've been playing video games at home all day, and you never bothered to come and visit me."

“That’s different. Be good now,” the guy pacified.

Susan felt uncomfortable hearing that because even an idiot could tell that he was actually pacifying Nicky as though the latter was a kid.

Hence, she quickly finished her breakfast and left the place.

She had planned on hurrying to work, but when she reached the entrance of the village, she saw a villager on an ox cart. The creaking noise sounded rather unpleasing to the ears.

Susan was speechless.

It only took one look for her to notice the guy sitting at the back of that ox cart. Her mind exploded and turned completely blank.

Oh my gosh.

“Ms. Jadeson, come quick. Do you know this punk? He said he came to look for you guys.”

When the driver of the ox cart saw her, he quickly waved at her.

Susan swayed a little.

The sun was too bright and dazzling for her that day. She wasn’t sure if she was especially sensitive to it because she didn’t sleep well last night or if the sudden emergence of the guy in question had taken a toll on her heart.

She felt as though her heart had instantly pumped all the blood into her brain, and she could tell that her vision was getting darker.

Still, she staggered to the guy because she realized that he seemed to have remained motionless the entire time.

“W-What’s wrong with him?”

“I have no idea. When I was on my way here, I saw him stumbling out of a bus. He couldn’t stand straight, so I went to help him out a little. That was when he told me that he was looking for the university students who were volunteering in the village. I brought him here after hearing that,” replied the driver.

Susan, despite her daze, hurriedly crouched down to examine the guy.

A quick examination showed her that the handsome guy’s forehead was burning. She also noticed the countless bruises on his arms and legs.

W-What on earth happened to him?

It only took a second for immense anger and absolute heartbreak to spread out in her heart. She didn't even think about it as she helped him sit up on the cart.

"Ian? Ian! Wake up."

He did not respond.

Susan continued calling him several times, and only then did he open his eyes.

Susan was delighted to see him up. She was going to interrogate him about what had happened to him when he suddenly relaxed and fell right into her arms.

Before she knew it, he had already fainted.

She was so angry that she was about to go insane.

Who did this to him?

Susan had never experienced anger like that before.

The good news was that there was a small clinic in the village, so they could take him there. After a closer examination, the doctor shared his diagnosis, "He's fine. It's just some scratches and external injuries. Also, he has a fever that is caused by the inflammation of his tonsil. I suppose he is exhausted and has not rested in a while."

"I see. Thank you, Doctor."

Susan heaved a breath of relief after hearing what he said.

Thank heavens he is fine.

She stayed by his side and was there until his condition stabilized. As she didn't want anyone to worry, she took the initiative to contact someone from Oceanic Estate.

Susan: Vivi, do you know what is up with your brother? He dropped by all of a sudden.

Vivian: Huh?

She was rather surprised to hear that because just some time ago, she had overheard her parents arguing over the phone. She seemed to have heard her mother crying and complaining because her father had dealt with her brother the wrong way.

Ah, so Ian ran away?

Vivian: The thing is, Aunt Susan, my brother escaped.

Susan: Huh? Escape?

Vivian: Yeah. Ian made a scene at Frontier Bay and refused to back down even after Daddy showed up. That infuriated Daddy, so he had Mr. Frost take Ian to SteelFort for training.

Susan was so angry that she was on the verge of losing her temper. Steelfort? What? Isn't that the place the Hayeses train their assassins? If I remember correctly, Kurt received his training there.

It was especially hard for her to control her emotions when she turned around to look at the young man lying on the bed. The sight of those terrifying bruises didn't help either.

Susan: What is wrong with your dad? Ian is not like Matteo and is physically weaker. How can your dad punish him like that? What if something bad happens?

Vivian: He wasn't trying to punish Ian. It was for Ian's sake as well.

Vivian was still rather protective of her father.

Susan's frown smoothed a little after she read that reply.

Susan: I know he means well, but he should have taken Ian's physical state into consideration. Just look at how bad things are now. Ian obviously couldn't handle that intense training, and that is why he is here now and has a fever.

Vivian: You're right, Aunt Susan. Daddy overdid it. Don't worry. I will talk to Daddy about this. Maybe it's best if Ian stays with you for the time being. Can you take care of him for a while?

Susan: Uh...

She didn't really know how to react to the sudden change.

Still, she couldn't deny that when she saw that request and looked at the young man lying on the bed, she instantly felt happier than she had been in a while.

The sorrow that had been following her around seemed to have faded as well.

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1851

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 1851

Ian slept until that evening.

When he woke up, all he saw was a beautiful mountain view with a shade of red draped over it. Confusion filled his mind. H-How did I end up here?

“You’re finally up. Doctor, please come.”

A middle-aged woman was sitting beside him and guarding him.

That confused him even more.

Truth was, he was already a little overwhelmed when he escaped because Karl’s “teachings” had already dehydrated him by then. Karl was never harsh, but Ian was too stubborn. He refused to voice up or complain the entire time he underwent his training.

That was why Karl assumed that Ian could take it and gradually made things more difficult.

That night, Ian had fallen asleep as soon as he returned to his dorm.

He had no idea what happened next.

He didn’t even remember how an insane thought kept running in his mind, telling him that he had to leave that torturous place. Before he knew it, he had already grabbed his phone and left the place.

So... where am I now?

Confused, Ian stared at a middle-aged woman with clothes so washed out that she looked like a beggar.

“He’s up? Okay, let me examine him.”

Soon, a middle-aged man with a pair of mud-tainted pants entered. He reached out as soon as he saw that Ian was up.

Ian reacted by instinctively moving away.

“What are you doing?”

Both the middle-aged man and woman were stunned.

Why is this punk so aggressive? I wouldn't have bothered to take care of him if Ms. Jadeson hadn't asked.

"You're sick, young man, and I am a doctor. I'm just going to examine your condition."

"A doctor?"

Ian, with his face pale, kept frowning as he scanned the man standing in front of him.

The doctor didn't know what to do about that.

In the end, the middle-aged woman eased the tension when she thought of asking for help.

"The sickness might've caused the kid to lose his mind, Doctor. I better ask Ms. Jadeson for help," suggested the middle-aged woman before she rushed to get Susan.

Ms. Jadeson?

Ian, who had been lying on the bed, finally stopped being so hostile.

Indeed, a few minutes after the middle-aged woman left, they heard a series of footsteps approaching. Ian stayed in the room and saw a familiar face a moment later.

"Ian, you're up! Are you okay?"

Susan was extremely happy to see him. She ran to his bed as soon as she entered the room and stood in front of him excitedly.

Ian couldn't speak.

Only then did he finally realize where he was and what he had done on the previous night.

His incredibly handsome face tended to exude a stoic aura, but at that moment, that same face shone with embarrassment and awkwardness. It got so bad that he had to turn to the other side because he was worried that it'd show.

"Ian?"

Naturally, Susan had no idea what was going on in his mind.

All she knew was that he refused to acknowledge her. He wouldn't even look at her, so she assumed that his being ill had prompted his childish side to act up again.

“Okay, come on now. Don’t be mad. Your Aunt Susan is here now, right? Be good and let the doctor examine you, okay? I’ll treat you to something nice afterward.”

She was actually coaxing him as though he were a kid.

Things would have been better if she had kept quiet because

Ian’s expression became worse immediately after he heard what she said.

“Watch what you say, Susan. I am not a kid!”

“Right, okay. You’re an adult now,” Susan said right away to calm him down.

About ten minutes later, the doctor finished examining Ian.

“His fever is gone, but he should still take the pills. Also, he should refrain from eating anything cold or spicy. He needs to rest for the injuries to heal, so have him stay put for a few days. Don’t let him exercise or do anything during this period.”

“Will do, Doctor^” replied Susan right away.

After that, she collected the medicine and returned to Ian’s room to take him back.

“Do you need me to help you?”

“No.”

Ian stubbornly turned her down, but he soon regretted that. The second his feet touched the floor, his overly exhausted body ached all over, and he couldn’t stop himself from moaning in pain.

“Are you okay?” asked Susan. She was so surprised that she hurried back to help him.

She knew all too well how big his ego was, so she didn’t insist earlier. She trusted him and let him walk on his own when he said he was fine.

Yet...

As Susan held him, she said some comforting words in a sweet voice, “Don’t underestimate your injuries. The doctor said that those injured muscles won’t kill you, but it will be agonizing for you.”

Ian didn’t reply.

He remained quiet as she helped him move forward slowly.

The village offered a fantastic view at dusk. As the sun set, the bright blue sky slowly turned into a stunning orange, and droplets of warm light rained down on the green forest and clear river. It looked so good that it was as though it were a painting.

The two of them walked on the path filled with green grass. The red sun elongated their shadows on the ground.

“Ian, it’s not right for you to come here without telling your dad. Talk to your parents the next time you feel the need to run away, okay?”

Susan broke the silence and spoke up because she felt awkward. It was so bad that her palms were sweating.

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1852

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 1852

Ian turned his head and looked at her right after she finished speaking.

Susan saw a breathtaking glow in those beautiful brown eyes.

Her heart skipped a beat as she stared into them.

“You told them?”

“Y-Yes...” answered Susan dazedly.

Ian stopped talking and looked away. It was obvious he was upset about it.

Susan dared not speak again.

She waited for quite some time, but he never said anything. It seemed that his silence was doing a pretty good job of expressing his utter dissatisfaction because it was driving Susan insane.

“D-Don’t worry. They are not angry with you at all. In fact, they want you to rest well here. That is why I’ve planned everything for you. If you don’t want to go home, you can stay here for a few days, and I’ll hang out with you.”

Susan didn’t actually mean to share all that information. It simply slipped out of her lips.

When she finished speaking, Ian turned his gaze to her.

He was extremely tall, and Susan could tiptoe, but the top of her head still wouldn't be able to reach his chin. Darn it. He's three years younger than me, so why is he taller than me?

The height difference made it so that she had no choice but to lift her head to look into his emotionless eyes. As though granting her a gift, he half-heartedly nodded in agreement.

"Okay..."

Susan was speechless once more.

This spoiled brat!

Ian ended up staying in that village after that.

Sebastian, who was at Avenport at the time, burned with anger when he first heard what had happened, but Sasha convinced him to let him go.

Sasha thought that her son had only done something that rebellious to go against his father.

As for the reason he went to Susan...

"Susan has always looked out for Ian even when they were at school. It's not like Ian can go to his siblings after he escaped SteelFort, and he definitely couldn't go to Kurt, who has gone to Xenhall. He didn't have many options, and that was why he went to Yeringham instead," Sasha analyzed.

That reasoning was sound. As far as Sasha and Sebastian were concerned, that was the only possible reason Ian would go there.

He never had many friends, and the incident with Duncan only made him keep his guard even higher. That was why he didn't really know anyone outside the family.

Sebastian agreed with his wife's reasoning.

Still, her words reminded him of a crucial issue he needed to solve.

"Should we help him look for his significant other?"

"Wait, what?" Sasha was surprised to hear that. "Didn't you say that you wouldn't get involved with the kids' love life? Why are you trying to set Ian with someone up now? Are you going back on your words?"

Sasha panicked a little.

They were having a video call at the time, so Sebastian could see how worried she was. Hence, he waved at her and signaled for her to calm down.

“I don’t want to get involved, but Ian’s situation is a little unique. You saw how things are for him and what the incident involving Yasmin has done to him. There is no saying what will happen if he meets another woman like that again.”

Sasha was instantly at a loss for words.

He’s right. My boy is not an ordinary man. He has always had a small circle of friends, and he always hides away in the figurative castle he built in his mind. Who knows what will happen the next time someone breaks down his defenses?

“W-Who do you have in mind?”

“We’ll have the old man keep an eye out.”

Sebastian didn’t have anyone in mind, so he entrusted that to Jonathan. The latter happened to be bored out of his mind, anyway.

Besides, he was strict, so the woman he chose would surely be amazing.

Sasha agreed.

The couple ended the call soon after. Sebastian was going to go back to work when someone suddenly sent him a text.

Karl: Kurt called earlier, Mr. Hayes. He said he found something in Xenhall.

Sebastian: What did he discover?

It had been a while since Kurt had gone to Xenhall, and he had been sending reports regularly. As everything had been progressing smoothly, Karl had not bothered reporting anything to Sebastian.

That day, however, something that was worth mentioning came up.

Sebastian checked the photo Karl had sent and saw that it was a clay pot. There was a lot of mud on the pot, and it looked as though it had just been excavated.

Sebastian: What is that?

Karl: Inside is filled with broken bones, and it was buried by the entrance.

Sebastian: So?

Karl: Do you believe in geomancy? After Kurt found it, I looked into the place and learned that the place was actually filled with vital energy.

Sebastian was lost for words. My gosh, I can't believe he's talking nonsense.

Sebastian cut him short right away and demanded that he take things seriously.

Geomancy? What on earth is that? The monk from Aquene Temple once said that I am destined to be a king, but I'm still the same old me, aren't I?

Karl: I'm serious, Mr. Hayes. I'm sharing this information to let you know that the clay pot is buried in a critical spot.

Sebastian did not reply.

Karl went on: I think someone deliberately buried this clay pot here. This may have probably been Eddie's future grave back then, yet they actually buried these bones here.

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Chapter 1853

Karl: There's more to it as well. Given the size of the bones, it is likely these bones belonged to a kid. That would destroy whatever geomantic omen this place is meant to bring its owner. Legends say that the curse will be more potent if the person buried here is related to the child.

Karl added that last sentence to warn Sebastian.

Whether they were real or not, these were what some people would believe.

Sebastian remained silent.

It was true he didn't believe in any of it, but his subordinate made a valid point about being wary of the supposed intentions. It was something he had to deal with.

In other words, someone who wishes eternal damnation for Eddie buried the clay pot there. Who could the culprit be? Also, if those bones likely belonged to a kid who is related to Eddie...

Even someone as incredibly intelligent as Sebastian fell into deep thought.

In the village in Yeringham, Ian felt much better when he woke up the next morning. Some of his energy was replenished, and his appetite had returned.

Susan was up early as well.

She knew that Ian was a picky eater, so she had woken up early to go to a farmhouse in the village to get some flour and egg. She had even picked some fresh vegetables from the field.

That was why Ian detected the alluring scent of delicious breakfast when he walked down the stairs that day.

"Ian, you're up. I bet you're hungry. Take a seat. I'll be done in a minute," said Susan from the kitchen when she saw Ian.

However, Ian didn't leave. He had a white shirt on and was staring at the thing in front of him. He walked to it and looked down at it in confusion.

What is this?

He reached out.

"Don't touch that, Ian. It's a water pump!" Susan shouted in surprise.

Unfortunately, she was too late. All she heard was a loud splash. The mechanism that was pumping water from the spring began working as soon as Ian removed the cork.

The water splashed right onto his face.

Susan was stunned.

When she came back to her senses, she rushed out of the kitchen, grabbed a dry towel from the floor above, and ran to Ian after that.

"Here, dry yourself up. Ah, this is all my fault. I forgot to remind you that this water pump works in a way such that the water will shoot upward if you pull that cork."

Susan felt terrible about it.

She held the dry towel and quickly wiped the water off of

Ian's face because she was worried that he would catch a cold.

Fortunately, the water wasn't too strong. It only got Ian's face wet, so Ian was basically fine after Susan dried him up.

Ian recomposed himself and said, "That is so stupid. There's a thing called pressure pump."

"Huh?"

Susan didn't understand a word he just said.

However, Ian refused to talk anymore. He grabbed the towel and walked up the stairs right away. Moments later, Susan heard him shouting from the floor above. "Hey you, get me some new clothes. I wanna change."

Susan was dumbfounded.

Hey you? How rude! Also, we're in a poor, secluded village. Where am I supposed to go to get him a new outfit?

Despite those thoughts, Susan had no choice but to go to her coursemates and borrow some clothes. Fortunately, she knew some guys, so she managed to borrow a brand new outfit from one of them.

After changing his clothes and reluctantly using the toothbrush that Susan got him, Ian was finally ready to have some breakfast.

The pasta tastes pretty good.

Ian was so spoiled that he felt compelled to wipe the chair clean before he sat down and gracefully have his breakfast.

"Ms. Jadeson, we have to go harvest some pears today, and you'll have to tag along because we have to weigh and record everything."

"Okay."

Susan was quick to agree to help when a member of the Villagers' Committee assigned her a task.

That was how things were in a secluded village like that. The leaders they elected for the Villagers' Committee were all somewhat uncultured, so university volunteers were destined to fall for their tricks.

The task of harvesting the pears, for an instant, somehow got assigned to the members of the Finance Department, and as their accountant, Susan had to tag along as well.

She went to her office to pack some things, then returned to the kitchen to see that Ian had left in the few moments she was gone. Nothing but his plate remained.

“Ian? Ian?”

Susan panicked a little and hurried out the door to look for him.

The second she left the house, she saw that young, dashing man standing on the field. His beautiful brows were knitted together when he stared at the old woman who was waving endlessly at him.

“Hey, why are you still standing there? I asked you to help me carry this because I am too old to do it myself.”

Susan found the situation so funny that she almost laughed aloud.

The old woman was on her way to spread the fertilizers in the field.

She probably saw Ian through the open window and realized that he was having his breakfast, so she asked for his help. It was understandable since fertilizing truly was a tiring task.

Unfortunately, Ian was a spoiled brat who grew up in a luxurious environment. There was no way he could understand what the old woman was saying.

Susan came over and stood beside the dashing young man.

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Chapter 1854

‘I’ll help you. He doesn’t know anything about this.’

“Oh, is that so? I see. No wonder he ignored me when I kept calling him. Okay, then. You can come and help me out,” the elderly woman replied with a grin that revealed she did not have many teeth left.

Susan bent down immediately and was about to take off her shoes to go onto the field when Ian took notice and finally turned toward her.

“What are you doing?”

Susan gestured toward the field and explained simply, “I’m helping her with the pollination. You don’t know what that is, do you? They’re pollinating the crops. This tall one is the stamen, and the shorter one is the pistil. The crops are in the flowering stage now, and they have to pollinate them by hand”

Ian fell silent.

Indeed, he had not seen that before.

I’ve been to the countryside with Mom, Matt, and Vivi. In fact, I’ve been there several times. However, the climate and environment there were unlike where we are now. I really haven’t heard of this.

He gazed at Susan as she took off her shoes and socks, revealing her fair feet. Suddenly, the sight triggered something within him, and he recalled a scene of being in the fields with his parents when he was little...

“Ian! What are you doing? You can’t come down here!”

Ian looked at her impassively as he kicked off his shoes and socks in seconds. “Why not? I used to go out to the fields with my parents when I was little. Who knows where you were or what you were doing then?”

He gave a contemptuous snort before stepping forward among the flowering crops.

Susan was dumbstruck.

All right, then. I was only worrying about where to get clean socks and shoes for him later.

Hence, both of them started working in the field. During the time Susan had been there, she had done such work before and had become accustomed to it. However, it was a different story for Ian. Soon, he felt his arms start to ache and his face sting.

The leaves of the seedlings were actually very sharp with serrated edges. Those unaccustomed to handling the seedlings would easily cut themselves on them and even find that their skin would itch.

Susan watched as Ian’s fair and handsome face quickly turned red as he scratched at it.

“That’s it, Ian. You can’t stay in this field any longer. Let’s hurry up and go back. Your skin isn’t used to this. If you continue, you’ll ruin your face.”

Tossing aside the bamboo pole, Susan hurried over to him and pulled him out of the field.

It was not long before they were back in front of the faucet.

But this time, Ian found the familiar coolness of the water that gushed forth when Susan removed the plug soothing and refreshing.

Finally feeling better, he asked Susan, "Doesn't it make you itch?"

She was in the middle of wringing a towel to wipe his arm. When she heard his question, she answered casually, "I'm already used to it. I was just like you in the beginning."

In the beginning?

Ian's gaze fell upon her face, and it was then that he noticed her skin was indeed a little darker than it had been when she was in university.

Her skin used to be fair and smooth, but now, he could see at a glance that her cheeks were red as if smeared with blusher.

Is that really sunburn?

Before he realized what he was doing, he had already stretched out his hand and pinched her cheek, which looked as pink and plump as a juicy peach.

Susan stared at him wordlessly, and everything seemed to come to a standstill.

They stood unmoving as if rooted to the spot, and the only sound was the gurgling of the water as it continued gushing out.

Only their eyes moved as they stared at each other.

"Ms. Jadeson! Ms. Jadeson!"

Suddenly, someone from the Villagers' Committee's Finance Department came rushing down from the mountain, his yells shattering the peaceful stillness.

The sound jolted Susan to her senses.

"Huh... What is it?"

She looked away hastily as if electrocuted, her bright red face betraying her panic and embarrassment.

Meanwhile, Ian was equally flustered.

After withdrawing his hand mechanically, he grabbed the towel and hurriedly wiped his body with it.

By the time the person from the Finance Department ran over, Ian had already gone upstairs to his room.

After a while, Susan followed the man uphill to record the number of pears, leaving Ian alone upstairs. Even after a long time had passed, he could not calm down.

What did I just do? Is she angry? Did I give her a shock?

His frustration continued burgeoning, and he became so upset that he ended up ripping a book he had brought with him to shreds.

Just then, Vivian sent a text message: What are you doing, Ian?

Ian ignored the message.

Vivian: How are things with your Aunt Susan? Are you having a lot of fun? You should send me some photos.

Ian reckoned that Vivian was probably so bored at Oceanic Estate that she resorted to pestering him for photos.

As a result, his already foul mood only worsened when he saw that text message.

Ian: I didn't take any photos.

Vivian: Why not? Is it no fun there? Then why did you run all the way there? If you don't feel like staying at SteelFort, you can come and find me. We can look for Kurt and have a blast together.

Ian did not reply after that.

Her text had rendered him speechless.

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Chapter 1855

After putting down his phone, Ian was about to wash his face when he heard another voice downstairs calling for Susan.

“Hey, Small Fry,” the man asked upon seeing Ian emerging from his room, “have you seen Ms. Jadeson?”

“No”

Looking as proud as ever, Ian’s already foul mood worsened when he heard yet another request for Susan, prompting him to give a retort that was as cold and stiff as his stance.

Why does everybody only want her help? What about the rest of us volunteers? We might as well go home!

“Oh man, who’s going to help me count for the sale of my wares if she’s not here?” the middle-aged man wailed. *I’m selling all my lumber today, Small Fry! Say, are you as good as Ms. Jadeson? Why don’t you come with me instead?”

“Me?” Ian wondered if his ears deceived him.

Before he could give a definite answer, the panic-stricken villager was already bounding up the stairs toward him.

“Yes, yes, you will do just fine,” the man said impatiently as he tugged on Ian’s arm. “Hurry up and come with me please; the driver is about to leave. What if I get scammed without an accountant present?”

Ian instinctively took a few steps back.

As was the culture within the village, every important sale necessitated an educated opinion wherever possible.

Even the sale of timber required the careful calculation of its mass to ensure equity for both parties.

In the end, Ian decided to consider it a favor to Susan by obliging the villager.

Several minutes later, his snow-white shirt caught the crowd’s attention almost as soon as he arrived at one of the drying fields of the village.

Aside from his natural good looks, he had an aura of nobility emanating from his bones. Upon his arrival there, even his fellow volunteers stared at him blankly.

“What are we evaluating today?”

Pretending not to notice the stupefied glances, Ian turned to the villager who sought his help.

The man, who was a farmer, immediately pointed to a pile of peeled fir trees on the ground. “All of that,” he said. “The buyer will come and measure it. After that, please record it in my ledger and exchange the necessary documents with him.”

That’s it?

Ian took the paper and pen.

The buyer arrived soon after.

With a single disdainful glance at the seemingly inexperienced teenager, he took out a measuring tape and conducted his usual routine while mumbling the dimensions under his breath.

“Wait a minute. Is that all?” Ian stopped the pair of burly men stepping forward to carry the wood.

The buyer glared at him.

“Yeah. What else are you expecting?”

“What about the foliage?” Ian asked as he cast a glance at the sizable mass of branches while opting to ignore the man’s impertinence.

He noticed that the buyer measured only two-thirds of the actual length while conveniently leaving out the top of the tree.

What is this wily fox up to?

“Don’t they teach you how to measure wood in university, young man?”

“Enlighten me.”

“The leaves and branches are useless to us,” the buyer retorted. “Why should we pay for it?”

By that point, the villagers around Ian, especially the middle- aged farmer, were glancing at each other in dismay. After witnessing the newcomer’s anger, he began to panic at the prospect of losing a reliable buyer.

“Small Fry, let’s just-” the farmer began.

“Fine,” Ian cut across to address the buyer, instantly crushing the latter’s arrogance. “Then they’ll saw off what you didn’t pay for, and you can keep the part you do have a use for.”

The buyer and the villagers were struck dumb with astonishment.

Such a demand to saw off the branches is unprecedented! Will the buyer still agree?

Sure enough, the buyer did not take the threat kindly.

“You are deliberately causing trouble, aren’t you? Well, I don’t want the wood anymore. You can sell it to someone else!” At that, he turned around and made to storm off to the villagers’ horror.

Ian’s voice rang out again impassively at that moment and interrupted the villagers’ flattering pleas to the buyer.

“I would think twice if I were you. If you leave this village today, I guarantee you will never be able to do business here again.”

“What did you say? Who are you to make this kind of ‘guarantee?’”

“Try me.”

Clad in his white shirt, the eighteen-year-old young man stood positively sparkling in the bright morning sun as he held a man twice his age in a vice grip with nothing more than several words and a refusal to lower his gaze.

Although he did not lose his temper or raise his voice, that was a warning sign to those who knew Ian well.

Fortunately, the buyer was wise enough to hesitate. After regaining his composure from his short burst of temper, he noticed how his young adversary carried himself. Not only did he fail to intimidate the boy, but the boy’s presence had him at an unusual loss for words.

Finally, he turned to address one of his subordinates without taking his eyes off Ian. “Who is he?”

“They’re volunteers from a famous university, boss. And expensive, too. Their families must be powerful people.”

The buyer gulped.

Ten minutes later, the measurement was redone without so much as a twig left out of the equation.

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Chapter 1856

The villagers were ecstatic. Once the wood was measured and paid for, the farmer dragged Ian to his house for some potato and leek soup. As it was a local and expensive delicacy, it would only be prepared to honor significant guests.

Ian had already firmly made up his mind to decline even before the offer was made.

At the farmer's approach, Ian shuddered in recollection of the incident with the Villagers' Committee and hastened his departure.

"Hey, Small Fry, where are you going? My wife has prepared a feast to thank you for your help"

Ian almost yelled in exasperation as the farmer's soil-crusting hand reached out with surprising vigor to grab his snow-white shirt.

Fortunately, a slender figure in the distance quickened her pace in Ian's direction at the commotion of his struggle.

"He has a delicate stomach, sir," the figure cried from afar. "But I'm sure he appreciates the offer"

As she spoke, she forcefully pried the farmer's fingers away from Ian's shirt.

Oh my, it's as black as soot!

Susan quickly extracted a clean handkerchief and cleaned Ian's shirt as best as she could.

The farmer must have gotten the hint as he no longer insisted on Ian's presence.

"I'm sorry to hear that. Even if you won't have lunch, at least come for my wife's pineapple tarts."

Pineapple tart?

Susan, who was feeling rather hungry, swallowed when she heard that.

“That sounds delicious, Ian. There’s no harm in paying him a visit, is there? This village is known for its exceptionally sweet pineapples. I heard this harvest has been their best one yet.”

Turning to face the young man behind her, her perspiration- laced face was full of hope.

Ian raised his eyebrows.

Although he had little interest in morsels, he gave in to her pleas.

Susan was thrilled. Turning to nod excitedly at the farmer, she gratefully accepted. “We would love to come, sir. Thank you.”

“I am the one who should be grateful as Small Fry here has made us a lot of money. Come on, let’s go!”

The farmer led the way back to his home.

They were in a primitive village. With houses made of mud bricks and worn tiles, the fragrance of fresh produce wafted from both sides up the quaint village road.

The smell and sight seemed to lift Susan’s spirits greatly.

Having felt uneasy after running away in a panic earlier that day, she did not dare think about how Ian’s impression of her would change after witnessing her erratic behavior.

What would he think of me? Would he see me as disrespectful, or would he think I have an ulterior motive against him and cast me aside as a result? Oh, how I wish I knew what he was thinking.

It was only when Ian had agreed to keep her company and showed no displeasure in doing so that the knot in her chest began to loosen. Unnoticed by her, a joyful feeling that put a spring in her step rose within her.

Soon, the scent of freshly baked tarts informed the pair that they had arrived at the farmer’s house.

“It smells amazing!”

“That would be my wife’s pastries,” the farmer said proudly as he beckoned them in. “She got up especially early today for this. We are the first to bake with our harvest this year, you know. Here, try some.”

Susan went in with him with Ian following suit.

Although slightly crampy, the house's interior felt refreshingly cool due to the adobe used in its construction.

As it was not Ian's first time in a village, he could still adapt to the culture.

Just when he thought village life suited him, a furry thing shot between his feet when he crossed the threshold.

Thud!

Ian stumbled backward and collided with the door.

Startled by the noise, Susan hurried over with the pineapple tart in her hand completely forgotten.

"What happened?"

Ian was on the floor. His expression was contorted in a curious mixture of rage and humiliation as he stared at the cause of his alarm crawling toward him.

Where did that thing come from?

"Are you afraid of dogs, Ian? Don't worry. This one's still a puppy! He probably wants to play more than he wants to bite you."

Biting is the least of my concerns! Its sudden and disturbingly silent appearance is the problem here!

After sufficiently recovering from the shock, Ian wore an ugly scowl.

Before he could defend himself, the young woman squatting at his feet in concern just moments before picked up the puppy that looked several days old at most and deliberately brought it close to his face.

"Woof! Look, puppy, you scared this nice young man. Apologize to him, you hear?"

For some reason, Susan's monologue amused her greatly.

Bent double with laughter with the puppy still in her arms, the farmer's family came hurrying out at the noise and giggled upon being regaled of the incident.

Ian was so angry that his face had turned an ashen gray.

Meanwhile, Kurt finally returned with the clay pot to Avenport.

After a glance at it, Karl took him directly to Sebastian who was busy with work in his office.

“I have informed Mr. Jadeson at the military supply warehouse, Mr. Hayes. He assures us that he will deal with it within the next two days.”

“Very well.” Sebastian studied the clay pot on the coffee table.

It was a curious artifact, indeed. Molded from clay of a most striking red, there was a circular motif painted on it.

“It’s looks like a charm of sorts,” said Kurt.

The young man, who had been standing with respectful silence in the corner ever since he came in, suddenly interjected.

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Chapter 1857

Sebastian’s beady eyes fell on him at once.

“What do you mean?”

“We used to have something like this in Elysium,” Kurt said stiffly. “After a person dies, those who hold a grudge against the deceased will bury the bones of his descendants at his grave as we believed it would shackle their souls to the netherworld forever”

He was extremely reluctant to share that unsavory custom as he was painfully aware of how ignorant and backward they were.

I might as well share everything I know by this point.

Sebastian and Karl stared at Kurt after his startling proclamation. Their shocked expressions reflected his disgust.

“You learn something new every day about the world, huh? I can’t believe such customs still exist.”

“In that case, Mr. Hayes, this clay pot should have been buried by Eddie’s enemies. Do you think the White family is behind this? Could it be Maurice White? Should we pay him a visit in prison?”

Upon recollecting the existence of a likely suspect, Karl could not afford to rule him out.

Maurice knew where the military supply storehouse was. Being a member of the White family, he has the strongest motive for such a devious act.

Sebastian was on the same page as his Karl.

However, the inconsistency of the timeline bothered him. Maurice would have only been a child when Eddie died as he was only three years older than Ian.

Ian and the rest were only eight at that time. Wouldn’t that make Maurice eleven the year Eddie died? How could such a young child bury this pot?

Aside from that, Eddie had not left behind any close relatives except for Colton who was already a husband and a father at that time.

Nothing makes sense.

“Mr. Hayes?”

The voice snapped Sebastian out of his reverie. “Do you think Eddie has other descendants?” he asked abruptly.

Karl was stunned upon hearing that.

“That couldn’t be, could it? You’re telling me there are still people who— Wait a minute. Are you still suspecting Felicity?”

Karl recognized the impossibility of his theory even before he completed his sentence. No woman in her right mind would be willing to bear the child of a disabled dwarf.

Besides, it went against Eddie’s distorted worldview to seek women.

Sebastian frowned without outwardly refuting Karl’s speculation.

After mulling it over for several minutes from his desk, he finally decided for his men to interrogate Maurice.

As Karl and Kurt were about to leave, Sebastian called Kurt back.

“Wait a minute, Kurt. I have something to tell you.”

Kurt paused in his tracks and spun around attentively.

“You are to bring Ian back from Yeringham,” Sebastian ordered unexpectedly.

Kurt looked up and met the older man’s eyes with surprise in his own.

“Why? Isn’t his little trip doing him good?”

“Is it? How is running away from his problems doing him any good?” Sebastian snapped, his temper flaring up. “I’m tired of him running away the second he encounters an obstacle. What kind of man am I teaching him to be by condoning that behavior? If he doesn’t correct this habit now, what would become of him when he gets older?”

Kurt pursed his lips and spoke again after a long and careful consideration. “He’s just not used to such a high-intensity job, that’s all. You have to give him some time to accustom himself. I heard that he’s doing fine in Yeringham now.”

“Is that so?”

“Well, Vivi spoke to him. From the photos he sent her, she said that his village looked similar to the place you used to take them in the countryside when they were children. Maybe he misses that, Uncle Sebastian. If I may say so, you have been rather harsh with him.”

Giving the best attempt at eloquence in his life, Kurt delivered his speech without pausing to draw breath before waiting for the verdict to fall with deathly stillness.

It’s too tiring to keep lying like this!

Fortunately for him, Sebastian was often a little too concerned and confused than was wise when it came to his children. At Kurt’s words, he found a sense of doubt creeping up in his heart for the first time that day.

“Do you think so?”

Kurt nodded firmly.

Sebastian then sighed and dismissed the notion.

I guess there’s no harm in letting the kid relax a little longer. Besides, Susan has enough sense for both of them.

That was the last time the subject of bringing Ian back by force was raised.

As for the young man in question, Ian was visibly more relaxed after having a few days of getting acquainted with his new surroundings. Not only did he regain the color in his cheeks, but the frequent scowls on his face had also disappeared.

“Would you like to come to the market, Ian?” came a voice outside his door.

Excited to visit the morning market, Susan awoke early that morning and ran upstairs to extend an invitation to her companion.

Her timing could not have been more perfect as Ian had just woken up at that moment.

However, the sound of her voice did not fully rouse him from his grogginess. Slipping on a pair of slippers clumsily, he staggered toward the door.

“What will we be doing there?” he mumbled.

“Just some shopping, that’s all. Look at your room. You came here nearly empty-handed! So let’s pick up a few things you might need. You don’t have to say yes if you don’t plan on staying for a long time.”

Susan stood timidly at the door, unsure if Ian was annoyed or not fully awake.

Still standing behind his door, Ian scratched the back of his head with one hand as he regarded her with a bleary eye.

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Chapter 1858

“Wait for me outside.”

Bang!

Without giving Susan time to respond, Ian slammed the door shut in her face and proceeded to get dressed.

Delighted, Susan hurried downstairs to the kitchen to retrieve two eggs she had boiled earlier before waiting for him at their rendezvous point.

Not long after, the sound of the door opening prompted her to look up, only to have a handsome young man clad in a white shirt meet her gaze. Looking like he had just

stepped out of the pages of a comic book, Ian descended the stairs with grace and aplomb.

“Are you all set? Let’s get going, or we won’t be able to catch the minibus to the market.”

Urging him, Susan beamed as she handed him the two hot eggs still in her hands.

Ian did not refuse.

The pair soon arrived at the bus stop. Due to the market that day, many villagers already stood in line.

I didn’t think it would be such a long queue! Would he feel irritated?

Familiar with his aversion to crowds, Susan began to worry.

Fortunately, the villagers parted in the middle to allow the two university students to ascend the minibus when it arrived. They were still very impressed with how Ian made the farmer a third more than he would usually earn with the sale of timber.

“Have your nephew sit over here, Ms. Jadeson. It’s a prime seat on this bus.”

“This seat is fine too, Ms. Jadeson.”

The villagers were simple, kind-hearted folk who wouldn’t think twice about paying kindness shown to them forward.

Susan and Ian finally decided on a very comfortable position by the window. Although the softness in the seats was wanting, Susan did not notice any discomfort in her companion along the journey.

“Why don’t you eat the eggs?” she asked after a while. “Aren’t you hungry?”

“I’ll have them now.”

Seated next to her without a word, Ian finally picked up an egg hesitantly as he feared the unsanitary implications of eating in public.

Not to mention it also seems awfully impolite.

Determined to make that day an exception for Susan’s sake, he took the peeled egg handed by the young woman beside him.

Just then, one particularly daring villager gathered enough courage to ask the question his fellows were dying to ask. "What's the age gap between you and your nephew, Ms. Jadeson? You seem to be the same age. Do you have many older siblings?"

Upon their initial arrival, the villagers had assumed that the handsome pair of university-educated youngsters were a couple.

Only later did they discover through the Villagers' Committee that they were aunt and nephew.

"We-" Susan began.

"We're not related by blood."

Suddenly, a dry voice interrupted her by answering the question on her behalf.

Immediately after the voice fell, the minibus rang with the laughter of the villagers.

So they're not directly related. Could that mean that the rumor of them being a couple is true after all?

Within seconds, the impression of the youngsters in the eyes of their fellow passengers changed. Although they were heavily ridiculed, the villagers' jest was never cruel.

Susan's face, however, turned a deep scarlet.

She stumbled out quickly as soon as the minibus rolled to a halt at the station outside the market, feeling on the verge of dying of utter embarrassment.

Ian, on the other hand, remained completely indifferent.

His aloofness did not last very long. As soon as he stepped out of the minibus, the massive crowd jostling each other in the cramped market and the rampant presence of live poultry wailing on both sides of the street rooted him in

terror.

"What's wrong? You don't like it here?" Susan became worried at how green his face became.

Without deigning to respond, the young man pursed his lips before following cautiously in her wake.

Susan was just about to suggest they leave quickly after buying what they needed when her phone suddenly rang.

Without even looking at the screen, she answered it at once. "Hello?"

"Ms. Jadeson, what do you think you're doing frolicking around with Sebastian's son? Even if you don't take the Limmers seriously, it's still no reason for you to do that."

The angry voice fell upon her ears like a thunderclap out of the blue.

With her phone glued to the side of her face, Susan's cheeks drained of color within several seconds.

"I didn't-"

"You didn't? Are you still trying to deny it despite photos of you in Yeringham are now all over the Internet? You can't do this, Ms. Jadeson. I've never forced you to do anything you didn't want to, have I? Besides, you'd once said that you wouldn't do anything for the Limmer family. I'd even obliged you for not wanting to bear the Limmer name. However, Sebastian is the enemy of our patriarch. How could you fraternize with his son?"

The man's voice rose in pitch as he spoke. On more than one occasion, he was so angry that he spluttered in search of the right words.

Susan's face was as white as a sheet of paper. The only thing she could do was mutter, "That has nothing to do with me."

"Is that so?" the man challenged. "I dare you to tell Sebastian that you wish to be his daughter-in-law then. Do you think he would agree to it?"

He added menacingly, "Don't you forget that although the Limmer family is gone, the Heard family still remains. They will never let you or Sebastian off the hook if you do this. After all, you have conveniently given them a chance to ruin the Jadeson family!"

Susan's eyes dimmed in despair at the man's vicious words.

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1859

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 1859

Crack!

The phone fell from Susan's hands and broke into pieces.

Ian had already gotten used to the surroundings. He spotted a suitable pair of slippers at a stall nearby and was about to summon her when he saw her phone dropping to the ground.

“What’s wrong?” he asked in confusion as he bent down to pick her phone up.

To his surprise, the young woman, who had been in a cheery mood just a moment ago, was now as pale as a ghost. She stared at him intently without a word.

Ian was at a loss when he saw that.

In a state of panic, he reached out and took her hand without hesitation.

As expected, her hand’s also freezing.

“Susan, you—”

“Ian, why don’t I send you home today? We’re at the county, anyway,” Susan suggested suddenly. She retracted her hand from his grasp and gazed at the bus station not far away.

The veins on Ian’s forehead throbbed.

“Why?” he demanded.

His response was curt, and he didn’t bother hiding his fury. His tone sounded haughty, as usual.

Hearing that, Susan blanched.

She lowered her head and pretended to look at the broken pieces of her phone. She did her best to tamp down her tears so he wouldn’t realize her true feelings.

“Nothing. I was thinking that I’d better get you home before your parents start to worry. You’ve been here for days, and you must have a ton of work waiting for you to handle by now. Besides, Vivi told me yesterday that your dad’s planning to send Kurt here to bring you back home.” She immediately made up an excuse.

She wasn’t lying, though, for Vivian indeed contacted her yesterday to tell her that.

Contrary to her expectations, Ian let out a disdainful snort and spun on his heels to leave after hearing her words.

“Ian, where are you going? Don’t run off. The bus station is that way,” she yelled.

“Susan, listen carefully. I’m an adult now, so I’m free to go anywhere I like. No one can limit my freedom!” he snapped.

Susan parted her lips. “But-”

“Shut up!” he roared.

With that said, he strode away, leaving her behind. He ignored her and disappeared into the market ahead.

Susan stood rooted in her spot behind. She was so distraught that she could barely breathe.

I never meant to react this way. But I’ve really crossed the line this time. It was all my wishful thinking.

Susan went to the bus station alone and bought the ticket. She then sent a text.

Susan: Sebastian, Ian is doing fine here. I bought him a bus ticket and will send him back home today.

Her tone was respectful and formal. It was as though she had returned to her rightful position from this moment onward.

She was a member of the Jadeson family, and Ian was her nephew.

Sebastian’s reply arrived shortly after.

Sebastian: Got it. I’ll get someone to pick him up at Yeringham Station.

After reading the text, Susan felt drained of energy, and her shoulders slumped in dejection.

Ian finally found her twenty minutes later. He was laden with grocery bags and even had a fluffy puppy with him. He was planning on keeping it as a pet.

When he showed up, he saw Susan sitting in the waiting room. She was obviously waiting for him to return.

“Ian, I bought a bus ticket for you. It will depart in ten minutes. Your dad has sent someone to pick you up at Yeringham Station. Hurry, you should leave now,” she said.

Her lips were curved into a pleasant smile as usual.

Ian’s expression turned cold gradually. Crash! He dropped everything he bought to the ground, including the dog, before

turning to leave.

“Where are you going? Ian, come back!” Flustered, Susan ran after him.

Alas, Ian was too quick. As he had the upper hand over her with his height and long legs, Susan could barely catch up with him.

Left with no choice, Susan had to run with all her might.

Fortunately, the crowd dwindled after they left the market. She could still spot him from a distance behind.

Noticing that he was heading in the direction of the village, Susan finally broke down out of exhaustion. She screamed, “Ian Hayes, can you stop acting like a child? You’ll have to face reality soon enough. It’s useless to run away! In the end, you’ll still have to go home!”

She was close to tears by the time she finished her sentence.

Finally, Ian halted in his tracks. Perhaps he had heard how shaky her voice sounded.

Running away? No, I’ve never run away from anything. The reason why I came here was to face everything.

Turning around, Ian went back to her. He came to a stop before her and realized she had broken down completely.

“Who called you earlier?” he asked suddenly.

“Huh?” Susan was in the midst of wiping her tears away when she heard his question.

She lifted her head and stared at him blankly.

“Whose call was that? What did the person say to you?” Ian demanded sharply. An icy aura enveloped him, and he looked terrifying.

Susan froze.

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1860

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 1860

Why is he so sure that someone has called me earlier?

Susan's mind went blank for a few seconds.

Ian took the opportunity to get her phone to check her call and text history himself.

Susan blanched. "No!"

She wanted to get her phone back.

Alas, she was no match for the tall and strong Ian. He managed to unlock her phone easily and click into her history.

Susan: I hate this. He keeps badgering me nonstop, and I'm afraid I might suffocate one day.

Poppy: Then what are you going to do? If you can't stand it anymore, make a decision as soon as possible. Some people can be really shameless, so you'll have to be straightforward for him to stop.

Susan: Yeah, I got it.

Despite not knowing what her reaction was when she typed out the last message, he could feel her hatred and indifference.

Ian stiffened.

He stared at the chat history blankly as though a bucket of cold water had been dumped over his head, freezing him from head to toe.

Badger her? Shameless?

Slowly, he turned at his shoulder and pinned her with a withering look. One look from him was enough to send shivers down Susan's spine.

She parted her lips but no words came out.

She wanted to explain that she wasn't complaining about him. Back in the bus station, she was utterly frustrated and started chatting with her best friend, Poppy Slate, about the person who kept her on a tight leash.

Fury and hatred had overwhelmed her entire being then.

"Am I badgering you?" Ian asked.

"Yes," came her soft reply.

“Am I annoying you? And suffocating you?”

After a pause, she answered, “Yes.”

Susan balled her fists so hard that her nails dug into her skin, drawing blood. Her palm was soon sticky with blood, but she didn't even realize that.

Yes, I'll just admit to everything.

Slowly, she lowered her head. The sparkle and hope in her eyes disappeared without a trace, and she could hear nothing but a word.

“Yes.”

No matter what he said, she would reply numbly, “Yes.”

Ian had left.

He didn't even say a word or react violently. All he did was walk past her and head to the bus station.

Susan was dumbstruck.

Right that moment, she whipped around to stare at his back. His departure was like an iron shard stabbing straight into her heart, and the pain turned her inside out. She could barely stand on her feet.

I'm sorry, Ian.

She trudged back home slowly, looking like a lost soul.

That afternoon, she received a text telling her that Ian had arrived safely and that she didn't have to worry about him anymore.

After reading the text, she left her phone aside. That day, she sat in her spot for the entire afternoon until night fell.

In reality, she had never had a boyfriend.

Susan was a brilliant student, and there were many boys who had a crush on her on campus.

However, she had never fallen in love with anyone else. She wanted to focus on her studies and develop her career before finding a partner for life.

When did I start to care for him? I went against the social norms and fell in love with him.

She reckoned it was because they had grown up together. He used to be an introvert. The Jadeson family was a big family, and there were plenty of kids of his age.

However, he was only close to his siblings and her.

Later, she became accustomed to his presence, while he got used to her concerns for him.

What happened next was how her identity had undergone a change, so it was normal for their relationship to change swiftly as they grew closer to each other. Yasmin was right. I was head over heels in love with him without realizing it.

Just like that, Susan didn't move an inch the entire night.

The next day, a member of the Villagers' Committee came up to her as they were worried something had happened to her.

"Susan, I heard that you fought with your nephew at the market yesterday. Is that right?"

"No," Susan refuted stiffly.

The committee member immediately added, "But the villagers saw your nephew flying into a fit of rage at the bus station. Not only did he destroy the bus station, but he also smashed someone's car windshield."

Susan gasped in disbelief upon hearing that.

Overwhelmed with shock, she spun on her heels and dashed out of the house.

Oh, dear. Why didn't I think of that? I only focused on being harsh on him and didn't stop to think whether he could bear it. The only reason why I'd been so careful and protective of him was that I didn't want to hurt his feelings!

Susan ran out and got a villager to give her a ride to the market on his motorcycle.

When she arrived at the market, she dashed all the way to the bus station and saw some people repairing the chairs and windows inside. There were also some window shards outside in the parking lot.

"Sir, what did you do to the young man who kicked up a fuss here? Where is he?" she asked as her voice choked up.

At the sight of a puddle of dried-up blood on the ground, she couldn't stop the fear from clawing up her throat.

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1861

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 1861

"What did we do to him? What else? We sent him to the police station, of course. How dare he destroy the entire place and cause trouble for us, huh? He will pay the price for his rash actions!" the man huffed angrily.

The other staff in the bus station nodded furiously as well.

Susan was stunned.

It took her a few seconds before she regained her senses.

The police station? How could that be? Didn't I receive a text saying he has arrived safely? Why is he in the police station?

She shook her head, trying to make sense of the situation. No, that text must be fake. If someone had picked him up from the station, his dad would've sent me a text personally. I received the text from an unknown number. I didn't receive any text from Sebastian yesterday.

Comprehension dawned, and her mind went blank. Without hesitation, she ran onto a bus.

"Quick, take me to town!" she said.

"Miss, the bus runs according to the schedule. It's not your personal ride. You can't just ask us to leave as you like," the ticket seller reminded her.

Bursting into tears, Susan pleaded, "How much do I need to pay you? I'll pay for the ride. Please, ma'am. I really need to go to town. Someone's life is at stake. Please leave right now. I'll pay you any amount you want!"

She emptied her pockets and offered all the money she had to the ticket seller.

The ticket seller was dumbfounded.

In the end, the bus roared to life and drove all the way to town.

On the way there, Susan sent a text to Vivian.

Susan: Vivi, did Ian tell you anything?

Vivian: No. He didn't even contact me.

Susan: Did your dad tell you that he's going back?

Vivian: No. Oh, I think I heard Daddy calling Mommy yesterday. He said Ian's coming home soon, but Mommy told me later that he isn't coming back.

Susan: What?

Vivian: Yeah. Don't you know? Mommy didn't even seem disappointed. Aunt Susan, is Ian enjoying his time with you? So much so that he had no intention of coming home?

Vivian was still as tactless as usual. She had no idea what had happened.

After reading her replies, Susan pocketed her phone. Her heart was aching, for she knew it was all her fault. He's stubborn. I should've realized something was off yesterday when he took off. The calmer he looked, the worse he was doing. There was no way he'd go home obediently.

Susan arrived in town in record time and went straight to the police station.

"Officer, I need to find out if you've brought a young man from Xendale here after he caused trouble at the bus station."

"Yes, the young man is here. Who are you?" The police officer at the police station replied in the affirmative as expected.

Susan's body shook slightly. She grabbed the edge of the table to steady herself before pleading, "I'm his aunt. Can I talk to him?" Her voice was trembling.

"You're his aunt?" the police officer repeated doubtfully.

After confirming her identity, Susan was allowed entry. More than ten minutes had passed since she entered the police station.

"He's eighteen. The law states that those who commit the act of vandalism will be detained for fifteen days. Tell him to be honest so we might reduce his sentence."

"Yes, of course," Susan responded hastily before rushing away.

Inside the cramped and dark holding cell, she saw a young man wearing a white shirt sitting on a chair.

He was staring at the ceiling blankly. The sight of the wounds on his handsome face caused her heart to constrict in anguish.

'Tm so sorry, Ian”

She stood outside the holding cell and broke down after saying that.

This is all my fault. Ian was born with a silver spoon in his mouth. He was adored by his family and never had to suffer. What have I done to him?

She blamed herself for being the reason he got arrested by the police. He’s an innocent young man but ended up in this state because of me.

Susan wailed her heart out. “Ian, I’ll bring you home right now.”

With that said, she left to talk to the police.

When the police entered the holding cell, he asked, “Is she your aunt?”

“I don’t know her,” the young man answered indifferently.

Susan was rendered speechless.

Her face pale, she stared at him incredulously. Even her tears had dried up.

There was nothing more despairing than his hurtful words.

He used to rely on her so much and would listen to her obediently. Alas, he was claiming that he had no idea who she was right now.

Susan couldn’t help but quiver slightly as realization struck her.

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1862

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 1862

In the end, Susan managed to get Ian out. She used her identity as a Jadeson to get the police to release him.

When they both walked out of the police station, it was drizzling outside. Susan borrowed an umbrella from the police station so they wouldn't get drenched.

When she came near him, however, he strode into the rain without hesitation.

"Ian Hayes, stop right there!" she yelled.

The sight of his back reminded her of the scene yesterday when he walked away from her. Finally, she plucked up her courage to stop him from leaving.

She was afraid the past would repeat itself.

Fortunately, she managed to get him to stop in his tracks this time around.

Susan's eyes turned red instantly. She held the umbrella and ran toward him.

"Ian, I know I went overboard yesterday, but I didn't have a choice. You asked who called me yesterday, right? I'll tell you who it was. It was Mr. Glen, a neighbor of Timothy and me.

He has been our neighbor since we were kids," she explained hastily.

Finally, Ian lowered his gaze to spare her a look.

"He treated us well, so we never suspected him of anything. When my dad died, he told us his real identity. Many years ago, that man sent him to protect us. I was both shocked and disgusted, but there was nothing I could do about it.

Luckily, he didn't force us to do anything against our wishes. He kept an eye on us and protected us within his means. Back when Yasmin tried to harm me, it was Mr. Glen who helped me retaliate. That was why I accepted his presence silently."

She paused to take a deep breath before adding, "However, I forgot that he worked for that man. Yesterday, he called me out of nowhere to inform me to stay away from you. If I insist on staying with you, you and your father will be mocked by everyone. The Jadeson family will also become the laughingstock of the country. What else can I do? I can't let you get hurt nor can I stand idly by and watch as your dad's reputation is torn into shreds. Other than pushing you away, what else can I do?"

Her last question was soft as though she had exerted all her energy and strength.

That's right. What else can I do?

My hands are tied.

Susan had always been a brave and decisive young lady.

Now that she had reached a dead end, instead of making up excuses to lie to him and risk bringing harm to both sides, she chose to reveal the truth boldly.

It was an admirable decision.

Ian was understandably shocked.

He had no idea that this was the truth.

My father's reputation, destroyed?

That had never crossed his mind. He didn't even stop to consider what others would think about their relationship. After all, it was his own business. Others had no right to interfere in his affairs.

Falling silent, Ian stared into the far distance. His face was ashen beneath the umbrella.

"Let's go back. We'll talk more back at home," Susan mumbled, her gaze downcast.

She said nothing else. All she wanted to do was to head back with him after she spotted his injuries.

However, Ian didn't move at all.

He stood there for a long while as though he was a statue. Finally, he parted his lips and rasped, "I'll figure something out."

"Huh?"

"Wait for me, and don't listen to that man. I'll be back after dealing with the matter."

After saying that, he strode away. Despite the drizzle, he walked ahead without any hesitation. It didn't take long for him to be completely drenched.

Shortly after, his figure disappeared from sight.

Susan froze.

A long while later, she felt her heart bursting into a million pieces.

At once, she squatted down and bawled her eyes out.

No one knew what she was going through right then. She had always thought she would have to face everything alone after her father's death.

That day, she realized there was someone who was willing to protect her no matter what.

Ian...

Back in Avenport, Sebastian was hearing the story of the clay pot when he heard about Ian's return.

"I asked Maurice, and he told me his grandfather gave him the map."

"Grandfather?" Sebastian asked.

"Yes, I found his grandfather who told me that it was Maurice's father who delivered the map to him suddenly. Maurice's father got the map after visiting someone in prison," Karl reported.

This was a complicated story.

To make it short, when Alfred was locked up, his brother went to visit him, and he gave the map to his brother in secret. That would mean that the map originally belonged to Alfred.

I can't believe the map is his!

Suddenly, Sebastian recalled how Alfred reminded him to be careful of those behind his back when he paid the man a visit back then.

It seemed that Alfred found out about Eddie's military supply storehouse. Knowing that he had been used, he leaked the information to Sebastian deliberately.

Alas, Sebastian was too busy to pay attention to the matter.

"What about the clay pot? Is it related to him?"

"Maurice's grandfather said Alfred didn't relay any message regarding the clay pot. However, he did mention that Alfred's brother complained about Alfred marrying a loose woman instead of the daughter of the Durant family," Karl added.

Loose woman? Does that mean Alfred's family knew about Elizabeth's actions all the while? Interesting.

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1863

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 1863

Sebastian returned to Frontier Bay and saw Ian sitting in the living room.

He thought Ian would be doing well in just half a month's time after his escape judging from what the other children had secretly informed him.

However, Ian now looked nothing like what he had expected.

"What happened to you? How did you end up like this? Did you get into a fight?" Sebastian asked bewilderedly.

He stood before Ian and saw that not only were his clothes dirty, but there were also various bruises on his face.

Sebastian grew furious. He had always thought Ian was the most obedient of his three children because he had raised Ian himself.

Ian had always followed the rules and behaved wisely since he was little. He would never get into a fight.

Therefore, Sebastian wondered what had happened to Ian.

"Yesterday, your Aunt Susan sent me a message saying you are coming home. But you sent me another message later saying that you won't be returning. What is going on?"

Ian sat silently on the couch for a few minutes before turning to Sebastian and said, "Daddy, why did you keep Eddie's descendants as a part of the Jadeson family? Aren't you worried that the people will criticize you if the matter is exposed?"

"What do you mean?" Sebastian narrowed his eyes.

Why is Ian suddenly asking such a strange question? Did something happen to him? Did the remnants of Eddie's followers find him and speak to him?

Sebastian was an intelligent man. He went through every possibility in his head within a few seconds.

"Why should I be worried? Your Aunt Susan and her brother have nothing to do with Eddie other than being his blood relations. They were never involved in any matters related to him."

"Then... does that mean you won't take it to heart if someone threatens you with this matter?"

Sebastian's words were like a cardiac stimulant, reviving Ian's depressed heart.

Sebastian continued to observe Ian.

He had raised Ian, so he could see that something was wrong with him.

He did not answer Ian's question but called Wendy, the housemaid, to prepare a bath for Ian and get him to rest before calling Karl over.

"I want you to investigate what happened to Ian in Yeringham yesterday."

"Mr. Hayes, do you mean..." Karl instantly sensed that something was wrong upon hearing Sebastian's instruction.

"He's been asking me about Susan and Eddie's relationship since he came back. I want you to investigate what Susan is hiding. When I was at the university, I found it strange that a girl like her could keep escaping from being in danger from Eddie's men."

Sebastian's expression turned solemn, and his tone suddenly grew cold as he spoke.

Karl understood what Sebastian meant and immediately began an investigation.

By evening that day, Sebastian received a message from Karl when he was having dinner with Ian in the dining room.

Karl: Mr. Hayes, I have finished investigating. Someone saw Mr. Ian and Susan arguing at a market in Xendale. Mr. Ian was angry, and Susan kept crying. He walked away after that.

Sebastian: Where did he go?

Karl: He didn't go far but went to a bus station and wrecked it. The police arrested him and brought him to the police station.

Karl had to gather his courage to break this shocking news to Sebastian.

He found it hard to believe that Ian had been arrested and brought to the police station. As far as he could remember, Ian was the most obedient of Sebastian's three children. Yet, Ian managed to get himself into serious trouble.

It was more severe than what Matteo had done.

Sebastian did not reply to Karl's message but glanced at Ian, who was sitting opposite him.

Ian noticed Sebastian's gaze and did not know what to say.

He felt the surrounding air suddenly turn chilly and began to eat slowly.

Thankfully, the oppressing aura from Sebastian did not persist. Soon, Sebastian's phone vibrated again. His expression calmed down tremendously as he saw the message.

Karl: I have found out what happened. It was a person called Kilian Glen who called Susan. I don't know what they talked about, but I discovered that he's Susan's neighbor.

Sebastian: Her neighbor?

Karl: Yes. I have also finished investigating your suspicion about what happened to Susan at the university. She had spoken to Kilian on the phone a few times then.

It was no wonder that Karl was the leader of SteelFort. He could find all this information within a short time.

Sebastian suddenly had on a cold look again.

He could be tolerant and magnanimous to others.

However, he could not tolerate anyone who messed around right under his nose. He had told Susan that she was free to choose her path, but he would not hesitate to retaliate if she chose the wrong path.

"Daddy, I... I have something to tell you," Ian piped up.

Sebastian looked at him in astonishment. "What's the matter?"

"I... fought with Susan yesterday. She suddenly received a call and chased me away. It was around the time she sent you the message."

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1864

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 1864

"Later, I questioned her and discovered that a man called Mr. Glen had been contacting her since her father passed away. He kept reminding her that she was a Limmer. He also called her when I was in Yeringham and said he noticed that I was always staying with her. Susan was worried about my safety and so she chased me away." Ian finally told Sebastian what had happened.

Of course, he hid some things from Sebastian, such as his true reason for staying in Yeringham.

Sebastian did not reply but kept staring at Ian with a strange expression.

He chose to be frank now. Does this mean he found out that I am investigating him? This little imp still has some wit left in him.

“I understand and will investigate this matter. Is this why you came home looking depressed? You were worried about your Aunt Susan?”

Ian panicked slightly and quickly looked away. He looked down at his plate and picked up some spaghetti with his fork.

Luckily for Ian, although Sebastian was observant, he did not suspect that Ian was hiding a big secret from him.

Looking at Ian, who was silent and whose head was hung low, he simply assumed that Ian was worried about Susan.

He thought it was the concern of a nephew for his aunt.

Thus, Sebastian instructed his men to carry out an investigation.

After dinner, Ian returned to his bedroom and shut the door. He could not calm down for a long time as he sat at his desk, looking at a page on his phone screen.

An hour later, he finally saw activities on that page.

Karl: Mr. Hayes, I have found Kilian, but he denied that he is Eddie's follower.

Sebastian: What does he mean?

Karl: He said Elizabeth sent him to watch Colton. He also revealed that Elizabeth had abducted Susan and her brother when they were born.

These words popped up on the page.

Ian stared at them unwaveringly and even forgot to breathe for a moment.

It was as Ian had expected. Shortly after Karl sent the message to Sebastian, a furious emoji came from Sebastian's phone.

Sebastian: What is the meaning of this? What do you mean by abduction?

Karl: The doctor carried the babies away soon after birth to administer the vaccination. However, the babies never returned.

After Karl explained that, the rest were easy to guess. It meant that Susan and her brother were not Colton's children. Elizabeth had likely switched them a long time ago.

Sebastian was furious, and that was the end of the messages between Karl and Sebastian.

After that, the page on Sebastian's phone did not show any more activity.

Ian closed the page and got up from his desk. His palm was covered with cold sweat, and his legs were trembling slightly.

I'm sorry, Daddy...

The following day, Ian woke up and went downstairs. As expected, he found Sebastian sitting in the living room with a grim expression.

"Morning, Daddy."

"Mm, how are you feeling now? Can you go to the company today?" Sebastian glanced over his shoulder.

He was not in a good mood.

He still found it hard to believe the news he had received last night. If what Karl said is true, I need to find where Colton's real children are. Could they have become Elizabeth's pawn too?

Ian nodded obediently. "Yes, Daddy. Are you going somewhere?"

Sebastian grunted and replied, "Karl found something last night, so I need to leave to confirm whether it is true. I need you to watch the company for me and inform Karl if there is anything. Also, your Uncle Solomon has returned."

"Okay."

And so, Sebastian left Avenport and took a flight to Jadeborough.

Ian watched Sebastian leave. Once the helicopter flew out of sight, he stood at the door and tapped on his phone screen.

Very quickly, he transferred a sum of money from his account.

That day, Ian worked hard at the company. He responsibly dealt with every document sent to him, shocking the employees.

Has Mr. Ian stopped being rebellious?

At noon, while he was having lunch in the top floor president's office, the phone screen beside him lit up with a notification. It turned out that Susan had given in and sent him a message.

Susan: Ian... How are you doing over there?

Ian: Good.

He did not say anything else. However, his expression lightened with a slight smile as he sent the reply.

Susan's anxious heart finally calmed down after she received his message.

Susan: Really? Then... have you told your father about this? Did he say anything?

That was what she wanted to know the most.

Only the heavens knew she could not sleep the whole night after Ian left.

Ian read her message and denied it immediately.

Ian: No. I am now trying to resolve the issue concerning your identity.

Susan: My identity?

Ian: Yes. You are no longer Eddie's granddaughter after today. Who do you wish to be? You can tell me now, and I will make it happen.

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1865

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 1865

Ian casually told Susan his plan. He respected her decision and allowed her to choose her new identity.

In actuality, Ian had begun planning this during his journey home yesterday.

One could not deny that he inherited Sebastian's intellect. From when Sebastian instructed Karl to begin an investigation to Sebastian's reaction after finding out about Killian, Ian could accurately predict Sebastian's every move.

Ian carried out his plan well and deliberately arranged for Karl to find and capture Killian.

Furthermore, he also provided Killian with what he should say.

The reason Ian did all this was to give Susan a brand new identity and allow her to free herself from the Jadeson family. Then she would not have to worry about the matter anymore.

Ian waited for Susan's response with anticipation.

Unexpectedly, Susan called right after he messaged her.

"Hello? Are you saying you will give me a fake identity to leave the Jadeson family?" Susan said.

"Yes." Ian did not deny it. "You said you were worried about my daddy and the Jadeson family's reputation because of your identity as a Limmer. Since I have resolved this, you don't have to worry anymore."

Susan's hope gradually shattered as she listened to Ian. Her eyes were filled with despair. "Ian, do you understand what I

truly worry about?"

"What is it?"

"I am worried about what the world would think, whether your parents would accept our relationship, and what every member of the Jadeson family would think. Have you considered how much of a blow we would cause them if we revealed our relationship one day?" Susan asked softly on the phone.

That was her true concern. She did not dare to imagine how people would react if they found out about her feelings for Ian. She was Eddie's granddaughter and Ian's aunt. It was improper for her to have such desires.

Ian remained silent.

He took his phone and sat beside the coffee table. He was confused at first. But after he heard what Susan said, his gaze turned dim and cold. "Are you asking me to tell my parents about this?"

That sent Susan into a panic. “N-No! That’s not what I meant!”

Disappointment rose from Ian’s heart, and he lost the determination in his gaze. Even his affection for her gradually dissipated.

“Susan, you are much weaker than I thought. Since you are that scared, fine, I will do as you wish. From now on, you are still my aunt, and I am still your nephew!” Ian snapped.

With that, he did not give Susan a chance to reply and hung up immediately.

Susan sat stunned like a statue.

It took a long time before she finally recovered her senses. She felt as if someone had dug out something from her chest. She staggered and slumped to the floor.

Yes, he is smart and saw that I am afraid and cowardly. I am not as brave as him. So what if the world criticizes and looks down on us? At the very least, Ian dares to fight for what he wants and take action. What about me? Other than shrinking back and worrying, I did nothing!

Since then, Ian did not contact her anymore. A few days later, someone exposed the matter concerning Kilian. It turned out a person had paid him and instructed him to fabricate lies about Susan’s background.

In the end, she was still Eddie’s granddaughter.

After receiving the news, Susan remained in Yeringham and did not speak for the whole day.

In August, when there was still half a month before the new semester, Ian completed the paperwork to drop out of the University of Pollerton. He, Vivian, and Kurt would travel to Yartran together and attend classes in Atlantius.

Ironically, soon after they left, the truth about Susan’s background finally came to light.

“Susan, I have good news for you. Both of you are not Eddie’s descendants. Your father is not Elizabeth’s son. She killed

her own son a long time ago.” Susan’s mother, Sigrith Halford, broke out in tears of joy on the phone.

Susan was dumbstruck after hearing the news.

It turned out she was not Eddie’s granddaughter.

“Ian’s father found out the truth. He said Elizabeth had given birth to a child many years ago. At that time, Eddie promised her that he would make her the First Lady after he recovered his position. However, Eddie broke his promise and married her to Alfred. Thus, her heart grew twisted with hatred. She killed her child, placed it in a clay pot, and buried it before Eddie’s tomb so that he could never find rest in the afterlife.”

Sigrith frankly told Susan what had happened in Jadeborough recently.

However, there was something more shocking than this.

It turned out that after Elizabeth killed her baby, her family had feared Eddie would seek revenge, so they had rushed to the countryside and adopted a child of a similar age.

The child he adopted was born to a woman from the Limmer family.

Juliet Limmer was the mother. One could find her name in the Limmer family’s family record in Golden Heights. She was Louis and Eddie’s blood-related aunt. After getting married in Xenhall, she became Felicity and Janice’s aunt.

From this, one could tell how evil Elizabeth was.

Sigrith wiped her tears and continued, “Ian’s father also said that during the years of war, Juliet had helped to raise her younger brother, Lucien’s children. If you are okay with it, you can go for a paternity test and see whose blood is flowing in you and your brother.”

Susan’s mind went blank. She had never expected such an unbelievable matter to happen to her.

She was still a Limmer.

However, within the span of a month, she suddenly became the descendant of a national hero from the descendant of the most publicly hated man.

It sounds like something straight out of a drama. However, isn’t all this a little too late...

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1866

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 1866

Susan arrived in Jadeborough.

On the day she arrived, Jonathan came to meet her personally and brought her to Oceanic Estate.

“Susan, we are certain that you and your brother are descendants of Mr. Louis Limmer. Your brother has met with the representative in Xenhall and completed the paternity test. I brought you here because I would like to know what your plans are from now on,” Jonathan said solemnly after bringing Susan to Oceanic Estate.

Jonathan was the head of the Jadeson family. He usually would not discuss vital matters with a younger generation like Susan.

However, he revered Louis. Many years ago, Louis had led them into a battle that led to the founding of this land. He would always admire Louis and Judith as the most esteemed leaders.

Susan pursed her lips.

Although she had mentally prepared for this, she still could not help but feel flustered now that she had to face it.

“Grandpa Jonathan, what do you mean?”

“The White House has also found out about this matter. They are excited that the esteemed Mr. Louis Limmer has descendants. They wish to arrange for a residence for you and Timothy and get both of you to restore your surnames to Limmer.”

It was something unavoidable. Everyone would pay attention once Louis’ name was mentioned. As Louis’ descendants,

Susan and Timothy would receive the glory and treatment they deserved.

However, all Jadesons, including Susan’s mother, thought that Susan would refuse.

After all, Susan was humble and intelligent. She knew that the fame and attention she would receive after becoming a Limmer might be detrimental to her.

Everyone in the Oceanic Estate expected her to remain as one of the Jadeson family.

Even Sebastian and Sasha believed Susan would choose to do so.

Yet little did they expect her to agree to the proposal from the White House. “Sure, let them do that.”

“Huh?” Jonathan was stunned by her choice.

After ten minutes, the news of her decision spread throughout Oceanic Estate. Everyone looked at Susan differently when she stepped out.

There was no ill intention among them.

However, they could not help but feel disappointed and worried that Susan would lose herself in the complicated world of politics and power.

“Susan, I heard you have chosen to take the Limmer surname.” Sasha also came to Oceanic Estate. As Susan left, she walked her out.

To her surprise, Susan avoided her gaze and did not dare to look at her.

“Yes.” Susan nodded, gripping the hem of her clothes.

Sasha was a little disappointed to see Susan behaving this way. However, seeing that Susan was nervous, Sasha reached out and patted Susan’s head.

“It’s all right. You are free to choose. However, you must remember not to lose your principles wherever you are and take good care of Timothy, okay?”

“I understand.” Susan nodded and kept Sasha’s advice to her heart.

Then Sasha instructed a driver to send Susan back.

Susan was about to leave, but she suddenly paused and turned around to look at the woman sending her off. She gathered her courage and asked, “Oh, if I-I become a Limmer, can I address you differently?”

Sasha was stunned. “You wish to address me differently? What do you mean?”

Susan replied, “I am around Vivian’s age, so it feels a little disrespectful to keep calling you Sasha. Now that I am a Limmer, can I call you Mrs. Hayes? Kurt also calls you this.”

Everyone in the living room exchanged glances for a few seconds, including Sasha.

She wants to call me Mrs. Hayes? Based on our age difference, it makes sense. However, she’s been calling me Sasha for over twenty years. It feels strange that she wants to call me something else.

“Um... Sure,” Sasha agreed in the end.

She saw a smile on Susan’s face, and the latter seemed delighted as she left.

Sasha was rendered speechless.

What is happening?

Sasha went to the third floor and found Sebastian reading. She told him what had happened with Susan, causing him to stop turning the pages.

Susan wants to change how she calls Sasha?

In September, Susan and her family moved into the Limmer family's official residence at Golden Heights. She and Timothy had both taken Limmer as their surnames.

After they changed their surnames, someone from the White House came to them and offered to send them overseas for their studies.

"Overseas?" Timothy was excited.

However, Susan seemed indifferent to the offer.

"Sir, I prefer to stay at my current university. It is a reputable university in our country and is as good as any university overseas. I hope to finish my studies here. I'm sure that grandfather of mine will agree with me when he finds out."

The secretary from the White House was stunned to hear a young woman in her early twenties making such a speech.

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1867

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 1867

It was all about genetics.

After being exploited by Elizabeth all these years, Colton nevertheless stayed true to himself and never became her pawn. It was the same for the pair of siblings, who would never turn out to be people who covet power.

The two siblings still went to the University of Pollerton.

After half a year, with her own efforts, Susan managed to secure herself the opportunity to attend to University of Pollerton, and several other universities in Yartran as a foreign exchange student. Without hesitation, she chose Atlantius.

"Susan, you're going there? Are you..."

Poppy took a peek at Susan's registration form. She was overjoyed yet worry for her best friend at the same time.

She was happy because she knew what Susan went through, and the reason behind her decision.

But at the same time, she was worried for Susan. Poppy feared for the worst, given that there was no news about Ian for the past six months.

Nonetheless, she could tell from Susan's eyes that she had made up her mind.

"Don't worry about it. I've already made the necessary preparations."

Then, Susan submitted her form.

Another six months passed and it was already the end of the year. This time, when Susan and Timothy went back for their break, they noticed that the other young adults did not return to Oceanic Estate for Christmas.

"Kurt and Vivi are not coming back this time because Vivi is invited to a fashion week."

"That's right. As for Mr. Ian, rumor has it that Uncle Solomon arranged for him to work at Wall Street in Moranta to get some experience"

"Matteo will not be coming back as well."

Sigrith sighed at the thought.

Matteo must be sending Nat to meet her father. Brandon is finally getting better, and he's longing to see his daughter. Nat, too, is missing her father, so Matteo was tasked to send her over.

Susan stood there and listened attentively.

She was feeling rather disappointed, for she believed that the young man she was waiting for was not going to Moranta to gain experience, but instead, was just trying to avoid coming home.

Susan never imagined herself going through such torment on New Year's Eve and New Year's Day. Every day, she would be counting down the days and hoping time could pass by quicker.

Once school reopened, I would be able to travel to Yartran.

Fortunately, she had her best friend by her side through such tough times.

Poppy: You're going to visit him soon. Do you have the gift ready?

Susan: What... what gift are you talking about?

Poppy: What do you mean what gift? You need to get him something that he likes. Do you even need me to teach you this?

Of course Susan knew.

However, the only meaningful thing that she could do for him was merely to cook for him. Other aspects of his life were well taken care of by his mother. He basically had everything that he needed and wanted, except for food. Hence, she always cooked for him when they were staying in the apartment.

In the end, Susan did not get anything for him. Frustrated, she hugged the puppy that she got from Yeringham.

It was the same puppy that Ian had bought from the market that day.

After what seemed like an eternity, the day that Susan longed for finally came. With her luggage in hand, she left the house in a hurry early in the morning. Sigrith, who witnessed her fumbling, couldn't help but feel annoyed.

"What's wrong with her? She was never this excited to go to school before. So why is she acting all jumpy now? She didn't even attend the few dinner parties that I arranged for her."

"What dinner party?"

Coincidentally, a few sisters-in-law from the Jadesons were here to visit. Upon hearing what Sigrith said, they were intrigued.

Sigrith immediately explained, "She's going to graduate from university soon. Quite a few madams from influential families are arranging for Susan to work for them. I was just about to tell her that."

"I don't think it's that simple. I bet they're all trying to get her to become their daughter-in-law instead."

The ulterior purpose was evident.

But it was to be expected. After all, Susan was a hot-shot in Jadeborough ever since she showed up. Many from the elite families were eyeing for her to be their daughter-in-law.

Sigrith's sisters-in-law were happy for her because it meant that Susan could marry into a good family. Their lives could see a change for the better soon enough.

In Pollerton.

After completing the registration process, Susan rushed to the airport.

Upon knowing that Susan was coming to Yartran, Vivian swiftly made the necessary preparations to welcome her.

Vivian texted her: Aunt Susan, you have nothing to worry about. Kurt and I are already here at the airport. You'll see us when you arrive.

Susan: Okay.

Susan initially wanted to correct the way in which Vivian addressed her. But in the end, she decided not to as she didn't want others to find out what was in her mind.

With a rapidly beating heart, Susan boarded the plane.

After a few hours, she arrived in Yartran.

The moment she exited the plane and entered the airport, she immediately noticed Vivian, who was dressed in a blue jacket and a furry hat, waving vigorously at her. Standing behind Vivian was a handsome young man.

"Aunt Susan, I'm here! Look here!"

She joyfully called out to Susan. Despite her age, Vivian still had a baby face, and her smile was innocent and bright.

As she stared at Vivian, Susan was slightly dazed by the young woman's happy-go-lucky attitude.

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1868

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 1868

Susan had heard about what happened between the two of them, and it was undeniable that they had been through a lot.

However, the moment she saw Vivian's smile, she knew then that Vivian must be living a happy life. Susan was even more confident in her intuition when she saw Kurt standing behind Vivian, always protecting her. They were basically inseparable.

Susan was well aware that he must be protecting Vivian with his own life.

"Aunt Susan, why did you choose to undergo your student exchange program here? You know, when I first found out that you were coming, I was so happy, and I still am!"

Vivian, who finally got to meet Susan, immediately popped the question.

For a moment, Susan didn't know how to answer to that.

"I... I'm not sure where I want to go. Since I've never been abroad before, I figured I might as well come to a place where there's someone I know."

"Well, you've made the right choice! This is definitely where you belong!"

Vivian was giving Susan a thumbs up for what she thought to be the "right choice."

Kurt, who stood at a side, pursed his lips. Nonetheless, he remained silent.

After helping out with Susan's luggage, Vivian noticed that Susan had brought along a dog. The next second, Vivian's eyes widened in bafflement.

"Aunt Susan, you brought a dog!"

"Um... yeah. I've been taking care of the dog for quite some time. Since I'm starting school soon, my mom said that she wanted to give the dog away. That's why I brought it here."

Susan was fumbling to come up with an excuse.

Luckily, Vivian was quite a naive person. She didn't bother much about what Susan was saying, but instead, all her attention was channeled to the dog. Even before Susan could finish her sentence, Vivian squatted down and wanted to carry the dog in her arms.

"Be careful!"

Kurt saw it and immediately pulled her hand. He was afraid that Vivian would get hurt.

Susan quickly explained, "Don't worry, the dog won't bite. I bought it in Yeringham. It's really obedient and gentle."

“Okay.”

Vivian’s eyes glistened with excitement.

She could tell that the dog’s intelligence was remarkable, and it had a protective nature.

Together with the dog, the group left the airport.

When Vivian and Ian came to Atlantius, Sebastian bought an apartment for them since there would be three of them there.

“Aunt Susan, it’s perfect! We have five rooms here, and with you joining US, we’re officially fully occupied!”

Vivian smiled in delight as she started introducing the apartment to Susan.

There are five rooms, but the apartment will be fully occupied if I move in?

While staring at the spacious and beautifully renovated apartment, Susan was baffled by Vivian’s statement.

However, she felt out of place to ask further, given that it was not her apartment.

She then moved her luggage into her room and started unpacking her stuff. When she was done, Kurt also finished cooking. Just then, a click was heard and someone came in through the door.

Vivian looked up and exclaimed, “Ian, you’re back?”

The moment Susan heard what Vivian said, her heart started pounding rapidly and she had a sudden spike in anxiety.

She held something in her hand and made to come out of her room.

However, before she could leave her room, she heard Vivan saying, “Sigrun, where have you guys been today? You have been gone for so long! Kurt and I brought Aunt Susan back from the airport already.”

Susan halted in her tracks.

“I’m so sorry, Vivi. I went out with Ian to buy some materials since school is starting tomorrow. Ian needed to buy a whole lot of things.”

The woman’s voice was gentle and soft, and it was the sweetest sound to anyone’s ear.

Susan was stunned.

She gradually walked out of her room and took a peek. In the living room stood the young man who she did not see for over half a year. However, there was someone else beside him.

It was a gorgeous woman with thick, silky hair, and she was dressed in a brown dress.

“Sigrun, you’re really the best! As expected of the person sent by Great-grandpa, you’re really doing a good job at taking care of Ian.”

“Vivi...” The woman named Sigrun was evidently embarrassed by her words.

She was seated opposite Ian. After giving him a shy glance, she smiled shyly and her cheeks started turning bright red.

Meanwhile, Susan started to turn paler by the second.

Still holding on to the object in her hand, she felt like someone had dumped cold water over her head. The chills penetrated her bones, and it was as though she was disconnected from her surroundings.

Am I... too late?

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1869

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 1869

Vivian rushed toward Susan excitedly once Susan came out of her room. “Aunt Susan, have you packed everything? Come and have dinner. Ian and Sigrun are back.”

Apparently, Vivian had no idea about the secret between them.

The living room plunged into silence when Ian looked up at Susan.

At the same time, Sigrun also shot a curious glance at Susan.

Almost instantly, Susan’s face turned pale.

At long last, she was face to face with Ian. However, the look he gave her was calm and cold, with not a hint of happiness or anger in it. Despite not having met for half a year, Susan didn’t expect to receive such an indifferent response.

The next moment, Susan was impressed once she shifted her gaze toward Sigrun.

She's so beautiful!

Sigrun had a well-defined oval-shaped face, fair and porcelain skin, and enchanting eyes. One couldn't help but feel mesmerized upon seeing her.

As Susan was rooted to the floor, Vivian caringly asked, "Aunt Susan, why are your hands so cold? Should I turn the heat up on the heater?"

Vivian instantly felt that Susan's hands were icy when she touched them.

However, Susan was stunned and couldn't utter a word. In the end, Kurt came up to them and instructed, "Vivi, please take Susan to the dining room. I'll turn up the temperature of the heater."

"Okay."

With that, Vivian brought Susan to the dining room, still not realizing that something was off.

A short while later, the five of them were seated at the dining table, with Susan arranged to sit at the head of it.

Sigrun grabbed her cup of drink and introduced herself, "Nice to meet you, Ms. Susan. I'm Sigrun Lightburn, granddaughter of the Chief of staff of the Army. Vivian has always mentioned you to me. After meeting you today, I have to agree that you are indeed a graceful and gentle woman."

Dumbfounded, Susan instinctively looked over to Ian beside her. It was as if she wished to ask for his help.

Susan was only two to three years older than Sigrun.

After Sigrun complimented her like she was talking to an elder, Susan couldn't help but feel slightly uncomfortable.

As Susan stared at Ian, he probably sensed her gaze and finally turned around.

The next moment, Ian said composedly, "You don't have to be so formal since we're a family. Anyway, let's enjoy the meal."

Susan widened her eyes in shock upon listening to it.

Why is he acting this way? It's almost like he doesn't know me!

No, that's not true. He knows who I am but can't remember the things that happened between us. What's wrong with him?

Susan was utterly stunned.

Meanwhile, Sigrun heeded Ian's advice and began eating.

For the rest of the meal, Sigrun didn't serve Susan food or drink but focused on enjoying her meal with Ian.

Of course, Vivian and Kurt were also digging into the different dishes with relish.

Susan was the only one who wasn't in the mood to have dinner. Gripping her fork and spoon tightly, she was seemingly in a trance.

After dinner, Sigrun helped Kurt clean the table while Vivian fed the dog that Susan had brought over.

Susan saw that Ian had entered the second bedroom, which also happened to be his. A moment later, she mustered her courage and headed toward his room.

Susan saw that Ian was sitting before the computer when she arrived at his door. She called out cautiously, "Ian..."

Ian looked up once he heard Susan's voice.

"Yes?"

Susan's heart skipped a beat, for she saw Ian's cold expression when he glanced at her.

It was as if Susan was no different from Matteo and everyone else in the Oceanic Estate.

"... Nothing. I just wanted to check in on you. How are you after you've been here? Have you gotten used to everything after staying here for half a year?" Suppressing the excruciating pain, Susan forced a smile and asked Ian.

Ian nodded and responded, "Not bad. How are you? How's everything?"

Susan replied, "I'm... doing well. I'll stop bothering you. Anyway, I bought a little gift for you and hope you'll like it."

With that, Susan walked toward Ian and took out a gift from her pocket.

It was a key chain that looked like a lotus-shaped dessert.

Ian stared at it in bewilderment after taking it from Susan.

“Well, you can leave it here. Thank you, Aunt Susan.”

“You’re welcome.”

Susan couldn’t help but dig her fingers into her palms when Ian addressed her as Aunt Susan. She swore she could smell the coppery scent of blood, and only then did she spin around to leave.

Coincidentally, she bumped into Sigrun as she left the room. Sigrun said, “Oh? Ms. Susan, are you here to see Ian?”

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1870

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 1870

staring at Susan’s hands, Sigrun asked in surprise, “Ms. Susan, your hands...” “Vivi, can you go downstairs to buy a bottle of detergent? Sigrun can go with you.” Suddenly, Kurt came out of the kitchen and asked Vivian to buy something for him.

Vivian agreed to it right away.

Then, she skipped happily toward Sigrun and grabbed her arm to leave the house.

Susan heaved a sigh of relief after they left.

Just as Susan wanted to return to her room, she heard Kurt’s voice from the kitchen.

“There are some Band-Aids in the wine cabinet. You should treat your wounds.”

Susan was a little taken aback, for Kurt could seemingly see her even though his back was facing her.

Moments later, Susan slowly came up to the wine cabinet. She opened the drawer and took out two pieces of Band-Aids.

After treating her wounds, Susan came to the kitchen and offered to lend Kurt a hand.

“Kurt, let me help you.”

Kurt neither agreed nor declined as he continued working.

As Susan was wiping the plates with a dry towel, she couldn't suppress her curiosity and asked, "Kurt, can you tell me... what has happened to him?"

"What do you mean?" Kurt, who was busy washing the dishes, asked Susan back calmly.

Susan turned around to gaze at Kurt. That question from him was the final straw on the camel's back, and she found she couldn't suppress her emotions any longer. In an instant, tears started to well up in her eyes.

Susan was smart enough to know that Kurt had helped her ease the situation by asking Sigrun to leave the house. As such, it was logical for Susan to believe that Kurt was aware of what had happened to Ian.

"Ian was sick. After returning from the company, he locked himself in his room, just like how he did for three days after Duncan died. However, this time, he locked himself in his room for a week."

Crash!

Once Kurt finished explaining, a plate fell from Susan's hands and shattered on the floor.

The next moment, Ian came out of his room because he heard the noise.

"What happened?"

Although her body trembled violently, Susan dared not turn around and merely stood still.

In the end, Kurt crouched down to pick up the shattered pieces of the plate.

"It's nothing serious. I accidentally broke a plate."

"I see. Don't wear Aunt Susan out. Since she has just arrived today, please let her get some rest. Why don't you hire a housemaid to do the dishes if you're busy?" Ian instructed Kurt before he left the kitchen.

From those words, one could tell that Ian still cared about Susan.

However, Ian didn't realize that his words were like piercingly sharp knives that plunged into Susan's heart.

The pain was excruciating, so much so that Susan's legs could barely support herself.

"Well... what happened next?" Susan asked after Ian left.

In the end, Kurt decided to tell Susan the truth. "Worrying that something would happen to Ian, I got a psychiatrist to check up on him. The psychiatrist advised US to erase his painful memories, given that he has a hereditary disease. When he was soberer, I asked if he wished to heed the psychiatrist's advice. He eventually agreed to it."

In other words, Ian lost part of his memories voluntarily. Since Susan had said that her relationship with Ian was over, he decided to give her what she asked for by erasing his memories that were related to her.

That night, Susan couldn't even remember how she got back to her room.

All she knew was that the sky was completely dark when she woke up.

The first night that Susan spent in a foreign country was surprisingly silent. Slowly, she stood up from the floor and walked toward the window.

Looking out, she saw her dog, which was tethered to a post downstairs.

While everyone in the apartment slept soundly, Susan went downstairs to hug her dog. Apparently, it also couldn't fall asleep because of the unfamiliar environment.

"Lotus, can you tell me what I should do next?" Woof!

Snuggling itself in Susan's arms, Lotus gently barked because it didn't know how to speak.

Meanwhile, Susan hugged Lotus tighter and rested her head against its back. Moments later, tears streamed down her face non-stop. She stayed in the backyard with Lotus for quite some time before returning to her room.

Upstairs, Kurt was also awake.

Given his years of training, Kurt would jolt awake at even the slightest noise. Besides, he had had to keep Vivian company earlier. She had asked him to watch a soap opera together and only fell asleep not long ago.

Before Kurt fell asleep, he thought Susan would give up on Ian soon.

After all, in Kurt's eyes, Susan wasn't brave enough to fight for what she wanted.

Surprisingly, after everyone woke up in the morning, a sumptuous breakfast was already served at the dining table.

At the same time, a petite figure was busy preparing food in the kitchen.

"Oh, are you guys awake already? Come and have breakfast! The food is ready."

Susan quickly asked everyone to freshen themselves up and come to the dining room.
At the sight of the delicious food on the table, Vivian was absolutely delighted.

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1871

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 1871

“Woah, Aunt Susan, you’re amazing. That means well get to eat both Kurt’s and your cooking in the future!”

“What’s the matter? Are you losing interest in my food after eating my cooking for so long?” a certain someone grumbled.

The girl quickly consoled, “Of course not. How can I possibly do that? My Kurt’s cooking is the tastiest of all. Come on, let’s go wash up now.

She was getting more and more shameless in flaunting her relationship.

Even Susan’s face was red as she watched them.

Soon, Ian and Sigrun came out as well. Sigrun was equally delighted to see the scrumptious meal.

“Oh my god, Ms. Susan, you’re amazing! You’ve actually made so much delicious food!”

“It’s nothing. They’re just normal homecooked dishes.” Susan quickly shook her head humbly.

However, just as she said that, the girl named Sigrun began studying the breakfast spread.

“I think Ian will like the sandwich and milk. I’ll get some condensed milk for you.”

With that said, she went to the refrigerator for the condensed milk.

When Susan noticed that, she took out the pot of oatmeal she had prepared earlier from the kitchen and put it in front of Ian.

“He doesn’t eat that. He prefers oatmeal. Come, Ian, eat up. These are your favorites. I’ve even made a plate full of steamed buns for you.”

Susan then smiled as she served the dishes.

Sigrun, who was in front of the refrigerator, froze. Then, she turned to look at the two of them.

Even Ian frowned when he saw the food. He then asked, "These are my favorites?"

Susan replied, "Yes, you loved the oatmeal I made most when we were at the University of Pollerton. You'd even have a few bowls of it every time I make it."

Ian fell silent, and so did Sigrun.

Even Kurt and Vivian, who had just come out of the room upstairs, lowered their heads and looked at the trio.

In the end, Ian scooped up a spoonful and ate it. However, everyone noticed that he stopped after a few bites. Instead, he took the milk and sandwich that Sigrun had prepared for him.

The living room turned quiet.

"Ms. Susan, could it be that you've remembered it wrongly? We've been staying here with Ian for half a year, and he has never asked me to prepare these for breakfast. He prefers milk and sandwiches," Sigrun questioned.

Susan did not speak.

She only looked at the young man, who was digging into his breakfast as if nothing was happening around him, in a daze. All of a sudden, a thought entered her mind, and the feelings of remorse and sorrow nearly suffocated her.

That's right. He never had anything he liked nor disliked. He ate anything I made for him as long as I'm the one who made it. He has never been picky, and he always polished everything off his plate. That's why I thought he liked it. The truth is that Ian has always been considerate of me. He's actually a picky eater.

Susan retreated to the kitchen. For a long, long time, she never re-emerged.

"Ian, what are you doing? Aunt Susan prepared all these for you early in the morning. How can you be so mean? Even if you don't like them, you should've eaten them!"

Vivian, who had seen the moment, furiously began lecturing her brother once she went down the stairs.

However, Sigrun did not agree with her.

“But Vivian, how is he supposed to eat it if he doesn’t like it?”

“But...”

“All right, keep it. I’ll eat it later.”

Right as the girls were arguing, Ian, who was sitting at the side, interrupted them. After frowning and asking them to keep the oatmeal, he went back to his room.

Vivian instantly and merrily brought the oatmeal back to the kitchen.

“Aunt Susan, you don’t need to be sad anymore. I’ve taught Ian a lesson, and he says he’ll be eating it for lunch.”

As Susan looked at the young woman who was still defending her, she felt even worse—she realized she could not forgive herself anymore.

What have I done?

That morning, when Susan went to the supermarket, she made a call to Oceanic Estate.

“Mrs. Hayes, it’s me, Susan. I’d like to ask what Ian usually likes to eat. What about Vivian? I was thinking of cooking something for them. They said it’s been a long time since they’ve eaten homecooked food as they’ve been ordering takeout all along.”

“Oh, I see. Sure, I’ll tell you right away.”

Sasha was exceptionally delighted when she heard that.

Immediately, Sasha went to compile a document a few pages long about the food her children liked before sending it to Susan.

“Darling, look at how sensible and thoughtful Susan is. The first thing she thinks about upon reaching their place is what she can cook for them.”

Sebastian was in the middle of reading the newspaper in his hands when he heard her words. He then crossed his legs and muttered, “Is that so?”

Sasha replied, “Yes, yes. She was even asking me for a list of food they like.”

Sebastian then asked, “Did the daughter from the Lightburn family not ask you for a copy?”

The Lightburn family?

The moment Sebastian asked that, Sasha froze.

Right, I've forgotten about that. Sigrun is the girl that Grandpa wants as Ian's significant other. After all, her grandfather used to be his comrade.

Sasha had also heard that the young woman seemed like a nice person who had been getting along with Ian.

"She didn't ask me for it, but I heard from Vivian that she apparently takes rather good care of Ian."

"I see. What are you planning to do, then?" Sebastian suddenly asked.

For families like theirs, once the boys reached adulthood and had a suitable partner, they would quickly make their relationship official. Furthermore, Ian was already nineteen. Jonathan had been thinking about making his relationship official for a long time.

Sasha had nothing to disagree to after hearing Sebastian's explanation.

"If both parties are fine with that—if Ian agrees to it as well—let's make it official."

Sebastian did not reply to that.

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1872

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 1872

Two days later, the semester started again.

As it was Susan's first time around, Vivian wanted to accompany her to the campus to report in. However, Kurt analyzed the situation and thought that it was not appropriate for her to keep Susan company.

"Susan's in accounting, and it has nothing to do with your design. It's best for Ian to keep her company instead. Ian's in finance, and they're in the same school."

"Oh, you're right!"

Vivian found sense in Kurt's words.

Instantly, she ran to her brother's room.

“Ian, accompany Aunt Susan to campus today. Her major is similar to yours, and her classes are also physically closer to yours. Kurt said you’re the better choice to bring her around.”

Ian was in the middle of packing his laptop and his books when Vivian ran in. When he heard her voice, he lifted his head to look at her.

However, before he could say anything, Sigrun walked over from the room next door.

“The Faculty of Finance isn’t the same as accounting. They’re two different fields, and the classrooms are pretty far apart. Why don’t I bring her there instead? I’m in business management, and my classes are closer to Ms. Susan’s.”

It was truly a sudden turn of events.

Vivian, who was standing by the doorway, was taken aback by it.

To everyone’s surprise, Susan, who had packed up her things upstairs, suddenly came downstairs with her bag. When she heard the voices in Ian’s room, she, too, came over.

“It’s fine if it’s a little far. Ian knows my situation better. I think it’ll be better for him to lead me there. Ian, will you mind?”

When her bright eyes looked into the room, even Kurt could not help but turn to look at her a little longer.

It seemed like something about her had changed.

In the end, Ian agreed to it. Sigrun was disappointed about it, but she did not dwell much on the matter.

To her, Susan was just their aunt.

Soon, the few of them reached the campus.

“Ian, I’ll head over with Kurt first. Let’s get in touch once we’re done with our classes.”

“Okay.”

Ian nodded.

In the blink of an eye, Vivian and Kurt were gone; the only ones left at the campus entrance were Susan and the other two. Susan, naturally, had no other plans, but after Sigrun watched Vivian and Kurt leave, she headed straight to the bicycle zone by the entrance.

“Ian, let’s ride over.”

“Sure,” Ian agreed.

Susan guessed it was their routine.

A second later, she came to a decision.

“Huh? Ms. Susan, why aren’t you getting a bike?”

“Oh, I don’t know how to ride one...” Susan gave them an apologetic look as she stood rooted in place awkwardly.

Sigrun never thought that Susan would be unable to ride a bicycle. Once she registered what Susan had said, she immediately offered, “You don’t know how to ride a bike? Why don’t you... Why don’t you ride on mine as a passenger?”

Susan fell silent.

However, she did not reject the offer. After Sigrun got onto her bicycle, Susan moved to take a seat behind her as well.

Nevertheless...

“Ah!”

Thump!

Both cried out at the same time. If not for Ian supporting them in time, they would have fallen to the ground.

It was inevitable. The bicycle was designed differently from the models back home. The designs of the wheels and the handle were meant for a solo rider. Even if someone wanted to take a passenger, they would have to be extremely skilled in balancing the bicycle.

Susan had noticed this at first glance, which was why she had taken up Sigrun’s offer.

After finally getting on Ian’s bicycle, Susan glanced at the lonely young woman on the other bicycle and guiltily looked away.

However, she did not regret her decision.

Susan had to try walking back into the young man’s world again. Regardless of what the results were in the end, she was going to try her best.

Not long after, Ian brought her to her faculty.

Those who knew Ian noticed the unfamiliar face and curiously asked, "Ian, is she your new friend?"

Pursing his lips, Ian nodded and replied, "Yes, she's my aunt."

Susan blinked, a little shocked.

Even after finishing up her enrolment procedures, she was still feeling disappointed. There was no trace of joy or anticipation in her despite having transferred to a new university.

Ian turned around to glance at her for a beat before saying, "Don't worry. The culture here is fine. The people here won't put you in a difficult spot and are friendly."

"Is that so?"

It was only then Susan seemed to brighten up a little.

"In that case... Ian, can I come and find you more often? I... I just came here, and I'm not too fluent in French. Vivian and Kurt are too far from me. I..."

"Sure," came the young man's swift response.

Upon hearing that, Susan finally smiled. When her wide smile reached her bright eyes, Ian found himself lost in a trance for a moment.

It was a pure and sweet smile.

The joy on her face when he said yes was as if she had gotten everything in the world. The eyes that reflected no one but him made his heart ache.

Ian left.

That day, he kept staring out of the windowsomething he rarely did. It was as though he was waiting for something.

When Sigrun came to look for him, she spotted him staring right at her.

"Ian?" the young woman happily called out.

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1873

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 1873

During the six months she had spent by his side, she had never seen him distracted in class. Even when she arrived, he would ignore her as long as he was doing homework or in the midst of lessons.

Sigrun approached him in delight.

“Ian, here, I bought you a drink.” She took out a bottle of mineral water from one of his favorite brands.

“Mmm-hmm, just leave it there.”

Before she knew it, Ian retracted his gaze as the distant look he usually had returned. It felt as if the gaze he threw Sigrun earlier was nothing but an illusion, causing her to feel disappointed.

Nonetheless, she quickly regained her composure as if nothing had happened. Taking out her notebook, she planned to do her homework while keeping him company.

“Ian?”

Suddenly, someone shouted outside the classroom.

Startled by the voice, Sigrun looked up and noticed that Ian had gotten to his feet and hurried outside.

“What’s wrong?”

“Ian, t-the teacher wants to evaluate me, saying that I’m a transfer student. Only with the evaluation test results can they decide which grade to place me in. After taking a look, I realize it’s mostly in... French.”

Filled with dismay, Susan had arrived with her backpack while clutching the test paper. She hung her head so low in embarrassment that it seemed to be buried in her chest.

She had started out confident due to her being a top student at the University of Pollerton.

Unfortunately, her ignorance of many French professional terms disheartened her, let alone the accounting knowledge required of her.

After skimming through it, Ian led her into the classroom.

“Sit here.”

“Oh, okay.”

As she took her seat, Susan gave Sigrun an apologetic look.

A few minutes later, both of them went through the test paper together. Observing them by the side, Sigrun suddenly realized the usually aloof Ian was especially gentle and patient when it came to explaining Susan’s test to her.

“Do you understand now?”

“Mmm-hmm, I got it. What about this?”

“Let me take a look.”

They spent half an hour of recess working on the paper.

By the time Susan left, her mood had brightened up. As she put her test paper away and put on her backpack, she smiled vibrantly at Ian.

“Ian, thank you so much. Let me buy you lunch.”

“Hmm?”

“To thank you, of course. Also, Sigrun, do join US. Both of you can decide where to eat. Once I’m done, I’ll come and see you. Anyway, I’m going back to class now.”

With that, she ran off with her backpack bouncing on her back.

Sigrun sat and watched Susan’s silhouette disappear before returning her attention to Ian.

“Ian, are you going?”

“I’m fine either way,” Ian casually remarked. Sigrun was stumped.

Either way?

During the past half year, she had never seen him eat outside. He would either eat the food Vivian had sent over or head back to their apartment. There was not a single instance of him eating at a place outside the school.

Suddenly, Sigrun was unsettled by a thought.

Meanwhile, after Susan slipped back into her classroom, she held onto her furiously beating heart, as if she was filled with excitement over doing something amazing.

Luckily, Ian didn't reject me and even explained the test to me.

As she carefully unrolled the test paper he had gone through with her, she felt as if she could catch his scent on it.

It was a faint mint smell that was especially pleasing to her.

When the school bell rang at noon, she dashed out of class excitedly to have lunch with Ian and Sigrun.

However, she arrived at the Faculty of Finance to find that both of them were not there. After checking with the other students, she learned that Ian had left a while ago.

"Ian? He has already left. Every noon, his girlfriend will meet him for lunch. She treats him very well and is particularly attentive," one of the students informed her.

The instant she heard those words, she felt as if someone had poured cold water on her brimming passion. Frozen in place, whatever enthusiasm she had earlier had now vanished.

Girlfriend? Is it Sigrun? That's right. I forgot to ask Kurt the other day about who she was. She introduced herself as the granddaughter of the Chief of Staff of the Army, but I forgot to ask her what she was doing there. With both siblings and Kurt together, they would have enough company. Thus, what's the point of her presence?

After receiving a call from her daughter, Sigrith replied, "Her? She's the fiancée that Jonathan has found for Ian. I heard that she is the best candidate they have after a long search and is probably related to one of his old comrades."

Fiancée?

Susan felt a buzzing in her head.

She couldn't believe her ears. In just half a year, the Jadesons have already decided on his engagement? In that case, does it mean that we no longer have a chance to be together?

Holding her phone, Susan felt as if she had fallen into a bottomless abyss.

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1874

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 1874

Inside Adalyn's restaurant, Vivian, who had just started eating, knitted her brows when she saw that there were only four of them.

"Where's Aunt Susan? Why isn't she here?"

"Hmm?"

Laying out the cutlery, Kurt looked at her. "Didn't you inform her?"

"I didn't. Isn't she supposed to be together with Ian? Ian, didn't you tell Aunt Susan about having lunch here?"

Vivian looked at Ian, who had taken his seat opposite her.

Instead of responding, the latter's gaze shifted in Sigrun's direction.

Evidently, she was the one who arranged everything.

At that moment, she began to shirk her responsibility.

"I thought that you had informed her. Since you haven't, I'll give her a call right now."

She took out her phone at once.

Nevertheless, Vivian was already annoyed. This is just Aunt Susan's first day at school, and we have already made such a careless mistake. What will she think when she finds out about it? She will definitely feel sad about it.

Getting to her feet, Vivian decided to pick Susan up herself.

The moment she left, Kurt naturally went with her, leaving Ian and Sigrun at the dining table.

"Ian, I..."

"Didn't she ask you to make reservations for lunch? Why didn't you do it?" Ian questioned with an indifferent look in his eyes.

Sigrun was surprised that he had brought up the Incident in the morning. She had assumed that he didn't care for it, just like many other things in his life.

Upon realizing he had clearly remembered the matter, her face lost all color.

“Ian, I-I’m sorry. I just thought that you had no intention of eating out, so I decided not to make reservations. After that, I assumed Vivi would have told her when she invited US here.”

Subsequently, Silence ensued.

At that moment, Ian got to his feet as a grim look flashed in his eyes.

In the end, after Vivian found Susan, she and Kurt brought the latter to have lunch in the school cafeteria together.

Even though the simple dining environment wasn’t as luxurious as that of Adalyn’s place, the despair that Susan felt earlier eased a little at the warm gesture.

“Aunt Susan, you should come straight to me next time. Ian can’t be bothered with anything and lets Sigrun run his affairs, just like a kid who hasn’t grown up- Mmm...”

Before she could finish, Kurt had stuffed a piece of steak into her mouth, rendering her speechless.

Damn it, doesn’t he realize that I’m speaking to Aunt Susan?

Susan continued to eat quietly.

Kurt, too, didn’t say a word. It wasn’t until Vivian left to wash her hands that he swept his gaze toward Susan, who was feeling down in the dumps.

“Sigrun is someone Old Mr. Jadeson found for him. Over the past half year, she has been taking care of him”

“In that case, what about him?” Susan finally asked.

When she raised her head to look at Kurt, he could see the ashen color of her face.

Kurt cocked a brow. “Him? How would I know?”

Susan was stumped.

“Perhaps, she has grown on him like how you did when you took care of him back then. Or maybe, he’s just used to being under her care. Anyway, how could I know what’s going through his mind?”

Kurt’s tone was indifferent to the extent of sounding a little cold as if to express his exasperation over the question.

If she really wants to reconcile the relationship, what does the engagement matter? Is she just going to back off because of it? If that's what she thinks, I would prefer Sigrun to be with Ian for the rest of his life. At the very least, he will be a lot happier with someone who doesn't shy away in the face of obstacles.

Susan stared blankly at him as she didn't know how to describe her feelings. The only thing she felt was a growing sense of isolation.

Only then did she realize the complex emotions she previously felt were nothing compared to her current feelings.

That's right. How can I give up just because of this? They aren't even married yet, are they? As long as they aren't, I still have hope. I will show him that I'm the one that belongs in his heart.

Wiping the tears off her eyes, Susan began to wolf down her food.

When she saw Ian again in the afternoon, she noticed the apologetic look in his eyes even though he didn't bring up the matter of lunch.

"Next time, just come to me if you need anything."

"All right."

Susan felt better at once.

Over the next few days, she would travel back and forth between the Faculty of Accounting and the Faculty of Finance. Just as he promised, Ian would drop whatever he was doing whenever she came to see him.

Consequently, Susan was happy with how things were.

Unfortunately, the same could not be said for Sigrun.

"Grandpa, ever since Susan came, she keeps staying by Ian's side. Even though she's his aunt, she gets in my way of spending time with him. Are you able to somehow transfer her away from the university?"

"All right. I'll have it done right away."

Sympathizing with his granddaughter, Lucius Lightburn readily agreed to the request.

However, the moment he ended the call, his wife reminded him, "Susan is one of Louis Limmer's descendants and is someone of importance. Are you sure you want to mess with her?"

“What are you afraid of? Even if she’s a member of the Limmer family, it’s only in name as she doesn’t hold any meaningful power. Besides, I’m not messing around with her. Can’t I find her a better school than the one she’s in now?”

Lucius didn’t think much of the matter.

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1875

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 1875

It was a Thursday when Susan found out that she had failed the evaluation test.

The moment she received the news, she was so desperate that she rushed to see the teachers in school instead of informing Vivian and the others.

“Ms. Ericsson, can I check which part of my test I failed? Can you explain it to mē?”

“Oh, it’s you. It was terrible. Whatever you have learned is too different from what we teach here. Susan, I would suggest that you go to a different school. In fact, I’ll refer you to Flinders.”

The moment the teacher saw her, she actually suggested that Susan transfer someplace else.

How can I do that? I painstakingly fought for a place in my school back home to come here as an exchange student. If I don’t get to study here, what’s the whole point of all this?

Filled with desperation, Susan pleaded with the teacher, “Ms. Ericsson, I don’t want to go to another school. Why don’t you tell me what my mistakes are so that I can work on them and retake the test?”

Despite her pleas, the teacher was unmoved. In the end, she gave Susan a card for Flinders before dismissing her.

Susan’s heart sank in despair.

What am I going to do?

She walked out of the school office with a listless expression.

“Oh? Ms. Susan, what’s wrong? Why do you look so glum?”

The moment she came out, she ran into Sigrun.

Suddenly, she felt as if the latter was her last hope. “Ms. Lightburn, the teacher just told me that I have failed my test and wants me to go to Flinders University instead. What should I do?”

“Huh?”

A concerned expression descended on Sigrun’s face when she heard the news.

“That’s unacceptable as you’re unfamiliar with the school. Why don’t I talk to the teacher for you? After all, I know her better than you do.”

“Okay.”

Susan was extremely grateful.

Unfortunately, Sigrun’s meeting with the teacher was futile, as the latter refused to budge from her decision not to accept Susan.

“I’m sorry. I strongly feel that a student must go to a school that is compatible with them. This is also for her own good.”

“But-”

“Enough. I have classes to teach. That’s all for today.”

After outright rejecting both of them, the teacher picked up her books and left for her classes.

With that, the glimmer of hope Susan held just a moment ago dissipated just as quickly as it came.

Sigrun was equally speechless.

After a while, she tried to persuade Susan, “Erm... why don’t you go to that university instead? It’s not that far from here. If you take a bus, it will be a two- hour ride.”

Two hours? How is that not far?

Susan would never accept such an arrangement.

After returning to the apartment, she lingered in her room for a while before turning on her laptop and looking up local accounting information and test paper questions.

She hoped to work hard and sit for the test again.

As a result, she stayed home that weekend to study in her room. When Vivian and the rest asked her about it, she only told them that she was revising her lessons and nothing else, for she didn't want them to worry.

In fact, she didn't even dare imagine how Ian might react once he found out about it.

Would he be happy? Or would he help me? I can't take that risk. No matter what, I must seize this opportunity to stay by his side.

After studying hard for a few days, she went back to school on Monday to see the teacher again.

"Ms. Ericsson, excuse me, but I would like to appeal for another opportunity to take the test. If I fail again, you can rest assured that I'll go back to my own school."

Just to get the teacher's agreement, Susan was willing to make a bold promise.

After staring at her briefly, the teacher finally agreed due to what Susan had said.

Susan was ecstatic over the response.

Subsequently, she took the test paper and gave it another shot. This time, she utilized all the knowledge that she had crammed into her head over the last few days.

When she was done, she handed in the paper confidently.

Unfortunately, she was shocked to learn that she had failed again.

"You can return to your country now as your results do not meet our school's standards." The teacher handed her the results heartlessly.

Susan was stunned.

This is impossible. Considering how much effort I had put in, how can I still fail? Even if I have not studied here before, accountancy is a universal concept. How can it vary so much in different places?

At that moment, Susan began to suspect that the teacher had something against her.

"Ms. Ericsson, are you sure that the problem lies with my test paper?"

"Of course," the teacher answered with conviction.

In response to her answer, Susan took back her test paper without another word.

"All right. In that case, I'll let someone else check it. If the mistakes are mine, I'll keep my promise." With that, she left with the paper, causing the teacher to panic.

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1876

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 1876

She had assumed that Susan was a pushover and never imagined that the latter would want to get the paper checked by a third party.

The teacher commented behind her, "It's useless even if you bring it to someone else since every school has different admission standards. Furthermore, you're just an exchange student, and the school doesn't need a reason for rejecting you."

The words caused the already aggrieved Susan to turn around and stare blankly at the teacher.

Filled with disbelief, she felt a burning sensation in her eyes that made her look particularly pitiful.

Nevertheless, the teacher left without another word.

Instead of explaining further, all she left Susan was the cold silhouette of her back.

After that, Susan slumped onto the bench behind her.

There was indeed a difference between an exchange student and a regular student. No matter how exceptional an exchange student was, they would have to return to their school of origin.

In contrast to an exchange student, all the achievements of a regular student would be attributed to the university, enhancing the school's reputation.

Therefore, Susan didn't suspect anything was amiss with the teacher's draconian stance.

Left without a choice, she resigned herself to attending Flinders University since she couldn't enroll in Atlantius. A distance of two hours was certainly better than returning to her home country where she would not be able to see Ian.

Finally, she arrived at Flinders.

“Hello, I come from Atlantius. Ms. Ericsson told me that I can enroll myself here.”

She handed over her academic documents.

After checking her credentials, the school staff didn't make things difficult. Instead, they handed her a form to fill out.

“Once you have filled out this form, you can report to your teacher in class. Ms. Ericsson has already made the necessary arrangements.”

“All right.”

Susan was surprised by how smoothly everything was going, especially since they were telling her to go to class right after she arrived.

Isn't this a bit too fast?

Nevertheless, she was still one who prioritized her studies. Once she heard that she could go to class, she complied obediently as it was three o'clock in the afternoon then.

By the time class was finished and she came out of school, it was almost five.

Thus, she hurried to the bus stop, hoping to rush back to Atlantius.

Buzz!

When she got on the bus, her phone vibrated in her bag.

Could it be a call from them?

She quickly brought it out but was dismayed that its battery had run out. Given that she had rushed out earlier and didn't expect to change schools, she had forgotten to bring a power bank.

Therefore, Susan could only hope that her bus would travel faster.

Unknown to her, Vivian and the others had gathered at Atlantius after finishing their classes. Upon hearing what happened to Susan, Vivian was nearly out of her mind with anxiety.

“Sigrun, why didn't you tell us about something that important? What if something happens to her? She's all alone in an unfamiliar place!”

Vivian glared furiously at Sigrun.

Shocked by the backlash, Sigrun felt that she didn't deserve it.

"I assumed that she would tell all of you. Just that day, I talked to the teacher on her behalf, but the teacher insisted that she had failed the evaluation test. Since what she has learned is different from what's being taught here, the teacher referred her to another school."

"You-"

"That's enough. Let's stop assigning blame. What matters now is to look for her. I'll go back and get the car."

With a gloomy expression, Kurt pulled Vivian to his side before they quickly left the school to get their car, which was the Lamborghini that Sebastian had gifted to Kurt back then.

After watching them leave, Sigrun heaved a sigh of relief.

"Are you going to tell me that you're not aware of the rules regarding an exchange student? Or the fact that you have no idea what accounting is after studying in the Faculty of Business Administration for half a year?"

A cold gaze swept in her direction.

As he gave her an earnest but indifferent stare, Sigrun could feel the hostility he emitted while standing under the shade of a tree.

In that instant, Sigrun's face lost all color.

He actually saw through all that? In that case... He...

Despite her panicky attempts to explain, Ian wasn't willing to give her the opportunity to do so. Turning around, he rode home with his canvas bag on his back.

At seven in the evening, Kurt and Vivian finally brought Susan home.

"Oh? Dinner has been served? Sigrun, did you cook?"

When the three of them came home to a table of scrumptious dishes, the famished Vivian jumped in joy.

However, there was no sign of Sigrun. Instead, a towering figure in a casual beige outfit emerged from the bedroom. Wearing a pair of sandals, he had stuck both his hands in his pocket.

His entire being exuded a languid yet casual vibe.

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1877

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 1877

“Ian? D-Don’t tell me that you prepared these?”

Vivian’s eyes widened in shock when she saw him.

Ian’s expression froze.

“Do I look like I know how to cook?”

“Hehehe... Nope,” Vivian admitted before sticking her tongue out.

It was only then that Ian looked away and explained that he had ordered someone to deliver the food instead.

As for Sigrun...

“After her mistake, I asked her to stay in school and reflect upon her actions for a few days.”

Once everyone sat down and began eating, Ian slowly explained why Sigrun wasn’t having dinner with them.

At his words, Vivian and Susan looked up in surprise.

Mistake? What did she do?

Only Kurt didn’t react as he continued to enjoy his dinner. It was as if he had known about it all along.

Once dinner was over, Susan cleared the table before returning to her room.

Exhausted from the long day she had had, she wanted to rest early because she was worried she couldn’t wake up in time to make the long trip to school.

Knock! Knock!

“Come in.”

Susan, who was rummaging through her wardrobe, went to open the door.

“Ian?”

She had not expected the one knocking on the door to be the person she missed dearly.

Ian nodded indifferently as he was never one to show much emotion. All along, he always wore a frosty expression on his face.

Nevertheless, in the past, he would smile when in front of her and would talk to her in a gentle tone.

“I just want to tell you that you don’t have to go to Flinders tomorrow.”

“Huh?”

Susan was pleasantly surprised.

“Really?”

“Yes. That teacher is unfamiliar with the rules for exchange students. Therefore, I went to see another teacher. Now that everything is cleared up, you can continue studying at Atlantius tomorrow,” Ian explained at the door.

Susan was filled with joy after hearing the news. Overwhelmed by emotions, she stretched out her hands and hugged Ian around his arms.

“Ian, you’re wonderful! This way, I’ll never have to leave your side again!”

Lost in her ecstasy, she accidentally let out a Freudian slip.

As the air between them suddenly froze, Susan, who had regained her senses, didn’t dare move a muscle, as if she had been struck by lightning. Even Ian seemed paralyzed in his position.

Amidst the air of awkwardness, Susan felt the urge to run somewhere and hide.

In truth, that was exactly what she did. As if she had been jolted by electricity, she let go of Ian and fled into her room, slamming the door shut behind her.

Bang!

No explanation was forthcoming at all.

After staring blankly at the door for a while, Ian turned around stiffly and returned to his room. Once inside, he realized that his heart was pounding furiously.

What's going on? She's my aunt!

The next day, everyone had woken up.

Vivian was boisterous as usual. It wasn't until Kurt dragged her into the bathroom to get her to wash up did she come down for breakfast wearing her backpack.

Immediately, she could sense that something was different.

"Kurt, did you notice that something feels strange this morning?"

"What's strange?"

After leading her out, Kurt heard her ask as he stuffed her freezing cold hands into the pockets of his down jacket.

Holding a carton of milk in her hand, Vivian mumbled while drinking, "In the sense that Susan and Ian didn't say a word at all."

Kurt grunted and replied, "It's good manners not to speak during a meal."

"But, both of them avoided looking at each other, as if they had done something wrong. Didn't you notice it?"

"No." Kurt was annoyed.

In the end, he took out her favorite sweet and stuffed it into her mouth to stop her from sticking her nose into the business of others.

"Mmph!"

"Finish it quick as you won't be allowed to eat that in school. By the way, Susan will be coming back to our school. Therefore, remember to call the restaurant to make a booking for lunch."

"Okay!"

Vivian's eyes lit up in delight.

Without saying another word, she spread her arms wide and hopped onto Kurt's back. Filled with bliss, she enjoyed the precious moment both of them shared together.

Meanwhile, Susan, too, was in a particularly good mood that morning.

When she woke up and saw Ian, she was indeed embarrassed at first.

After breakfast was finished, they headed to school on Ian's bike. Sitting behind him, she felt a warm sensation in her heart when both of them were bathed by the golden rays of the morning sun.

"Ian, when we arrive at school, will you go over with me?"

"Yeah."

Ian readily agreed without needing her to explain further.

With the morning breeze blowing across her face, Susan's smile widened when she recalled the time they were at the University of Pollerton. Back then, he didn't know how to ride a bike yet, so she had to take him around.

But now, their roles were reversed.

Can I bring him back to me? He is mine after all.

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1878

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 1878

Under Ian's guidance, Susan successfully returned to the Faculty of Accounting. Besides that, she noticed the teacher that had caused her trouble was no longer around.

Consequently, she was delighted by the turn of events.

After she was done with her morning class, she received a call from Vivian at noon.

"Aunt Susan, let's go for lunch. We'll be waiting for you at the school entrance."

"Okay," Susan readily agreed.

Just when she left her classroom to seek out Ian at the Faculty of Finance, she saw Sigrun and Ian walking out of the faculty building side by side.

"Ian, let's meet up with Susan before going over to the restaurant for lunch."

"Yeah," Ian agreed. It was evident that he very much approved of the arrangement.

The moment Susan saw both of them together, she stopped in her tracks.

Sigrun?

Suddenly, she felt like someone had poured cold water over her, dousing the happiness she had felt a moment ago and causing her mood to spiral into sorrow.

She was aware that Sigrun was his official girlfriend and was recognized by both families. Moreover, she had already reminded herself not to feel discouraged over it.

However, the moment she saw them together, she didn't know how to handle the pain and sadness she felt.

She stood there blankly until both of them finally noticed her.

"Ms. Susan, I'm surprised to see you here!"

Sigrun was delighted to see her. Ignoring Ian, she rushed to Susan's side without any hesitation.

"Ms. Susan, we were just heading over to your faculty to find you. Now that you're here, we can head out together. Vivian and Kurt are already waiting for US at the school entrance."

She hugged Susan's arm in a familiar manner.

Even though the latter felt uneasy about it, she kept it to herself. Finally, she threw Ian a glance before the three of them headed to the school entrance.

It was early spring in Atlantius. The ice had already melted away while the trees on both sides of the campus were starting to bud, setting the stage for a gorgeous spring scene.

Just like that, Susan was led to the school entrance with Sigrun hanging off her arm.

"Wow, you guys are finally here! Get in quick. I'm famished." Vivian, who had been waiting for a while, hurried them into the car.

Naturally, Sigrun pulled Susan over to her side.

Just when she arrived in front of the car, she suddenly glanced at it and suggested, "Ms. Susan, get in. You can see the scenery outside by taking the window seat."

Since it seemed like a well-intentioned arrangement, Susan complied.

The moment she got in, Sigrun followed and sat by her side.

As a result, Ian had no choice but to sit next to Sigrun by the other window.

Meanwhile, Kurt didn't say a word after glancing in the rearview mirror.

"Kurt, let's go. I'm hungry."

Vivian was even more oblivious of the situation.

After getting into the front passenger seat, she urged him to drive, her stomach rumbling in the background.

The drive to Adalyn's house wasn't that far. Nonetheless, their car drove over a hump on the way there.

Thump!

Even though the impact was slight, Sigrun's entire body fell into Ian's arms.

Both Susan and Kurt were rendered speechless.

"Ah, I'm sorry, Ian. I happened to have lost my balance. Are you all right?" Sigrun quickly sat upright as she explained apologetically.

Furrowing his brows, Ian shook his head calmly. "I'm fine."

Sigrun smiled in delight.

After that, she took out her phone from her pocket and seized upon the opportunity to suggest, "Ian, I wasn't able to beat the game I was playing yesterday. Can you teach me how to do it? I died many times trying."

After handing her phone over, she leaned her head closer to him.

When Ian took the phone, a look of disappointment flashed past Susan's face before she turned to look elsewhere.

Ian is a germophobe with an unsociable character. Thus, it isn't easy for someone to get close to him. But now, he not only agreed to teach her how to play games but also doesn't mind holding her phone.

As Susan's anguish intensified, she felt her heart ache just from breathing while looking out the window. At the same time, the burning sensation in her eyes made the drive to Adalyn's home a tormenting one.

After everyone alighted from the car, she headed to the washroom where she lingered alone for a long time.

“Oh? Where’s Aunt Susan? Where did she disappear to?”

“Let me find her. She might have lost her way.”

Sigrun swiftly got to her feet to look for Susan.

“Ms. Susan, why are you here? What’s wrong? Why do you look so pale? Are you sick?” she asked anxiously when she found Susan in the washroom looking unsettled.

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1879

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 1879

Obviously, Susan wasn’t going to tell her the real reason.

She cooked up a random excuse by saying that she was carsick before coming out of the washroom.

Unexpectedly, Sigrun leaned into her ear and whispered, “By the way, Ms. Susan, since my birthday is next week, there’s something I would like to seek your opinion on.”

Go on.

“I have a friend who encouraged me to ask Ian how he is going to celebrate my birthday for me. Do you think I should do that?”

Sigrun stared at Susan earnestly and asked a question that was equivalent to twisting a knife in her heart.

At that moment, Susan’s ears were ringing.

For the first time in her life, she felt the urge to flee. In fact, it would be best if there was a place for her to hide and not hear such a sound ever again.

Why would she ask him that? Can it be that he has celebrated her birthday with her before? No, they have only known each other for half a year. Hence, the timeline doesn’t match. But the fact that she would say such a thing only means that they are close to each other.

Finally, Susan heard herself ask, “Has he celebrated a special occasion with you before?”

Sigrun nodded. "He has. During Christmas last year, he went to the amusement park with me. We even had a blast riding the carousel together."

A vibrant smile emerged on her face as if she was visualizing what happened that day.

In the meantime, Susan's face lost all color.

Just when she felt as if she was about to be tormented to death, someone appeared behind them.

"What are both of you still doing here? The food is getting cold."

Upon seeing it was Kurt, Sigrun quickly ended the conversation and ran back to the dining room.

Susan slowly followed behind her.

Kurt asked, "Are you all right?"

"I'm fine. I just feel a little dizzy. It's probably just the carsickness."

She made up an excuse to hide her true feelings.

Even though Kurt didn't expose her lie, he had a question for her when they were about to reach the dining room.

"What was up with you and Ian in the morning?"

Susan didn't know how to reply.

Turning abruptly to face him, Susan instantly forgot her troubles from a moment ago and blushed up to her ears.

"What makes you say that?"

"He wore mismatched socks today."

After a long pause, Kurt made a comment that blew Susan's mind.

When she hurried back to the dining room, Ian was sitting upright at the table. Trailing her gaze down to his feet, she noticed that the designs of his socks didn't match at all.

Consequently, she was dumbfounded for a long time as a warm sensation filled her heart.

Vivian invited, "Aunt Susan, what are you standing there for? Come over and have your lunch."

"Sure."

As a smile graced her face again, she made a conscious choice to sit by Ian's side.

Ian, who was in the middle of his meal, showed no objection at all.

However, Sigrun's expression turned grim.

"Ian, don't take so much mustard as you have a weak stomach. You should have this instead."

Susan served him a portion of cod.

After glancing at it, Ian didn't say anything as he began to dig in.

At last, Susan could enjoy her meal.

Half an hour later, everyone was done. Usually, their routine after the meal was to rest for a while before returning to school. Since this was Susan's first visit, Vivian took the initiative to show the former the room where she could rest.

At that moment, Sigrun piped up again, "Ms. Susan, let me tidy up your room for you."

"It's fine. You should go ahead and get some rest. I'll get the butler to help me." That was the first time Susan rejected her. Subsequently, she turned around and went off to find the butler, leaving Sigrun there with an awkward expression on her face.

Nonetheless, that wasn't the last of it. Just when Sigrun was feeling groggy in her room, she suddenly saw a familiar figure walk out from one of the rooms along the corridor.

Ian?

Her sleepiness disappeared the moment she saw him.

She had made no mistake, for it was indeed Ian.

Holding his phone, he had come out after receiving a message. He proceeded to the garden to look for the girl who sent the message seeking his help.

"Ian, you're finally here! I-I'm sorry. S-Since this is my first time trying to fix this, I have no choice but to ask you for help."

In the garden, Susan was standing on the lawn where the grass shoots had just begun to sprout. Her face and hair were dripping with water as she held a broken tap in her hand.

Truthfully, she had not meant for this to happen. She had merely wanted to wash her hands before going to rest. Unexpectedly, she ended up breaking the tap by accident.

Susan watched as Ian approached her.

“Why are you washing your hands here?”

“Huh?”

Susan felt even more awkward when asked that.

“1-1 was too shy to use the bathroom. The room given to me looks like the master bedroom, so I assumed it likely belongs to Lady Adalyn. Hence, it isn't my place to use it as an outsider,” Susan explained with her face red all over.

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1880

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Chapter 1880

From the way she spoke, he could tell that she was a very refined girl.

Ian did not say anything. Instead, he took the broken tap from her hand.

Although it was broken, the tap could still be used. Once Ian removed the inner part, he tinkered with the tap using his long and slim fingers.

The very next moment, the tap had been fixed.

Susan was dumbfounded.

How can someone who doesn't know how to care for himself or interact with others be able to accomplish this? Unbelievable!

She was so stunned that her eyes were as wide as dinner plates.

Ian asked, “What's wrong?”

He looked displeased.

From the startled look on her face, Ian could see a hint of disbelief.

Does she think so lowly of me?

“N-Nothing. I just find you very amazing,” explained Susan in a hurry. However, her eyes truly were sparkling when she was praising him.

All of a sudden, Ian felt uncomfortable.

Then again, even he would not admit to himself that he was actually pleased by her praise.

In the afternoon, everyone returned to the school. Susan needed to get accustomed to the school environment because she had just gotten there. Therefore, she worked hard and did not leave the classroom for the entire afternoon.

That afternoon, for some reason, quite a number of people in her faculty found out that she was the aunt of the twins who were in the Faculty of Finance and the Faculty of Design.

“Aunt? The age gap between them isn’t that huge. How can she be their aunt?”

“That’s how their country is. People have lots of children. By the time the oldest child has their own child, the age of that child is about the same as the youngest sibling.”

“Hahaha!”

The entire faculty started gossiping about it.

By the time Susan knew about it, almost everyone was aware.

“Limmer, I heard that gorgeous boy in the Faculty of Finance is your nephew?”

“That’s right, Limmer. Before this, I noticed that you were always looking for him. I thought you had a thing for him. It turns out that both of you are related. So, is your nephew’s relationship with his girlfriend true?”

“That goes without saying. Even his aunt is already here. Tell me, Limmer. Are you here to keep an eye on them?”

Susan was speechless.

Several of them came up to her and asked about Ian and Sigrun.

Unknowingly, they spoke to Susan the same they would with their own aunts, in a tone full of respect.

Susan's face turned pale as she stared at them.

She wanted to give them an explanation, but she recalled the advice given by people from the White House before she left.

Now that her status was different from before, she could not divulge any information freely for the sake of her own safety, otherwise, no one could guarantee what might happen to her in a foreign country.

In the end, Susan made a run for it.

"Ms. Susan, what's wrong with you? Why are you sweating? Did something happen?"

Just then, Sigrun appeared out of nowhere as Susan ran out of the Faculty of Accounting building.

Susan stopped in her tracks.

When she saw Sigrun, a thought flashed across her mind.

It had been quite some time since she last had any suspicion about people around her. Since the matter with Yasmin and Maurice had been resolved and she had been accepted back into the Limmer family, she did not think she would be in danger again.

After that, she had grown complacent and not bothered to overthink things.

Susan stared at the other female.

"Are you the one behind this?"

"What are you talking about?"

In that instant, Sigrun's face changed.

"What did I do? Ms. Susan, what are you talking about?"

"I have always found it strange that you would appear in front of me every single time something happens to me. It's as if you are expecting it," said Susan as she stared at Sigrun coldly.

That's right. She really does appear every time something happens to me. It's too much of a coincidence. The incident where I failed the test was particularly suspicious.

Come to think of it, it felt as if Sigrun had been leading her in that direction. The entire incident seemed to have happened so naturally, but when she recalled what had happened, she found that everything had been done deliberately.

“1-1 don’t know what you are talking about. Ms.

Susan, it’s just a coincidence that I showed up in front of you. You shouldn’t accuse me for no reason. If you don’t like it, I will leave now.”

The moment Sigrun realized that the situation was not in her favor, she wanted to get away.

When Susan saw that, she did not stop her either.

However, before Sigrun turned around to leave, Susan added, “I hope this will be the last time. If it happens again, I won’t let you off.”

Sigrun was dumbfounded.

“Also, since you have started this, then let me inform you officially. That’s right. I came here because of Ian. He’s mine!”

She had openly staked her claim on Ian!

That declaration truly stunned Sigrun.

She paused in her steps and turned around swiftly. Disbelief was written all over her face.

“What rubbish are you talking about? He’s your nephew!”

“No, he isn’t. His family name is Hayes. Mine is Limmer. We aren’t related.”

“But, he has been addressing you as Aunt Susan for over ten years! Everyone is aware of it. How can you be so shameless and end up desiring your own nephew?”

Sigrun blew her top and started scolding Susan while pointing an angry finger at the latter.

In an instant, Susan turned pale.

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Chapter 1881

“Yes, that’s right. He has been addressing me as Aunt Susan for more than ten years. However, if we are unrelated, we are unrelated. You are the one who has done wrong. How dare you try to use morality on me?”

Susan sounded very calm when she said that.

Sigrun was stumped.

“Sigrun, if the war hadn’t broken out back then, I would have been treated like a precious gem by the Limmer family just like you have been. As a victim, I couldn’t choose my environment when I was growing up. Regardless, this cannot be your reason for attacking me. By doing so, Ian will only hate you even more once he finds out about it. He will definitely keep away from you.”

After Susan calmed herself down, she did not reprimand Sigrun. Instead, she went on to analyze the situation for the younger woman and remind her that it was not to her advantage if she continued with her antics.

Sigrun was astonished.

What is she doing?

“What do you mean? You don’t blame me?”

“I didn’t say that. But if you really like him, then you shouldn’t become such a horrible person. Your ruthlessness may get you what you want, but can you guarantee that he will never find out?” Susan reminded her once again.

This time around, Sigrun was utterly lost for words. She could only stare at Susan with her crimson face as if someone had just slapped her.

She had never met a girl who was so generous.

Or maybe this is Susan’s grand scheme. Didn’t she say that she likes Ian too? She has only just declared her feelings for him a while ago, so why is she telling me all these now? By trying to guide me, isn’t she worried that I will win him over?

Sigrun glanced at her. It was only after a long while before she heard herself ask, “Aren’t you afraid that I will win his heart?”

Susan laughed.

“It’s not your call. He isn’t an object; he’s a person. If he likes you, I will never win him over no matter how much I cling to him and vice versa. Isn’t that right?”

Sigrun was speechless, unable to formulate a response to that.

At that moment, whether Sigrun chose to admit it or not, she knew she was not as good as her rival in love.

In the end, she watched Susan walk away.

Half an hour later when she returned to her dorm, she finally managed to get some information on the two of them.

“Are you talking about Susan Jadeson and her nephew? Yes, they have a very good relationship. By the looks of it, they must be a couple now.”

“A couple?”

When Sigrun heard that, she clenched her fists.

Although she told herself to be generous as well, she still could not help but feel jealous when she heard about their true relationship.

“That’s right. Back then, there was a girl named Yasmin Snow who liked Ian very much. When she saw how close Susan was to her nephew, Yasmin wanted to kill her. Luckily, the police managed to apprehend her, and she surrendered herself.

Unfortunately, that incident shook the entire school. Later on, when Ian’s dad found out about it, he became furious and took his son out of the school.”

“How about Susan? What happened to her after that?”

“She went to a faraway village in Yeringham to do charity work. I think she was being punished too. An incestuous love relationship between an aunt and her nephew will never be accepted by the grownups,” said her friend on the phone.

Sigrun instantly let out a sigh of relief when she heard that.

So, it seems that the Jadesons don’t approve of their relationship, as it should be. Although the two of them have no blood relation, they are still aunt and nephew in everyone’s eyes.

It’s okay if Susan doesn’t care about what others say. But, as the most powerful family in Jadeborough, the Jadesons will certainly mind what others say.

At that thought, Sigrun finally felt at ease.

Immediately, she moved back to the apartment once more and never made things difficult for Susan again. Instead, she became nicer to Ian and even looked after Susan as well.

“Aunt Susan, you’re cooking? Let me help you.”

“Aunt Susan, here, let me wash the dishes.”

“Aunt Susan...”

Every day, she kept calling Susan in a sweet way, even changing the way she addressed Susan.

Susan was exceptionally intelligent, so she knew what was going on. As such, she decided not to expose Sigrun. Since the latter was so eager to prove herself, Susan let her be. However, she did not let her touch the dog that she had brought back.

“Lotus, shall we go for a walk?”

That day, she was about to walk the dog after washing the dishes.

The moment Sigrun saw that, she jumped up and said, “Aunt Susan, can I come with you? I also want to walk the dog.”

Susan was at a loss for words.

I suppose she wants to be more familiar with the dog. After all, Ian seems to have taken more interest in it recently.

Susan turned her down. “It’s fine. I will be meeting Ian. Lotus won’t be comfortable if there are too many people. Just go ahead and do your own things.”

After that, she went downstairs with Lotus in her arms. Tilting her head back to look up at the lit window, she yelled, “Ian, let’s go. We are going to walk the dog

Sigrun also looked up and saw Ian’s silhouette appearing at the window upstairs.

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1882

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Chapter 1882

He merely looked down at her and kept mum.

However, Sigrun soon heard a set of footsteps walking down the stairs.

Around ten minutes later, both of them were seen taking the dog out for a walk. From a distance, one could see both their elongated shadows under the streetlights on both sides of the road.

“Ian, where shall we go today? We went to the east side yesterday.”

“Let’s go to the west, then.” Although Ian’s tone was monotonous, there was a hint of warmth.

Susan was overjoyed when she heard that.

She then held on to the leash and patted the dog on its head. “Lotus, let’s have a competition, shall we? Let’s see who arrives there first.”

Ian remained silent.

“Woof!” the dog barked.

With that, it lifted its legs and ran into the distance.

Left behind, Susan chased after it and shouted, “Hey, Lotus! How could you just run away? stop right there! stop!”

At that moment, the whole street could hear her shouting.

Ian was utterly perplexed, and the veins on his forehead throbbed. How silly can this woman be?

He ran after them as well, but when he finally caught up with her, the dog was nowhere to be seen. As for Susan, she was seen bending down and rubbing her knee.

“What happened? Did you fall?” Ian asked.

“What?” Susan didn’t dare to raise her head. This is so humiliating!

With her head still lowered, she suddenly saw a shadow in front of her. Ian then squatted down in front of her and looked at her trousers.

Susan was stunned.

“Bear with it for a while.” Ian reached out his hands and rolled up her trousers. Right then, he saw the wound on Susan’s knee.

In fact, the injury was quite serious.

As Susan was gasping in pain, she saw Ian's gaze turned gloomy.

"Are you a pig or something?"

"What?" Susan was dumbfounded, and she was at a loss. Pig? Did he just call me a pig? Am I not his aunt? How dare he call me a pig?

When Susan raised her gaze toward him, she could feel her heart pounding.

"All right. Let's head back and deal with your wound." Ian stood up and got ready to help her walk.

Susan was still in a daze. In that split second, she made a bold decision. "1-1 can't walk... It hurts."

"What?" Ian glanced at her in disbelief. In fact, he was not convinced. She can't walk? It's just a minor injury, no? I would be stupid to believe her words.

Susan immediately averted her gaze when she saw him looking at her. Under the dim lights, one could definitely see her pale face blushing. Besides, her watery and clear eyes looked rather pitiful.

Ian froze momentarily upon seeing that.

Subconsciously, he bent down in front of her and said, "Come on."

"Okay." Susan was delighted.

She reached out her fair and slender hands and wrapped them around Ian's shoulders before climbing onto his back.

That was the first time they were that close to one another.

When she got onto his back, she could feel the warmth radiating through his body. At that moment, her heart was racing, and she was blushing.

Needless to say, she loved every second of it.

"Thank you, Ian."

"Hmm."

It was as if he had blurted out his reply without even realizing it.

When he eventually regained his composure, his mind was a mess. Why did I do this? Have I gone mad?

Although he was shocked, he realized he wasn't particularly annoyed by what was happening. It seems like I've indeed gone mad!

There, both of them made their way through the empty and silent sidewalk. Since it was chilly that night, the street was rather desolate.

Hence, only both of them were seen walking down the street.

While she was on his back, Susan wanted to say something, but she couldn't find a topic to talk about. In the end, she merely wrapped her arms around his neck and leaned on his back to feel his warmth.

At the same time, she could even feel his heartbeat. In that blissful moment, she was happy and contented.

"Ian, are you guys back? You guys-" Someone had ruined the blissful moment.

When Sigrun appeared and saw what was happening, she was at a loss for words. At the same time, she kept pointing her finger at them.

Ian's expression changed instantly when he saw that. He then quickly let go of his hands and let Susan down. "She... she fell."

Susan remained silent. When she was watching Ian trying his best to distance himself from her, she was devastated.

"Even if she had fallen down, you shouldn't have piggybacked her! She's your aunt. Y-You could've called me or Kurt, no? Kurt is in the apartment as well!" Sigrun blurted emotionally.

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Chapter 1883

Upon hearing that, Ian fell into silence.

Ian's face was flushed with embarrassment and panic. In fact, he looked like he had done something shameful, and he had nothing to say to defend himself. Susan then saw Ian running back into the apartment.

Right then, disappointment crushed Susan like a boulder.

She had no idea how to describe what she was feeling at that precise moment, but if being on Ian's back was heaven, then what she had just encountered had made her feel like she was in hell.

She had never felt so devastated before in her life.

"Susan, what you did tonight was brilliant, but did you see that? You've lost. He actually cares about these things. Although you keep saying there's nothing going on between the both of you, I don't think he's on the same page as you." Sigrun stared at her and added salt to her wound.

Hearing that, Susan felt even worse.

That night, she had no idea how she returned home, nor did she know how the night went by. All she could remember was that when the sun came up, she was still sitting in her chair and staring blankly at the window. Back then, he wasn't the slightest bit bothered. On the other hand, it was me. I was scared, and I had backed away. That was what caused US to separate in the first place. After that, Ian decided to forget all about it. Why does he care again now that I'm back? Is this karma? Is this what I get for being a coward back then?

Susan couldn't help but shiver when those thoughts ran through her mind.

"Aunt Susan, are you up yet? We're going to have breakfast before going to class." Vivian knocked on her door worriedly when she didn't see Susan coming out of her room.

Only then did Susan jolt to her senses after being in a daze all night long. "Vivi, I have something to deal with today, so I'll attend class later. You guys should just go ahead."

"A-All right..." With that, Vivian left.

Half an hour later, Susan finally got up from her chair after everyone had left the apartment. She then dragged herself into the restroom like a mindless zombie.

What am I supposed to do? I wouldn't have a chance if he had already blocked off his memory and built a barrier between US because of our familial ties.

As she washed her face with cold water, she finally knew the pain Ian felt when she said those words to him back then.

Susan headed out after that. Instead of going to her university, she went to the embassy.

“Ms. Limmer, you’re here! I’m sorry, but I only found out you’re studying here after receiving a phone call from the White House yesterday. Please look through the accommodation and transportation we’ve arranged for you and let US know If you’re happy with the arrangements.”

It turned out that the embassy had specially arranged accommodation and a car for her right after receiving a phone call from the White House.

Susan was slightly startled. So my identity has really changed, and these people had taken the initiative to attend to me.

“Mister, is it okay if I take some time to think it through?”

“Sure! However, since you’re a descendant of the Limmer family, Mdm. Bennett, the wife of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, would like to see you today. Will you be available? She’s eager to meet you because she’s an admirer of your grandpa,” the person in charge of the embassy asked.

The wife of the Minister of Foreign Affairs? Susan was confused, and she didn’t know what to decide because she had never met someone of that status.

“W-Why does she want to meet me? I don’t understand. I’m just a student,” Susan uttered.

“It’s nothing. She just wants to have a meal with you.” The person in charge smiled.

Without a choice, Susan agreed.

That day, Susan spent a long time at Mdm. Bennett’s house and she didn’t go to the university. She didn’t inform Vivian and the rest because the person in charge told her they would send her back in the afternoon.

However, in the afternoon, something came up, and Mdm. Bennett had to leave. “Ms. Limmer, would you like to visit the museum? I heard that the museum has things that belonged to your grandfather. If you do, I can get you there.”

“Really?” Susan’s eyes lit up.

Although she had never met her grandfather before, all she had for him was admiration. Besides, she was related to him, so she wanted to know more about him.

Susan agreed to visit the museum. Before Mdm. Bennett excused herself, she told a second lieutenant of the embassy, Vincent, to send Susan there.

“Ms. Limmer, this way, please.” Vincent was around twenty-five, and he was a handsome man.

Apparently, he was also from an aristocratic family.

Despite that, he treated Susan with the utmost politeness.

After getting into the car, Susan asked, “Is the place we’re going far from here? I might have to go home in a while, otherwise, my friends will get worried about me.”

As Vincent was driving, he looked at the beautiful Astorian girl through the rear-view mirror and comforted her, “It’s about half an hour away. Don’t worry, Ms. Limmer. After the museum, I’ll send you back personally.”

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Chapter 1884

Susan breathed a sigh of relief upon hearing that. Since he’ll send me back, I have nothing to worry about.

She didn’t ask anything further after that. She also didn’t leave Vivian and the others a message because she thought she would be home right after her visit to the museum.

However, Vivian and the others were looking for her at noon that day because Susan didn’t tell them where she went.

“This is weird. Where is Aunt Susan? Where did she go? Why isn’t she here for lunch?”

Kurt was quite well-informed, so he answered, “I think someone from the embassy came to look for her.”

The embassy? Everyone was stunned upon hearing that. Ian was quite startled as well, and he looked at Kurt with a frown.

“What’s with the embassy? Why did they look for her?” Vivian asked.

Vivian was worried about Susan. After all, it was rare to hear about an embassy looking for a student like them.

At the same time, Sigrun pricked up her ears.

"I think they've found out about her identity. Her grandpa, Louis Limmer, came here to study before. Perhaps, an old acquaintance wants to meet her," Kurt explained casually.

Goodness! As soon as those words were spoken, all sorts of facial expressions were seen in the dining room.

Vivian looked surprised. Who would've thought Aunt Susan would have an acquaintance here? This is good news!

Indeed, she was genuinely happy for Susan.

Sigrun's face, on the other hand, fell instantly. She was shocked and angry at the same time. Within a few seconds, her eyes were filled with jealousy.

Since she was from a prominent family, she had always been proud of her social status.

As for Susan, her status of being a descendant of the Limmer family had never meant anything. Hence, Sigrun was surprised by the fact that Susan would be treated with respect in a foreign land.

Judging by what happened, Susan seemed to have surpassed her in terms of social status.

Sigrun was overwhelmed by jealousy.

After lunch, everyone went to rest. When Kurt saw Ian walking up the stairs, he approached Ian and asked, "Go fetch her later, okay?"

"O-Oh... Okay." Surprisingly, Ian agreed.

Upon hearing that, Kurt smiled and passed him his car keys.

When he walked toward Vivian, she looked at him confusedly. "Kurt, who did you ask Ian to fetch?"

"Your Aunt Susan."

"What?" Vivian scratched her head puzzledly. "Why does he need to fetch Aunt Susan? Wouldn't someone send her back here? Didn't you say someone from the embassy had picked her up?"

"Well, why should we trouble the others, right?" Kurt uttered patiently.

Knowing that she would ask further, he grabbed her by her shirt and brought her to the room upstairs for a nap.

Time flew by, and it was already nearing dusk.

Susan noticed the time, and she wanted to head back. "Mdm. Bennett, it's getting late. I should head home now."

"Oh?" Mdm. Bennett got up from her seat abruptly. "Are you in a rush? I thought you would stay for dinner. Do you see that fountain pen over there? That used to be your grandpa's. It caught your attention just now, didn't it? I was told that the fountain pen would be sold at an auction tonight." She pointed at the fountain pen Susan was looking at prior to that and persuaded her to stay.

Wow! Susan was intrigued right away.

Although they had already moved into the Limmer family's ancestral home, the house had been used as a tourist attraction spot before. Hence, nothing in the house belonged to the Limmer family.

Susan decided to stay because she wanted to take that fountain pen home.

When Vincent saw that, he continued his task by bringing Susan to the auction. He had even told her about the procedures there.

"Ms. Limmer, don't be nervous. The auction is basically for charity. Hence, the prices won't be astronomical," he said.

"Is that so?" Susan was still worried.

Vincent nodded. When they arrived at the auction, he picked up a list of items for auction and showed it to Susan. At the same time, he was explaining to her the rules and regulations of the auction.

Since it was Susan's first time attending such an event, she listened to him attentively.

At six in the evening, everyone was getting ready for dinner. Upon seeing that, Mdm. Bennett wanted to take Susan to the party so that she could introduce Susan to her friends. "Susan, may I address you this way?"

"Of course," Susan quickly answered.

Mdm. Bennett was elated, and she brought Susan to the party. Immediately, Susan arrived in a magnificently decorated ballroom, and all the men there were dressed in suits.

Besides, the ladies present were all dressed in expensive clothes. As they were all chatting over glasses of wine, they looked like people with higher social status.

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1885

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 1885

“Ms. Limmer, let’s go over there.” “Okay.” Susan was getting more and more nervous.

Right then, a beautiful and graceful woman spotted them. With a surprised expression, she approached them with a glass of wine in her hand. “Vincent, what’s this?”

Vincent was standing right beside Susan, and his expression suddenly turned awkward. “Mom...”

Susan froze momentarily before realizing that the woman was Vincent’s mother.

“Wow! This Astorian girl is pretty! Are you going to introduce her to me? Where is she from?” The woman was very happy with what she saw, so she asked Vincent to introduce Susan to her.

In response, Vincent uttered awkwardly, “This is Mdm. Bennett’s guest. She’s from the Limmer family, and she’s Mr. Louis Limmer’s descendant. Mdm.

Bennett invited her here.”

“Goodness!” Those words didn’t only shock Vincent’s mother, but everyone else in the ballroom, as well.

Suddenly, everyone turned to look at Susan. Louis Limmer?

They knew Louis because he was a powerful and influential man in the country. He’s one of the most respected men in the world. Besides, his possessions can be found in the museum now!

Everyone in the ballroom started approaching Susan.

At the same time, Vincent’s mother was filled with excitement. “Vincent, Mdm. Bennett has done well this time around!”

“What are you on about, Mom?” Vincent blushed at his mother’s frankness. He then stopped his mother from saying anything further because he was worried that Susan could overhear them.

In fact, Vincent was rather mesmerized by Susan the moment he laid eyes on her.

Susan wasn't aware of what was going on. Instead, she was eagerly waiting for the auction to begin.

Buzz!

Suddenly, her phone vibrated.

When she took out her phone, she saw a text from Vivian that read: Aunt Susan, are you not coming back yet? It's getting dark!

Susan replied: Vivi, I'm not done yet, so I think I'll be home late. By the way, someone will send me back. Don't worry.

Susan didn't want the others to worry about her, so she just told them someone was going to send her home.

Vivian fell silent upon reading Susan's reply.

She put her phone aside and turned toward the person behind her, who was waiting for her updates. "Aunt Susan said someone will send her back. Is Ian still going to fetch her?"

"He doesn't need to now. Most probably, the embassy had already arranged for someone to send her back. I don't think it's nice of us to go over and disrupt their arrangements," Sigrun suggested.

No one in the apartment said a word after hearing that, not even Kurt.

However, Susan still wasn't home by eight that night. Since no one had gone to fetch her, no one knew what was Susan up to because none of them had heard from her.

Prior to that, Kurt was still waiting for Ian to make his move. However, it was getting late, and Ian didn't seem like he was going to fetch Susan.

Kurt's gaze darkened, and he went up to Ian. "Ian, are you not going to fetch her?"

"What?" Ian turned around in the middle of his video game.

At that moment, Kurt had a weird feeling about Ian. Why does he not take the initiative to do anything anymore? It's as if he has lost all sense of reasoning.

"Ian, aren't you worried about her? It's getting late," Kurt said.

After keeping mum for a while, Ian frowned. At that moment, he still had his headset on.

Surprisingly, he suddenly blurted, "You can fetch her, no?"

Kurt was stunned and annoyed.

Without saying a word, he walked toward Ian and pulled his headset off. He then dragged Ian off of his chair and said, "Quick, go fetch her. I'm not even eighteen yet. If I'm caught driving on the main road, they might toll my car away."

Kurt's tone was quite commanding.

Left without a choice, Ian took the car key and headed out.

When Sigrun heard the commotion from inside the restroom, she wanted to stop Ian. However, Kurt appeared in front of her out of nowhere with a cold aura.

"K-Kurt?"

"Isn't it late already? Go to bed. You should stay out of matters that don't concern you," Kurt uttered coldly without holding back.

Sigrun was pissed after getting reprimanded.

However, she was too scared of Kurt to say anything in retaliation.

Finally, Ian drove away.

It was almost nine when he arrived at the museum. By then, the auction had ended.

"Ms. Limmer, you've finally gotten what you want. This trip is worth it now that you've gotten your hands on your grandpa's fountain pen."

When Ian arrived at the magnificently decorated ballroom, he caught sight of a familiar figure.

However, he also saw a handsome young man dressed in military uniform standing in front of the girl.

Ian's pupils began to constrict.

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1886

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 1886

“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.”

“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.

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.

"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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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.

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-I 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.

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.

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

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Chapter 1888

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.

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."

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.

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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Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 1889

“Hello, is it convenient for you if I go for the interview now?” “Okay! I’ll be there soon!” She was on cloud nine after confirming the slot for the interview with the person on the other end of the line. Without wasting any more time, she dashed out of her bedroom after changing into her shoes.

Little did she realize that someone else was still in the apartment.

“I-Ian? D-Didn’t you go fishing with them?”

She covered her nose due to the sudden pain and lifted her head, only to find Ian standing right in front of her.

My goodness! I don’t even know he’s at home! Oh my! I’m sure he has found out my intention to get a part-time job!

“Where are you going?”

Indeed, no words could describe the grimness on his face. He looked like a predator who was ready to feast on his prey.

Susan swallowed a lump in her throat. “I-ΓT going for class...”

Ian raised an eyebrow.

“I-I’m going for an interview... I’m looking for a job!” Susan stammered, her head down. Intimidated by his imposing aura, she had no choice but to tell him the truth.

“To pay me back?”

“Y-Yeah! You lent me fifty thousand!” Susan lifted her head to look at him earnestly with crystal clear eyes.

“Are you sure it’s fifty thousand?” Ian sneered. “Clearly I transferred five hundred thousand to you last night?”

Susan was at a loss for words. Even though she did not have any evidence, at that very moment, she could not help but suspect that he intended to blackmail her.

Eventually, she could only zip her mouth when he dragged her to a local securities firm.

“Remember to jot down all the important data when I speak to them later. I’ll look through it once we’re back in the apartment.”

“O-Okay!” Susan responded at once.

Shortly after, they entered a building and were welcomed by an Epean man dressed smartly in a suit. He led them into a conference room and introduced Ian to the others, “Everyone, he’s the representative from Hayes Corporation. If you have any questions about securities, you may consult him now.”

“Mr. Hayes, nice to meet you!”

“Mr. Hayes, it’s indeed an honor to meet you in person!”

The others in the conference room started greeting Ian formally.

The formal occasion was indeed a culture shock for Susan. She could barely take her eyes off the young man alongside her at that moment. Unequivocally, he was a chip off the old block. At the sight of Ian exuding a vibe of nonchalance even when dealing formally with the others, she was in awe of him.

Moments later, she took a seat next to Ian. She calmed herself down, and it did not take long before she was absorbed in the task assigned by him.

She was not a weak person in the first place.

When the meeting finally ended, it was already almost two hours later. Susan had jotted down nearly twenty pages of data in her notebook. On top of that, she had even labeled them.

“Did you jot down all the data?”

Susan passed him the notebook and said, “Yeah, I’ve made a complete record. Those underlined in red stand for the stock they hope the Hayes Corporation will acquire. And those underlined in blue refer to the ones that are unstable at the moment.”

As she had stepped out of the apartment in a rush and she lacked working experience, she did not bring along her laptop and could only record the data in her notebook.

Ian arched his brows the moment he set his eyes on her notebook. Evidently, he was impressed by her beautiful handwriting.

“Ian?”

“All right, I got it. Keep it first. It’s almost noon. Let’s have lunch before going back,” Ian said placidly and retracted his gaze from her notebook. After turning off his laptop, he rose to his feet.

Seeing that, Susan quickly followed behind him.

As they reached the lobby and were about to step out of the building, Ian’s phone rang.

“Hello?”

“Ian, are you at the securities firm? I think I saw you just now”

It was none other than Sigrun.

Susan was unaware of that. She had automatically moved aside when Ian answered the call, knowing that it was impolite to stand beside someone when they were talking on the phone.

Susan only approached Ian again after he ended his phone call, and she heard him say, “Sigrun is on the way. She’s joining US for lunch.”

In a split second, Susan’s good mood had been ruined.

She was no saint. Surely, she would be unhappy if someone were to come in the way of them spending time alone together.

Besides, she and Sigrun were well aware that they both took a fancy to Ian. Needless to say, she was sure that Sigrun was dropping by on purpose to rain on her parade.

In the end, Susan had no choice but to head to the restaurant with Ian.

She was overwhelmed with emotions when she realized that Sigrun had made a reservation in a high-end fine dining restaurant. The latter was seated next to the window, waiting for their arrival. The moment they showed up, she smiled blissfully and said, “Ian, this way! I’ve already ordered all your

favorite food.”

Susan pretended not to see it.

After she and Ian took their seats, Sigrun finally looked at her and feigned a sincere look. “Ms. Susan, what do you feel like eating? I’m sorry I don’t know what you like to eat. I only ordered for Ian.”

“It’s all right. Let me go through the menu.” Susan took the menu on the table casually.

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Chapter 1890

Just as Susan was browsing through the menu, Sigrun, sitting opposite her, started again, “Oh yeah, Ms. Susan, how did you end up with Ian here? Ian, isn’t the securities firm closed on Saturdays? What brings you here?”

Susan looked up and threw her a glance. “I’m not sure. Ian brought me here.”

“Huh?” Sigrun was surprised when the quick-witted Susan threw the question back to the young man. A grimace distorted her dainty face. Pfft! How is it possible that she doesn’t know anything?

Since Ian came here to study, Solomon had been continuing to train him by assigning him tasks in Hayes Corporation.

He would usually carry out the tasks when he did not need to attend classes. Some of the firms would even operate on weekends to match his timing.

Even so, he didn’t say he would bring someone along. I wanted to follow him and help him, but he never gave me the chance. God, this feels awful.

“Have you made up your mind?” Ian piped up as he cast a look at Susan, who was still browsing through the menu with his obsidian eyes, paying no heed to Sigrun’s questions.

Susan did not reply. In actuality, she had not decided.

Since she was young, she had been used to simple home-cooked food and had never dined extravagantly in such a luxurious restaurant before. Thus, she was unfamiliar with most of the fine dining dishes on the menu.

“Hmm... I’ll go for a steak and a glass of juice.” In the end, she chose something common.

The server took her orders and headed straight to the kitchen.

Sigrun gazed at Ian and asked, "Ian, do you still need to continue with your tasks after lunch?"

Ian cocked an eyebrow and finally replied, "No."

No?

Sigrun's unhappiness from a moment ago vanished in an instant. She was delighted when she suddenly remembered that one of her friends had invited her to a gathering that afternoon.

"How about we go somewhere after this? Hannah has invited me to a gathering at her house this afternoon. I bet we'll have a lot of fun apart from savoring the delicious food there. Ian, let's go together, please?" She kept her eyes glued to him in anticipation.

Ian used to accompany her to attend similar gatherings whenever he had the time. However, at that moment, he remained silent.

Caught off guard by his indifference, Sigrun could only turn to look at Susan again. "Ms. Susan, how about you?"

Susan looked up from her phone and replied, "Huh? Your friend? I don't think it's appropriate for me to go;

I don't know any of them. Besides, I still need to attend classes this afternoon. You guys go ahead."

"But-

"What class can you possibly have? You're only an exchange student. Why would the lecturers give you private lessons?" Ian cut Sigrun off, bombarding Susan with oppressive mockery as he glowered at her.

Susan's mind went blank. Good lord! Does he have to be so harsh? So what if I'm an exchange student? Does an exchange student not deserve any special arrangement from the lecturers?

Susan felt offended by his mockery, but she did not have the courage to refute him.

Unavoidably, she was overcome by a sense of guilt for telling lies after catching a glimpse of her phone earlier. The company she contacted in the morning for an interview had sent her a message asking if she could make it. She wanted to give it a try.

Susan pursed her lips and said, "Anyway, I have plans. Just go ahead without me."

Sensing the unmissable hint of anger in her tone, Ian finally held his tongue. The sheer frigidness in his eyes sent a shiver down her spine.

After finishing her food, Susan stepped out of the restaurant with her bag. Hmph! Since they're attending a gathering, what's the point of me tagging along with them? To be the third wheel?

She hailed a cab and left right away, heading toward the said company for an interview.

It was a trading company she had come across online earlier. Even though it was not a typical bigscale corporation, it offered short-term jobs for students like her, and she was more than happy with that.

Not long after, she arrived at the trading company named MR.T. She stopped at the front desk and introduced herself, "Good afternoon. I'm Susan Limmer from Atlantius University. I'm here for an interview. I got in touch with you at noon."

"Oh, it's you. This way, please." The staff at the front desk led her to the interview at once.

Susan was well prepared for it, and she performed well during the session.

Half an hour later, just as she was waiting in the lounge and was confident that she would be hired, the owner of the company suddenly came out and gave her an odd look.

"Ms. Limmer, I'm sorry to inform you that my boss said you don't quite meet our requirements."

"Huh?"

Susan's hopes were dashed at once.

"May I know why? Is it because I didn't pass my interview just now?"

"No, it's not because of that. Ms. Limmer, you're undoubtedly an outstanding candidate. But our company needs someone who can come to work every day on weekdays. Since you're still a student, we can't take you into consideration. We're sorry about that," the clerk hurriedly explained.

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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.

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.”

“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...

"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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Chapter 1892

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!

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.

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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Chapter 1893

In the end, Susan brought Ian to a clinic nearby the campus. She refused to take no as an answer.

She accompanied him until the doctor finished dressing his wound. Even after his hand was all wrapped up, she didn't realize that Ian actually thought she didn't know how to ride a bicycle.

"Remember to keep your wound dry these few days," the doctor reminded Ian after dressing his wound.

Susan nodded profusely. "Yes, doctor."

After they left the clinic, Susan offered to give Ian a ride back. Ian didn't reject her offer. In fact, he got into her bicycle readily unlike how he reacted when she wanted to take him to the clinic earlier. He didn't kick up a fuss.

However, they had no idea a car drove past theirs when they were on their way to the apartment. The occupants in that car spotted them together clearly.

"Sigrun, isn't that your boyfriend?"

Sigrun's friend, Hannah, immediately blurted out in surprise.

After her arrival at the campus, Sigrun introduced Ian to her friends as her boyfriend who she was going to marry one day.

The very sight of Ian and Susan chatting gaily on a bicycle caused Sigrun to shake in fury.

She wanted to stop the car and dash over to them to demand to know what was going on. If possible, she would drag Susan down from the bicycle.

How dare she take my fiancé around?

In the end, she managed to keep her emotions in check.

After all, she recalled Susan telling her that Ian hated people who kicked up a fuss. She didn't want Ian to despise her.

Sigrun had no choice but to watch the bicycle leave as the occupants chatted away.

Around ten minutes later, Sigrun's car rolled to a stop underneath the apartment.

She made a call to someone. "Hello? Can you help me investigate something?"

"What is it?" the person on the other end of the line asked.

"I'd like to find out what happened between Susan Jadeson, who used to live in the Jadeson residence, and Sebastian's eldest son, Ian Hayes. If you get me the information I want, I shall pay you one million in one go!" Sigrun declared.

She had given it her all to get the information she wanted.

As she had offered a handsome reward, the person on the other end of the phone agreed readily.

At the end of the day, Sigrun returned to the apartment. When she switched off the light and went to bed, an email popped up in her inbox.

There were a few blurry photos attached inside. Despite the low quality, it was obvious that the photos were taken in a remote village in the country. Both Ian and Susan were in the photos.

Anonymous: A log driver sent me these. He claimed Ian caused him to sustain severe losses. Initially, he wanted to take revenge and took these photos in secret. Ian had no idea these photos existed.

The person also sent her a text using his phone.

Sigrun promptly typed out a reply.

Sigrun: Why did they go there?

Anonymous: Susan went there as a volunteer, and Sebastian's son went there without warning. They spent some intimate time there together.

He then proceeded to her send some photos.

This time, the photos he sent were HD photos. The photos portrayed Ian and Susan having fun together in a picturesque remote village. It looked like they were in a gorgeous oil painting.

Some photos showed them climbing the mountains to get fruits, some showed them working and plucking vegetables, some showed them visiting the villagers' houses...

There were a lot of photos of them together.

Sigrun discovered that the young man who always treated her indifferently was smiling in those photos. A beatific smile played on his lips as he stood beside the young lady.

To her despair, Sigrun realized he was stealing glances at Susan in more than one photo.

His gaze was full of love and affection as though he wanted to drown Susan with his adoration.

Why? How could this be possible? He's such an arrogant man. Why did he look at Susan that way?

Sigrun was on the verge of breaking down.

Anonymous: Later, something strange happened. They got into a fight in the market, and Ian went crazy. He destroyed the entire bus station.

The man attached a photo with his text.

The moment Sigrun clicked into it, hope filled her entire being.

She scrolled down hastily and finally got to know the entire story.

Ian was a proud man, but he ended up in the police station because of Susan. Even though Susan showed up later, she didn't really solve anything.

Strangely, Ian fell sick when he returned to Avenport.

In the dark, Sigrun began analyzing the matter. She suddenly recalled that Ian was seeing a doctor when she first arrived in the city. In fact, his doctor appeared to be a psychologist.

She was pretty sure that it was only a matter of time before she could find out the truth.

The next day, Susan was the first to wake up.

As Ian's hand was injured, she decided to prepare breakfast in the morning. She would then send him to his class before going to her own class.

"Aunt Susan, you're up early," Vivian commented.

Kurt had woken her up a while ago. She rubbed her eyes sleepily and trudged down the stairs to see a spread served on the dining table.

She couldn't help but be impressed by the sight.

Aunt Susan is so diligent!

Flashing a smile, Susan busied herself with preparing breakfast. When everything was done, she removed her apron and emerged from the kitchen. It was time to wake Ian up.

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Chapter 1894

“Eh? You’re up early, Ms. Susan.”

Outside the bedroom, she bumped into Sigrun, who had just woken up.

At once, Susan’s heart sank to her stomach.

It was a reflex every time she ran into Sigburn. Every time Sigburn showed up, she would do her best to keep Susan away from Ian.

Susan’s mood took a downhill.

Strangely, Sigrun didn’t try to make things difficult for her that morning.

“Vivi, Kurt, I have an event at the campus this morning. I need to leave now instead of joining you for breakfast. Ms. Susan, goodbye!”

She grabbed a bun on the table and hopped out of the house.

Susan regarded her back doubtfully.

How surprising.

No matter what, she heaved a sigh of relief after Sigburn left and hurried to Ian’s room ahead.

“Ian? Are you awake? Do you need help?” she asked worriedly after knocking on the door.

Less than two minutes later, Ian strode out in a black outfit, looking refreshed and clean.

“It’s just a small injury. I didn’t lose any limb!”

He opened the door with his expression all scrunched up. It seemed like he was upset at how she was treating him as though he had lost a limb.

Susan chuckled in response.

“You didn’t button your shirt till the end. Let me help you.”

She stretched out her slender hands and buttoned up his shirt nicely.

Ian fell silent.

In the living room, Vivian stared at them, her eyes wide in shock.

“Kurt, don’t you think Aunt Susan treats Ian really well?” she whispered.

“Really?”

Kurt reached out to turn her head around, his expression calm and collected.

Vivian blinked her eyes twice. Her long lashes fluttered adoringly, causing Kurt’s heart to skip a beat.

“Yes. Don’t you realize it? That’s how you usually treat me, right?” she insisted.

The little fool is finally catching up, huh?

Kurt arched his brow as his lips curved.

“How do I usually treat you?” he teased.

Comprehension dawned on Vivian.

At once, her cheeks flushed red. She immediately struggled out of his reach and ran to the dining table.

Is he out of his mind?

When Susan and Ian came down, Vivian dared not meet Kurt’s gaze.

However, when everyone headed out, things went back to normal. Vivian climbed onto Kurt’s back so he could bring her to the car park. Her tinkling laughter could be heard from afar.

“Vivi looks happy now,” Susan commented when she saw them both downstairs.

She meant it.

Ian didn’t say a word.

They soon arrived at the public bicycle parking area. When Susan was paying for her ride, Ian suddenly said, “She deserves it.”

“What?”

Susan lifted her head abruptly when she heard what he had to say.

She deserves it? Does he mean...

“They went through a lot. They never gave up on each other in their darkest and most dangerous times. Naturally, they deserve hard-earned happiness. It’s only fair for them to be this happy,” Ian explained as Susan seemed confused.

Alas, he didn’t know that his words went through her heart like an iron shard and revealed the deepest, darkest secret that she kept buried. Her smile promptly slipped.

In just a few seconds, the color completely drained from her face.

Give up? Is he talking about me? No. He has lost his memory, so he shouldn’t be referring to me. Nevertheless, his words proved that he hated people who “give up.” He even mentioned the word “fair.” That means he despises selfish cowards.

Susan lost the strength to speak.

That morning, they rode a bicycle each.

Ian’s expression was gloomy.

As Susan had ridden away, he had no choice but to take another bicycle and ride after her.

Once they arrived at the campus, Susan headed straight to the Faculty of Accounting.

Ian’s bicycle came to a stop. He stared at the building and locked his bicycle unhappily before striding away.

Buzz, buzz...

“Hello?”

“Mr. Hayes, this is Dr. Blanc. I heard you’re doing well recently. Do you have time to come over? I need to examine you thoroughly.”

It was the psychologist that Ian had seen previously.

His brows snapped together at the sudden phone call.

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Chapter 1895

In the end, Ian chose to meet the psychologist.

Despite his reluctance, he knew he had to take the initiative to face some things so he could live like a normal person.

“Mr. Hayes, have a seat.”

Alain ushered him to a seat warmly.

Inexplicable waves of anxiousness washed over Ian.

The chair was, in fact, used by the psychologist to hypnotize patients.

Slowly, Ian sat in the chair.

Alain assured him, “Mr. Hayes, please relax. I’m going to examine you. It’s fine.”

He came over to Ian slowly.

Ian nodded, and his expression relaxed.

“Mr. Hayes, have you had difficulty sleeping recently or couldn’t calm yourself down?” Alain asked.

Hearing that, Ian fell silent. Having difficulty sleeping and can’t calm myself down?

Suddenly, he recalled the night when they were on the way back home from the museum.

For the past few days, his emotions were on a rollercoaster. He had indeed failed to calm himself down.

Lowering his gaze, he replied, “Sometimes.”

“Oh? Do the symptoms bother you?” Alain urged.

“What I mean is, will they stop you from focusing on other stuff? If the answer is yes, we can undergo a test.”

Alain observed him carefully after posing the question.

That was how psychologists worked. Instead of asking what the problem was, they would chat with their patients to find out what their patients’ troubles were.

This time, Ian felt that he wasn’t bothered by the symptoms.

He might've failed to calm himself down entirely, but things were still under his control.

"No need," he rejected the offer.

Alain chuckled in response.

He poured a glass of water and placed it on the table. Gazing at Ian, he started another casual conversation.

Kurt only found out that Ian didn't attend his classes in the Faculty of Finance after ten in the morning.

He was quite surprised by the news.

"Why didn't he come to class? Is he not free today? He didn't ask for any leave," the lecturer asked.

Kurt was admitted to the university before the age of sixteen. His admittance created a huge uproar, so many students and teachers knew about him.

Later on, he became the top student in his major, so more people learned of his name.

The professor from the Faculty of Finance would contact him if anything were to crop up after finding out that he was related to Ian.

Kurt hung up in confusion.

Where did he go instead of attending his classes?

He scrolled through his contacts and found someone's number before typing out a text.

Kurt: Uncle Solomon, did you ask Ian to do anything today?

Solomon: No. Today is Monday, right? I don't arrange any jobs for him during weekdays.

Solomon who was back home replied very quickly.

Kurt didn't ask questions and clicked into the GPS app. Soon, Ian's location was detected. He was currently in a familiar place.

The hospital!

Kurt left the campus.

Around twenty minutes later, Ian was asleep in the chair in the hospital. Alain was about to help him regain his memory when someone barged in.

Bang!

A young man with an imposing presence marched into the room.

“M-Mr. Lopez?” Alain stuttered.

“Who told you to do this?” Kurt snapped. He grabbed Alain by the collar and lifted him up in a menacing manner.

Thud!

He then tossed Alain to the table behind them.

Alain almost fainted from the pain that flared up his body.

“M-Mr. Lopez, Mr. Hayes requested this. 1-1 didn’t do...” he stammered hastily, trying hard to tamp down his pain and panic.

Alas, Kurt wasn’t that easy to fool.

His eyes flashed with menace as he picked Alain up and flung him to the ground yet again. This time, he raised his foot and stepped on Alain’s throat.

It was a deadly move.

“Let me ask you again. Who gave you the order? Whose order are you acting upon?” he snarled.

“I-It was Mr. Hayes’ fiancée. She came to me yesterday and said he’s doing well. She told me to recover his memory.”

Finally, Alain told the truth.

Fiancée?

Kurt narrowed his eyes. A woman’s face popped up in his mind, and a frosty expression crept up his face. He proceeded to kick Alain away.

Does she have a death wish?

Kurt brought Ian away. When they were in the car, Kurt poured a bottle of water over Ian’s face.

“Hey!”

As the water splashed onto Ian’s face, he jolted awake and sat up. His chest was heaving.

Kurt sat aside silently and waited patiently for Ian to regain his senses completely.

Two minutes later...

“Was I hypnotized earlier?”

“I told you not to meet the psychologist alone as you’re mentally unstable. Why did you forget my advice?” Kurt snapped. His voice was both furious.

He didn’t spare Ian’s feelings.

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Chapter 1896

Ian fell silent.

A long while later, he calmed down completely and pulled a piece of tissue out to wipe his face dry.

He parted his lips and explained, “I wanted to know the memory that was wiped away from my brain.”

Oh? What a surprise.

Kurt whipped his head around in surprise.

Did he really want that?

“Why? Why do you suddenly want your memory back?”

“Because...” Ian looked out of the window as confusion flashed past his eyes.

“I could guess what it was. But I don’t understand why I chose to wipe it away from my brain. Thus, I’d like to confirm what it was before making any mistake,” he said honestly.

Kurt gaped in disbelief.

His jaw hung open for some time.

Before he makes any mistake? I can't believe he described his own actions this way! Is he referring to him and Susan? He couldn't stop himself from falling in love with her again. Hence, he wants to find out why they separated in the memory he lost?

For a moment, Kurt was overwhelmed by mixed feelings.

He remembered how Ian went all out for Susan previously. Ian was head over heels in love with Susan and went to her without paying any heed to their identities, age, and reputation.

Kurt looked away.

"If you're curious, I can tell you everything."

The moment he uttered those words, silence fell. The car became so eerily silent that one could even hear a pin drop.

Kurt waited in front quietly.

Actually, he flew into a fit of rage in the doctor's office because he was afraid that Ian would be in anguish after regaining his memory.

He was also scared that someone would try to alter Ian's memory. That would be problematic, for no one knew what the consequences would be.

If all Ian wanted was the truth, Kurt didn't mind telling him everything.

In the end, Ian agreed to his suggestion.

Thus, Kurt told Ian everything that had happened.

"I don't actually know what happened between you both. After leaving Avenport and coming here, you didn't even go home. Instead, you came here and locked yourself in your room for ten whole days," Kurt revealed.

He told Ian everything he knew honestly. Indeed, he had no idea what went wrong between them.

Ian was quiet the whole way through.

Deep down, he was shocked to discover that he was involved with Susan back then.

At the same time, he felt an indescribable sadness. It felt like his heart was tossed into an icy bucket of water, and the chill went all the way into his bones.

An image of him holding an umbrella in the rain emerged in his mind.

“She’s afraid,” he said suddenly.

“What?” Kurt blurted out and turned at his shoulder in astonishment.

Ian was staring out of the window, shrouded in gloominess.

“She’s my aunt, and I’m her nephew. If we end up together, the entire world will mock us,” he added.

Silence ensued. Kurt only broke the silence a long while later. “But she’s not a Jadeson now. Her surname is now Limmer, so there’s no need for her to be afraid now.”

“Nothing changed. Her mom told me everything when she got on her knees to beg for help,” Ian replied sarcastically.

Kurt’s eyes widened in disbelief.

He could barely hide his surprise after hearing Ian utter those words.

Sigrith? Did he regain his memory? Why did he suddenly say that to me?

Right when Kurt was about to ask for details, he realized Ian bore a confused expression as though he didn’t know why he had said that out loud.

Kurt was speechless.

Suddenly, an ominous feeling began to grow in his heart.

Oh, I forgot he’s Sebastian’s son. No matter how weak he is, he would never ask someone to wipe his memory out just because Susan asked him to forget about it. Besides, there was a chance to turn things around back then. Not long after, Colton’s real identity was exposed. Ian knew that well, for he was investigating the matter. Then, what was the real blow that caused him to make up his mind?

Kurt’s emotions were still in turmoil even after he dropped Ian back on the campus. After considering the matter carefully, he decided to report the matter to Oceanic Estate.

His gut feeling told him that it was not a minor matter.

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Chapter 1897

The person who received the news at Oceanic Estate was Sasha.

She had been busy managing some of the estate's accounts for that month in her study when the phone next to her suddenly beeped with a notification. She picked it up.

Kurt?

She was surprised when she saw the sender of the message.

Kurt had texted: Are you busy, Mrs. Hayes? I wish to speak to you regarding something.

This child has always been so polite.

Sasha put down her work and started to message him back. She thought at first that Vivian was being disobedient again, so he had no choice but to come to her.

She replied: What's up? Go ahead, Kurt.

Kurt answered: Mrs. Hayes, Ian hasn't been feeling well recently, but he doesn't want to see a doctor. He keeps saying that he's fine. Are you free? If so, can you come over and take a look at him?

Sasha: Huh?

She was shocked.

My son? And he's sick? Why didn't I know about this?

She immediately became anxious, and instead of texting back, she decided to call him directly.

"Hello, Kurt. I'm Mrs. Hayes. You just said that Ian is sick. What's going on? How did this happen?"

"I'm not very sure either, Mrs. Hayes, but he keeps locking himself in the room, and his mood is also very low. I asked him to see a doctor, but he didn't want to. I ran out of ideas, so I called you." Kurt came up with an excuse on the phone.

There was no way he could tell the truth. In this situation where it's impossible to predict what the elders will think about that matter, the only way is to let one of them come over and see for themselves. And this person, the careful and gentle Mrs. Hayes, is perfect.

Sure enough, Sasha became frantic upon hearing that.

That day, as soon as Sebastian came back, she informed him that she was going to Yartran to visit their son.

He frowned. "How did he become emotionally unstable all of a sudden? Wasn't he doing well last semester?"

Sasha replied, "Who hasn't gone through times with emotional problems? I don't care. I'm going to see my son. You've stopped caring about them ever since they grew up. All you care about is dealing with your business department matters all day long."

As she spoke, she even started to grumble about him.

Veins were popping on Sebastian's forehead.

However, he did not dare to argue anymore, and immediately after booking the ticket, he sent her to the airport.

"Are you sure you don't need me to go with you, Darling?"

"No need. You can get back to your work. I'm fine on my own."

Sasha decided she was done speaking to him and walked off while dragging her suitcase. After a while, she boarded the plane with a resentful look and set off for Yartran.

"Do you think she's going through menopause?"

"Huh?"

The driver who came over with Sebastian was extremely shocked.

"I-1 don't think so. Isn't Mrs. Hayes only thirty-eight this year?"

Sebastian kept silent.

"Don't think too much, Mr. Hayes. Mrs. Hayes was just too worried about Mr. Ian, which was why she was in such a hurry to head over there. Let me tell you. My wife is forty-five this year and still hasn't reached menopause."

"Really?"

Upon hearing that, Sebastian immediately responded. His tone betrayed his happiness.

What kind of guy is he?

Kurt went to pick Sasha up when she arrived at Yartran.

Ever since the last time she saw him more than half a year ago, the young man had grown a lot taller and muscular. Hence, when Sasha approached him, she discovered that she had to tilt her head back to speak to him.

“How did you get so tall? If you continue growing, you’ll be taller than Sebastian.”

“How is that possible?”

The seventeen-year-old youth immediately became a little shy.

The two came out of the airport and got into the car, where Sasha asked impatiently, “How’s the situation now? Is Ian all right?”

“Mrs. Hayes...”

Kurt, who was seated in front, suddenly seemed hesitant to continue speaking.

“Actually... I kept it from him that I told you to come here, so if you see him, don’t ask him about his illness. Otherwise, he’ll be very angry when he finds out.”

“I see...”

Sasha did not suspect a thing.

She immediately agreed to pretend as though nothing had happened upon seeing her son after reaching the apartment.

She was much easier to persuade than Sebastian, not because she was not smart enough, but because she never once thought that the youngsters would hide anything from each other.

In other words, she acted purely like a mother would.

Upon seeing that Sasha trusted him fully, Kurt felt a little guilty. However, after thinking that it was for the sake of Ian, he felt that his action was necessary.

Sasha was taken to the apartment where everyone lived.

Sure enough, everyone was dumbfounded when they returned home after school and found Sasha waiting for them with a meal long prepared.

“Oh my! What brings you here, Mom? I’ve missed you so much!”

Vivian was the first to rush toward her mother.

She had always had the warmest relationship with her mother. No matter what, she would always act like a child upon seeing the latter.

Sasha also hugged her daughter, who was now taller than her, excitedly.

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Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 1898

“I came to see you guys. Are you happy?” “Yes, I’m so happy!”

Feeling touched by her words, Vivian was almost in tears.

Next, it was Ian. He was also excited to see his mother, but he was a boy, so he did not come over until his sister and mother had separated.

“Welcome, Mom.”

“Hi, sweetie. Come, let me hug you.”

Sasha then opened her arms and hugged her son, who was almost as tall as his father.

The mother-son duo smiled happily.

“What a surprise, Mrs. Hayes. I didn’t think you’d come. It’s the biggest surprise we’ve had this week.”

Sigrun also came over.

She was such a sweet talker. In just a few words, she was able to express her suspicion about her future mother-in-law’s arrival.

Sasha also greeted her with a smile and caressed her head. “Good girl!”

As the girl had been chosen by Jonathan, she naturally would show her due respect.

The last person was Susan.

However, at that moment, she merely stood there. Anyone could tell that she was tense by the hint of panic in her eyes.

“What’s the matter with you, Susan? Am I not welcomed here?” Sasha shifted her gaze toward the girl and asked with a warm smile.

Right after she spoke, not only did Ian turn to look at his mother, but even Sigrun and Vivian next to him also looked over with widened eyes.

“Mom, why did you—”

“You all didn’t come back at the end of last year, so I forgot to tell you that ever since Susan was inducted into the Limmer family, I’ve changed the way I address her. After all, she’s around the same age as you all, so there’s nothing wrong with addressing her like this,” Sasha explained with a smile as she ruffled her daughter’s hair.

Upon hearing that, Vivian finally understood. She nodded and did not comment further.

However, when Sigrun, who was beside her, heard that, a wave of sudden anger surged within her.

I can’t believe she even changed the way she addresses Susan! It seems that she came here really well prepared.

Susan kept fiddling with her backpack. No one knew how nervous she was to see the reactions of the others when they heard the new form of address, especially the young man standing beside his mother.

Will he be happy about this?

She sneaked a glance at him but discovered that he was shocked like everyone else after hearing the new form of address.

After hearing his mother’s explanation, he seemed to understand. However, there was none of the surprise and relief that Susan desired to see on his handsome and cold face.

Instead, he frowned, and there was even a hint of mockery in his alluring eyes.

Mockery?

Susan’s heart sank to her stomach.

“How long will you be staying this time, Mom?”

“Not long. I came because I also have something to do here, so I decided to stop by to see you all. I’ll probably stay for two or three days.”

Sasha gestured for the others to sit down as she smilingly explained to her daughter, who had been pestering her.

“That’s only a few days.”

Sure enough, Vivian’s face fell upon hearing the words “two or three days.”

Seeing that, Kurt placed her favorite chicken drumstick onto her plate. “Mrs. Hayes still has matters to attend to. Your dad is also waiting for her at home. There are still many things to settle.”

“All right then.”

As expected, coaxing her with her mother’s homemade drumsticks was effective.

During the meal, everyone was chatting happily except Susan, who was silently pushing her food around her plate. Even when someone addressed her, she would reply briefly and quickly lower her head again.

Sasha noticed it and found it rather odd.

Wasn’t she quite cheerful at home in the past? Why has she grown silent after coming here?

Sasha decided to talk to her that night before asking her son about it. After all, she had always felt more sympathy for Susan and her brother after their father died.

Hence, after the meal, when Susan had tidied up the kitchen and returned to her bedroom to take a shower, her door was suddenly pushed open.

“Are you preparing to take a shower, Susan?”

“M-Mrs. Hayes...”

Susan was so startled that she almost lost her grip on her pajamas.

“Yes. I’m planning to take a shower.”

“I wish to have a chat with you. Why don’t I come over after you’re done showering?”
Sasha looked at the girl’s nervous expression with a smile and asked patiently.

She truly has changed. Our previous conversations have never been this way.

"It's fine. Have a seat, Mrs. Hayes. I'll get you some water."

Susan was even more nervous.

She quickly put down her pajamas and moved a chair over. After that, she went to get Sasha a glass of water.

As expected, she kept trembling in fear as she poured the water.

She thought that the older lady in front of her had learned about what had transpired between her and her son and was there to reprimand her.

Susan had never felt so flustered and scared.

"It's all right. You don't have to be so nervous. I came to ask you, are you not used to living here? Are you having trouble getting along with your classmates at school? Or is it stress from studying?"

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Chapter 1899

"Huh?"

Susan lifted her head, stunned for a moment.

"N-No, everything is fine."

"Everything is fine? Then why have you become so taciturn now? Also, your eyes keep shifting around nervously. Don't be afraid, Susan. Just tell me if there's any problem. I'll go to your school and talk to your teachers," Sasha urged earnestly while looking at her solemnly.

Indeed, that was her presumption.

She had heard that while exchange students had good grades when they first came over, it was always somewhat difficult for them to adapt to the new environment at first.

Besides, the girl before her had never gone abroad in the past.

To her surprise, however, Susan again denied it.

“No, no, they’re all pretty nice to me, Mrs. Hayes. I was only apprehensive earlier because... because I was worried that Vivi and the others would be offended that I’m addressing you differently.”

“Hmm?”

Sasha chuckled upon hearing that.

“That would never happen. You have no blood ties to the Jadeson family in the first place, so now that you’ve changed your first name to Limmer, the different address only means that you respect US even more.”

“Really?”

At long last, a ray of light showed in Susan’s gaze that had been dim for a long time.

Sasha nodded in affirmation. “Of course. Actually, you’ve got to remember this, Susan. An address is only a verbal issue. Regardless of how you address us, it doesn’t matter. What’s more important is that you still remember the long-standing relationship between US.”

Ultimately, she still comforted the girl magnanimously.

Truth be told, she attached little importance to such things.

After having experienced so much in her lifetime, she had realized that if one truly cared, one would still lend a helping hand at a critical juncture even if one addressed the other person by their full name.

For instance, Solomon and Sebastian.

They were brothers, but she had never heard them really greeting each other properly thus far. Yet when something happened, they still helped each other.

On the contrary, there was her and Jackson’s daughter, Xenia.

They were cousins by blood, but things didn’t end well between them.

In the end, Sasha even patted Susan’s head gently and advised her not to brood over that matter before leaving. Then, she went to Ian’s room.

Meanwhile, Ian was sitting in front of his computer in his room.

He wasn’t in the mood to play video games. Instead, he pondered upon the purpose of Sasha’s visit.

His brain whirred at warp speed. But why didn't she ask me anything after coming to my room?

"Come here, Ian. Let me take your pulse."

Saying nothing, he obediently went over and presented his wrist to his mother.

After all, they were already accustomed to it.

Sasha was a TEM practitioner, so she often took their pulse and the like at home back then in fear that they would fall sick.

Ian waited patiently.

A few minutes later, Sasha retracted her fingers from his wrist.

"Have you been worrying a lot lately, Ian? Why is your pulse slightly stilted?" Sasha regarded her son somberly.

At that question, Ian was rendered speechless.

Has Mom's medical skill improved again that she could even tell that?

"Yeah, there's a minor issue at work," he fibbed.

Hearing that, Sasha breathed a sigh of relief.

"That's okay. Bring me over for a look tomorrow. Besides that, I'll get you a few doses of traditional medicine. You'll be fine after drinking them."

At once, words eluded Ian.

For several seconds, he sat there in silence.

I forgot that she's also an expert in finance, and a prodigy at that.

His lips pressed into a thin line. A long while later, he finally asked, "Mom, what did you two talk about that you spent so long in her room?"

"Who?" Sasha inquired reflexively.

"Aunt Susan," Ian clarified.

"Oh, you meant her, huh? I noticed that her personality underwent a drastic change today and was a tad worried that she hasn't adapted to the environment here yet, so I went over to chat with her^1 Sasha explained.

“And?”

“And she said everything was fine. She was merely nervous because she was worried that you all won’t like that she’s addressing me differently now. But that’s impossible! She doesn’t have any blood ties to us anyway. Oh yes, Ian, don’t address her as Aunt Susan anymore in the future. Just call her Susan instead.”

Sasha was a straightforward person, so she simply said that after hearing her son’s question.

Once more, Ian went silent for a long time.

Susan? I wonder whether that woman deliberately told Mom to come over.

“Ian?”

“Hmm?” Ian raised his head and looked at his mother.

“What are you thinking about that you were spacing out when I spoke to you? I asked you how you feel about that daughter of the Lightburn family. Your great-grandfather said he wants to announce the matter during your birthday,” Sasha abruptly uttered with her eyes fixated on her son.

It so happened that Sigrun was eavesdropping outside right then. The instant she heard that, her breath caught, and she perked up her ears without daring to make a single peep.

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Chapter 1900

“Announce what?”

About a minute passed before Ian’s rather bewildered voice rang out from the room.

Upon hearing that, Sasha was promptly taken aback.

Huh? Why is he wearing such a perplexed expression?

“Well, your marriage with the daughter of the Lightburn family. Ian, didn’t your great-grandfather tell you about this matter back when he sought you out?”

In a flash, Ian's gaze turned chilly.

"What? He only told me that Sigrun wants to come here to study and that her grandfather is his old comrade-in-arms, so he wants me to take care of her as much as possible when she comes over. When did such a farce occur?"

By the time he enunciated the last sentence, his voice was terrifying to the core. His handsome countenance was also blanketed with a layer of ice that would chill one to the marrow.

Sasha was dumbstruck.

It seems that he really didn't know about this. So, what exactly is Jonathan's problem that he didn't even bother telling Ian about this? Doesn't he know that he needs to respect Ian's wishes since he's already an adult?

She hurriedly coaxed, "All right, all right, since you weren't aware of it, we'll scrap this matter. You don't like Ms. Lightburn, do you?"

"Mom, do you think my taste in women is that horrible?" Ian retorted.

Following that, Sasha burst into giggles. "Haha..."

That remark had her torn between crying and laughing.

Unbeknownst to her, Sigrun, who was eavesdropping outside, had gone entirely pale as they both joked in the room.

Her expression had also contorted into a mask of rage.

He doesn't like me and didn't even know about this arrangement? How's that possible? I only came over because our families measured our compatibility and agreed to the match. Only then was I sent here. Now, he's calling off our marriage with a single remark of having no feelings for me and ignorance of the matter?

Her hands balled into such tight fists that her knuckles popped.

The next day, Sasha woke up early in the morning after arriving at the apartment to prepare breakfast for her children.

Unexpectedly, she discovered that someone was already bustling around in the space by the time she reached the kitchen. That aside, the fragrance of food was already wafting in the air.

"Susan? You woke up so early?"

She was utterly surprised when she caught a glimpse of the girl busy cooking inside upon reaching the kitchen door.

Hearing the sound, Susan glanced back over her shoulder. At once, a shy smile bloomed on her face.

“Yeah. Good morning, Mrs. Hayes.”

“Good morning. What have you cooked? Oh my God, you’re too incredible! When I heard from Vivi that you cooked for them every day, I told her not to trouble you since you’re also studying. I didn’t expect you to even prepare breakfast for them!”

When Sasha walked in and saw that the breakfast in the kitchen actually consisted of both Chanaean and western cuisines, her fondness for Susan grew. Meanwhile, Susan felt even more shy after receiving that compliment.

Nonetheless, she was inwardly ecstatic.

Phew! I’m glad she likes it! After all, she’s their mother.

Susan continued cracking another egg into the pan. “Mrs. Hayes, you should step out first, otherwise, your clothes will smell. I can manage by myself.”

“It’s okay. I’ll help you. By the way, Susan, I’d like to ask whether you know that Ian is sick,” Sasha questioned out of the blue, her eyes pinned on the girl.

Huh?

As soon as her words fell, Susan, who had been bustling around, abruptly stilled as though frozen in time. Her fair face promptly drained of all color.

“H-He’s sick? When did that happen?”

“You didn’t know?” Sasha was inexorably disappointed to see such a reaction from her.

She then expounded with a frown while helping at the side, “Kurt told me about it. He said Ian has been very despondent recently and even visited the psychologist two days ago. As such, I thought you’d know something since you’re taking care of him here.”

Clang!

This time, Susan even dropped the spatula in her hand onto the stove.

Sasha was wholly nonplussed.

What’s wrong with her?

By eight o'clock, everyone had eaten breakfast. Shouldering her backpack, Susan slowly descended the stairs. She wanted to wait for Kurt to ask him about the matter of Ian visiting the psychologist.

Recalling how he suddenly turned indifferent toward her two days ago, the unease within her ballooned.

After she dragged her feet downstairs, however, Kurt and Vivian came downstairs hand in hand. If she wanted to ask the former her question, she would have to send Vivian away, which would arouse suspicion.

In the end, she kept quiet.

“Who are you waiting for? Are you waiting for him?”

Not only did she fail to wait for the person she wanted to wait for, but an extremely annoying person appeared before her instead—Sigrun.

Susan glanced at her, but when a trace of detestation welled within her, she walked off right away.

“Stop right there, Susan! I have a question for you!” Unexpectedly, Sigrun, who was behind her, reached out and grabbed her.

Having no other choice, Susan halted in her tracks and regarded Sigrun coldly.

“What exactly do you want?”

“Nothing much. I just want to tell you something. I overheard Mrs. Hayes’ conversation with Ian in his bedroom last night. It turns out that she’s here because of our engagement.”

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Chapter 1901

Sigrun stood in front of Susan with her arms crossed and told her that shocking news while looking all triumphant.

Susan was wholly stunned.

Standing there, she gaped at Sigrun blankly, feeling as though a bomb had gone off in her mind. In the blink of an eye, all thought vanished, and her mind went blank.

Engagement? So they're getting engaged?

"Also, were you planning to ask Kurt about Ian visiting the psychologist? Indeed, that's true. It was the same psychologist as before. Susan, you're really something else that he still has feelings for you after erasing his memories."

"W-What are you talking about?"

While in utter shock, Susan heard herself asking that question.

On the heels of that, however, Sigrun dealt her another fatal blow.

"But don't be too smug. He wanted to erase everything negative about you, so after having the psychologist restore his memories, he now remembers the entirety of his past with you."

Once more, she viciously told Susan that brutal truth.

Ultimately, she still went to the extreme. She was initially a girl filled with passion and enthusiasm for life, but after eavesdropping on the conversation last night, her mentality started becoming twisted.

It was as though something that initially belonged to her was suddenly stolen away by someone else and was no longer hers.

She wanted revenge, almost mad with the thought of it, and she was desperate to take everything back.

In the end, Susan didn't have any recollection of how she left.

All she remembered was the fact that she was wandering aimlessly by the roadside with her backpack when her mind finally cleared up. Just then, a silver-gray Land Rover came to a stop beside her.

"What's wrong, Ms. Limmer? Why are you walking along the roadside alone?"

When the car window rolled down, the incredibly handsome countenance of an Epean man came into sight. It was none other than Vincent.

Susan bit her lip hard, her eyes turning red-rimmed In an instant.

It wasn't that she loved to cry, but her heart was currently aching terribly. Now that she was in a foreign land, as long as someone showed her an iota of concern when she

seemingly couldn't see a single ray of hope in the entire world, she would inevitably break down.

In the end, she got into the man's car.

Little did she know that a red Lamborghini appeared no sooner had they left. Witnessing the scene before her eyes, Sasha, who was in the passenger seat, was exceedingly astonished.

"Gosh, what was happening there? Was that Susan's boyfriend?"

Her eyes shone brightly, and she sat up straight.

The person driving beside her was none other than Ian.

He had taken a leave of absence that morning to accompany his mother for some fun in the city, and they left after Kurt and Vivian did.

Alas, he witnessed such an incident.

"No!"

He nixed it, the look in his eyes glacial.

Sasha immediately turned to him. "Hmm? How do you know that? Are you acquainted with him?"

"No!" Ian snarled.

This time, his attitude was even worse. In fact, he was a carbon copy of Sebastian back when the latter threw a tantrum with Sasha.

Sasha didn't continue pursuing the subject any further, but she took out her phone and entered the license plate she had committed to memory. In no time, a litany of information appeared on her phone.

"Whoa! He's actually a second lieutenant, and his family members are real aristocrats!"

As she scanned through the information, she grew increasingly jubilant.

Right away, she sent a message to Sebastian back home.

She texted: Darling, guess what I saw here!

Sebastian replied: What is it, Darling?

In view of his awful attitude yesterday, his tone that day was particularly gentle.

Sasha told him the news at once.

She typed: Look, this is the car Susan just got into. How impressive! She just came over, but she managed to snag the attention of such a handsome boy with an excellent family background.

Sebastian was rendered speechless.

A long moment passed before he again sent a message in exasperation.

He texted: All right, your mission is to visit Ian, Darling. How is he doing? Is he okay?

Sasha answered: Well, if you're asking about this, he isn't doing so good emotionally. I took his pulse yesterday. Anyway, I'm bringing him out for a breather.

Sebastian echoed: A breather?

Sasha explained: Yes, a breather. I can then learn more about his situation. Don't forget that I once studied psychology. Back then, I even learned from a renowned professor in Jetroina for your sake.

Seeing that, the man didn't say anything further, merely reminding her to be more careful and inform him promptly if there were any news. Then, he ended the conversation.

Sasha likewise put her phone down.

A while later, a map of the city flashed across her mind. She reckoned that they were going to arrive at a mall, so she suggested, "Ian, I want to watch a movie with you. Is that okay?"

"Okay," Ian agreed.

For the time being, he forcibly suppressed the emotions within him that were on the verge of bursting forth.

Ten minutes later, the two of them arrived at the biggest mall in the city.

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1902

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 1902

From a psychological perspective, when a person whose mind worked differently was unstable emotionally, he should be placed in a quiet and dim environment.

That would enable him to relax completely.

At that time, it wouldn't be difficult to get him to reveal some of the things he kept hidden in the depths of his heart.

Sasha took Ian into the movie theatre.

Even though she was the mother, he had long since grown up. The instant they stepped into the dark, Ian swiftly grabbed her hand as though afraid that she would trip.

He then led her in slowly.

"Be careful, Mom. There are steps here," he even reminded thoughtfully in the dark.

A smile blossomed on Sasha's face.

She nodded and followed behind him. Soon, the two of them found their seats and sat down with some snacks in hand.

"It's been eons since I last watched a movie with you, Ian. I still remember that the last time was when you came back from studying at the base. At that time, both Matt and Vivi were also with US," Sasha reminisced nostalgically beside her son before the movie started.

Murmuring an acknowledgment, Ian opened the carton of milk in his hand. After inserting a straw, he handed it to his mother beside him.

"Thank you, sweetie."

Sasha took it from him and sucked a huge mouthful in relish.

However, she was again melancholic after she finished drinking the milk.

"Say, Ian, all of you are growing older now. Will there still be such an opportunity to watch a movie with me in the future?"

"Of course!" Ian answered resolutely without the slightest hesitance.

"Don't worry, Mom. No matter how old we grow, we'll still be your children and will always keep you company."

“But you’ll all get married one day. Honestly speaking, Ian, when I heard your great-grandfather saying that he wanted to choose a wife for you, I was already a bit sorrowful. Oh, my precious son is going to get married. You’re already grown up and will be leaving me in the future.”

Sasha deliberately feigned an expression of utter devastation.

Ian was entirely dumbfounded.

Mom’s acting seems a touch too exaggerated. Oh well, what can I do when she’s my mother?

“Don’t worry. It’s early yet. Great-grandpa has his wires crossed,” Ian reassured patiently.

“Yeah, I think so too. Anyhow, Ian, is there anyone you like? Or what kind of girl do you like? Verily, I’m a bit curious. Can you tell me about it?” Sasha queried hopefully.

As her words fell, she could see a flash of resistance and irritation marring her son’s face in the dark.

However, after calming himself down for ten or so seconds, Ian gently replied in the face of his mother’s question, “No.”

“No?”

Sheer disappointment promptly flooded Sasha.

Oh God, this is bad! Don’t tell me he’s still suffering from a mood disorder? others begin developing crushes at the tender age of sixteen, but he’s already nineteen. How could he not even have anyone he likes?

She turned and fixated her gaze on the screen. Due to her heavy heart, she didn’t say anything for some while.

Ian turned and cast his gaze over.

Upon seeing that his mother’s mood had abruptly taken a nosedive, and her expression appeared much dimmer, he pursed his thin lips in the dark.

“Well... That’s not exactly true...”

“Huh?”

The instant his words fell, Sasha snapped her head over.

“What did you just say?”

“I mean, I answered wrongly to your question earlier. There’s someone, but... she’s unbiddable.” He pondered for a long time before he thought of that term.

Unbiddable?

All at once, Sasha’s eyes went wide.

Good Lord! What kind of term is that? He actually needs the other person to be biddable when they’re dating? This is so domineering of him, exactly the same as his father!

All of a sudden, excitement inundated her.

“W-Why is she not biddable? Does she not like you?”

“No, that’s not it,” Ian replied morosely.

When Sasha heard that, she grew all the more anxious. “What is it, then? Since the two of you like each other, why is she not biddable? Don’t tell me you... you want-”

“Mom!”

The smart and brilliant Ian raised his voice several decibels, just to cut off his mother’s wild imagination.

What’s she thinking? Did Daddy not teach her properly?

In the dark, his fair face flushed bright red to the extent that he almost resembled a ripe tomato.

Sasha went silent.

Okay, fine, I got his meaning wrong. He’s still a pure and innocent young lad.

Subsequently, she continued asking, “Then, tell me why exactly that is. Share it with me. Perhaps I can help give you some ideas.”

“She’s afraid of our family,” Ian admitted.

“Huh?” Sasha gasped.

I really don’t understand. Afraid of our family? Why? Is the Jadeson family a wild beast? What’s there to fear? Logically speaking, many would want to marry their daughters into a family like ours. The year Ian and Matteo came of age, countless wealthy and influential families sent someone over to feel us out. Yet, someone is now afraid?

Truly, she couldn't make sense of it.

However, the movie started then. In order to keep the silence, the two of them didn't talk further. Instead, they shifted their attention to the movie.

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1903

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 1903

Sasha had no idea whether the romance movie she chose was too literary or otherwise, but when she was halfway through it, she heard even breathing from beside her.

She turned, only to see that Ian had fallen asleep.

"Oh, well..."

Chuckling in exasperation, she slipped off her coat and draped it over him.

"No..."

Without warning, her son clutched at her hard.

Sasha was startled for a moment.

"Ian?"

"No... Don't take her away. Don't... disappear. I won't pester her anymore."

He grasped her arm firmly as he brokenly uttered those words in a choked voice in his dream, as though pleading with her.

For an instant, Sasha's mind went blank.

She glanced around, only to be greeted by vast darkness around her as a sorrowful piece of music played from the movie. Out of the blue, realization dawned upon her.

Her expression changed.

This is a remarkably suitable space for hypnosis. And right now, it's also why he's in the clutches of a nightmare.

She sensed the pain in her arm increasing, and clear moisture trickled out of the corners of Ian's eyes while he was in the grips of a nightmare.

Finally, she gritted her teeth and placed her other hand on his forehead, which was damp with cold sweat.

There were many methods to conduct a hypnosis.

Unfortunately, she hadn't much talent in that aspect. Back then, the only method she learned from that professor in Jetroina to save Sebastian was the emotional detachment method. It was accomplished by the massaging of some of the patient's facial acupoints.

The professor taught her that method precisely because he took into consideration the fact that she knew Тем.

In no time, Sasha could sense her son entering a deep slumber.

"What were you saying just now, Ian? Who's going to disappear?"

"S-Susan..."

Once again, Sasha was taken aback. Never had she imagined that her hypnotized son would utter that name.

Susan? Why doesn't he want her to disappear? Also, why would she disappear?

It took a long while for her to compose herself before she inquired, "Why? Why would she disappear?"

Having been hypnotized, Ian replied, "Because..."

Sigrith said that she didn't wish to see me... having anything to do with her daughter. She didn't want to ruin the relationship with the Jadeson family. If I insist, she... she'll disappear with them."

Ultimately, the hypnotized lad revealed that final secret in a whimper before his mother, looking just like a little puppy that was all bruised and battered.

Indeed, that was the truth behind his request to have his memory erased.

When he last spoke to Susan on the phone during the holidays last year, the latter's decision to give up had hurt him badly.

Nonetheless, he wasn't at the point of conceding defeat.

It wasn't until Sigrith in Jadeborough received news from somewhere that he was dating her daughter, Susan. Utterly stricken, she came knocking on Ian's door the very day he returned to Jadeborough.

The weather was extremely hot and humid that day.

However, when Ian stepped out of the door and saw her kneeling in front of him, a sense of bone-deep chilliness enveloped him.

Subsequently, everything he said while under hypnosis earlier transpired.

Sigrith threatened to take Susan away from Jadeborough so that he wouldn't be able to find her forever if he maintained a romantic relationship with her.

Ian broke down there and then.

He knew that he couldn't stop that from happening.

Neither could he change anything, for Susan had too many concerns then. She had been overthinking in the first place and was giving up, so hope was all the more negligible with her mother's interference.

In the end, he went abroad that night itself and sought Kurt out.

After locking himself in his room for ten days and nights, he chose to forget those memories that tormented him.

That was everything.

Sasha sat in the movie theatre in stunned silence.

She didn't even realize when the movie ended as she stared blankly at her son, who was still asleep beside her.

"Miss? Miss?"

Sure enough, the staff called out to her upon seeing her dazed state.

Only then did she jolt back to her senses.

Half an hour later, at a coffee shop beside the movie theatre, Ian thumped the back of his head that was still spinning while asking his mother, "Are you sure the milk we bought was fine, Mom? Why is my head hurting so badly?"

"Yes, there was nothing wrong with it."

Sasha gazed at him tenderly.

Taking out a long and thin silver needle, she reached out and inserted it into his acupoint after having him stretch his arm out.

“Remember this, Ian—no matter how old you are, you’ve got me and your daddy backing you up. If you encounter any problems, remember to speak to US, okay?”

“Okay.”

Ian scrutinized his mother, whose eyes were red-rimmed, finding her behavior a tad strange.

Why is she so sentimental all of a sudden? Also, did she cry? Was it because of the movie earlier?

Nevertheless, he was embarrassed to voice that question since he hadn’t watched the movie just now.

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Chapter 1904

Sasha didn’t ask him anything else, but after leaving the coffee shop, she didn’t allow Ian to drive anymore. Instead, she went to the driver’s seat herself with the car key in hand.

Seeing that, Ian didn’t insist on driving either.

Shortly after, the two of them arrived back at the apartment.

“Ian, since you have a headache, don’t go to school in the afternoon. Just rest at home. I’m going out to handle some personal matters, okay?”

After returning to the apartment, Sasha went to the kitchen and cooked Ian a pot of thick oatmeal. She then carried it to his bedroom.

“Okay,” Ian replied docilely.

Only then did Sasha close the room door for him before leaving.

Half an hour later, she stepped foot into the hospital Ian once visited.

“Hello, may I know whether Dr. Blanc is in?”

“Yes, he’s at the psychology department on the third floor.”

The nurse pointed upstairs.

With her bag in hand, Sasha went straight up.

When she found the psychologist-Alain-a few minutes later, she discovered that there were quite a number of patients in his consultation room, and he was calling them in one by one to treat them.

She took a seat outside and snagged a random newspaper to read.

After waiting for about twenty minutes, she got to her feet when she saw that the room door was finally opened. Without waiting for the nurse to call her number, she barged right into Alain’s office.

“Hey! Miss-”

Bang!

Sasha unceremoniously slammed the door shut.

Alain had just taken a sip of water in his office. Upon hearing the loud noise, he immediately swung his head over.

He was greeted by the sight of a very young woman. While the woman was dressed more maturely than young maidens, her skin was fair and delicate, and her face was exquisite without a single wrinkle. On the whole, she appeared to be a highly-educated lady at the forefront of the times.

“Who are you?”

“There’s a patient named Ian Hayes. You’re his psychologist, yes? I’m his mother.”

Sasha introduced herself graciously.

At once, the psychologist was stunned.

Ian Hayes’ mother? Good Lord! His mother is actually so young? But why is she here?

Suddenly, he remembered that he was beaten up because of Ian’s matter the other day. At once, great unease filled him.

“Is something the matter? I’ve already told the young man that day that it has nothing to do with me. It was Ian’s fiancée who ordered me to do so. Don’t come and seek me out anymore,” the cowardly Alain clarified before Sasha even said anything.

Ian’s fiancée? Is he referring to Sigrun? She even went as far as making a move against Ian?

Sasha’s eyes darkened further.

Putting her bag down, she snagged a chair over and took a seat.

“That’s not why I sought you out. I want to ask you about the memories my son asked you to erase

when he came here back then.”

Alain hesitated, going silent for a moment.

At that, Sasha threatened, “You’d better speak the truth. Firstly, I’m a doctor myself and know psychology as well. A while ago, I already hypnotized him at the movie theatre. However, he only revealed part of the story. Secondly, if you plan to keep anything from me, you should know that the person sitting in front of you right now is Astoria’s First Lady. You’d better think twice.”

She promptly verbalized her request and warning precisely.

Alain’s pupils started trembling.

Astoria’s First Lady? Oh my God, I actually offended such a powerful figure unknowingly?

Not daring to hide anything further, he narrated the whole series of events when Ian came for treatment.

“Your son was in agonizing pain when he first came here. He said he fell in love with someone he shouldn’t have. That person was his aunt. The gulf between their identities and their elders’ objection tormented him greatly.”

Sasha was at a loss for words, and her mind stalled once more.

Never had she imagined that her eldest son, who was the most obedient among her three children, would actually have such a shocking story when it came to matters of the heart.

In that case, this is most likely the reason Susan abruptly proposed acknowledging her roots previously and later changed her name. Does that mean she has changed her mind?

She plunged into a deep contemplation.

“M-Mrs. Hayes?”

“Hmm?”

Sasha lifted her head and looked at Alain with a frown.

“A-Actually, I didn’t seal those memories completely back when I hypnotized your son. If you’re also a psychologist, you can unlock them,” Alain explained.

“Unlock them?”

The furrow between Sasha’s brows deepened.

No, I don’t wish for my son to be in such torment. I’ve already witnessed his pain at the movie theatre, and it was the first time I’ve seen him in such agony after reconciling with him when he was five years old. Therefore, why should I unlock those memories?

Sigrith was selfish, so why can’t I do the same?

She left the hospital and headed straight for the school.

At school, Susan, who had just finished her morning classes and was going to have lunch, received a phone call from Vincent out of the blue. He said he had waited for her outside for the entire morning.

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Chapter 1905

Susan didn’t know how to respond.

She wanted to decline, but upon hearing that he had waited the entire afternoon, she still came out to meet him.

However, she didn’t imagine she would see the familiar red Lamborghini drive over and stop beside her when she was about to get on the Land Rover.

“Susan, where are you going? Is he your boyfriend?”

Sasha stepped out of the Lamborghini and calmly assessed the guy with blond hair and blue eyes sitting in the Land Rover and the young girl who was about to get on it.

It was disappointing, to say the least, after witnessing such a similar scene again. I would've been happy for her if I didn't know about it. However, now that I do, it feels so disappointing. Does everything my son did for her isn't enough?

Since he was young, I have never seen him do so many things out of character. He has always been withdrawn and lived in his own world, innocent like a blank canvas. Yet, he learned how to lie to his dad and followed her everywhere because he liked her.

I understand everyone has the right to reject, but that right doesn't allow one to stomp on another's passionate and sincere feelings. No matter if it's Sigrith or my own daughter.

Sasha merely stared at her. “Are you getting in the car?”

Susan immediately released the handle of the car door.

“N-No.”

“Okay.”

Sasha was slightly satisfied with Susan's answer and swung her gaze to the second lieutenant, Vincent.

“Apologies. I'm one of the Jadesons. Susan used to spend time at the Jadeson residence when she was younger. I came here specifically to see her. Your trip might be a waste today.”

After a long silence, Vincent finally turned to look at the elegant yet domineering woman and nodded shamefully.

Soon, he pulled away from the campus' gate and left.

After the trunk of his car disappeared, Sasha turned to the girl standing beside her with anxiousness and nervousness evident on her face.

“Should we go and have lunch? I suppose your lectures have ended.”

“Okay,” Susan braced herself and answered.

The two were about to get in Sasha's Lamborghini when a girl raced toward the gate from inside the campus. Excitement was written all over the girl's face when she spotted the two were still there.

"Mrs. Hayes, what are you doing here? I would've come out to greet you if you told me you were coming."

It was Sigrun.

Susan's face immediately paled upon recognizing the girl was Sigrun. She wanted nothing more than the ground to open up and swallow her at that moment.

Sigrun's words had upset her so much that she skipped her lectures that morning. Her chest felt stuffy the entire morning. It was suffocating.

Susan instantly turned her back to Sigrun.

Sasha turned and glimpsed to her side, but Sigrun wasn't the one she was looking at. Sasha's gaze was focused on the pale-faced girl staring out the car window.

Sasha stared at her silently for a long while.

Noticing Sasha wasn't paying attention, Sigrun asked, "Mrs. Hayes?"

Done with the pretense, Sasha said, "Just the person I want to see today. I visited Ian's psychologist this afternoon, and he said you asked him to help Ian recover his lost memories?"

Sigrun didn't expect Sasha to ask her so directly in public.

Her bright smile froze. After staring at Sasha briefly, all the blood drained from her face leaving her pale as a ghost.

"Mrs. Hayes, I don't know what you're talking about."

"Is that so? Then, should I take you over to the psychologist and ask him directly?"
Sasha retorted coldly.

Hearing that, Sigrun didn't dare to speak another word. Panic engulfed her at that moment, and even her neck was flushed red as she stood there panic and ashamed.

Susan finally turned her face toward the two.

She was beyond stunned at Sasha's confrontation.

“Recover his memories? Sigrun, why did you ask the psychologist to do so? Didn't you hear what Kurt said? Ian wants those memories gone. How could you ask the psychologist to recover them without asking for Ian's permission first?”

In a few short seconds, Susan was a whole different person. She had stomped toward Sigrun and grabbed her by the collar.

Even Sasha was taken aback at her sudden change.

Does she needs to be so fierce?

“I-1 didn't,” Sigrun stammered with guilt under Susan's pressure.

However, Susan's anger grew at Sigrun's denial. Susan recalled Ian suddenly treated her coldly two days ago and made the connection.

“You didn't? How dare you say you didn't! That day when the Foreign Affairs minister's wife called me over to her place, Ian was the one who fetched me back that night. I heard from Vivian the next morning that you'd waited a long time that night. So you saw us?”

“You saw us, didn't you? That was the reason for your revenge, right? Once he recovers his memories, I won't be in your way any longer, is that it?”

As her mind continued to connect the dots and made the deductions, Susan lobbed one after another question at Sigrun.

Sigrun couldn't come up with an answer under Susan's fierce interrogation, so she merely kept silent, dropping her gaze to the ground. Susan's fierceness had stunned Sasha momentarily, who was standing beside the Lamborghini.

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Chapter 1906

Snapping out of her shock, Sasha folded her arms over her chest and calmly watched the two girls argue.

It looks like I was wrong earlier. It wasn't that Susan didn't care about my son, but she buried her feelings for him deep inside her. However, she'll turn into a lioness on any issues related to Ian.

Memories of Devin's incident rose to her forefront. I remembered the scene when Sabrina went to Yaleview alone. Why are all these women so tough?

"Say something!"

Crack!

The already furious Susan had rage pouring through her when Sigrun didn't respond. In her blind haze of rage, she unconsciously tightened her grip on Sigrun's finger, eliciting the sound of something breaking.

The sound triggered Sasha's temper.

"All right. Susan, calm down. Let me handle this."

Sasha hurriedly came up to the two girls and extracted Sigrun's fingers from Susan's grip when Susan was about to choke Sigrun.

She wouldn't have gotten this mad if she didn't care about my son's well-being, so she must've valued Ian's life more than hers.

Sasha gently patted Susan's back in an effort to calm her down.

The gentleness in her gaze turned sharp as she directed it toward Sigrun. The soft expression on her face turned stony.

"Ms. Lightburn, I'll inform your father about this once I return. I also want to talk to you about something else. Even though Old Mr. Jadeson and your grandfather were the ones who decided on your engagement with Ian, I've already told Ian's father prior that we would respect Ian's wishes. So I asked Ian about the engagement last night, and he disapproved of it because he doesn't have feelings for you. With that, I'll have Old Mr. Jadeson visit your grandfather later to give him an explanation to annul the engagement."

Since Sasha was already confronting Sigrun about Ian's memory, she figured she might as well be frank about her decision to call off their engagement too.

Sigrun, who had finally calmed down, felt the world was crashing down on her. On the other hand, Susan snapped her head to Sasha with surprise and glee in her eyes.

So that was what they were talking about last night. The gloominess in her chest finally dispersed. She quickly ducked her head and looked down at her toes, hiding the fact that she was holding back the tears swimming in her eyes.

Sasha pretended not to see Susan's tears and had Susan get in her car, leaving Sigrun there.

Around ten minutes later, Susan had collected herself and finally noticed they weren't heading downtown. Instead, they were on the road back to the apartment.

"Mrs. Hayes, this is...?"

"Yeah, I suddenly remembered Ian hadn't had lunch yet, so I think we should return to the apartment. Are you okay with that?" Sasha asked intentionally.

She caught Susan immediately dropping her head to glance at her watch through the rearview mirror. "He hasn't had lunch? Why didn't you say so earlier, Mrs. Hayes? We should hurry back then."

"Okay."

Sasha's lips lifted into a smile.

Every mother only wants their children to live a happy and healthy life with their significant others.

When they got back to the apartment, Susan had Sasha go up to the unit first as she went to the corner store to get some groceries. She raced back to the apartment once she was done with the chore.

Ian heard the commotion and came out of his room.

He was puzzled when he saw Sasha, who just left not long ago, was back at his place again.

"Mommy, you-"

"Okay, I'm back. I bought fish so we could make the lemon butter fish dish that Ian likes. I also bought the tofu he likes. We can make stir fry with it."

Susan rushed through the front door with a bag of groceries and started listing out what she was planning to cook, not noticing Ian was right there in the living room.

Sasha merely stood there silently with a smile.

When Susan finally noticed Ian was in the same room, she froze on the spot.

"Y-You're awake."

"I didn't sleep."

Ian could only manage that reply since Sasha was present too.

Sasha chipped in, "Ian, I was the one who told Susan you had a headache. Susan got worried and wanted to rush back here to take care of you. She didn't even want to have lunch with me anymore."

With blushing cheeks, Susan looked at Sasha with disbelief. She never thought the matriarch of the Jadesons household could lie so smoothly.

"M-Mrs. Hayes, I-"

"Okay, Susan. Let's go to the kitchen and prepare lunch. I should help you, but my back hurts. How about this? I'll sit on a stool beside you and direct you on what to do. Ian, come over here and lend Susan a hand."

Sasha ordered her son to help out.

Both Ian and Susan didn't even have a chance to say no.

In the end, they went to the kitchen while Sasha sat on the side watching them with a bowl of fruit in her hand.

It was outrageous.

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Chapter 1907

Due to Ian's lack of skill and knowledge, lunch took an hour to finish preparing.

"What's wrong with my mom today?" Ian asked.

"I don't know," Susan answered hesitantly.

"Where did you meet her?" Ian questioned.

Susan stayed silent, not daring to answer his question because she was about to get in someone else's car when she met Sasha.

Susan guilty carried her dishes to the dining table. "Let's eat first and talk later. Mrs. Hayes, lunch is ready."

“Lunch is ready?”

Sasha was having a good time sunbathing on the balcony before Susan called for her. She left the balcony and walked to the dining room.

There were pork ribs, lemon butter fish, mushroom soup, and even steak and salmon.

Sasha was ecstatic at the variety of food.

As she took a seat, gratification filled her when she saw her capable daughter-in-law serving soup for her.

“Mommy, you... Why are you smiling the whole time?”

“Huh?”

Sasha turned her head to see Ian who was observing her with a strange look.

Sasha chided herself internally. I need to control myself.

Susan was preparing to return to campus after lunch while Ian had taken leave that day, so he planned to spend the rest of the day with Sasha.

However, Sasha had already booked her return flight after lunch.

“Ian, Susan, I have to return as your dad is looking for me.”

“Huh?”

Both Ian and Susan were stunned at her sudden change in plan, especially Ian.

His heart turned heavy after hearing the news.

“Mommy, didn’t you say you plan to stay here for a couple of days? Why is Daddy even looking for you anyway? He couldn’t find his shirt at home or he couldn’t eat without you by his side?”

“Hey!”

Sasha didn’t know how to rebuke Ian’s smart mouth.

I’m not heading home for Sebastian but Ian. I need to urgently settle his affairs and matters regarding the Lightburn family and Sigrith.

Sasha had Ian send her to the airport.

“Ian, I want to ask you something. Do you truly like the girl you told me about this afternoon at the cinema? Are you sure she is the person you want to spend the rest of your life with?”

Screech!

Her sudden question shocked Ian into jamming on the brakes.

“Mommy, you-” With his ears turning red, Ian couldn’t finish his sentence from the embarrassment at having the girl he liked being brought up in their conversation.

How did our conversation get there? We were talking just fine earlier, so why is she suddenly asking me about this out of nowhere?

In that split second, he noticed how his mother’s usually gentle and humorous expression had turned serious.

“I’m not joking with you. When I married your dad at eighteen, my life had just started, and I had a bright prospect ahead of me.

“However, I didn’t hesitate and decided to marry him right away when I heard that I could marry him. I was sure I wanted to spend the rest of my life with him. Ian, everyone needs to make numerous decisions in their life, including choosing their significant other. If you’re sure about her, then don’t ever let go of her. Sometimes, thinking too much will only lead you to regret,” Sasha earnestly advised.

Of course, I can’t tell Ian I hypnotized him before and therefore knew everything about him. He’ll be very upset if he finds out since he has a strong sense of pride. Besides, I hope he can find the stuff he has thrown away back using his own means.

Ian didn’t respond and merely stared dead ahead as though he was mulling over her advice.

Sasha knew he needed some time to think, so she didn’t bother him. Instead, she reached for her phone and texted her daughter, telling Vivian she would be flying off soon.

Vivian texted back almost immediately: Mommy! Didn’t you say you were going to spend a few days here? How come you’re going back now?

Vivian cried on the spot when she heard about her mom leaving.

Sasha’s fingers instantly tapped on her phone quickly trying to comfort Vivian.

I’m sorry, Vivi. I need to meet with your dad urgently, but I’ll be back to visit you when I have time. Don’t worry.

Vivian sent a crying face emoji.

Suddenly, Kurt texted: Okay, stop crying. There is Easter holiday in April. I can take you to visit your mom then.

Vivian was so ecstatic that she could only manage to send:!!!!

Then, she smiled again.

Sasha was relieved when she saw Kurt caring for Vivian.

Sasha left the city that same day.

When everyone returned to the apartment that night, they were surprised that Sigrun didn't come back.

Vivian asked, "Why isn't Sigrun back yet? Did she have something going on?"

Susan didn't say anything and buried her head into what she was doing.

Ian didn't even listen to the conversation and focused on the peeling scallions in the kitchen. His long slender fingers fiddling with the vegetable were like a work of art.

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Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 1908

Susan peered at Ian a few times with confusion. Why is he suddenly helping me? Did his mother nag at him to help me before she left?

Crack!

A sudden sharp sound cut through the silence.

Susan looked over to Ian and saw that he had snapped the scallions into two parts.

There was a silence that hung in the air for a while before Susan finally broke it.

"You have to do it this way. Come, I'll show you how."

Her fair fingers reached for the scallions in his grasp and patiently showed him how to prepare them.

Ian lowered his head and watched intently.

He was surprised that she didn't chase him out of the kitchen. With the stalk gone from his fingers, he let out a relieved sigh and shifted his gaze to the tiny beads of sweat on the tip of Susan's nose.

Each bead was clear and shiny, like the morning dew bathing under the soft morning sun.

"Okay."

Susan finally finished preparing the scallions and passed them over to Ian.

As she looked up at him, a hint of uneasiness flashed across his face swiftly, and he turned his face to the other side.

Susan didn't comment anything about his weird expression.

After that, none of them spoke until they finished preparing the dishes.

Back in the living room, Vivian finally found out the reason Sigrun didn't come back that night-she had flown back to her country.

"Why so sudden? She just left without even saying goodbye," Vivian complained, upset at Sigrun's rudeness.

Kurt crossed the room over to her, patting her head to comfort her, then tugged her over to the dining table.

"Just ignore her. Let's eat. I'll take you out to have fun later."

"What are we going later?"

Hearing she would be having fun later, Vivian immediately directed her attention to Kurt.

Kurt gave her a card about the new Esports room that opened nearby. He bought one on his way back.

Vivian beamed with excitement looking at the card.

She gobbled down her dinner and dashed up the stairs to change into something casual, then rushed back down and pulled Kurt out of the house.

“Susan and Ian, do you guys want to come with US?”

Pausing at the door, she didn't forget about the other two in the house.

Vivian remembered her mom's instruction to stop addressing Susan as Aunt Susan.

Ian didn't answer her.

Susan rejected immediately, “I won't be going. I have to take Lotus out for a walk later.”

“Okay. How about you, Ian?” Vivian asked as she glanced over at him.

He replied instantly this time. “I am busy. I have something to do tonight.”

Something to do? What else is he doing? Isn't he just playing games at home?

Vivian whirled around and walked out the door with Kurt in tow.

After they left, the apartment became silent. Susan went to the kitchen to wash the dishes while Ian returned to his room. Once she came out of the kitchen, she heard the dog barking downstairs.

“Lotus?”

Shocked at its sudden barking, Susan raced to Lotus' side to see some kids were throwing stones at Lotus.

“What are you kids doing? How could you throw stones at it!” Infuriated, Susan strode over to Lotus and picked up the dog.

However, the kids weren't scared of her. They didn't apologize but made an ugly face at her before running off. Susan almost cussed at the anger rolling through her.

What kind of children are these?

Susan hurriedly checked the dog in her arms with concern.

“Oh my goodness! Lotus, you're bleeding!” Her expression turned frantic, and her eyes glistened with tears when she noticed the wound on the dog's head was bleeding profusely.

“Ian?”

She began to look up at the apartment and shouted for Ian.

The window to Ian's room opened and Ian's handsome face poked out of the window to see what was going on.

Susan was looking at him with red eyes and tears on her lashes.

About twenty minutes later, they were at a nearby veterinary hospital.

"Miss, we can't treat your dog since you haven't registered it. If you wish to consult the vet, you'll have to register for a microchip and fill out the relevant forms. We can only treat your dog once the system updates your dog's information."

Both Ian and Susan didn't expect the vet to refuse to treat Lotus because it was not registered.

Lotus was indeed not registered.

From the first day she arrived in the city, Susan had been queuing to register Lotus, but even after a month, it still wasn't her turn. The city council wasn't very efficient at their work.

Susan was crying again when she glanced at the unmoving dog.

"What should we do, Ian?"

"Calm down," Ian said, then walked over to the vet.

Before long, he came out of the room, and Lotus was taken into the operating theater, stunned, Susan just watched the turn of events.

"H-How did you get the vet to agree? Didn't the vet say Lotus needs to be registered first?"

"Oh, I reprogrammed that stupid system and added Lotus' details into it," Ian answered nonchalantly.

Susan was shocked by his answer.

That is Yartran's pet registration system. Did he just nonchalantly say he reprogrammed the system?

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Chapter 1909

By the time Lotus was discharged from the pet hospital, where it received a few stitches on its head, it was almost midnight.

Holding the dog on a leash, Susan had wanted to hail a taxi home. Unfortunately, when the taxi drivers saw that it was two youngsters with a dog at that ungodly hour, none of the drivers were willing to take them.

Left without a choice, both of them rented a bicycle for the journey home.

Lotus sat on top while they walked alongside it.

“Ian, I’m so exhausted that I can’t another step,” Susan complained pitifully. After maintaining an uncomfortable posture to support the dog, she could no longer keep it up.

She had barely spoken when Ian, who was pushing the bicycle, stopped in his tracks.

Turning around to look at her in the dark and deserted street, he plainly instructed, “Get on.”

Susan was surprised. “Huh? I-if I get on, where is Lotus going to sit?”

“Carry it!”

Finally, there was a minute change in his emotion, one that reflected the frustration he felt.

When Susan realized her dimwittedness, she threw him an awkward glance.

Blushing till her ears were red, she hurriedly climbed up the bicycle where she hugged Lotus, brimming with elation.

“Ian, are we.... heavy?”

“Not at all.”

“Okay.”

The sparkle on Susan’s eyes glowed with greater intensity.

That night, the pair, together with a dog, made their journey back to the apartment amidst romance in the air. The most surprising fact was that Lotus stayed obediently in Susan’s arms and didn’t make a fuss at all.

As long as Susan was happy, Lotus too would share its owner's bliss.

Meanwhile, Sebastian picked Sasha up from the airport, it was almost midnight.

She raised the matter with him on their journey home all the way until they got home.

"Sebby, Ian's engagement to the Lightburn family has to be canceled!"

"Does he object to it?"

Sebastian, sharp as usual, instantly thought of the issue.

Sasha responded with a nod.

"On top of that, Sigrun's character is very questionable. If I hadn't visited them, I would have noticed that she was willing to hurt Ian just to achieve her goals."

"What did you just say? She harmed him?"

Amidst the growing tension in his voice, Sebastian had a grim look on his face.

Sasha proceeded to relate to him everything that happened at Atlantius.

The more Sebastian heard about the matter, the greater his disapproval.

"Even if you set aside Susan's past, we can't guarantee something similar wouldn't happen after they get married. I might sympathize with her jealousy, but that doesn't justify hurting others. Do you still remember Roxanne? She was jealous that I had taken you from her, so she forcefully changed your memories through hypnosis despite knowing how weak you were. Consequently, her actions had dealt significant damage to your health. I can see Sigrun is no different from her."

Sasha's temper flared as she spoke, for she now hated Sigrun as much as she did Roxanne back in the day.

Jealousy should never be the reason to harm someone else. Isn't Susan just as devastated to see Ian together with Sigrun? And why didn't she do anything to harm the latter?

By then, Sebastian's face was already brimming with rage.

Cognizant of Sasha's exasperation, he brought her a glass of water and patted her on the shoulder, indicating that he would deal with the matter accordingly.

With that, he headed to Jonathan's room it was past midnight.

The next day, the fuming Jonathan got up early, intending to visit the Lightburn family.

Unexpectedly, a Jeep in military green had already arrived outside Oceanic Estate before he stepped out. A short while later, an angry-looking old man with a headful of white hair came in with a crying girl in tow.

“Old Mr. Jadeson, I’m glad I finally get to see you. I’m truly sorry for the trouble this useless granddaughter of mine has caused you. Thus, I have brought her here so that you can punish her as you see fit.”

The old man was none other than Lucius Lightburn. He had brought Sigrun, who rushed back the night before, over to apologize first thing in the morning.

Their sudden arrival had caused Jonathan to be stunned and stood still.

Standing behind him, Sasha wore a gloomy expression the entire morning.

This girl is craftier than I expected. Realizing that there’s no way out after being exposed, she rushed back at the same time I did so that she could take the initiative to own up to her mistake.

An icy glint flashed across Sasha’s eyes when the thought struck her.

Due to Jonathan’s presence, both grandfather and granddaughter were invited into Oceanic Estate. The moment they entered, Lucius shoved Sigrun toward Jonathan.

Thud!

“Ah!”

The dull sound of the impact was followed by Sigrun’s agonizing cry.

Lucius thundered, “What are you crying for? How dare you have the cheek to cry after committing such a grave mistake? Let me tell you, even if Old Mr. Jadeson beats you to death today, you deserve every bit of it!”

Given how convincing his words were, it was a waste of Lucius’ talent not to have chosen acting as his career.

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Chapter 1910

Despite spending his entire life on the bloody battlefield and never batting an eyelid at all the gruesome scenes he had witnessed, Jonathan suddenly wavered at his former subordinate's attempt at eliciting pity.

"A-About that-"

"Old Mr. Lightburn, from my perspective, you're overestimating the gravity of the situation. Grandpa would definitely not do anything of that sort to someone younger. Thus, I think it's wise to help your granddaughter back to her feet."

Sasha had stepped forward to preempt Jonathan's answer, standing defiantly in the center of the living room, she calmly deflected the pressure Lucius was exerting.

Just when Lucius was getting carried away with his reprimand, he looked up upon hearing Sasha's words.

In that instant, he felt his heart sink.

Isn't that Old Mr. Jadeson's granddaughter-in-law? And the lady of the Jadeson household? She's a clever one. If not for her, Sigrun's actions in school would never have been exposed.

A sense of dread began to creep into him.

"Old Mr. Jadeson, is this your granddaughter-in-law?"

"Yes, yes. That's her."

Jonathan, who was mired in a dilemma, nodded vehemently as if he was clutching at straws.

No sooner had he replied than Lucius dragged Sigrun up and flung her at Sasha's feet.

"Look, this is your future mother-in-law, you fool. Of all the things to do, why did you have to harm someone? If she hadn't gone over, you-"

"Wait!"

Sasha stopped him, as she couldn't bear to listen to another word.

"Old Mr. Lightburn, let me put it this way. Firstly, since the children are yet to be married, it's inappropriate to address me that way. Secondly, we are planning to annul the marriage contract. I'm sorry if I didn't manage to let you know in time," Sasha asserted without hesitation.

In that instant, her words drained the blood out of Sigrun and Lucius' faces.

"Cancel? On what basis? Have I heard it wrongly? Old Mr. Jadeson, you were the one who came to me and propose the marriage contract back then. I never had the intention of ingratiating myself with the Jadeson family at all."

Lucius, who was suddenly worked up, threw the ball back into Jonathan's court. In fact, he sounded as if he was demanding answers from the latter.

Stumped by the question, Jonathan blushed in embarrassment.

"You're right. It was my idea from the beginning."

"In that case, how can you cancel it on a whim? Old Mr. Jadeson, that would be crossing the line. Even though I'm your subordinate, it's still unfair to the child. Now that all our relatives know she will be married into the Jadeson family, how is she going to continue living if you cancel the engagement all of a sudden?"

*D*mn it, he has the audacity to bring up the issue of how she is going to live her life going forth.*

Unable to help her curiosity, Sasha asked someone beside her, "What was his position when he served Grandpa last time?"

"Mrs. Jadeson, I heard that he was the Chief of staff," someone replied.

Chief of Staff? No wonder he's so shrewd.

Once again, Sasha watched as Jonathan's face turned red from the insinuations.

"Old Mr. Lightburn, please calm down. With regard to this matter, I-I'll-"

"Old Mr. Lightburn, why are you resorting to emotional blackmail? This is no longer the era of arranged marriages. Back when Grandpa spoke to you about it, I'm sure he didn't promise that it was set in stone. In fact, I

clearly remember telling him-when he brought up the matter with me-that unless my son agrees to it, it would never count," Sasha responded on Jonathan's behalf.

Jonathan nodded to acknowledge her words. "Right, right. Sasha did tell me that back then."

"But that wasn't what you told me. You said that you had an eye for my granddaughter because of how pretty and kind she was. In fact, you even declared that she's the perfect candidate to be your great-granddaughter-in-law!"

Just when Jonathan struggled to squeeze out an answer, he was instantly rebuffed by the agitated Lucius, who denied that Jonathan had ever told him that.

Truth be told, Jonathan had really messed up.

Subsequently, Sasha softened her tone. “Old Mr. Lightburn, if that’s what you think, I’ll admit that Grandpa did make a mistake. Why don’t we do this—the Jadesons will compensate you a sum of money, how about that?”

“Money?”

Lucius was outraged by the suggestion.

“Mrs. Jadeson, do you think money can solve this problem? Did you actually think that just because the Jadesons are rich, you can settle everything with a snap of your fingers?”

Infuriated by Lucius’s outrageous words, Sasha felt a burning sensation in her face.

Just when she was about to retort, a towering figure finally came down from upstairs.

“Since that’s the case, let’s do it by the book. Mark, go to Yartran and find out what the granddaughter has done in school. When you’re done, report the result of the investigation in front of the two families. We’ll then let them weigh in on whether the marriage contract should still continue.”

Just as Sebastian strolled out of the elevator, his frosty gaze shifted from the grandfather to the granddaughter. In that instant, everyone could feel the rising tension in the atmosphere.

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Chapter 1911

Sebastian?

The raging anger within Lucius was instantly doused.

At the sight of Sebastian, the arrogance he displayed dissipated within seconds.

Report to both families? If it came to that, no one in Jadeborough would dare to marry Sigrun, let alone continue with the marriage contract. In fact, the Lightburn family's reputation would be utterly ruined!

Lucius no longer had the cheek to continue dwelling on the matter.

When he saw the ashen look on his former subordinate's face, Jonathan's heart softened as he recalled that he was the one who was first at fault.

As a result, he got to his feet.

"All right now, Old Mr. Lightburn. Since I, too, bear responsibility for the matter, why don't we just cancel the marriage contract on the basis of the children's disagreement? In return, I'll arrange for your grandson to join the army as my apology. Isn't that what he always wanted?"

Lucius fell silent, as it was an attractive proposition indeed.

He was now provided with an opportunity to save face, while the Lightburn family was given the chance to achieve glory similar to that of Sigrun marrying into the

Jadeson family.

Just as expected, Lucius was satisfied with the arrangement and prepared to leave with his granddaughter.

No sooner had he made a move than Sigrun—who had seen her dreams collapse before her—went amok.

"No! It's not like that. I didn't do it out of jealousy, as the problem lies with the two of them. Susan, despite being Ian's aunt, is salivating all over him and sticks to his side like glue. It was she who behaved shamefully first. I did what I did just to protect myself!" Sigrun screamed as if she had gone raving mad.

Susan?

She had barely spoken when the minds of everyone present were blown. All of them stared at Sigrun in disbelief.

How is that possible? She is his aunt, while he's her nephew!

A grave expression descended upon Jonathan's face.

"What did you say? Let me warn you, I have forgiven you on the account of your grandfather. If you continue to spew venomous lies, I'll not show you any more mercy!" he roared with his eyes spitting fire.

Lucius, too, was enraged.

Reaching out to grab her, he dragged her back and got her to shut up.

“You fool, have you not embarrassed yourself enough? How dare you make such baseless accusations?”

“I’m not. It’s the truth. In fact, Susan herself has admitted it to me. She told me the reason she acknowledged her family’s heritage and changed the way she greets all of you is to enable her to marry into the Jadeson family. If you don’t believe me, you can ask her about it!”

Sigrun continued to shriek. Vengeance had driven her into a rampage to drag everyone down with her.

As silence descended upon the room, Jonathan sat frozen as if his head had been hit by a sledgehammer, while his expression mirrored that of a raging inferno.

As someone who lived through the conservative era, titles, reputation, and decency were virtues that he valued highly.

Cognizant of the incendiary atmosphere, the enraged Sasha dashed forward and gave Sigrun—who was laughing hysterically in schadenfreude—a forceful slap.

Slap!

The crisp sound of the impact reverberated throughout the quiet living room.

Dazed from the strike, Sigrun held her face and gave Sasha a look of disbelief. “You…”

“This slap is to teach you—on behalf of your family—when to quit when you’ve already failed. Didn’t your mom teach you any manners when she raised you?”

Slap!

Another strike was heard.

The fuming Sasha struck Sigrun another time in front of everyone in the living room.

“This one is to remind you to keep your nose out of the Jadeson family’s business. Even the White House does not interfere in our family affairs, so who do you think you are? Let me tell you, if I hear another word out of your mouth. I’ll make sure you disappear from the face of the earth!”

Straightening her collar, Sasha looked down at Sigrun and unleashed a tirade at her. At that moment, everyone was overwhelmed by the intimidating aura exuded by the lady of the Jadeson household.

The last time she had demonstrated such ruthlessness was when she eradicated the Jadesons of The Ataraxy.

Despite her usual warmth and congeniality, no one was to forget that she wasn't one to be trifled with. After all, she was the lady of the most powerful family in the nation, who was even feared by the White House.

As for Sigrun, she was at a loss for words after being hit.

Her hands trembled violently as she looked fearfully at

Sasha, whose flaring temper struck fear into everyone present.

"M-Mrs. Jadeson, Sigrun doesn't know any better. I know you're a magnanimous person, so please, forgive her this once."

Having regained his senses, Lucius hurried to Sigrun's side to plead for mercy. In fact, he was just this close to dropping to his knees.

Unfortunately for him, Sasha couldn't care less about his appeal.

As her fiery gaze swept across the living room, she could see the shock on everyone's faces as they stared at her. Only Sebastian, who was sitting on the couch with his legs crossed, wasn't surprised at all by her behavior.

She sneered, "Nonetheless, it doesn't matter anymore. Since you have bought up the matter, I will answer your question. You're right. The Jadesons and Limmers are preparing to enter a marriage alliance."

"Sasha..."

Jonathan sprang to his feet the instant he heard the revelation.

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Chapter 1912

“What are you babbling about? A marriage alliance between the Jadesons and Limmers? What Limmers? Sebastian, look at your wife. How can you allow her to make such delirious remarks?”

Jonathan threw Sebastian an anxious look.

However, what came as a surprise to everyone was how ridiculously calm he was. In fact, he looked like everything he heard was well within his expectations.

“No, she isn’t. What’s wrong with what she just said?”

Even though he turned his attention to Jonathan with a face void of emotions, his piercing gaze sent a chill down everyone’s eyes.

Jonathan almost blew his top.

“How can there not be a problem? Susan is Colton’s daughter. When she was living with the Jadesons, she was considered Ian’s aunt. Now that they’re going to get married, wouldn’t it be incest?”

Overwhelmed by anger, Jonathan had lost any regard for his speech.

Crash!

In that instant, Sebastian, equally enraged, smashed the coffee cup he was holding onto the table.

“What do you mean incest? Since when are they related by blood? Based on your logic, the fact that I, who have

been raised by Frederick who is of your age, am addressing you as Grandpa would be equally inappropriate.”

“You...”

Jonathan was so angry that he was stumped for words.

In the end, Mark, hoping to de-escalate the situation, came over to persuade Jonathan, “Old Mr. Jadeson, let me help you back to your room. We’ll talk about this later.”

With that, he led Jonathan, who was still rolling his eyes in anger, away.

Only then did peace return to the living room.

Meanwhile, Lucius raised his head, thinking that Jonathan's violent reaction had given them a chance.

Much to his dismay, his vision was met by a frosty gaze that sent a shiver down his spine, leaving him speechless.

"Lucius, we have said everything there is to say. Hence, I trust that you're smart enough not to do anything to displease me."

The way Sebastian put things caused Lucius to tremble again.

What does he mean by anything that displeases him?

Obviously, Sebastian was warning them against pursuing the matter further and starting malicious rumors about it.

Nevertheless, Sasha wasn't worried about the second point. From her perspective, it wasn't a big deal as long as Ian and Susan weren't related by blood. After all, there were plenty of married couples in the world who were also relatives in name.

Since the law allowed it, she couldn't understand why the conservative elderly found it difficult to accept the fact.

When she arrived upstairs and saw that Sebastian was right behind her, she asked, "You don't look surprised at all. Have you known about the matter all along?"

Sebastian didn't reply.

It wasn't that he knew, but he did have a hunch about it, especially after his trip to Yeringham.

There, Ian was arrested by the police for destroying public property in a fit of rage. The event had served to intensify Sebastian's suspicions further.

Meanwhile, Sebastian brought a glass to the water dispenser and filled some water for himself.

"I just didn't expect him to be that daring."

"Daring?" Sasha knitted her brows.

"It isn't him being daring. Instead, it's because he lacks a sense of security. Unlike Matteo and Vivi who are more outgoing, he's more introverted and prefers to immerse himself in his own world, as there's where he feels most comfortable," Sasha analyzed patiently.

Sebastian nodded in agreement. "What happened after that? Since he's engrossed in his own world, how did Susan manage to enter it?"

"That's because she has been kind and attentive to him since they were kids. Don't you remember? During Christmas one year, the present he received from Grandpa was different from everyone else's because there wasn't enough to go around.

"Later on, Ian was upset the entire night because he was very sensitive. What's more, he knew his great-grandpa treated him differently from all the other children. As I was busy then, I didn't realize what was going on. It wasn't until Susan headed out to get him the same gift and told him that it was from his great-grandpa that he finally cheered up," Sasha related the past incident.

Even though it had occurred many years ago when Ian was only about seven or eight, she remembered the incident vividly. Susan, who was not even ten then, not only understood his feelings but also went out of her way to get him the same gift.

Consequently, it was hard not to be fond of someone like that.

Sebastian fell silent after Sasha finished.

/ can't deny the fact that it would do Ian a lot of good to have a girl that's caring and attentive by his side.

"In that case, what do you plan to do? Are you really going to announce the engagement with the Limmer family?"

In the end, that was his only question, as his role in his children's marriages was as an executor. The one who made the decisions was naturally his dear wife.

No sooner had he spoken than Sasha shook her head.

"Let's not be hasty for I plan to pay Sigrith a visit first. After all, Ian fell sick in Yartran because of her and even had to get a psychologist to wipe out his memories. Therefore, I would like to question her on what actually happened."

Sasha's tone suddenly turned frosty and even carried a tinge of anger.

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Chapter 1913

Although he did not say anything, Sebastian's expression turned grim in a split second.

That afternoon, Sasha left Oceanic Estate and drove to Golden Heights.

She did not know a grand party was taking place at Golden Heights at that moment. It was Sigrith's birthday party and all the socialites of Jadeborough were there to celebrate with her.

"Didn't I tell you so, Mrs. Limmer? Everyone cares so much about you! We came over immediately when we heard it is your birthday!"

"That's right, Mrs. Limmer. That's what friends are for!"

Soon, all the ladies were crowding around her, showering her with expensive gifts and fawning over her.

Sigrith was overwhelmed by all the attention. She had moved to Golden Heights half a year ago, and her life had changed drastically during that few months. After being recognized as part of the Limmer family, she found herself thrown into the limelight. From a relatively unknown Mrs. Jadeson, she had become a wildly popular Mrs. Limmer, very much sought after within the high society circle.

The socialites behaved as if Sigrith was their best friend, so she felt obliged to invite the ladies into her home.

When Sasha arrived, what she saw was a beaming Sigrith being surrounded by a crowd of ladies, commanding all the attention of those around her.

What is she doing?

Sasha frowned puzzledly as she parked her car near the main entrance of Golden Heights. She grabbed her bag, alighted from her car, and headed straight into the hall.

"Sigrith, what are you...?" she blurted out.

The hall suddenly fell into silence, and all the ladies turned toward the entrance upon hearing Sasha's voice. They were taken aback as they had not expected Sasha to be there. Immediately, the atmosphere in the room turned awkward.

"Oh?" A look of panic flashed in Sigrith's eyes as she hurried over to meet Sasha and said, "What brings you here, Sasha? You should have told me you are coming"

"I came to see you. What are you...?" Sasha asked, throwing a glance toward the room full of ladies.

Sigrith's expression betrayed her uneasiness, and she hesitantly replied, "It-t's my birthday today, and the ladies insisted on coming by to celebrate with me. I did not expect so many of them to turn up and am overwhelmed too!"

"Oh, it is your birthday? I am so sorry it slipped my mind!" Sasha felt bad and quickly apologize for it.

It was not easy managing a big family like the Jadesons. There were simply too many things to look into daily at Oceanic Estate, so she could not have possibly remembered everyone's birthday.

Since she knew it was a birthday celebration, she felt obliged to present a gift to the birthday girl.

Sasha immediately removed the elegant green bracelet from her wrist and presented it to Sigrith, saying, "I'm really sorry I did not know it's your birthday, Sigrith. I did not get ready a present for you. This is a bracelet Sebastian bought for me at an auction some years back.

I hope you don't mind and will accept this as our birthday gift to you."

All the ladies in the room gasped at that generous gesture.

The emerald stones on that bracelet were richly colored and had near-perfect transparency, obviously of top quality. Moreover, Sasha mentioned that Sebastian bought it at an auction. That could only mean it was a highly-priced, premium designer piece.

The ladies could imagine the value of that bracelet and were very envious of Sigrith. However, soon they all felt a tinge of embarrassment, as the gifts they brought for Sigrith paled in comparison and definitely looked inferior when placed next to Sasha's gift.

Sigrith was stunned to be presented with such an expensive gift and refused to take it. She only accepted it after much insistence from Sasha.

With Sasha's presence, the ladies became more cautious and restrained. They had to think twice before they speak or stuck to safe and casual conversation topics.

"Are you going to join US at the bannière club, Mrs. Limmer?" Helma asked.

"Oh, Mrs. Croll, that goes without saying. It is our regular activity, so Mrs. Limmer will definitely join US. Isn't that so, Mrs. Limmer?"

The ladies looked toward Sigrith expectantly for a reply, putting her in an awkward spot.

Since she moved to Golden Heights, she had been attending many social activities and was constantly hanging out with the socialites. She had even stopped helping out at Sabrina's bar.

Sasha sat at the table together with the ladies but she did not join in their conversations, as their conversations did not interest her. She slowly sampled the food on the table and quietly kept to herself instead.

Her ears pricked up only when they started talking about Sigrith's children.

"Mrs. Limmer, your daughter is already in her third year in college, isn't she? I heard she was chosen to go overseas on an exchange program. What an impressive achievement! What are her plans after graduation?" one of the ladies asked.

"She...she has not made any plans yet," Sigrith hesitantly replied.

That lady enthusiastically suggested, "What about pursuing a career as an auditor? I heard your daughter is taking a degree in accountancy, so audit would be a good choice for her."

Before Sigrith could reply, another lady interjected and said, "What are you thinking? Mrs. Limmer told US previously that Susan will most likely take up a job overseas. She is acquainted with the wife of the foreign minister in that country. Moreover, she has a handsome boyfriend who is from a prominent family there. I heard he is a high-ranking officer too."

"Oh, really?" All the ladies present were wowed by that news, and instantly, the room was filled with excited chatters.

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Chapter 1914

Some of the ladies were envious of Susan's good fortunes, but many were secretly letting out sighs of disappointment. Those ladies who were disappointed had wanted to introduce their sons to Susan and harbored hopes of becoming in-laws with the Limmers.

Sasha could not hold in her annoyance anymore. She slammed down her cutlery and angrily asked, "Sigrith, did Susan tell you that?"

Sasha's outburst shocked everyone into silence, and when Sigrith turned around and saw how grim-looking Sasha was, she was startled too. "Sasha, I..." she stammered, ashen-faced.

"Sigrith, you should not be speaking untruths. Recently, I made a trip to Yartran to visit Ian as I was worried about his condition. I discovered none of what you just said happened. It is true that Susan paid a visit to Mdm. Bennett, but it was because of Mr. Louis Limmer. She had no further interactions with Mdm. Bennett after that visit. As for the boyfriend that you were talking about, I think it is another lie. Susan has never told me about such a friend."

Sasha bluntly exposed Sigrith's lies in front of all her friends. She could not understand why Sigrith had turned into such a big liar, going about spreading rumors and boasting shamelessly.

She wondered if Sigrith did that to break Ian and Susan up, or if she had become vain and wanted to boast about her daughter's achievements to elevate her own social standing.

Sigrith's face turned red with embarrassment as the socialites began to throw her mocking looks of contempt while gossiping among themselves.

Within a few minutes, all the ladies left, and only Sasha and Sigrith were left glaring at each other in the empty hall.

A furious and humiliated Sigrith stared coldly at Sasha and hissed, "What is that for, Sasha? Why did you shame me like that in front of all the ladies? Are you trying to make me leave Jadeborough?"

Sasha was speechless, stunned that that was Sigrith's main grouse. She returned a stern stare and said, "I want to ask you the same question. What do you think you are doing? Why did you knowingly spread such lies? Also, what are you trying to achieve by pushing my son into such a predicament?"

Sigrith was cowed by Sasha's stern questioning. She muttered feebly, "I-I have no idea what you are talking about..."

"You have no idea? Do you want me to refresh your memory? Sigrith, the Jadesons have treated you well all these years. Did Sebastian and I not do everything we could for you and your family? Why are you doing that to my son? If you have any objections to his relationship with Susan, you can come to me with your complaints. Why do you resort to hurting my son?"

Sasha was getting agitated and trembling with anger. The thought that her son nearly lost his memory and shut himself off from the world terrified her.

Sigrith was stumped for words, guilty. She could not think of anything to say to fend off those accusations.

“I want the truth from you, Sigrith. What did you say to Ian, and why did you kneel before him?” Sasha demanded.

“1-1...”

“Tell me!” Sasha roared, and her anger caused all the helpers in the room to cower in fear.

Sigrith trembled fearfully for a while before she finally managed to find her voice. “I... I thought their relationship was a bad idea. They are technically aunt and nephew, so it will not work out.”

“Is that so?” Sasha gave her a wry smile before adding, “Aunt and nephew huh? Is that the reason? If you have their best interest at heart, you should have discussed this with Sebastian and me, and not confront Ian directly. He is only nineteen, still young and innocent. How do you expect a young boy like to handle that?”

Seeing Sigrith could not defend herself, Sasha stared intently at her and blurted out, “You did that because you were worried about Ian’s condition, didn’t you?”

Sigrith looked up in fear, her eyes popped wide open in shock. “No, no! That’s not what it is. Don’t get the wrong idea, Sasha!” She shook her head profusely and hurriedly denied Sasha’s question.

“Wrong idea?” Sasha could not help but give her a mocking laugh.

“Let’s do some analysis and see if I really got the wrong idea. Ian and his siblings were only seven when they were brought to the Jadesons. Sebastian and I had to spend all our energy and attention fighting against Eddie and his scheming plots. We had no choice but to leave the three kids in the care of the other family members, which included you,” Sasha said.

“I remember Matteo and Vivian received praises constantly from all of you. Everyone in the family complimented them for being obedient and sensible. On the other hand, no one has ever praised Ian. Why is that so? Because he is aloof and keeps to himself. He has a quick temper, will flare up, and start throwing things around whenever he gets upset, right?” She looked coldly at Sigrith and asked.

Sigrith silently looked down and avoided her gaze.

Unable to get a response from Sigrith, Sasha continued, "After knowing how Duncan met his sad end, Ian locked himself in his room for three whole days, refusing to come out. By then, everyone in the Jadeson family would have realized he is a special needs kid."

"No, no..." Sigrith denied.

"No? Then, why would Susan pay special attention to Ian? Sigrith, you are good at covering up, but you have forgotten that what you said to your kids will be reflected in their behavior." Sasha reminded Sigrith of that obvious fact.

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Chapter 1915

"No, no..." Sigrith denied.

"No? Then, why would Susan pay special attention to Ian? Sigrith, you are good at covering up, but you have forgotten that what you said to your kids will be reflected in their behavior." Sasha reminded Sigrith of that obvious fact.

Indeed. If Sigrith had not given special instructions to her two kids, Susan, a mere ten-year-old kid at that time, would not have given special attention to Ian.

She was a kind and sensible girl, but she was too young and innocent to know how to be mindful of someone or something. She was definitely advised by an adult to do so.

Sasha could imagine Sigrith telling Susan and Timothy about the special kid from Oceanic Estate, and all the unusual things that Ian did. Being an intelligent girl, Susan remembered every word her mother told her.

What Sigrith had not expected was that her warning to her kids about Ian led to a completely different outcome. Instead of staying away from Ian, the kind-hearted Susan ended up becoming more caring and protective of him.

Sigrith lost the last trace of color on her face, worried as she realized Sasha had seen through her excuses.

She was astonished Sasha was so smart and had figured out everything after making just a single trip to visit Ian.

Deep in her heart, Sigrith never thought she had done anything wrong. Sebastian was a good example of how horrifying Ian could turn out to be in the future.

She would never forget the bloody scene at The Ataraxy when Sebastian killed everyone there.

Yes, what have I done wrong? No mother would want her daughter to marry a mentally unstable guy! What is wrong with a mother being protective other daughter?

With that justification in mind, Sigrith calmed down and was no longer afraid to face Sasha. She tidied her hair, sat down, and made her argument.

“Yes, you are right. I did look Ian up and pleaded for him to leave Susan. But I don’t think I did anything wrong, Sasha. You are a good example. You married Sebastian and suffered so much all those years! How can I allow my daughter to walk down the same path as you? Do you really think I did wrong?”

“What?” Sasha was devastated to hear that. She had not expected Sigrith to justify her actions in that manner!

She leapt to her feet, burning with rage.

“That is ridiculous, Sigrith! Sebastian was pushed to the corner by the Jadesons, and had no choice but to react in that manner. What has that got to do with Ian?” she howled.

“I have made some research into it. Mental problems can be hereditary. Ian has always been special since he was young. His reaction to Duncan’s incident was a telltale sign. Don’t you agree that he could end up like his father?” Sigrith rebutted.

Sasha was so furious she almost fainted. She pointed her finger accusingly at Sigrith but could not find the words to express her anger and deep disappointment.

Sigrith was a living proof of the ugly human nature.

In the end, Sasha stumbled out of Golden Heights, went straight into her car, and wailed.

She had not shed a tear for a long time, but Sigrith’s words devastated her. It was extremely painful to know that her precious son was being seen as a freak by those around him.

Sasha was reduced to a zombie by the immense sorrow in her. When Sebastian found her, she was seated in a cafe in town, staring blankly at the people passing by. There was nothing but deep sadness in her swollen and reddened eyes

When Sebastian saw her in that sorry state, his heart ached for her. He already knew about the matter and was just as furious as she was. However, at that moment, looking at his despondent wife, he felt the pain more than the fury.

He went over and sat down next to her. Wrapping her in his arms, he consoled her. "It's going to be okay. Don't be sad. Her opinion does not matter. Susan is already a grown-up, so we only need to ask her for her stand on the matter."

His words brought tears to her eyes again.

"Ian is really a good boy. He is fine, and he does not..." All her suppressed sorrow erupted and she broke down in his comforting embrace.

Indeed, no mother could bear hearing her child being called a freak.

Sebastian brought her home, and later in the evening, he made a call to Susan.

Susan had just finished school when she got the call.

When she saw on the screen of her phone that the caller was Sebastian, she instantly became nervous. She had always been in awe of him. In his presence, she would constantly worry about speaking or behaving inappropriately and earning his disapproval.

"Uncle..." She nervously picked up the call and greeted Sebastian.

Sebastian's tone, on the other hand, was gentle.

"Susan, I heard from Sasha about you and Ian. I wish to know how you feel about the matter and what your plans are." He went straight to the point and did not beat around the bush.

"Huh?" Susan was stunned and at a loss for words.

She always thought no one knew about her relationship with Ian, so it was a big shock when she realized that the elders had found out.

It was even more shocking when Sebastian asked her about her plans.

Traditionally, a couple would want to get their blessings from the family before planning for a marriage, so she did not think she could make a decision all by herself.

"Un-uncle Sebastian, I think you can go ahead and discuss this matter with my mom..." Susan was blushing, too shy to give him a straight answer.

To her horror, Sebastian's tone turned solemn, and he told her the devastating news. "Your mom disapproves of your relationship. She thinks Ian will inherit my mental problem. That is the reason why I am calling you to find out about your stand."

What!

Susan stood rooted to the ground, thunderstruck by the terrible news, It took her a while to recover from the shock, and she was so infuriated that she blurted out, "Is she crazy?"

After that, she hung up abruptly in anger, forgetting that it was her most respected Uncle Sebastian on the other end of the line.

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1916

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 1916

After booking her air ticket, Susan went back to her apartment to pack her luggage. She was in the hall, getting ready to leave for the airport when someone suddenly opened the door to her apartment.

"Ian! Why are you back?" she exclaimed in surprise, looking at the young man standing in her doorway, panting breathlessly.

He was supposed to be having his meal at Lady Adalyn's restaurant, so she did not expect him to turn up so unexpectedly.

Susan was standing in the middle of the hall, and she had her luggage next to her. Ian's eyes were fixed on the luggage while he silently stood in front of her.

She could sense a weird vibe coming off him as he questioned, "Where are you going?"

"I-1 have to head home to attend to something," she hesitantly replied. She did not dare look him in the eyes as she was worried he would ask about the purpose of her trip home.

Unfortunately, that made Ian even more suspicious and mad.

"Is that so? Are you not moving to one of those prestigious schools that the kids from the prominent families are attending?" he asked angrily.

“Huh?” Susan looked up puzzledly.

Prominent families? What prominent families? And what is that about a prestigious school?

She had no idea what he was talking about, but being the smart and sensitive girl that she was, she could tell that he was furious. “I am really going home, Ian,” she assured him.

Without any warning, Ian ran over, snatched the luggage from her hand, and hurled it to the other end of the hall.

Thump!

The luggage fell to the ground in a loud thud and frightened the life out of Susan.

“What are you doing, Ian? You-”

Thud!

Another loud banging sound, but that time, Susan was the victim instead of the luggage bag.

Suddenly, Ian pushed her against the wall and, making use of his big, tall build, trapped her there.

Susan was stunned.

She cowered like a terrified little prey and looked fearfully at the scary youth in front of her,

“I am asking you one more time. Where are you going?” His tone was harsh, and his bloodshot eyes were staring menacingly at Susan, giving her the creeps.

Susan swallowed hard and tried to back off from the intimidating Ian. She timidly looked up at him and said, “I...I am really going home. I am going to see my mom.”

That took Ian by surprise, but before he could utter a word, she continued, “Ian, I have a question for you. Do you... do you like me?”

It was an unexpected turn of events. When pushed to the point of desperation, Susan actually mustered up the courage to ask that question.

Ian felt like he was hit by a thunderbolt. His mind turned blank as he looked down at Susan from his domineering position.

He could not believe his ears, that she actually asked if he liked her.

“If... if you like me, please promise me that you will wait for me to come back. Don't run away again, and don't leave me. Shall we be together when I come back?” Susan was blushing as she made that proposal, and the tears that were brimming in her eyes rolled down her cheeks.

Ian was dumbfounded. It took him a long time to recover from the daze, and when he did, he slowly reached out his hand and gently wiped the tears from her eye.

“Sure...” he said, as he gazed dreamily at her.

His voice was hoarse, but he spoke clearly and affirmatively.

Susan broke into a big smile, and those eyes of hers that were staring into his were dancing with joy. Before she knew it, she had tiptoed, reached toward him, and gently planted a kiss on his lips.

To both Susan and Ian, time stood still at that moment, and it felt as if the whole world froze in time.

For more than a minute, the young couple froze in place. Their lips were locked together, but their minds were blank.

They could only feel each other's soft lips and warm breaths. Everything else did not exist anymore.

That was what a beautiful and unforgettable first love was all about. Nothing could be more blissful than knowing that the person you love actually loved you too.

Ian could not recall when and how Susan left the apartment.

When he finally snapped out of his daze, he was standing alone in the empty hall. After a while, he slowly reached out and touched his own lips, and a satisfied smile appeared on his blushing face.

However, he was soon filled with remorse. As a man, he felt he should have been the one taking the initiative and regretted not having done so.

Susan made a mad escape to the airport, her heart still pounding wildly as she boarded the plane. Her face was flushed from embarrassment and her head giddy with delight.

She was still in disbelief that she made such a bold move earlier, so much so that she wished the ground would open up and swallow her. Even recollection of that incident made her blush.

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1917

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Chapter 1917

She had to admit that she was really happy.

It seemed like the matter she had been concerned about for a long time was finally settled. She was thrilled, and she could feel a sense of joy she had never felt before.

The plane soared through the air.

By the time she got back to the country, it was already late at night. As she did not inform anyone about her arrival, Susan hailed a cab to get home.

“Mister, to Golden Heights, thank you.”

“Golden Heights?”

The cab driver turned to glance at her through the rearview mirror.

“Miss, you’re going to Golden Heights? Are you someone from the Limmer family?”

“What?”

Susan snapped her head upward to look at him. “Mister, how do you know about the Limmer family? You’re...”

The cab driver chuckled. “Of course, I know about the Limmer family. I’m sure the Jadeborough people all know what place is Golden Heights. However, something happened at Golden Heights today. I heard that the Limmer family’s widow had a conflict with the Jadesons.”

“What? A conflict?”

Susan’s face went pale.

What kind of conflict? What did my mom do this time?

Susan was panicking to the point cold sweat was beaded on her forehead. She instantly asked, “What kind of conflict? Mister, can you tell me more about it?”

The cab driver answered, "I heard this from someone else. Apparently, the Limmer family's widow was celebrating her birthday with a party today, and Mrs. Jadeson attended it too. However, they ended up fighting because of her daughter's matter, and Mrs. Jadeson left angrily. The widow of the Limmer family couldn't take the pressure, and she actually tried to kill herself at Golden Heights this afternoon."

"What?"

What is she thinking about? Trying to kill herself?

Susan's heart sank to the bottom, and she shook from the fury she felt.

She then took out her phone and made a call to someone despite how late it already was.

"Hello?"

The moment she heard the voice of the woman on the other end, she hastily choked out, "M-Mrs. Hayes, it's Susan. I'd like to ask what... happened to my mom. I heard from the cab driver that she tried to kill herself. What's going on?"

Susan knew how terrible the Limmer family's relationship with the Jadeson family would become if that were true. In that case, what hope could she still have to be together with that young man?

Fortunately, the woman on the other end of the call quickly consoled her upon hearing her anxious voice, "Susan, don't panic. Your mom's fine. We had a talk in the afternoon, and she was worried that I would blame her, so she was trapped with stubborn thoughts.

"Mrs. Hayes..."

The moment Susan heard that, she could no longer stop her tears from rolling down her cheeks.

About forty minutes later, Susan arrived at the hospital downtown.

The moment she got out of the cab, she rushed straight into the building.

"Hello, can I ask if a patient named Sigrith Halford is here?"

"Sigrith Halford?"

The nurse on shift furrowed her brows.

Just as she was about to check the records, a tall man stepped out of the elevator. When that man saw Susan, his eyes lit up.

“Susan, why are you here?”

“Timothy?”

Susan was surprised.

The siblings then went to the inpatient section, and on their way there, Susan learned about the incident from Timothy.

“I’m telling you. This matter happened because Ian’s mom is a little too mean. All Mom did was mention that you found a boyfriend during the birthday party. She refuted her in front of so many people, so don’t you think that Mom would be embarrassed?” Timothy growled.

A boyfriend?

Susan immediately stopped in her tracks and turned to look at her brother. “Who told her that I have a boyfriend? When did I have a boyfriend?”

Instinctively, she realized that might be the root of the problem.

She knew that Ian must not be the boyfriend her mother was talking about, for the two of them had yet to say anything to their family. Even they themselves did not make their relationship official until not long ago before she boarded the plane.

Indeed, just as those words were out of her mouth, her brother gave her a strange look.

“Isn’t he that officer from an aristocratic family? Weren’t you the one who told Mom this? Why else would she

have told those rich ladies?”

“I didn’t!” Susan fumed, her face turning red from anger.

An officer from an aristocratic family? So it’s Vincent. When have I said that he’s my boyfriend? I have never mentioned him during our calls.

The more Susan thought about it, the more she felt that something was amiss. However, before she could reach the ward, she heard the discussion at the nurses’ station.

“Say, Mrs. Jadeson made the Limmer family’s widow kill herself. What are the Jadesons going to do with this matter? They’re not going to dismiss the matter just like this, right?”

“What’s odd about that? The Jadesons are powerful. It’s nothing new if they just ignore it.”

The person sighed.

Susan had just heard a few sentences from them, but they were all criticisms of the Jadesons.

Susan’s expression turned grimmer. She then ignored the talking people and went straight into the ward.

Creak.

When the door opened, Susan was greeted with the sight of the patient inside eating an apple. Although the woman’s face was a little pale, it was clear that she seemed fine.

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Chapter 1918

“What are you doing?”

Susan walked over to the bed.

Sigrith panicked when Susan entered. She turned in shock to look at her daughter, who had returned out of the blue, and was at a loss for words for a moment.

“You-”

“Tell me. What are you trying to do? Kill yourself? Why are you trying to kill yourself? Did you think that you were in the right? When have I ever told you that I’ve found a boyfriend? Moreover, you said that my boyfriend’s an officer from an aristocratic family.”

Susan was not going to beat around the bush with Sigrith at all.

The moment she reached the bed, she began questioning her mother in a stern tone without hesitation.

When Timothy heard her, he berated Susan in a tone tinged with anger, “Susan Limmer, what are you doing? Instead of expressing concern for her, you’re chiding her! You’re her daughter, not her mother!”

When Sigrith realized that her son was siding with her, confidence began growing in her.

“That’s right. I’m your mother. Not only are you not helping me out, but you’re even berating me the moment you get here. Do you even have a heart?”

“A heart?” Surprisingly, Susan calmed down at the peak of her anger.

“You know what it’s like to have a heart? To have a heart, you must first be morally right, but is that what you’re doing right now? What have you done instead? Don’t you know the people are saying that the Jadesons are bullies? Is this what you want to see?”

Sigrith did not answer her.

“Or could it be that you’ve done this on purpose? What are you trying to do? Do you think that you get to twist words now that your husband’s surname is Limmer and you’ve moved into Golden Heights? Do you think that everything you say is right? Do you think that the Jadesons can’t do anything to you anymore?” Susan roared furiously.

Susan could guess that her mother had done it deliberately. However, she could not wrap her mind around what her mother had in mind. *Does she think that she’s powerful enough to go up against the Jadesons now? She’s even trying to turn the public against the Jadesons!*

Susan was about to go mad from the wrath she felt.

Nevertheless, Sigrith still did not think that she had done anything wrong. After her brief moment of anger, she retorted, “Cease the nonsense. I only did that because I felt ashamed.”

“That’s right, Susan. Why must you say such harsh things? This is our mother you’re talking about. Is she that bad?” Timothy chimed in.

Upon hearing them, Susan felt anger rush through her, and she barked out a laugh. Then, she fixed her gaze on her mother and coldly uttered, “I’m sure she knows better than me whether or not that’s the case. Furthermore, you know best what happened between the two of you.”

Sigrith fell silent.

After the moment of panicking, she dared not even look into her daughter’s eyes anymore.

Truth be told, Sigrith was a little afraid of her daughter. Susan had been too smart since young. Nothing Sigrith did could escape Susan's eyes. However, Timothy was denser, unlike his sister.

Therefore, after her father's death and the fact that she had grown up, she became the one with the most say when it came to family matters.

In the end, Sigrith said nothing, for not long after, Sasha and Sebastian from the Jadeson family came.

When Sasha arrived and saw the arguing mother-and- daughter duo, she intervened and asked her to step out of the room for a chat. "Susan, don't blame your mother for this anymore. Come out for a moment. I'd like to talk to you about something."

It was then Susan left the room.

Once Susan stepped out of the room and before she could say anything, Susan's eyes reddened.

"All right, all right. Don't cry first. This isn't as serious as you think it is. We'll deal with this well, so don't worry;" Sasha reassured.

Susan just kept wiping her tears away until she could calm down. Then, she raised her head to look at Sasha and Sebastian before choking out, "Thank you, Mrs.

Hayes."

In the end, she could only thank Sasha for her merciful nature.

After all, Susan genuinely did not know how else to express her apologetic feelings about the current situation.

When Sasha saw Susan's miserable expression, she reached out to pat her head dotingly. "There's no need for you to be so courteous with US, and don't be mad with your mother because of this. Your mother has done all these for you."

"For me?"

"Yes, for you. Susan, remember this, every mother wants to treat their children well. Sometimes, they might do the wrong things for the sake of their children. However, you have to remember not to resent her for her actions, for no matter what she did, she did it for you," Sasha solemnly said to Susan as she looked at the younger woman.

Susan froze.

As she stared at Sasha, who was also a mother, in a daze, she mulled about her mother. All of a sudden, she felt that the two women were two vastly different people.

Susan was not talking about status or identity; she was talking about their characters.

My mother should be ashamed of what she has done.

In the end, Susan watched the couple leave. By the time she returned to the ward, she had already recomposed herself.

However, that was not the case for Sigrith, who began defensive once she saw her daughter entering the room. Before Susan could say anything, Sigrith questioned, "What did she tell you? Did she tell you everything?"

"Huh?"

Susan drew her brows together.

Yet, when her mother saw that frown on her, she went mad.

"Yes, I admit that I did this so that you won't be with her son. I got on my knees and begged him, but what did I do wrong? Susan, you're my daughter! How can I possibly watch you marry a mentally ill man without doing anything?"

The ward fell silent after Sigrith's outburst.

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Chapter 1919

That was a question Susan contemplated in the past too.

Why did Ian erase his memories?

Back then, she felt that it was because she was not brave enough at that time. However, with the way the two interacted at Yeringham, and with how the young man had returned without a second thought when he heard that she felt bad about the comments from others, she wondered if he truly needed to forget about her.

Susan was suspicious about it.

However, by then, Ian had already forgotten all about her.

She had not dared to ask him about it, and nor did she dare to ask anyone about it. Susan had been afraid that she would not be able to stay by his side if she were to make him mad.

It was only now she finally knew that her suspicions had been right-something else was at play.

“Mom, do you know what you’re doing? Do you know... what he had to go through because you kneeled before him? In the end, he had to get a psychologist to erase the terrible memory you gave him to carry on with his life!” Susan screamed as she fixed her bloodshot eyes on her mother.

The heartache and anger she felt were spilling out of her, but all she could do was bellow them in her mother’s face.

Yes. Does she know how badly she had hurt him? Does she think that only her children deserve to be treated well while someone else’s children don’t?

“I... I...”

Sigrith never thought that the boy she had kneeled before and pleaded with had suffered that much. Instantly, she became distressed.

“Susan, I... I didn’t think that much. I just wanted... I just wanted him to leave you!”

“But that doesn’t mean you can do that!” Susan roared. “When Timothy had seizures as a kid and was laughed at by other kids, you were livid. Why didn’t you think about what you felt back then, huh? Why don’t you think about how his mother felt when you called him a freak? How can you be so selfish?”

Susan burst into tears.

As she stared at her mother, she let the disappointment and devastation wash over her.

How can she do that?

Finally, Timothy understood what was going on, and he whipped his head to the side to look at his mother in disbelief.

“Mom, did you really do that? Why did you say that Ian was mentally ill? Ian is fine. Why did you come to the conclusion that he’s mentally ill?”

“I... I...*”

"It's because she saw Ian's father kill the people from The Ataraxy back then!" Susan yelled, tears still streaming down her face.

"Her father has psychological issues, so she felt that Ian has them too. That was why she did that."

"Are you crazy? How can you think of that? Mr. Hayes went mad back then because his uncle, Charles, destroyed his family. Also, even though he has psychological issues, did you forget that he saved this world? What were you thinking? How can you do something like that?"

Even Timothy turned furious after hearing his sister's words.

Although he was not as smart as his sister, he grew up under his father's guidance. Therefore, he could still think critically about major matters.

By then, Sigrith was as pale as a sheet.

She never thought that her son would end up chiding her as well. Forced to a dead end, she could only insist that she was doing it for Susan.

"For me?"

Susan could no longer believe those words, for she realized that the religious and cowardly Sigrith back then would never muster enough courage to kneel before Ian and beg him.

Yet, she had done it.

Susan then calmed down, but she continued fixing her tearful eyes on her mother, who had turned into a stranger with a familiar face.

"If you want me to forgive you, then you'll have to apologize to Mr. and Mrs. Hayes. You have to apologize to Ian too."

• r | n

"Also, I'll be moving out of Golden Heights tomorrow.

We'll be finding a new place."

Sigrith never thought her daughter would say that to her.

Thus, she turned anxious.

“Move out? Where are we going? That place belongs to the Limmer family!”

“It’s the Limmer family’s property, but we have no right to stay in there anymore. I don’t want to ruin my grandpa’s reputation. He has a good reputation, and nothing could make up for it if we were to ruin his reputation,” Susan grimly uttered, her voice echoing in the ward.

Sigrith’s already colorless face turned paler.

For a moment, she felt as if her husband was the one standing in front of her-the man who everyone thought was gentle and nice was standing in front of her.

He was standing there with his eyes wide in righteous fury.

Indeed, no one knew that Colton Limmer had two different sides to him-one for the outsiders, and one for the family.

Around others, he always played the part of a nice man. However, the moment he was home, everyone had to go by the rules, including Sigrith. She was never allowed to do anything immoral at all.

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1920

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 1920

Chapter 1920

In the end, Sigrith slumped down.

The next morning, Sebastian was stunned when he received a call from the White House, saying that the Limmers were moving out of Golden Heights.

“Why?”

“We are not sure. It’s just that Mr. Louis Limmer’s granddaughter came to US early in the morning and told us that she was going to return the house to the museum. She said that the people would be able to get to know her grandpa better and to learn how challenging it had been for the pioneers to create a peaceful era we live in now.”

At that, the man in charge of the White House could not help but sigh wistfully.

It was true that a sensible child like her was a rare sight. She was big-hearted and could see the big picture. Most importantly, she was willing to give up the luxurious life she could have had. Her actions stunned even adults like them.

Even Sebastian was shocked for a moment.

Nevertheless, he was also relieved, for that meant he had not misjudged her character.

“I got it. Give them a villa, but keep it low profile. If she doesn’t agree to it, tell her that they have different identities now, so the White House has the need to ensure their safety.”

Sebastian was a smart man, and he could guess that Susan might turn down the offer of the villa. That was why he gave the man an excuse to convince Susan otherwise.

The man agreed to it.

That noon, Susan and Timothy packed up and brought their luggage to move to a neighborhood called Jasper Lake.

“Susan, this place is where the retired cadres of White House live. If your grandpa was alive, he would have lived with you here. Therefore, please don’t turn US down anymore.”

“I see. All right, then. Thank you,” Susan finally agreed after taking a glance at the neighborhood that did not seem too extravagant.

Meanwhile, Timothy agreed to everything in his sister’s plan.

However, once the siblings entered the house that was given to them, Susan told him, “Timothy, we’ll still have to pay them a sum every month for this house. We can’t stay here for free. Once we buy it, we’ll be able to stay here without harboring the thought that we’ve taken advantage of others.”

“Okay,” Timothy easily agreed.

After all, they were young and capable, so they would be able to find a way to earn a living.

That night, the family of three moved in.

Once Susan unpacked, she went straight to Oceanic Estate to visit Sasha and Sebastian.

Of course, she was also there to visit Jonathan.

When Jonathan saw her, he was immediately struck with the thought of how Susan, who called him Grandpa Jonathan for twenty years, was about to call him Greatgrandpa and might even become his greatgranddaughter-in-law.

That thought made him uneasy.

“M-Mrs. Hayes, I’m here on behalf of my mother to apologize to you. My mom... My mom, she shouldn’t have..?”

“Oh, my, Susan, what are you holding? Is that for me to eat? Hurry up and show them to me! I haven’t had my dinner yet.”

Just as Susan was stammering and trying to tell Sasha about what her mother had done, Sasha abruptly ran over, interrupted her, and snatched the basket in Susan’s hands.

At that, Susan was forced to focus on the basket.

“Yes, I brought them back from Atlantius. Mrs. Hayes, didn’t you say that the turkey there was delicious? That’s why I brought a few.” Susan lowered her head and opened the basket.

Alas...

“Yes, yes, it’s delicious! Come on, let’s go to the kitchen to chop them up right now.”

With that, Susan dragged Susan away.

Susan was confounded the entire time.

After the two entered the kitchen, Sasha took a glance outside and closed the door before finally whispering, “Grandpa doesn’t know about Ian’s incident yet, so don’t tell him anything.”

Susan went quiet.

She then raised her head to look at Sasha for while before her eyes suddenly reddened.

/S she... worried that Old Mr. Jadeson will detest me even more after finding out about the incident?

Susan could not find any words to describe what she felt. The only thing she knew was that her eyes felt hot. When she lowered her head, the hot tears escaped.

“Oh no. Don’t cry. Why are you crying all of a sudden?” Sasha anxiously asked.

However, she soon saw the girl smiling after a bout of crying.

“You...”

“Mrs. Hayes, you’re so kind to me. I’m so glad to meet someone as nice as you. I... I...” Susan was sobbing so much she could not even finish her sentence.

Seeing that, Sasha sighed.

She finally put down the turkey in her hand and reached out to wipe away Susan’s tears.

“You’re a kind person too. Do you know how moved and happy I was when I first saw the way you defended Ian fearlessly? Honestly, out of the three children, I worry about Ian the most. He has been the most aloof among the three. At the same time, he was also sensitive and fragile. I was terrified that his other half will not be a good person for him,” Sasha said with tears in her eyes.

She felt that the girl was not completely right in saying that she was lucky to meet her. In fact, the mother-and- son were lucky to have met a sensible and caring girl like her.

Susan had no idea that her presence was the light that had brightened up Ian’s darkest moments in life.

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Chapter 1921

Chapter 1921

“Don’t worry. As long as your mom doesn’t object to this relationship, Mr. Hayes and I will offer our full support. If you guys want to get engaged now, we’ll arrange for it. If you guys want to continue with your studies first, just go ahead. We have no objections.” Sasha smiled gently and gave Susan her full support.

Susan was elated. While blushing, she lowered her head and answered, “Mrs. Hayes, you don’t have to care about what my mom thinks. I have the final say.”

To her surprise, Sasha immediately shook her head. “No. She’s your mom, so you ought to respect her. Even if she had done something wrong, you are still her child. You

must get her blessings on your marriage, otherwise, your marriage with Ian wouldn't work out," Sasha said sincerely and earnestly.

Upon hearing that, Susan felt embarrassed. At the same time, she respected Sasha even more. *She's such a selfless woman and a good mother.*

Susan then left Oceanic Estate.

After she left, Jonathan, who was sulking on a chair the whole time, finally stood up with his cane and grumbled, "What now? That's it?"

Sebastian was just nearby when he heard that question. In response, he threw a cold glance at Jonathan and asked, "What's wrong? Do you have a problem with it?"

Jonathan was rendered speechless. *What a bastard! What's with that look? Am I not the head of the family?*

"All right, Grandpa. Calm down, okay? Susan is actually a nice girl. When she came back this time around, she moved out from Golden Heights so that she could quickly distance Sigrith's contact and all those socialites. Think about it. She's smart, witty, and kind. Who else in Jadeborough is as impressive as her? We need to find a girl who's intelligent and well-mannered, right?" Sasha immediately spoke up to ease the tension. While she was at it, she had also poured praises on Susan.

Hearing that, Jonathan's expression softened a little. "I'm not saying she's not a nice girl. It's just that she had grown up at The Ataraxy. I'm worried that others might have things to say after she joins US at Oceanic Estate."

"I'm not even worried, so why are you getting so worked up about it?" Sebastian argued.

Goodness! These two are unbelievable. Sasha was having trouble getting Jonathan and Sebastian to get off each other's necks.

Ultimately, she waited until after dinner to look for Jonathan to speak privately. By then, Sebastian had gone up to the room to rest.

When Sasha found Jonathan at the observation tower, she uttered, "Are you not going to sleep yet, Grandpa?"

"No. Not yet." Jonathan was having a cup of tea at the observation tower. When he saw Sasha there, he poured her a cup as well.

Sasha accepted his kind gesture and sat opposite him.

"Grandpa, do you still think there's something wrong with letting Susan marry into the Jadeson family?"

Seeing that Sasha had brought it up, Jonathan proceeded to speak his mind. "It's not that there's something wrong with her. The younger generation in Jadeborough might not say a word about it. However, people such as my comrades will have something to say once they hear about it. Have you forgotten about how Lucius had reacted the last time around?"

Indeed, that had actually happened.

Sasha took a sip of her tea and put it aside. "You have a point. How about this? Perhaps you could go over to the White House and look for the person in charge. Get him to pull some strings and link the Jadeson family up with the Limmer family."

"What did you say?" Jonathan was stunned by her words. *Is Sasha drunk? I've already told her about the embarrassment I would face. Why is she telling me to get the person in charge at the White House to make an introduction? Has she gone mad?*

In a cold tone, Sasha looked at Jonathan and reminded, "Grandpa, don't you remember that the Limmer family is an aristocratic family? Obviously, the White House is going to keep an eye on the situation. That's because they don't know who the future leader will be when a new round of power changes comes. Why do you think Sigrith has so many socialites around her?"

Jonathan was stunned once again. *She's right. Why have*

I not thought about that? At the moment, all the influential families in Jadeborough are eager to get Susan to join them. With her, the family's status and influence will definitely be elevated.

Jonathan finally understood what Sasha meant. He stared at her awkwardly and uttered, "Your mind is... All right. I'll go over tomorrow."

"Yes. Once you've involved yourself, the marriage between the Limmer family and the Jadeson family will be official. By right, the White House should support US. After all, the Jadeson family is now one of the most influential in the region. Even if the Limmer family isn't powerful, no one would be able to cause a problem. The White House will be glad about the fact that they wouldn't need to worry about internal disputes," Sasha explained with a smile.

Jonathan didn't want to utter a word in response because he was pissed. He realized that whenever he tried to converse with Sebastian and Sasha, they would just shut him down with their intelligent solution to all his questions and trouble. *So, is the Jadeson family finally going to have a wedding celebration?*

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Chapter 1922

Chapter 1922

Meanwhile, in Atlantius, Yartran.

Vivian noticed Ian had been acting weird for the past two days. *He seems so distracted and jumpy. Even when everyone was having a meal together, he would just get up and run to his room. What's going on?*

That evening, Vivian went to see Kurt when he was busy cooking in the kitchen.

"Kurt, don't you think Ian has been acting weird recently? Also, why did Aunt Susan... No. I mean, why did Susan suddenly go back?" Vivian asked puzzledly.

While he was cooking, Kurt tilted his head and glanced at her helplessly. *She's actually very smart, but once she's in her comfort zone, she tends to stop thinking and rely on others. Hence, she'll find the simplest things unfathomable.*

"Maybe they have an argument?" Kurt voiced.

"Oh?" Upon hearing that, Vivian was stunned. *They're fighting? Why would they argue though? Goodness! Did something happen that I didn't know about?*

Finally, Vivian realized something was wrong. She ran toward Ian's room and peeked inside. After a while, Kurt heard her running back toward the kitchen.

"Kurt, Ian is on his smartphone!" she said.

"Okay. So?"

"So?" Vivian was dumbfounded. She scratched the back of her head and looked at Kurt in confusion.

Kurt was speechless. After letting out a sigh, he passed the vegetables that he had just washed to her and reminded her, "All right. Let it go, okay? They'll figure it out on their own. Now, you need to focus on your STEP examination and make sure you pass it."

As soon as those words fell, Vivian's beautiful face turned glum.

STEP was a mathematics examination in Atlantius. After she graduated from Royal Academy back then, she had to pick a random major in Atlantius because they didn't offer a major in her field.

The major she had chosen was media art, and her professor had chosen mathematics as her elective.

Vivian was frustrated because she had never enjoyed studying mathematics.

"Kurt, I'm bad at it. My professor was angry at me when I failed it the last time around." She pouted, and her eyes turned red.

If she were to fail again, it would definitely affect her chances of getting employed in the future.

Kurt was preparing the ingredients for dinner. When he saw how she looked, his heart ached.

"All right. Don't worry. I'll guide you. However, you ought to be more focused. From today onward, come to my room after dinner. I'll teach you," he said.

"Okay!" Vivian smiled.

She didn't even know Kurt was just trying to keep her close so that she would stay out of other people's business.

That night, Kurt had kept Vivian with him. In the room downstairs, Ian finally had some peaceful and quiet moments. However, he grew even more restless.

He checked his phone once again and saw no incoming messages. He had been checking the chat numerous times, and yet, he hadn't received any updates.

Consequently, his expression had turned solemn. He narrowed his eyes, and he realized he couldn't stand it anymore. Once again, he opened the chat and started typing.

Buzz!

Suddenly, his smartphone vibrated.

He froze momentarily because he had just received a text from the person he was just about to text. *What a coincidence!*

Susan: Ian, are you still awake?

Ian was perplexed. *Why is she asking if I'm still awake? Doesn't she know I've been waiting for her to update me?*

He was slightly pissed, but he suppressed his anger. After deleting the words he had typed, he replied: Yes.

Susan: *Oh...*

At that moment, Susan was in bed, and she had been thinking about how to deliver the news to Ian. *I want to tell him that I've settled the issue, and we should be fine going forward. However, what if those people at Oceanic Estate change their stance after I've told him that? After all, Old Mr. Jadeson didn't seem too happy with me when I was there.*

Susan hesitated for a long time before she decided to reply.

Right then, someone called her on her phone.

Susan got anxious, and she picked up the phone.

After a long while, she tried her best to compose herself and pretended to be calm.
"Hello? Ian?"

"What are you doing?" Ian asked in a cold tone. In fact, he sounded a little angry.

Susan got even more nervous when she heard that. "I-I'm in bed now. I'm not doing anything. Ian, I-I went to your house today."

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Chapter 1923

Chapter 1923

"What then?"

"Then..." Susan's face started burning up because she was blushing uncontrollably.

"Your parents... They don't seem to have a problem with it. Ian, I found out what happened to you. I'm very sorry. I didn't know my mom would do such a thing to you." Suddenly, she sounded so down and remorseful.

Ian fell silent. *What is she talking about? What did her mom do to me?*

Ian's memory hadn't recovered, so he couldn't remember what happened before part of his memories was removed.

However, he could tell from her tone that she was sad. Instinctively, he answered, "It's okay. It didn't affect me."

Susan didn't know how to respond to that.

Right at that instant, her heart wrenched, and she started crying. "Oh, Ian..."

Ian heard her crying. He clenched his fists and asked, "Is your mom against it?"

Upon hearing that, Susan shook her head. "No. Ian, don't think too much about it, okay? I'll get her to agree to it. Initially, I thought she should just be left out of it.

However, your mommy said we should get her blessing. Otherwise, things won't work out for us. Hence, I've decided to have a talk with her."

"Okay." In the end, that was all Ian could say. What else can I do? Since I don't know how it happened, and how it turned out to be, I can't even take matters into my own hands. What if I end up ruining Susan's plan? The only thing I can do now is to wait. However, I'm sure of one thing now. What happened in the living room that day was all real. It wasn't a dream.

Ian had a good night's sleep that night.

The following day, when he woke up, Kurt had already made breakfast. Besides, Vivian was up as well, and she was feeding Lotus.

"Ian, you're up! Wow! You look a lot better today. Is it because you had a good night's sleep?" Vivian was still in her pink pajamas, and she was elated when she saw Ian looking much better that morning.

Ian turned away awkwardly and said, "Are you not going to get changed? We're leaving soon."

"Oh! I'll do it now." Vivian ran off.

Soon, three of them were done with breakfast, and they were about to go to school.

"Oh, right! Have you seen the news this morning?" Kurt asked when Ian was just about to get the car.

News? Ian frowned and asked, "What news?"

Kurt raised his brows. "It's just a rumor. It is said that because of the incident of the Limmer family, there was

news from the White House yesterday. It seems like they want your family and the Limmer family to have a marriage alliance. I don't know if it's true or false."

Ian went silent, and he immediately whipped out his smartphone from his pocket.

He hadn't been keeping tabs on those matters. Not only was he not interested in them, but it was also because he had been busy with classes. Besides, he had to manage Hayes Corporation during the weekends.

Hence, he had never paid much attention to what was being said on the internet.

When he searched for the national news on his smartphone, the first thing he saw was news related to the Limmer family. Perhaps it was a trending topic, so it was still on the front page of the news webpage.

"Suicide?" Ian's expression turned grim when he saw that word in the news.

Soon, as he kept reading, he saw the follow-up development of the incident. It turned out that someone had posted on the internet, saying that the incident had nothing to do with the Jadeson family. *So, it has nothing to do with Mommy.*

One of the comments read: *The person who made this statement seems to be Ms. Limmer. She firmly denied that his mother's accident had anything to do with the Jadeson family. So, that should be true, right?*

Another read: *That seems to be the case. This is such a good way to deal with the issue. Now, the situation with Ms. Limmer's status is rather sensitive because there are so many people in Jadeborough wanting to get into Golden Heights. It's only normal to see them dragging the Jadeson family into this.*

Someone replied: *That's right. As long as someone can manage to ruin the relationship between these two families, the Limmer family will rise with ease.*

The comments went on.

With the release of that statement, many people began to divert their attention from the Jadeson family. Instead, they were analyzing the matter.

The statement was done impeccably well, and it was published at the right time.

Seeing that, Ian heaved a sigh of relief.

As he continued reading, he noticed that most of the netizens were analyzing the prominent families in Jadeborough. They generally believed that the reason the Limmer family was so sought after was that some people wanted to seize the opportunity to get acquainted with the Limmers so they could rise to several levels at once.

Even if it was the power they were after, it could still bring a lot of benefits.

And along with that analysis, the Jadeson family, which

was the most prominent family in Jadeborough, had naturally become the target of their objection. Through Twitter, it can be felt that everyone in Jadeborough was afraid that the Jadeson family would form a connection with the Limmer family.

That morning, a rumor revealed that those two families were actually going to link up through marriage. The netizens were astounded.

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Chapter 1924

109373##: *What? This is insane! A marriage between those two families? What's going to happen to everyone else? The Jadeson family is already powerful enough on their own. They're linking up with the Limmer family? They're going to be invincible!*

Bobogirl: *Exactly! Whose idea is this?*

The comments went on and on.

Everyone was angry and violently objecting to it.

Not long after that, someone revealed that Jonathan had gone to the White House to propose the idea. He was very adamant about linking up with the Limmer family.

This is the end! Everyone was lamenting the situation.

Ian was also stunned. *Is this real? From what I know, Great-grandpa wouldn't do such a thing. Besides, the Jadeson family is already so strong. We don't need to form ties with the Limmer family.*

Ian went to school with an uneasy feeling.

By the time the incident broke out entirely, he had just finished his class. When he was taking notes in the classroom, a group of students suddenly appeared, and they were staring at him from outside the classroom.

“Look! Isn’t that Ian from the Jadeson family?”

“Yes. That’s him. Who knew he would end up having to marry the exchange student from the Faculty of

Accounting? Weren’t they relatives in the beginning?”

“I don’t think so. Didn’t you see the statement issued by their country’s officials? That exchange student is a descendant of the Limmer family. The Limmer family produces heroes in their country.”

The students chatted among themselves.

While they were staring at Ian, not only were they shocked, but they were also feeling sorry for him.

Some of those who had talked to Ian or consulted with him before couldn’t help but approach him.

“Ian, I heard about how you’re getting forced to marry the exchange student. Is it true?”

“You have such a tough life, Ian. Someone of your family background will never have a say in such personal matters. Even your girlfriend has now gone missing.”

“Oh, you’re right! I’ve only remembered that. That girl, Sigrun. What is she going to do now? Ian, I feel so bad for you.”

Within a few minutes, everyone went up to Ian and consoled him.

Ian was confused.

After staring at them for a while, he asked, “Where did you guys hear that from?”

One of the students answered, “God! You know nothing about it yet, do you? Poor you.”

Another chimed in, “Exactly. Why are your parents like that? Ian, I feel so sorry for you. Since you weren’t told, I guess it’s better to Just ignore the whole thing.”

Some of them even had tears in their eyes, and they went to the extent of patting his shoulder.

Ian was getting sick of it. He immediately took out his phone, cleared his table, and ran away after pushing through the group of students.

Everyone was dumbfounded. *We've forgotten about how bad Ian must be feeling. Should we go after him? What if he does something stupid?*

In the end, Ian found out about everything that was going on.

He didn't get his information from the news, though. It was Sasha who called him and told him about it.

"Ian, did you see the news? Did I do a good job?" Sasha asked.

Ian's mind was a mess, and he couldn't find the words to answer Sasha.

Hearing no response from Ian, Sasha chuckled and asked, "What's wrong? Why aren't you talking? Are you too happy to speak?"

After a while, Ian replied, "Mommy, the next time you do something like this, do you mind telling me about it beforehand?"

Finally, Ian had spoken, but he sounded irritated and helpless.

Sasha smiled. "All right. I'll remember that, still, are you happy with the arrangement? I was the one who proposed the idea to your great-grandpa. Your great-grandpa is from a different generation, Ian. It's only normal that he has a feudal way of thinking. Besides, he had been a prominent figure throughout his life, so he's bound to be prideful. Hence, I think the situation now is the best we can hope for."

After composing herself, Sasha went on to explain the reason behind their method of breaking the news.

She had indeed done her best for Ian and Susan.

Ian quickly nodded and answered, "Okay. I understand. Thank you, Mommy."

"Don't say that. However, I need to know your opinion on the next matter. The White House had already made the announcement. If you were to get engaged at nineteen-

Before Sasha could finish her sentence, Ian interrupted, "Did she agree to it?"

After being stunned for a moment, Sasha smiled and explained, "Why wouldn't she? Frankly, we have a lot of respect for Susan because she had done a lot to get US to where we are. After I spoke to her about it last night, we only got your great-grandpa to go to the White House after we got the confirmation from her this morning."

In fact, that was exactly what happened. They only got Jonathan to go to the White House after Susan told them Sigrith had agreed to it.

Susan is very efficient.

“Ian, what now? Do you want to get engaged first? Your great-grandpa was over the moon after he came back from the White House. He had even gone to the study and prepared a lot of invitation cards because he said he wants to invite his comrades to the happy occasion.”

Ian kept mum.

“Also, both your grandpas, Uncle Solomon, and the others had also called to ask about it. They wanted to know when the engagement is because they want to celebrate with US.”

“Mommy, hold your horses. Have you asked her about it?” Ian asked.

Sasha was confused. After a while, she finally realized what Ian was asking about. “You’re right. How did I forget about that? Okay. I’ll just ask your wife about it. Take care, okay?”

With that, she hung up the phone.

Veins were popping on Ian’s forehead. *Who’s the one getting engaged? I’m the son, no?*

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Chapter 1925

Chapter 1925

Susan, currently in Jasper Lake, couldn’t calm herself down that day. After all, she never thought Sasha and the others would act so quickly and create such a grand scene.

While she was at a loss, Sigrith said, “Are you satisfied now? Your melodramatic wedding is akin to a nationallevel event.”

Instantly, Susan's face turned pale, for she didn't expect to receive Sigrith's mockery about her wedding.

"Mom, why did you say so? What's wrong with Susan marrying into the Jadesons? You didn't have to be that harsh," Timothy couldn't help but scold Sigrith when he heard her thinly-veiled mockery.

Once he finished, Sigrith stopped holding back her dissatisfaction and argued, "Did I say anything wrong? Didn't I express my excitement? The Limmer family will finally cement ties with the Jadeson family and become wealthy forever. How could I not be happy?"

"You..."

Timothy was furious and rendered speechless.

In the end, Susan decided to stop Timothy from arguing with Sigrith.

"Timothy, aren't you supposed to head to the university? It has been many days, right? Let me buy a flight ticket for you. Is that okay?"

"But..."

"All right. I've heard that the Neal family's company has recently signed an agreement with you. Hence, you can work for their company as soon as you graduate. Is that correct?"

Susan delicately changed the subject of the conversation and successfully distracted Timothy from the argument with Sigrith.

Hence, Timothy no longer looked as tensed.

"Yes. I worked in their family's hotel for two months during my summer holiday. During that time, Zaylynn's dad realized I was good at developing software, especially games. Consequently, he suggested forming a partnership with me after I finish my studies."

"Really?"

A glint of surprise flashed across Susan's eyes once Timothy explained it.

She was aware Timothy loved playing games. All the more so, he had been passionate about computers since he was young.

Understandably, she was excited upon knowing that someone intended to invest in him.

With that, Susan ignored Sigrith and quickly booked a flight ticket for Timothy on the same day. Then, she took him out to buy some gifts for a certain someone.

Feeling confused, Timothy asked, "Why should I give her a present? I mean, I'm not that close to her anyway."

Thud!

Filled with slight dismay, Susan hit his head and retorted, "You managed to enter and work in the Neal family's hotel because of your relationship with her. Besides, her dad was impressed by your talent and wanted to invest in and collaborate with you. So how can you say you're not close to her?"

"Moreover, I didn't ask you to buy something for her. Just buy some local specialties of Jadeborough for her parents. After all, you should be grateful to them for valuing your talent."

The thoughtless Timothy seemed to have understood it. After Susan patiently educated him, he stopped being hesitant and decided to heed her advice.

Later, they visited many stores on the streets and bought a lot of local specialties, especially baked apple roses.

Susan bought a lot of them once she recalled Vivian liked the food very much.

Feeling curious at the sight of it, Timothy asked, "Why are you buying these?"

Susan replied, "The gifts are for Zaylynn. I know many girls love them. She can distribute them to her friends

whenever she wants to. Doesn't she have many friends?"

Timothy didn't know how to respond upon hearing it.

Why are girls so troublesome?

When they had finished buying everything and were about to go home, they passed by a store and coincidentally saw Sasha. She was shopping with her sister-in-law from Gossamer Creek.

"Huh? Sasha, isn't that Susan? What a coincidence!"

"Where is she?"

Sasha had stepped into a jewelry store but turned around excitedly once she heard it.

About ten minutes later, she dragged Susan to the jewelry store and urged her to look at the various jewelry.

“Susan, which one do you like the most? Don’t be nervous. I’m just looking around with your future aunt-in- law. Anyway, feel free to pick the one that you think is the best. I’m sure a young lady like you has good taste.”

Although Sasha was honey-tongued, Susan wasn’t naive and instantly knew her intention.

In the end, Susan didn’t specifically say which item she liked but claimed that all jewelry in the store was beautiful.

Nevertheless, Sasha felt conflicted when she heard Susan’s response. “All? I can’t buy everything, can I?”

Feeling shocked, Sasha’s sister-in-law quickly pointed at the most treasured item in the store. “Well... Sasha, I think the jade bracelet looks good. It’s richly colored and has near-perfect translucency. I’m sure whoever wears it will look beautiful.”

Sasha purchased the bracelet when Susan came out of the store. When Susan thought they could go home, Sasha took her to an haute couture store to order a tailor- made dress.

Susan was at a loss once she heard that.

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Chapter 1926

Chapter 1926

Although Susan’s dad had passed away, she couldn’t count on her mom to make any decisions for her big day. As a twenty-two-year-old girl, she had never experienced big moments in life like that but had to shoulder everything alone. One could imagine how nervous and lost she would be, albeit smart.

“Susan, what happened? You don’t seem to be in a good mood.”

“N-Nothing...” Susan quickly denied it.

When Sasha saw her response, she put down the dress album, held Susan's hand gently, and sat on the couch in the haute couture store.

"Susan, I've asked Ian about your engagement with him. Ian will respect your decision no matter what. We can postpone the event if you disagree with it. Also, we can discuss it after both of you have graduated," Sasha proposed as she could sense Susan's uneasiness.

"N-No. I didn't mean that..."

Once Sasha finished, Susan looked up and denied it.

Deep down, she could hardly imagine how Ian would react if she mentioned the word "disagree."

After a while, she awkwardly lowered her gaze and spoke her mind in front of Sasha. "I just... don't know what to do because I've never experienced it before."

It wasn't until now that Sasha realized what troubled

Susan.

After leaving the haute couture store, Sasha gave her a lift to Jasper Lake.

"Susan, do you want to go back to the university?"

"Huh?"

"It's okay. Parents on both sides can help arrange your marriage. I can talk to your mom if you're okay with it, so you can put your mind at ease and continue studying. After we've come up with some suggestions, you can give your comments and share your views," Sasha comforted Susan in the car.

Her words settled Susan's chaotic mind. Susan was like a sailboat that wandered amid a storm but finally arrived at a haven. At that moment, she felt relieved like never before.

She's right. Why should I be worried?

With that, Susan went back home with delight.

Sigrith was on the balcony when she saw Susan come out of Sasha's car. As such, she mocked Susan in the living room, "Did she drive you home again? Susan, you treat her like your mom, even though you aren't even married yet. How amazing!"

At that time, Timothy had returned to his room and didn't hear that.

Thud! This time, Susan couldn't take it any longer. She dropped everything in her hands and came up to Sigrith.

"Mom, I can't understand why you are holding such a deep grudge against them. Have you forgotten who saved you? Do you remember who let US go when Jared wanted to kill US after dad passed away? Don't you think we are able to live in peace because of them?" Susan questioned Sigrith with tears.

Instantly, Sigrith's face became red, for Susan had touched her sore spot.

"What a load of cr*p! Since when did I hold a deep grudge against them? I was just..."

Suddenly, something came across Susan's mind. "Wait a minute. Do you still keep in touch with Mr. Glen? Did he tell you anything?"

Yes, it must be Mr. Glen.

After Ian realized that Kilian Glen had called Susan, she hadn't contacted him since then.

She deliberately ignored him even when he came to her house.

However, Susan eventually noticed that something was wrong with Sigrith. For instance, although Susan never told Sigrith about what happened in Atlantius, Sigrith knew she went to Mdm. Bennett's house.

Moreover, Sigrith also knew a lot about Vincent.

As Susan pondered about it, she fixated her piercingly sharp gaze on Sigrith.

"What did he tell you? I'm warning you-don't let him fool you. He comes from the Heard family and always wants to sabotage us!" she reminded Sigrith sternly.

Although Sigrith kept mum, she sat still and dared not utter a word now.

After moments of silence, Susan returned to her room to pack her belongings.

It was already evening when she got everything ready.

Sigrith had just finished preparing the food and laying the table. Since Susan had finished packing, Sigrith asked Susan to have dinner together.

"Why are you leaving already after being back for only a few days? I'll be alone if all of you have left," Sigrith grumbled with slight frustration.

Susan had picked up a spoon when Sigrith spoke. Her hand couldn't help but shiver.

“Timothy and I have to leave to continue our studies. If you’re lonely at home, feel free to resume working in the bar. I can let Aunt Sabrina know if you’re interested.”

Unknowingly, Susan followed Ian’s way of addressing Sabrina.

Nonetheless, Sigrith was displeased once she heard it.

“Why should I work there to embarrass myself? Do you know how many eyes are on me now? Won’t I make the headline if I go there?”

Susan didn’t know how to respond to that.

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Chapter 1927

Chapter 1927

After a while, Susan continued to eat her food and replied, “It’s up to you. However, please remember not to stay close to the socialites anymore. I’d rather see you dancing with the ordinary women in the square.”

“I won’t go!” Sigrith mumbled, expressing her unwillingness.

Susan stopped persuading Sigrith, for she knew Sigrith wouldn’t listen to her.

After dinner, Susan dragged her luggage out and wanted to call a taxi to the airport.

She spotted a silver car parked outside the apartment as soon as she got downstairs. The car windows rolled down, revealing Mark as the driver. “Susan, are you heading to the airport? Mrs. Jadeson asked me to pick you up.

Susan expressed her gratitude and quickly hopped in.

As the car sped down the road, Mark only chatted casually with Susan. However, Susan seemed to be deep in thought.

When they were almost at the airport, she finally said, “Mr. Stewart, can you do me a favor?”

“Go ahead and say it,” Mark responded without hesitation.

Nonetheless, what Susan said next was a bolt from the blue to him.

“Mr. Stewart, I don’t know if my guess is correct, but something is wrong with my mom. Ever since my dad passed away, she taught US to be nice to Mr. Hayes and the others and be grateful to them. Also, we have to repay them after we’ve grown up.”

She paused for a while and added, “However, I feel she holds a deep grudge against Mrs. Hayes and the others now. Furthermore, she is displeased with how close I am to everyone at Oceanic Estate. She will get mad whenever she finds out I go there or Mrs. Hayes drives me home. Mr. Stewart, she wasn’t like that in the past. Even if she quarreled with Mrs. Hayes before, I can’t believe her attitude toward them would upend.”

As Susan spoke, tears uncontrollably streamed down her face due to worry.

Mark quickly pulled over and comforted her, “All right. Please don’t be upset. I’ll inform Mr. Hayes once I’m back. Rest assured that everything will be fine once he looks into the matter.”

Susan felt relieved after she heard Mark’s assurance. “Okay.”

He’s right. After all, everything can be resolved as long as a god-like man like Mr. Hayes decides to interfere!

Hence, she went abroad with relief.

It was already midnight when Susan arrived at the airport in Yartran’s capital and came out with her luggage.

Although she contacted someone before boarding the plane, she couldn’t help but feel slightly anxious when she set foot in another country.

Will he come here? After all, he has to drive for three hours from Atlantius to the airport.

As she restlessly exited the airport, she saw a red Lamborghini in the parking area at the front.

At that moment, she unknowingly thought the car’s headlights were like two bright beams of light amid the pitch-black night.

Although the lights shone on her for only a few seconds, her eyes began to feel slightly tired.

“Did you lose your intellect during your trip?”

While Susan felt emotional, someone suddenly pulled something off her ear.

As her body shivered, she quickly turned around and saw a handsome young man in a black jacket standing behind her.

The man with a cold expression was none other than Ian. He was holding the earphones he had taken from Susan's ears.

Susan was at a loss for words.

No wonder I didn't see him or hear any of his movements.

Susan lowered her head in embarrassment.

"I... I forgot. Did you go in just now? I didn't see you when I came out from that exit."

As Susan wanted to diffuse the awkwardness in the air, the seemingly unhappy Ian grabbed her collar and dragged her toward the car.

Susan was startled for a while before she could hastily come up with some words.

"Ian, don't do this. I'm not Vivi. Let go of me now. You're stepping out of line! I'm your aunt!"

Bang!

The next moment, Ian threw Susan onto the car and sprang upon her.

"What did you say? Come again?"

How terrifying!

His tall and sturdy figure was like an iron tower that entirely encapsulated Susan. Besides, his alluring gaze, coupled with a surge of emotion, sent a chill down her spine.

At that time, Susan's mind went blank.

Earlier, she instinctively blurted out a few words, for she was too nervous and scared.

While Ian seemingly wanted to devour her, Susan shrunk back like a fawn that was frightened.

"I... I said the wrong thing. I'm not... your aunt..."

"Well, who are you to me then?"

Susan gulped when she heard the question. After a while, she finally mustered up her courage to cautiously ask him back, "Uh... Your girlfriend?"

Girlfriend? With a question mark?

Ian stared at Susan with his darkening gaze, exuding a growing sense of coldness. Moments later, he grabbed her head with his slender fingers and kissed her lips ferociously.

All Susan could feel was a buzzing in her head.

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Chapter 1928

Chapter 1928

No one knew how long it had been. Just as Susan was almost out of breath, the guy finally loosened his grip on her.

It was early summer. Thousands upon thousands of shining stars shone above their heads, unhindered by the cloudless night. Cacophony filled their ears as the crowd hustled around the city airport. Yet as the two stood feet apart in front of the car, it seemed as though they were oblivious to the noises around them.

All they could hear were their hearts pounding against their chests and their mingled breaths as they panted. The warmth of their breaths heated their skins.

Beep!

Just then, a car emerged from their right side, about to leave. Seeing the pair frozen in a daze, the driver honked at them, annoyed that the pair were blocking the path.

Susan jolted out of her daze. With lightning speed, she shoved the man away from her and ducked into the car without looking back.

Ian fell silent.

It was somewhat out of character for him to do something as daring. Flustered, he scrambled into the car as well, with his ears all red.

The pair rode in awkward silence all the way to Atlantius. In the end, it was Vivian who broke the silence. Vivian, along with Kurt, had been sitting on the couch and waiting for their return. Upon their arrival, Vivian immediately leaped to her feet.

“You guys are finally back! Quick, Susan, tell me. What’s going on? Since when have you two become a thing?”

Vivian’s curiosity about the topic was the reason she was willing to stay up late. She had been pondering on that question for quite some time, and she was impatient to finally be able to ask it out loud.

A furious blush flared up in Susan’s face.

She tossed a glance at Kurt, who was standing next to Vivian. To her surprise, a look of resignation was written all over Kurt’s face. It was as though staying up along with Vivian took quite a toll on him.

“Go on, tell me. What’s going on? I’ve been confused out of my mind. Since when has your relationship shifted to romance? It can’t be like what the rumors are saying and that you’re forced to date each other, right?”

Vivian was getting a little irritated.

From her perspective, she was supposed to be considered family by both of them. Keeping something so huge from her was unacceptable.

Panic shot up Susan’s chest as she stammered, “N-No, Vivi. L-Let me explain. The two of US, uh, w-we...”

“Why are you explaining yourself to her? Didn’t she keep us in the dark when she was having issues with those

behind her back?”

Unexpectedly, before Susan could say anything, Ian cut her off. The latter had been standing quietly behind her before making the snide remark out of impatience.

At first, Vivian had intended to wait for an answer.

However, after Ian’s comment, Vivian’s pale face instantly reddened in fury. She stared daggers at Ian as the rim around her eyes turned bloodshot.

“You’re both unbelievable!”

Stomping her feet, Vivian turned around and dashed up the stairs, leaving Kurt gaping at her in disbelief.

Poor Kurt was dumbfounded.

Is she really angry?

Instinctively, Kurt wanted to chase after her, but after a second of thinking, he decided to deal with Ian first. With an unpleasant tone in his voice, Kurt warned, "Don't cross the line. You just got the girl, and you're already tossing your own sister aside because of the girl? Is that how you should act?"

With that being said, he headed upstairs without another word.

Susan's face turned pale before blushing at Kurt's words.

Just as she was about to chase after Vivian to explain the situation, Ian grabbed her by her arm before she could even take the first step.

"Ian, what-"

"Talk to her tomorrow. She's not calm enough right now."

With just a casual comment, Ian pulled her into the bedroom.

That night, Vivian waited bitterly in her room for the pair to explain themselves, but to no avail. Disappointment filled her heart as tears began rolling down her cheeks. In the end, it was Kurt who slowly coaxed her to sleep. Even after Vivian had fallen asleep, her frustrated tears still lingered on her long eyelashes.

After all, she had the right to feel aggrieved.

Ian had kept such a huge thing from her. Sometimes she wondered if the former still considered her as his biological sister.

Not only so, but Ian had also talked back at her in a menacing manner. Ever since they were children, Ian had never raised his voice at her. Yet because of another woman, Ian had snapped at her that night.

With a heart filled with frustrations and disappointments, Vivian drifted off to sleep. As Kurt was pulling a blanket over her shoulders, he heard her mutter in her dreams, "Matt..."

She truly does seem like a baby.

Kurt shook his head in mild exasperation.

The next morning, Kurt woke up around seven o'clock. When Susan had not been around for the past few days, it was Kurt who had been preparing breakfast.

Out of habit, Kurt went over to the room next to his to check up on Vivian. To his surprise, the door was already open. Without hesitation, he went over to take a look inside.

“It’s you?”

Kurt stared at the tall outline in disbelief. The person inside was placing a small cake on the small table in front of Vivian’s bed.

Indeed, the person inside the room was Ian.

He was dressed in workout attire with a cap on his head. Peeking from below the cap was a forehead drenched in droplets of sweat.

It was as though he had gone for a long workout session since early in the morning.

Ian did, in fact, go out early in the morning.

After placing the cake on the table, Ian took out the earphones in his ears and strode toward the door.

Kurt said nothing as Ian made his way toward him.

“Why did you stir up trouble last night?”

Kurt remained speechless.

stir up trouble? It was just a mere reminder.

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1929

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Chapter 1929

Chapter 1929

Kurt thought that Ian was the spitting image of his old man when the latter was being unreasonable.

“Mr. Ian. Firstly, it truly was your fault last night. You truly did keep the truth from her from the beginning. You could have just apologized. Not only did you not apologize, but you turned the situation around and blamed her instead.”

Ian was at a loss for words.

“Secondly, do you not know your own sister? She views her relationship with her two brothers in the highest regard. She would always share everything with you, so when you keep secrets from her, she would feel hurt, thinking that you are treating her like a stranger. Got it?”

Once again, Kurt reminded Ian bluntly.

Just as Kurt’s voice dissipated, Ian fell silent. It was as though he had been pulled out of his own world.

At eight o’clock, Vivian finally woke up. As she opened her eyes, she noticed her favorite blue velvet cake on the table, as well as Ian, who was sitting nonchalantly by the window, waiting for her to wake up.

Vivian was stumped.

“Awake? Go freshen up quickly and eat the cake. It’s not early anymore.”

Seeing that Vivian was awake out of the corner of his eye, Ian made a casual comment as he scanned the document in his hand.

Vivian pursed her small lips together before slowly getting out of bed and heading for the bathroom.

When she returned to the table, she noticed that the cake had been taken out of the box. There was also a mug of warm milk next to the cake, with its steam still visible. The milk even had her favorite sugar cubes.

It was evident that Vivian had a sweet tooth.

“Vivi, I’d like to apologize for my behavior last night. I was not keeping the secret from you on purpose. It’s just that... things between Susan and I are complicated.

Because of that, no one else knew besides Kurt.”

As Vivian took a seat at the table, Ian put down the work in his hands and started explaining.

Indeed, he had not intended to hide it from her.

It was more of a subconscious decision not to let Vivian know about it. In Ian’s mind, Vivian was his younger sister. He had built a habit of wanting to protect her, yet he had never thought about letting her help him.

Not only so, Ian realized that Kurt had been right. His personality did include him keeping his feelings to himself and not letting anyone else know about them.

Vivian picked up the small spoon and ate the cake in small bites.

After a whole night of rest, Vivian was significantly calmer. Between bites, Vivian raised her head and looked

at Ian.

“Ian, you should have talked to US about it. When you went to Yeringham on your own to look for Susan, could the troubles you faced be avoided if someone were to help?”

“What?”

“I’ve heard everything. To prevent the two of you from being together, Susan’s mom tracked you down, knelt in front of you, and said that you’re... you’re diseased, and you two are not fit to be together. Do you know how heartbroken I was when I heard that? My brother is not diseased. If Matt and I were to have any clue—even if it’s just a small one—we would have been able to help, or at least shield you from the pain.”

Vivian was still eating the cake as she spoke.

However, at the end of her sentence, the mist in front of her eyes started pouring down as giant tear droplets.

Did she stay up late last night just to get an answer from them?

Of course not. In reality, her heart had been aching for quite a while, to the extent that she had sleepless nights. It was so painful that she wanted an answer, as though an answer would soothe the pain.

Ian was stunned.

His lips parted slightly as he gaped at Vivian. All of a sudden, it was as though something had struck his brain. In a flash, fragments of memories flooded to the surface.

Knelt? That’s right; there was a woman who knelt in front of me. She said... She said...

Clang!

The fork in Ian’s hand fell to the ground as his hand trembled. The sound of it hitting the floor reverberated in the room.

“Ian?” Vivian was startled. At the sight of Ian’s odd expression, she quickly stood up and made her way in front of Ian.

“Are you all right? Ian?”

Vivian repeatedly called Ian by his name. After a few tries, color slowly returned to Ian's paled face as he recomposed himself.

So this is the memory I had suppressed. This is the reason -the true reason-why I had left Susan.

Ian's finger turned cold. Within a matter of seconds, a sense of despair weighed on his heart, choking the breath out of him.

"Ian?"

"Vivi, tell me. Do you... Do you think that I'll be like Daddy? Do I... really have a psychological condition?"

"No!"

Vivian immediately rejected the idea with a firm voice. She looked at her brother with an agitated expression. The tearing pain in her heart caused her just-dried eyes to water once again.

"You're not diseased! You're healthy and perfectly fine! Also, Daddy doesn't have psychological illnesses either! He was forced to be like that!" Vivian denied the idea.

Her voice raised higher and higher with each sentence she said.

Kurt and Susan finally heard the commotion from downstairs.

The two of them exchanged glances before bolting upstairs.

Just as they reached the bedroom door, Susan heard a sentence that scared the daylights out of her.

"But, it is true that psychosis runs in the family. It was because of this reason that Daddy was locked up by Grandpa for all those years. It can't be made up. Even when we were younger, I have always been different from the both of you, haven't I?"

A heavy silence hung in the bedroom, suffocating everyone inside like the calm before the storm.

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Chapter 1930

Chapter 1930

“That’s not true!”

At the most critical moment, a slender figure dashed into the room. She was just like a gigantic hand that had suddenly appeared in the stormy seas, stabilizing the boat that was just about to capsize.

“That isn’t it, Ian. Indeed, that gene runs in the Soprano family. However, Aunt Sabrina is fine. Also, there isn’t anyone in the Soprano family who is like Uncle Sebastian. Haven’t you realized that?”

That person was Susan, who had been listening to the conversation outside.

She stood next to Ian while holding his hands which were trembling slightly.

Even though it was already summer, his hands were so cold that Susan could not help but shudder.

Ian was rather stunned to see the woman as he had not expected her to appear suddenly.

“I... It was just a casual remark.” A look of panic flashed across Ian’s eyes as he did not want to continue discussing that topic.

He tried to retract his hand, but Susan tightened her grip on his hands as she said, “No, Ian, hear me out. What happened to Uncle Sebastian has got nothing to do with genetics. Well, perhaps there’s a slight connection, but it’s mainly because of his childhood experiences and other things that he had encountered as an adult.”

Taking a pause, she continued, “But you’re not the same, right? You grew up in a loving environment with so many people caring about you. There’s no reason you would be like Uncle Sebastian. If a person walks down the wrong path, most of the time, it’s due to their own choices and factors other than genetics. Ian, don’t you understand that?”

Susan started choking up at the end of her sentence.

In fact, she was so scared that tears started streaming down her face.

That was because she knew what that meant to the young man in front of her. When she first heard the truth, she had a hard time accepting it as well, not to mention Ian, who was directly affected by it.

Besides, he was in so much agony that he had even chosen to forget his memories.

Susan looked up at Ian, her teary eyes filled with fear and unease. She was grabbing Ian's hands so tightly that her fingers had turned white.

"Ian, you—"

"All right. Let's go out first and let them talk." Before Vivian could finish her sentence, Kurt quickly interrupted her and dragged her out of the bedroom.

Vivian did not mean to hurt Ian. She had only revealed the truth as she was too worried about her brother.

However, even if she had not said it, it was just a matter of time before Ian would find out.

After the door was shut, the atmosphere in the room suddenly turned heavy with tension. Susan was still kneeling on the ground while looking up at Ian.

"Ian?" A few seconds later, Susan finally broke the silence.

After what seemed like a long time, Ian, who was sitting on a chair, slowly turned back from the window and looked at the woman.

"Have you thought about it carefully? You do know what the future might entail if you choose to be with me, right?"

"There's nothing for me to think about. We grew up together, and I know the kind of person you are. That's enough for me to be sure about this," Susan said resolutely while holding Ian's hands tightly.

She could feel her heart aching as she met the young man's sorrowful gaze.

In fact, she knew very well what he was afraid of.

He was worried that he would end up being like his dad and was even more afraid that their future children would suffer from the same fate.

At that moment, Susan felt herself having difficulty breathing as if she could feel the man's pain.

She reached out and caressed Ian's handsome face, which was pale and had a tense expression.

"Ian, you have to remember that I've known you for a long time. Back then, when I ran out at midnight to get you that gift, you'd already left a deep impression on my mind."

The woman could feel Ian's hands trembling slightly after she said that. The next moment, he shut his eyes.

Plop!

Susan felt a jab to her heart as hot tears fell on her palm.

Meanwhile, Vivian and Kurt were downstairs, getting ready to go to school.

However, Vivian was still feeling very low. She kept looking back up at the apartment, wanting to know what was going on.

When Kurt noticed that, he tried to comfort her after they got into the car. "Don't worry. Everything will be fine. By the way, how did you find out the truth about your brother's forgotten memories?"

"I heard it from Sigrun. The second day after she returned, I suddenly saw a post on the forum that was indirectly scolding our Jadeson family. I was really mad about it and got someone to find that person's IP address. It turned out that Sigrun made the post," Vivian replied furiously.

Kurt was momentarily stunned to hear that.

"Sigrun? Why haven't you mentioned this to me before?"

"It's just a small matter. Besides, I've already settled it. I have also warned her that if she continues creating trouble, I won't let her off," Vivian answered casually.

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Chapter 1931

Chapter 1931

She wasn't someone to be messed with.

When Vivian confronted Sigrun that day, Sigrun's attitude was arrogant. She thought Vivian wouldn't know what to do since Vivian had always been naive.

Despite getting caught, she wasn't afraid and even threatened Vivian she would spread the word about how the Jadesons allowed an aunt to marry a nephew.

Her words sparked Vivian's temper.

With a wave of her arm, Vivian got all the information on the Lightburn family in her hands in less than an hour. Without giving the Lightburn family a fair warning, Vivian immediately published it on the internet.

Did Sigrun take Sebastian's daughter as a wimp?

The members of the Lightburn family felt as though they were thrown to hell that night. The situation finally deescalated when Lucius personally gave Vivian a call.

Vivian had Sigrun tell her everything from the start. That was when Vivian heard about Ian's incident.

To be honest, she was furious when she heard about it and even hated Susan's mother for it. She couldn't understand how someone who was once family could become so cruel.

Vivian swore she would take revenge on her if anything happened to Ian.

That was why she was so worked up the night before when she waited for Ian's and the others' return.

"Kurt, let me tell you something. I won't allow anyone to hurt my brother. If Susan deals with this matter properly, I'll forgive her. otherwise..."

otherwise what?

Vivian didn't finish her threat, but Kurt knew Vivian was infuriated when he caught the dark look on her face. It was the first time he'd seen her get so angry after Elysium's incident.

Seeing it was almost time for class, Kurt took Vivian to the campus.

Not long after they left, Susan and Ian came down the stairs.

They were calmer than before, but Susan couldn't help but be filled with worry when she didn't see Vivian and Kurt in the living room.

"Did Vivian... got angry?"

"Don't worry. I'll explain it to her."

Ian held an umbrella over them. His tone was much better now that he had relaxed.

Susan nodded.

After a while, they got on their bicycle to get to class.

Regardless, Susan didn't expect the students on campus would whisper and point at them with furious expressions when she and Ian arrived.

"Is it her? She's the one who took advantage of her background to be engaged to Ian?"

"Yeah, that's her."

"She's too much!"

The whole way from the bicycle parking lots to her class, Susan had only received looks of contempt from everyone she passed by.

She was confused by all the looks she'd been receiving. Her strand of patience finally snapped when she saw the students still throwing her the same looks despite almost reaching the finance and accounting block.

"What is going on? Why are they all looking at me like that? They're staring at me as though I'm forcing you against your will."

"You're not. Don't listen to their nonsense."

Ian nonchalantly denied her claim.

Susan didn't know how to retort Ian.

Without a choice, she let him leave for his class.

After she stepped into the building where her class was, she saw Anna racing toward her.

"Ms. Limmer, you're finally back! Let me ask you something. Did you really snatch someone else's boyfriend?"

"What?"

Susan shot Anna a look of confusion.

/ snatched someone else's boyfriend?

Susan stared at her best friend intently. "Who are you talking about? Whose boyfriend have I snatched?"

Anna replied, "Sigrun Lightburn from the Faculty of Business Administration. The entire campus already knows. What's going on, Ms. Limmer? I've never seen you talking with that Lightburn girl's boyfriend before. How did you manage to steal him from Sigrun?"

Susan felt like she had a ball of cotton stuck in her throat for an entire minute.

Me? I snatched Sigrun's boyfriend? She was the one that stole mine! We were already a couple back at the University of Pollerton and in Yeringham.

Susan was so mad she only saw red in her vision.

"Anna, I didn't steal her boyfriend. Ian has always been my boyfriend."

"Your boyfriend?"

"Yeah. We've been together ever since we came back to

the country. We had some misunderstandings between us. That was why Ian came here, and I followed him here to get him back."

To clear her name, Susan told Anna the whole story.

As Susan expected, Anna had a look of comprehension on her face after Susan finished explaining.

"So that was what happened. That means you guys are fine now?"

"Yeah." A pretty shade of pink colored Susan's cheeks.

"Our families have approved our relationship, and we'll probably... get engaged on Ian's birthday." Susan's cheeks blazed hotter.

Wow! An engagement.

Anna's eyes sparkled at the news.

Ian was in the Faculty of Finance that day afternoon. He could hear the students' comments were starting to turn in Susan's favor.

They weren't criticizing Susan anymore. Instead, they were describing her with surprise and admiration in their tone. After all, not every girl could chase their man over thousands of miles.

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Chapter 1932

Chapter 1932

Ian's mood was getting better.

As the morning classes ended, he glanced at the watch on his wrist, and realizing that it was still early, he got out of the classroom and headed toward the Faculty of Media.

"Hello, is Vivian here?"

"Vivian? She has gone to the television production studio. A celebrity is visiting their faculty today, so she's heading there to snap some photos for an assignment," a student from the Faculty of Media explained.

Celebrity?

Ian scrunched his brows upon hearing that. At the thought of how Vivian had to shoulder the weight of the heavy camera to shoot a person who she had no interest in, his mood, which had just turned for the better, became gloomy again.

Coming within his vision upon arriving at the studio was a large crowd flocking around the stage. Among them, he spotted Vivian at one corner, struggling to capture some shots of a blonde female celebrity on stage.

Alongside her, many students from the film major were also trying to take some photos.

Unfortunately, that female celebrity did not seem to be very cooperative.

"Ms. Lina, where would you be filming for your next project?"

"If everything goes according to plan, it'll probably be at your school," the female celebrity answered, her tone as if her presence was a blessing bestowed upon the students.

In an instant, an exhilarated cheer erupted from the crowd. Delighted to hear that piece of news, everyone in the studio angled their camera lens toward the celebrity and clicked their shutter button incessantly.

Like the others, Vivian wanted to snap some shots too.

However, given how she had to shoulder a bulky camera's weight with her petite frame, she was on the verge of getting squeezed by the other students. Right then, a hand held onto her from behind.

"Ian?"

Whipping her head around to the youth, Vivian was thrilled.

Ian nodded and pulled her to her feet after grabbing the camera from her hands.

"This is the assignment you have to complete?"

"Yeah. The professor wanted US to start by taking shots of figures before progressing to scenes." The visibly crestfallen Vivian sat beside Ian as she spoke. The resentment within her was so overpowering even the youth beside her could sense it.

It was no wonder why she could react that way. After all, that was not what she had wanted to learn.

Picking up the camera in his grip, Ian switched it on and browsed through the photos inside, only to find that they were of mediocre quality, taken from not-so-flattering angles. At once, his brows knitted tightly together again.

"Vivi, you can always change your major if you don't like this one. stop forcing yourself anymore."

"But there's nothing I like here." Vivian clutched her head and said aggrievedly.

Ian fell silent.

After a long while, he abruptly suggested, "How about... a school transfer?"

"No way!"

As expected, Vivian violently objected to that suggestion as soon as his voice rang out.

"I'm not going to switch schools. I want to stay here because Kurt is here. Don't worry, Ian. I will do my best." As she finished speaking, she reached out to grab the camera back, intending to continue with her assignment.

Seeing that, Ian grabbed her by her arm. "Vivi, that's not what I mean. I just don't want to see you so stressed because of your studies."

"Then what about you, Ian? Weren't you also in agony?"

You even tried to remove your memory because you couldn't be with Susan, didn't you?" Vivian retorted.

Ian held onto Vivian's hand, unable to vocalize a single word for a long time.

The reason was crystal clear. They both had tolerated the pain and hardship to be able to stay by the side of the person they loved. Only those involved in it would know whether it was worthwhile to go through such tribulation.

Eventually, Ian did not persist in discussing the matter anymore.

He released his grip and brought up another topic.

"Regarding Susan's mother, I know you probably dislike her a lot, Vivi. But I want to remind you that I'm greatly responsible for it as I was the one who didn't handle it well."

"What?" Vivian sounded surprised.

He didn't handle it well/? What has that got to do with him?

"A-Are you speaking up for her, Ian?"

"That's not it. I'm only stating a fact. About Susan and I, it has been my fault from the start. I did whatever I wanted to. When we encountered problems, I only resorted to extreme methods. That inadvertently caused Sigrith to have more doubts about my mental health," Ian placidly expressed.

Strangely enough, he could finally talk about this matter calmly after talking it out with Susan in the bedroom that morning.

It was to the point he could mention his mental disorder without letting his emotions get the better of him.

Vivian was dumbfounded.

"So, do you mean to say that you're the one who caused her to misunderstand?"

"Yes." Ian bobbed his head.

"Besides, she knew about my character, and that's why she came kneeling and begging me. Of course, she's indeed being selfish. But I also learned from Susan that her mom's temperament significantly changed when she came over. That's why Susan suspects that someone instigated her mom."

"Who would do that?"

“A housekeeper from the Heard family. He’s called Mr. Glen. I heard Eddie placed him at their neighboring house to keep an eye on them. Daddy is already investigating right now. You don’t have to worry about it.”

This time, Ian decided to reveal the truth about everything, including such a confidential piece of information.

At once, Vivian became wordless.

Her initially relaxed expression swiftly grew tense. Thinking about how that matter had arisen because someone had been stirring trouble from behind, her eyes glinted with anger.

“Why do these irksome scums keep showing up everywhere?”

“Fret not. Daddy will deal with it. So, you’re no longer angry now, right?”

“What is there to be angry about? I’m just worried for you and don’t wish anyone to hurt you.” Unlike her words, Vivian did not seem too pleased. She was still huffing in frustration as she lowered her gaze.

Instead of uttering a response, Ian merely pulled her closer to him and gently massaged her head.

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Chapter 1933

Chapter 1933

When Susan showed up at the television production studio, she saw Ian and Vivian busy taking photos.

With Ian’s presence, that female celebrity also became much more obedient.

“Is this posture fine?” She flashed a bright smile and took the initiative to ask the two while standing on stage.

While Ian said nothing, Vivian was so ecstatic she brought her camera up and began snapping photos wildly.

That sight left Susan feeling slightly relieved. *Since they're taking photos together, they've probably resolved their misunderstanding and patched things up.*

A smile crept up her face, and she turned around to leave.

"That should be Vivian's brother, right? He's rather impressive, isn't he? His appearance instantly made a female celebrity obey him. Look, she even allows Vivian to take photos of her"

"Exactly. I guess money does make the world go round."

A group of students began gossiping in dissatisfaction outside the studio after catching a glimpse of Vivian and Ian's actions inside.

Susan's eyes darkened.

Throwing a glance at the group, she noticed that they also had a photography pass hanging on their necks, similar to one that Vivian possessed. Comprehension instantly dawned upon her, and she strode up to them.

"Hi, may I know... why you guys are crowding around here to take photos of that lady?"

"It's an assignment we have to complete!" Seeing that it was a senior they were unfamiliar with after peering at Susan, one of them within the group impassively answered.

Ignoring the displeasure written on their faces, Susan continued to probe, "I see. Then why are you all standing outside? That girl is in there; you guys can head inside too."

She was, in truth, rather perplexed.

To Susan's understanding, Vivian was a magnanimous person who surely would not mind sharing such an opportunity with her classmates.

Nonetheless, those girls' faces immediately contorted into an ugly scowl upon hearing her words.

"Why should we go in there? Didn't you see that celebrity's assistant chasing US out? Gosh, Vivian, that brat, is usually so laid back and always ranks last in grades among everyone in the faculty. But now that there's an assignment due, she calls her brother here to help. Is there a need for her to study if she completes her assignment this way? Her family is so rich that she can probably afford to start up her own media company after

she graduates. Why does she still need to come to school and go through the drill?"

Those girls spared no leniency with their words.

Of course, those nasty remarks caused anger to brew deep within Susan, but she chose not to say anything and left to find the Faculty of Media's professor.

About half an hour later, she learned from the professor that Vivian was not scoring well for the various modules since her admission into the school.

Knowing that Vivian was such an intelligent girl, Susan was appalled to find that her results were at the bottom of her class after flipping through pages of documents.

"Sir, w-what's wrong... with her? Vivi used to be an outstanding student."

"My take is that she doesn't seem very interested. She always looks listless during my classes. It appears like she's merely trying to idle the hours away."

Despite Vivian's poor attitude in class, the professor was nice enough to share his understanding of her when he encountered someone enquiring about it.

Doesn't seem interested?

Susan's heart skipped a beat when she heard that.

It's honestly torturous to do something without any interest. This matter obviously isn't a minor issue. Vivi learning something she doesn't like now means she'll have a job that she's unenthusiastic about in the future. She'll be in an agonizing spot when that day comes.

That afternoon, Susan chatted with that professor for a long time in the latter's office.

Following that, she went to look for Kurt.

"The professor said that?"

Like Susan, Kurt's mood instantly went downhill after learning about the matter.

Truthfully, he had his suspicions too.

Yet, Vivian had done everything she could to keep the truth from him, mainly because she was worried he would chase her away for that reason. To avoid chances of him learning about it, she had even fostered a good relationship with her professors and classmates prior.

So, that silly girl has been forcing herself.

That revelation made Kurt leap to his feet.

“Where are you going?” Susan hastily asked when she saw his action.

“I’m going to look for the professor to apply for a school transfer.”

Little did she expect that instead of confronting Vivian and helping her resolve her problem, Kurt would choose

to apply for a school transfer for himself.

Where does he intend to transfer to? To a school that offers a program that Vivian is interested in?

Susan was undoubtedly stumped. It was the first time she came across such a couple where one would go to such an extent for the other half. She knew well that her relationship with Ian was far from that stage.

“Don’t act recklessly just yet. Sit down and hear me out first.” It took Susan a while to calm her emotions before she could assuage Kurt with her analysis.

Bracing himself, he sat back down.

“The thing is, I’ve learned from Vivi’s professor earlier today that she shows no interest in classes because she hasn’t found her professional hobby.”

“Professional hobby?”

“Yes. The Faculty of Media, in the eyes of many, is merely dealing with the entertainment and film industry. Vivi probably sees it that way too, and that’s why she isn’t interested. But there’s actually something within the program that fits well with her interests.”

Susan took out a document she retrieved from the professor and placed it in front of Kurt.

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There were more than a handful of branches in the media industry-media studies, production, directing, and arts, to name a few. On one look, it was adequate to say those were not something that would pique Vivian’s interest.

However, as Kurt lowered his head to browse through the document, he noticed that Susan had circled the point “scene and costume design” under the directing section with a red pen.

“What’s this?”

“That’s what suits her. The professor mentioned that other than the actors’ superb acting skills, the success of a film is also closely tied to these two factors. For instance, that wildly popular drama rose to fame because of its costume, props, and makeup.” Susan found some images of that particular film as she patiently explained.

As an incredibly clever youth, Kurt immediately understood upon seeing the documents before him. Even his eyes lit up in realization.

Above all, Vivian’s name would be equivalent to a living signboard if she could make a breakthrough in that aspect of the film industry. When that happened, directing anything she was interested in, including documentaries, dramas, and fashion shows, would not be a problem.

She’ll be able to film and coordinate everything by herself. There’s nothing she isn’t capable of, right?

With that, Kurt grabbed everything and strode out.

In no time, Susan walked out of the architecture faculty and coincidentally ran into Ian at the school’s central square. As the two exchanged glances from a distance away, the smile on their lips grew increasingly brighter.

“When did you go over there?”

“Oh... While you two were busy taking photos. Is everything resolved?”

As they strolled along the forested trail, Susan dared not look at the youth beside her. She walked awkwardly and deliberately kept a distance between them.

It was probably the first time the two walked side by side after their relationship’s breakthrough.

There was no doubt it was an awkward moment-and also a nervous one.

Susan lowered her head and stared at her toes.

Ring!

All of a sudden, a student riding a bicycle appeared from behind.

Shocked, Susan was about to move aside when a large hand reached out to her shoulder and tugged at her. In the next second, she found herself landing directly into his embrace.

Susan was so startled her mind went blank.

Her heart thumped so wildly that it almost felt like it was about to leap out of her chest.

“Are you all right?” Ian seemed slightly unsettled too.

Vividly sensing Susan’s soft and warm skin resting in his palms, coupled with the scent of her silky hair lingering around his nostrils, he felt the tips of his ears burning red.

However, he did not loosen his grip.

“I-I’m fine.” Leaning against Ian’s chest, Susan felt her heart pounding vigorously, causing her to stutter as she tried to speak.

Nevertheless, it was apparent she enjoyed that situation since she did not try to break free. Even when there were passers-by along the two stretch of lanes beside them, she merely buried her head deeper into Ian’s chest.

As she listened to his strong and steady heartbeat, her cheeks began to turn bright red.

The pair eventually left while holding hands, with the young man grabbing onto Susan’s slightly quivering hand in his warm palm tightly without letting go.

It was a really sweet moment between the two.

Meanwhile, Sasha had once again found Sigrith. She had also brought along Mr. Glen’s recording with her.

“Listen to this.”

She took out the device and played the recording in front of Sigrith.

The latter’s face turned ghastly white at once.

“You…”

“I’ve always thought that you know how to differentiate right from wrong though you’re a little dumb. That was why I was willing to lend a helping hand when something happened to your family.”

Sitting opposite Sigrith, Sasha appeared relatively calm.

Yet, her expression was slightly different this time. It felt like it was missing warmth even though it was peaceful-looking, so much to the extent her whole body seemed to be exuding a terrifyingly frosty aura.

Sigrith clearly felt a chill running down her spine.

“Sigrith, you’re an utter disappointment. It turns out you’ve attributed your husband’s death to my children and my husband all this while. Don’t you find your mentality extremely absurd?” Disgust and rage were apparent in Sasha’s eyes as she coldly snorted.

When Sigrith heard those words, her face lost all colors instantaneously. She sat there, unable to maintain her composure in the slightest.

“1-1... only heard them talking about the situation during then. T-They said Colton wouldn’t have died if not for that desperate circumstance. He died in their hands in the end.”

“Bullshitt!” Sasha could no longer hold herself back and cursed.

“What do you mean desperate circumstance? That was because Elizabeth had been bewitching and misleading him from the beginning. She didn’t even reveal his real identity to him and made him become one of her pawns. Why didn’t you direct your resentment toward the Heard family? Why are you venting your anger on US instead of settling scores with the real culprit?”

Sigrith remained silent.

“Anyway, even if it’s true that my husband and kids caused Colton’s death, do you not think he deserves to die? Do you have any idea how many people he killed? There were over hundreds of children on that name list. Elysium’s matter drove Kurt mad. That was why he rushed over to the capital and killed everyone. Everything is Elizabeth and his fault! Does he not deserve to die?”

A wave of fury crashed through Sasha as she threw Sigrith a barrage of questions. She was very close to serving the latter a tight slap on her cheek to bring her to her senses.

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Colton wasn't willing to be Elizabeth's puppet, but he had done many things starting from the children's list. He was the one helping Elizabeth scheme things.

Thus, there was no reason for him to stay alive. He knew that his deeds were unforgivable, so it didn't make sense for Sigrith to beg for his forgiveness. *She's nothing but a fool!*

Sasha lost patience and refused to talk to her anymore.

Getting to her feet, she shot Sigrith a look full of disgust and hatred.

"I wouldn't have agreed to come to see you if you weren't Susan's mother. Don't you have a brain? If you can't even differentiate between good or bad, you're no better than trash," she mocked.

With that said, she stormed away.

She didn't bother sparing Sigrith's feelings at all.

Sigrith's entire being trembled profusely as the color drained from her face. However, she couldn't manage any retorts even after Sasha left.

In the evening, she went home to receive a call from the White House.

"Mrs. Limmer, the Jadeson residence called me this afternoon to inform me that the arranged wedding between your daughter and their son will be called off. What happened? Why is it canceled all of a sudden? Did something happen?"

Sigrith gaped in shock as she gripped her phone tightly. Her mind went blank, and she stood rooted to her spot at the door.

Never in her wildest dreams did she know this day would arrive.

/ thought the Jadeson family wanted my daughter to marry into their family Their son has been clinging to my daughter all the while. Why did they call off the wedding suddenly?

That was when she started to panic.

After hanging up, she gave Sasha a call. To her shock, the call failed to go through even though she tried a few times.

It was pretty obvious that Sasha had blocked her number.

Flustered, she called Oceanic Estate. Fortunately, someone answered the call. "Hello? Who is this?"

Recognizing Olivia's voice, Sigrith asked hastily, "Olivia, it's me, Sigrith Halford. May I know if Mrs. Jadeson is at home?"

Alas, Olivia's reply was harsh, even though they were on good terms previously. "Oh, Mrs. Limmer. I'm sorry, but Mrs. Jadeson isn't at home. She's on the way to cancel the reservation at the hotel. I think she has to cancel the jewelry, gowns, and the sort. She doesn't have time to see you

Sigrith's mind went blank as her face paled.

She's canceling everything? That means they are determined to call off the wedding.

"O-Olivia, wait a minute. What about Old Mr. Jadeson? Is he there? Does he know about this?" she stammered.

"Of course, he knows everything. Mrs. Limmer, you know that he didn't agree to the wedding in the first place, so it was Mr. and Mrs. Jadeson who made the decision. Now that you think Mr. Ian isn't worthy of your daughter and have found a better husband for her, Mrs. Jadeson decided to call off the wedding to grant your wish."

Olivia was eloquent enough to explain the entire matter in just a few sentences.

She didn't forget to expose Sigrith's doing to humiliate the latter entirely. Sigrith could feel her cheeks turning pink after she heard what Olivia had to say.

Alas, she had fallen victim to her own avarice.

Olivia hung up and turned to see Sasha descending the stairs with two jewelry boxes in her hand.

She flashed a smile. "Mrs. Jadeson, what did you pick for your darling daughter-in-law?"

"Oh, these aren't from me. The Hayes family sent two sets of jewelry-one from Solomon and one from Saul. Ugh, I'm a bit embarrassed," Sasha explained as she glanced at the boxes in her hands.

The kids were only engaged, but it didn't stop them from sending over these gifts. Only family members who cared about the kids would get this excited over their engagement.

Olivia was delighted to see that.

"There's no need to be embarrassed. Oh, by the way, I mocked Sigrith Halford when she called a while ago. That won't be a problem, will it?"

"Huh?" Sasha raised her head in surprise.

Did she call? That was fast. Did she put aside her pride to contact us after learning that we're calling off the wedding?

Glancing at the jewelry boxes in her hand, Sasha responded calmly, "It's fine. If I'm not mistaken, she'll show up soon. Tell Old Mr. Jadeson about it. I have to leave to pick the kids up."

"Sure!" Olivia agreed readily.

Shortly after, Sasha drove her car out of Oceanic Estate to pick up Nina, Natalie, and Yoel from school. Indeed, Sigrith showed up not long after she left home.

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Chapter 1936

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"Is Old Mr. Jadeson at home?" Sigrith asked carefully.

Everyone in Oceanic Estate scared her senseless, including the housemaids who came to welcome her. Thus, she put on a flattering smile and asked to meet Jonathan politely.

Alas, the housemaids ignored her. In the end, Olivia had to come out to deal with her.

"Oh, Mrs. Limmer. Why are you here? Didn't I tell you that Mrs. Jadeson went out to cancel the reservation at the hotel? She isn't home," Olivia said airily.

"N-No. I'm not here to see Mrs. Jadeson. I want to talk to Old Mr. Jadeson," Sigrith explained hurriedly.

She was so embarrassed that she wished the ground would swallow her.

After all, she never knew she would be in such a pathetic state one day.

Fortunately, Olivia wasn't about to ruin things for Oceanic Estate despite having a sharp tongue. She ended up bringing Sigrith to Jonathan.

The moment Jonathan spotted Sigrith, his expression turned as dark as thunder.

With a snort, he demanded, "Why are you here? Are you worthy of visiting Oceanic Estate, Mrs. Limmer?"

Thud!

At once, Sigrith fell to her knees as fear clawed up her throat.

"N-No. Old Mr. Jadeson, I'm sorry. I really am. Please be kind enough to forgive me this time. I grew too arrogant and forgot my place. Old Mr. Jadeson, please spare me this once!" she pleaded.

All she wanted was for Jonathan to forgive her. Thus, she got on her knees willingly without any hesitation.

She wanted nothing more than things to return to how they were before.

It turned out that being abandoned by an influential family was a horrible thing to experience. She never knew that. After losing everything, she realized that the fame and power she had dreamed of was nothing but a joke that wasn't even worth mentioning.

Kneeling on the ground, Sigrith wiped her tears away.

Jonathan was speechless.

When Sasha came home with the kids, Sigrith had already left. Jonathan heard that she was home and summoned her to discuss the matter.

Thus, Sasha left the kids in the living room.

"Nina, remember to take good care of them. I need to leave," Sasha reminded Nina, the eldest among the kids.

Nina didn't say a word.

When they were left alone, she spotted Natalie sitting on the floor. The latter was cupping her cheeks as her eyes turned red. Thus, she ran into the kitchen and got a slice of strawberry cake.

"Stop crying. Even if you cry, your daddy won't come home. It's more important to fill your tummy. You can visit him when you grow up," she told Natalie.

Hearing that, Natalie burst into noisy tears.

Brandon's illness had deteriorated, so shortly after Matteo sent Natalie back to Netheria, he sent her back to them again.

Sasha grew anxious after picking Natalie up.

However, Brandon refused to reveal the truth. After learning of the matter, Sebastian told Sasha to take good care of Natalie and stay out of Brandon's case.

Indeed, they shouldn't be interfering in his business.

She was busy enough with Tillie. From the beginning, she helped Tillie give birth to her child and paid extra attention to them until Tillie's child was three months old.

As a result, she got so tired that her hair nearly went grey.

Sebastian didn't want her to tire herself out. Sometimes, it was impossible to change things as humans weren't God.

Natalie sobbed nonstop.

In the end, Yoel came to sit beside her and offered her his shoulder to lean on.

Sitting in a proper manner, he suggested, "Don't be sad. My dad says he'll come to pick me up after my little brothers celebrate their first birthday. I'll ask him to take you to your dad."

It seemed that he had inherited his patience from his father, Solomon.

Indeed, Natalie stopped crying.

She rubbed her eyes and turned at her shoulder to glance at the little boy who was younger than her.

"When will your brothers celebrate their first birthday?"

"Can Momma Ichika take care of them alone after that?" she asked innocently.

Yoel didn't want to talk about it.

His wish to go home was destroyed after his mother, Ichika, gave birth to a pair of twins in Jetroina. They were both boys, so she was devastated as she wanted adorable baby girls.

Alas, she gave birth to boys.

Hence, Solomon had to take care of the newborn twins and ensure she didn't suffer depression. He also had to work, so he was pretty overloaded.

Naturally, he couldn't take care of his eldest son.

Yoel fell silent and cupped his cheeks sadly.

"Why are you guys overthinking? Natalie, why don't you call Matteo if you want to see your daddy? He can bring you to your daddy," Nina told them.

Natalie lit up at once, and her distress faded into thin air.

She ran away to call Matteo, who always bullied her. Nina, who was two years older than her, trotted behind her.

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"Hello?" When the call connected, a familiar predatory voice rang out.

Natalie cowered instinctively at his voice.

Matteo added, "Who is this? Why aren't you talking?"

Natalie couldn't bring herself to utter a word.

A long while later, she gripped the phone and stammered, "I-It's me. I miss my daddy. Can you bring me back?"

"What?"

Matteo was training on the training ground. Sweat dripped down his forehead, and he was taken aback to hear her voice.

Wait a minute. Is this the little crybaby?

Comprehension dawned, and he halted in his tracks. Silence ensued.

He didn't want to tell her that her father was dead.

Matteo hung up despondently.

"What's wrong? Who did you talk to on the phone? Why are you acting this way?" his friend asked in concern after noticing his expression.

All Matteo wanted was to stay silent. He would have difficulty breathing whenever he recalled the photo of the body covered with a white cloth.

Right then, their discipline teacher showed up. He spotted Matteo and waved at him. "Matteo Wand, come here!"

"Got it!" Matteo responded curtly and ran over to him.

A few minutes later, he was brought to the higher-ups' office in the military school. There, he got to meet several strangers. One of them was a professional-looking woman.

Matteo glanced at the other students beside him in surprise.

"Captain Warlow, these are the students I told you about. They are the most agile and smartest students among their peers. Which ones will you pick?"

The discipline teacher introduced them to the lady after bringing Matteo and his friends into the office.

Captain? Is she here to pick a few talents?

Matteo fell into deep thought while his friends gave the woman curious and earnest stares.

As military school students, they were prepared to serve the country anytime. Thus, they couldn't help but grow curious about why the captain came here.

Matteo grew excited as he recalled his grandfather and uncle.

Nevertheless, he didn't know what was lying in wait for him. The lady brought him to a room and showed him his mission. His mind went blank after seeing the unexpected photo.

"He's the only person who survived for one year after his kidneys were removed. We finally cracked down on the organization, thanks to him. Matteo, have you made up your mind?"

The female captain pointed at the photo of the dead body covered with a white cloth and the two gruesome scars on his waist before explaining how the person died.

Matteo's body started trembling.

His mind was blank save for the fury that clouded his thoughts. He tried hard to still his rage, but the little crybaby's plea seemed to ring in his ear repeatedly.

*/ still remember her sweet voice pleading with me to bring her back to her daddy. Why? Why did he fall prey to the bad guys? He's an Emmanuel, and the Emmanuels are related to the Hayes family. Who the f*ck did that to him? Does the person have a death wish?*

Matteo was on the verge of losing his mind.

Lana Warlow demanded, "What's wrong?"

As she kept her gaze on him, she immediately noticed something was amiss with his reaction and demanded to know why

Matteo was at a loss for words.

It took him a while before he regained his composure and replied, "I'm fine. 1-1 was just a bit shocked, that's all. By the way, why were his kidneys removed? I remembered he used to be a popular celebrity."

Matteo didn't reveal that he knew Brandon in real life.

He knew that the police wouldn't allow those related to the victim to carry out the mission-if there were one-to prevent their emotions from taking over their senses.

Indeed, the wariness in the female captain's gaze faded away after hearing his answer.

"You're right. He's Brandon Emmanuel, a top actor seven years ago. According to our investigation, it was pure accident that he ended up in the criminal organization's hands," Lana explained.

"An accident?" Matteo repeated dumbly.

Lana nodded. "Yes. One year ago, he brought his daughter on vacation in Gronga. He ran into someone he knew, who was his ex-manager. It was this person who brought him to the boss of the criminal organization. He had lost his kidneys when he showed up again."

They got the information from Brandon, who called the police before his death. Thanks to him, they solved an international organ trafficking case that had been troubling them for some time.

Matteo didn't remember how he stepped out of the room.

All he remembered was that he went to the bathroom in his dorm and turned on the tap to allow the water to pour on his body.

He was afraid that he would act recklessly and feel the urge to kill someone if he failed to calm himself down.

Outside the military school, Lana was about to leave. She brought the students' resumes with her but excluded Matteo's.

"Captain Warlow, why didn't you pick him? I've read his resume, and he's better than the ones you selected," her assistant asked in confusion.

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Lana's brows snapped together.

Why didn't she pick Matteo?

That was because he wasn't a suitable fit for the job. As an experienced police officer, she knew something was wrong with his reaction earlier.

Lana drove away in her car.

That night, a black Jeep came to the military school to pick the students up. The person in charge had a list and photos of the students with him. *Hmm, the number of students is correct. However, one student's height and looks don't look right.*

"Well..."

"Let's go. Captain Warlow is hurrying US. We're leaving in half an hour. If we miss the opportunity, they won't get another chance to sneak in," another man urged.

In the end, the students were brought away. The birthday celebration for the triplets in Oceanic Estate was going to be held half a month later.

Ian and Susan only received news that their families confirmed their engagement a week later in Atlantius.

They would be getting engaged on the same day as the triplets' birthday, less than a month away.

Ian and Susan were rendered speechless.

They didn't know what to say.

/ can't believe Mom is this efficient at this age!

"Ian, I've prepared everything for your engagement party. You can buy a present for Susan if you want. Just let me know how much it is," Sasha reminded Ian after she told him the date of their engagement.

Ian pursed his lips.

She prepared everything. What else can I buy?

Ian hung up and came out of the bedroom to see Vivian heading downstairs with a bucket of dog food to feed Lotus. He followed her down the stairs.

"Ian, don't you need to work?" Vivian asked curiously.

Ian often spends the whole day in his room. Why did he follow me out to feed Lotus?

Ian said naught a word.

When they arrived at the kennel, Vivian poured the dog food into Lotus' dog bowl. Lotus proceeded to munch on its food greedily. Right then, Ian said casually, "Why do girls like dogs?"

"Hm? Why not? Look how adorable Lotus is. We also like cats," came Vivian's answer.

"Really?" Ian bore a doubtful expression as though he didn't believe her words.

Seeing his reaction, Vivian started fretting and told her brother earnestly about what girls normally liked.

Upstairs, Kurt was watering the flowers on the balcony after he finished doing the dishes. He happened to spot their exchange and watched without a word as Vivian got tricked by her brother.

Soon, Ian came upstairs.

Seeing him, Kurt asked, "We're going fishing today. Do you want to join US?"

"No. I'm busy," came Ian's curt reply.

He then strode to his room and slammed the door shut behind him.

Kurt shook his head in resignation. When Vivian skipped up the stairs with the empty bucket, he pulled her into their bedroom on the second floor so they could change their clothes.

"Vivi, I'll bring you somewhere later," he told her.

"Really?" Vivian enthused as her eyes lit up in excitement.

She was too innocent to realize what his real intention was.

Shortly after, they departed. Ian and Susan were left alone in the apartment in their respective rooms.

Susan was in her room, talking to her mother on her phone. It was pretty rare for her mother to keep discussing her engagement.

"Susan, what about this? Mrs. Jadeson told US not to worry about anything, for she had prepared everything. But you're going to marry into their family, so I think we should show our sincerity," Sigrith said.

"What will it be?"

"They prepared a bride price, so I need to prepare a dowry for you. What do you need? Just let me know, and I'll prepare it for you," Sigrith explained cheerfully on the other end of the line.

She was grateful that the matter was resolved peacefully. Thus, she was willing to spend her own money to prepare a dowry for her daughter and respond positively to the engagement.

She had been muddled for too long.

Alas, Susan found her action pointless.

"They will prepare everything for US. Keep your money for yourself. You don't have to prepare anything for me," Susan responded.

Sigrith protested, "What are you talking about? Susan, I know I was wrong. However, I have more experience than you. I'll have you know that women are supposed to have a proper wedding. You can't marry your husband without taking anything with you just because his family is rich.

Even if the Jadesons say nothing, others will look down on you. They will assume you're greedy for not preparing any dowry. Instead, you're getting their money for your own family. It concerns your reputation, my reputation, and the Limmer family's reputation!"

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She was right. Sasha and Sebastian didn't mind, but if this were to happen in an ordinary family, the bride would be looked down upon by her in-laws.

Susan's cheeks turned pink when she finally understood what her mother meant. She had never considered that before.

"I-1 didn't know about that. You can call the shots," she faltered.

After a brief hesitation, Sigrith made up her mind. "Mm. What do you need? I'll have to prepare household electrical appliances, a carjewelry, and the sort according to traditional customs. I think your in-laws have prepared those. Why don't I buy you a house?"

A house? Susan was shocked by her suggestion. That's expensive. One house costs at least millions. After we get married, we'll stay in Oceanic Estate. Who will live in this house, then?

Susan couldn't make up her mind.

Right then, Ian came upstairs. The door to her room was shut, so he frowned and knocked on the door. "Susan, what are you doing inside?" he pressed.

Shocked, Susan ended the call and hurried over to open the door.

"Ian, you're awake?"

The tall young man stood at the door. Noticing her averted gaze, he brooded unhappily. *Why did she ask that?*

“Who were you talking to on the phone? You chatted for so long.”

“1-1 was talking to my mom,” Susan replied as she hung her head low shyly.

The call reminded her of their engagement. After resolving the misunderstanding, they confessed their feelings for each other and then planned their engagement. Everything had happened in the blink of an eye.

She dared not meet his gaze.

“Your mom?”

Fortunately, Ian was reminded of the conversation he had with his mother a while ago.

The tips of his ears turned red.

“What did she say?” he asked.

“S-She asked if she should prepare a dowry for our engagement. She even suggested buying a... house for us. By then, we can do anything we want without asking for the elders’ permission.”

Susan’s head was so low that it was practically in front of her chest.

After revealing the content of her conversation with Sigrith, she couldn’t help but blush.

Mom was talking nonsense.

To her surprise, Ian nodded in agreement. “That’s a great idea.”

“Huh?” Susan lifted her head at once. “Do you think it’s a good idea?”

“Yes. We can decorate it however we like and live there. We’ll only visit Oceanic Estate during the holidays. What’s the problem?”

Huh? How could he say that so matter-of-factly?

Susan could barely hide her bewilderment.

I’d love that, too. I want nothing more than to build our own house together. Imagine how blissful we can be in our own home. Nevertheless, won’t his parents get upset?

That was what got Susan all worried.

However, Ian wasn't worried at all. He knew Sasha was pretty busy with the clingy Sebastian and the three children.

Besides, Sasha was also an open-minded parent.

Thus, Ian agreed to the matter. In the evening, he received an unexpected text message.

Matteo: Ian, I heard you're going to marry Susan. Congratulations!

It was Matteo, who hadn't been in touch with him in a while.

Ian's lips curved into a grin.

He replied: *Yeah. Remember to come home early.*

He was referring to the day of their engagement. That day was also their birthday, so Matteo should be home early for the occasion.

To his surprise, Matteo rejected him outright.

Matteo: Ian, I don't think I'll be home in time. I've been selected to participate in special training that will span a few months. I heard that those who complete the training would get to join the SWAT team. I must grab the chance!

After sending the text, Matteo didn't forget to send a pitiful emoji to beg for forgiveness in order to emphasize how rare the opportunity was.

A flash of disappointment appeared in Ian's gaze when he learned that Matteo wouldn't be home in time for his engagement party.

It was an important day, so he felt sad that Matteo couldn't be there for him.

However, he readily agreed to Matteo's request as it was a rare opportunity.

Ian: Okay. It would be best if you worked hard, then. You've always wanted to join the SWAT team. After you succeed, you can attend our wedding.

Matteo: Of course!

Matteo didn't forget to send a smiley emoji. Ian was reminded of Matteo's cheerful smile, and his mood immediately lifted.

He placed his phone aside after their chat ended.

A week later, Susan was in class when she received a parcel. She unwrapped it to see a custom-made necklace nestled in a blue jewelry box.

The pendant hanging on the necklace was a pineapple tart with a bite mark made of rhinestones.

It looked pretty ridiculous, but she loved it nonetheless.

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Chapter 1940

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Susan quickly wore it on her neck, packed her backpack, and got ready to meet the young man, only to notice two students coming her way.

“Someone’s looking for you at the entrance, Susan.”

“Huh?”

Susan was taken aback.

Who’s looking for me? I don’t know anyone here aside from just a few people.

Upon walking to the school entrance with her backpack, she spotted a silver Land Rover parked outside as a young man in military uniform stood outside the vehicle waiting for her.

“It’s you, Vincent.”

“Yup.”

Vivian was as dashing as always, but his gaze darkened slightly as he noticed the exquisite necklace the Astorian woman was now wearing.

“I came over today because I need your help with something, Ms. Limmer.”

“Go ahead,” Susan responded at once, sighing with relief internally at the realization that he just wanted her help.

Yet, the man's expression turned grim as soon as he spoke. There was also a hint of rage in his eyes.

"We've been dealing with a few cases of people having gone missing these days. According to police reports, this may have something to do with an ongoing international organ-trafficking case. That's why I thought of asking the young Mr. Hayes for access to his information company."

"What?"

There was so much to take in that Susan fell into a daze upon hearing Vincent's words.

He wants to use... Ian's information company?

The woman was extremely taken aback.

Still, her astonishment was immediately replaced by a feeling of pride once she returned to her senses.

My boy's doing so well now, huh?

Later at noon, Ian brought Vincent to a new electronic information company that was newly established under Hayes Corporation and had the software engineers there help retrieve data on the trafficking group.

This company wouldn't have been founded if it weren't for Ian, and the fact that a local official had dropped by to seek the firm's help within less than a year of its establishment showed how rapidly it was progressing.

"According to the leads you've provided, Lieutenant, we've only managed to come up with three individuals who meet the requirements. The first one's a local fishery

tycoon, the second's an oil magnate from Ackleton, and lastly, Hugo Tilan from Southeast Astoria.

"Hugo Tilan?"

The mere mention of this person's name caused Vincent's expression to cloud over.

Ian and Susan waited carefreely inside the office, not interfering much with what Vincent and the software engineers were doing.

On the other hand, the subsidiary manager gasped as he heard that name.

"Are they talking about the Tilan family, Mr. Hayes?"

“Hmm?”

Ian glanced at him, confused by his reaction.

“Hugo Tilan’s the head of Astoria’s underground world,” the manager explained hastily. “He seems like a businessman on the outside, but the truth is every underground industry chain in Astoria has to go through him. In fact, sometimes when the legitimate cargo ships are too afraid to carry our smuggled goods, we have to get his help.”

He let out a sigh.

Remaining silent, Ian finally exited his game, opened up a browser tab, and ran a search on “Hugo Tilan.”

“Good Lord! He’s that terrifying? I can’t believe he’s actually in control of the entire region of Southeast Astoria! He’s even involved in some of the things we do. His resources are pretty much on par with the Hayes family’s!” the manager exclaimed.

“Actually, I’ve heard of this saying...” he continued warily. “In Astoria, the Tilans are basically Hayes Corporation’s evil counterpart. That’s what people in the underworld say.”

Ian finally glowered as he heard those remarks.

How dare a criminal gang compare itself to Hayes Corporation? These guys obviously don’t know their place.

Now, he was ticked off.

About ten minutes later, Vincent walked over with his men and glanced at the people inside the room. “Thank you for your help today, Mr. Hayes. We’ve found our guy.”

“Where is he?”

No one had expected the young president of the company to actually speak.

He still sounded as frigid as ever, though.

It took Vincent a moment to accustom himself to that. “It’s most likely the guy in Southeast Astoria. All of Astoria’s underworld answers to him, and we’ve found out that many wealthy figures have gone there lately.”

“To traffic organs?”

“That should be the case, so we’re going to make our preparations right away. Thank you once again, Mr. Hayes.”

With that, Vincent headed out.

Ian had no intention of keeping him, but after seeing the latter leave, he decided to ask for Hugo Tilan's details from one of the software engineers.

Hugo really was a force to reckon with.

Judging from its aerial shots, his residence appeared to be two-thirds wider than the Oceanic Estate. Moreover, the entire sea area in front of it belonged to him too.

"I wonder what Vincent plans to do. He's up against such a powerful force. Is he going to be in danger?"

Susan couldn't help but worry after finding out about Hugo too.

As soon as her words fell, the young man sitting in front of her turned around slowly, his emotionless gaze sending chills down her spine.

"D-Don't get me wrong. I just... I figured that these bad guys could kill anyone without batting an eye, and Vincent's probably going to send the police. I-I'm just worried about them," she explained hurriedly.

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Chapter 1941

Chapter 1941

Ian ultimately said nothing more and returned to school with Susan after getting his subordinates to cooperate with Vincent the best they can.

In the evening, Sasha called to inform him that Matteo was now undergoing training and would not be able to attend the engagement ceremony. In fact, it was Devin who had told her about this.

Ian simply responded that it was fine and that Matteo had already let him know personally.

Sasha felt relieved to hear that.

Unbeknown to the mother and son, however, was that as they spoke, a black MPV had pulled up at the entrance of the large building in Southeast Astoria that Ian had just glanced at through satellite imagery.

The building was none other than the formidable Tilan family's base, Tilan Palace.

Located on an island in Southeast Astoria, it was so massive that it not only had a large garden, but also an airport, seaport, and casino.

In terms of world standards, not even the Hayeses owned such a high-profile place.

An event seemed to be going on as the black MPV arrived by ship. There were bodyguards standing in every corner of the brightly-lit palace.

"What are you guys doing here?"

"Good day, sir. I've been summoned by Mr. Scalabrine. He told me to bring him some well-trained bodyguards, so here I am."

Upon being questioned, the person-in-charge hopped out of the vehicle and took out a name card immediately, expressing that he had reached out before arriving.

Mr. Scalabrine? The boss?

The bodyguard concealed his icy glare in an instant and pulled out a walkie-talkie. "Give me a minute."

He then walked to one side and spoke into the device.

A while later, a man emerged from inside the dazzling palace and walked straight toward the MPV.

"Mr. Scalabrine! It's me, Fat Snake."

The person in charge quickly waved at him with an ingratiating smile, looking like a dog trying to please its owner.

Zylan Scalabrine walked up to him.

Despite dressing casually, the middle-aged man looked especially insidious as he glanced in the direction of the MPV, causing everyone to tense up.

Fat Snake was no exception.

"These are the guys?"

“Yes, sir. As requested, I’ve brought you a few young and capable men. They’re also pretty clean. I’ve already looked into their details when I bought them off the black market”

Fat Snake handed over a stack of documents.

Zylan flipped through the papers. Seeing that everything was fine, he waved at the bodyguards, who then opened up the door to the MPV and pushed eight people out of the vehicle. These men had black cloth sacks over their heads.

Human rights certainly didn’t apply in a place like this. Just from the word “bought,” it was clear that the men were regarded as nothing more than traded goods.

“Show me their faces.”

“Yes, sir.”

Fat Snake personally removed all the cloth sacks covering the men’s heads.

“Ugh!”

The men squinted in discomfort from the sudden brightness entering their lines of sight.

Zylan began to scrutinize them.

They all look young and handsome. Ms. Tilan will certainly be pleased. But...

Thud!

He suddenly threw a punch at one of the young men standing in front. Caught off guard, the latter clutched his stomach and bent over in pain.

“Uh...”

“Good-for-nothing trash. Take him downstairs!”

With that, the fate of this young killer who appeared to be below the age of twenty-five was sealed, and no one knew what was about to happen to him.

Fear surged within the remaining young men as they saw that.

“What’s going on, Fat Snake? We didn’t ask to be treated like sh*t when you decided to pick US up from the black market.”

One of them finally mustered up the courage to speak.

Fat Snake fell dead silent for a brief moment.

Before he could respond, Zylan's gaze fell on the young man like a venomous snake eyeing its prey, and the latter instinctively took a step back in response.

Yet, after seeing his comrades shivering in fear, he stopped in his tracks and continued to glare at Zylan, his eyes gleaming.

"What is your name?"

"Theo."

That was all the young killer could utter as he stared at the older man.

Theo?

Seeing the way Theo insisted on meeting his gaze despite having turned white as a sheet, Zylan finally smirked.

"Very well. You can stay!" he remarked while pointing a finger at the young killer.

The young man froze briefly.

So... / can stay? But what about the others?

"Don't be hasty, now. This is just the beginning," Zylan continued as though having read Theo's thoughts. "Ms. Tilan needs two bodyguards, so if you can stay, you'll receive ten million as compensation every month. But if you can't stay, don't even think about going back."

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Chapter 1942

Chapter 1942

He spoke as if he was having the most usual conversation ever.

Yet, the men's faces fell as they heard those words, and their eyes turned bloodshot with fear.

Who cares if we don't get paid, but what the hell does he mean by not being able to go back?

Everyone instantly felt a strong murderous aura coming from the man standing before them.

Soon, Zylan walked away, and the young men were taken to a training ground by the bodyguards of Tilan Palace, where a cruel and devastating battle was about to ensue.

Rosalie Tilan stepped out of the palace in the middle of her birthday party clad in a fancy gown. She couldn't stand the phony words of flattery and had to take a breather outside.

However, as the woman arrived at one end of the palace, she caught sight of a gruesome massacre taking place in the dark.

With only a wall separating them, she saw seven to eight young men in white shirts attacking each other like wild beasts that had been thrown into the same enclosure.

It was as though they could only walk out of that place alive by killing one another.

In truth, that was exactly the case.

A pale-faced Rosalie had only stood there for about three minutes, and she had already witnessed two men die.

The young woman's chest heaved as she watched the blood seep out of the men's bodies the moment they were stabbed. It was such a gruesome sight that she wanted to throw up.

Eventually, Rosalie fled.

Upon returning to the party, she then realized that she still preferred the luxurious life she had the privilege of enjoying as compared to the bloodbath happening outside.

Rosalie had drunk too much that night. It was noon by the time she woke up the next day, and her old housemaid kept trying to wake her up.

"Mrs. Tilan has arrived, Ms. Rosalie. Please get up"

Rosalie finally opened her eyes and got out of bed slowly.

Mrs. Tilan referred to the lady of Tilan Palace, whereas Rosalie herself had just celebrated her eighteenth birthday last night.

In order to continue living here comfortably, she couldn't afford to burn bridges yet.

Thus, the young woman washed up quickly and headed downstairs while still in her pajamas.

“Rosie, how could you come down dressed like that?”

You’re the young heiress of the Tilan family! You can’t act like this in front of Mom. You’re being so discourteous.”

Tanya Tilan spoke up in concern as she saw her younger sister finally emerge while she was in the middle of enjoying some pastries with their stepmother, Lacey Minbert.

Me? Discourteous? I’ve always behaved like this!

Ignoring her older sister, Rosalie maintained her nonchalant demeanor and walked up to her stepmother lazily.

“What is it?”

Tanya was at a loss for words.

How she wished she could slap this insolent little sister of hers.

The nerve! Does she not know who she’s talking to right now?

Lacey was visibly displeased too, but she suppressed her anger after taking into consideration the fact that the young woman just had her coming-of-age ceremony the night before.

“You’re an adult now, Rosie. You can’t act the way you used to anymore. Anyway, Mrs. Tharman’s invited US over for a meal to celebrate your adulthood. Go get ready. I’ll come back and get you later,” the lady of the household explained, trying to be as patient as she could.

Unexpectedly, as soon as her words fell, the seemingly harmless young lady standing before her suddenly let out a sharp, taunting laugh.

“Mrs. Tharman? Were you planning to sell me off the moment I became an adult, Mrs. Tilan? How much did they offer in exchange? Have you discussed this with my father?”

“You!”

Lacey turned red in fury as soon as she heard that.

Meanwhile, Tanya turned pale in fright.

“What are you saying, Rosie? Mrs. Tharman’s the one who invited you over. I’ve heard it with my own ears too! How could you accuse Mom of doing such a thing?”

Rosalie was momentarily bereft of words.

What a stupid girl.

Not wanting to speak to her sister anymore, the young woman turned to leave. “You can go if you want to. I’m not going. I still have classes to attend today, you know? I had to ask for a day off just so I could come back yesterday.”

With that, she began walking toward the stairs.

Lacey could no longer contain her wrath.

“Rosalie Tilan, you’d best behave yourself! This is what your father wants too. Also, he’s gotten you two bodyguards. From now on, they’ll have to report to your father about wherever you intend to go beforehand,” the irate woman spat out.

Rosalie, who had already arrived at the bottom of the stairs, turned her head swiftly upon hearing that.

Then, a vicious scowl appeared on her exquisite little face as her eyes glowered. “How dare you order me around? You...”

The young woman then stopped abruptly, for at that very moment, she saw two young men in black suits walk in with communication devices in their ears.

They looked especially foreign, but from just one glance, Rosalie instantly recognized one of them as the guy with the most blood on his hands last night.

He was like a lone wolf being pushed to the edge. At that time, the only weapon he had on him was the same pair of shackles used to restrain him, which he had then used to murder his own comrades.

Rosalie gulped as she remained unmoving.

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Chapter 1943

Chapter 1943

In the end, Rosalie had no choice but to go to the Tharman residence with Lacey in the company of two new bodyguards.

During the journey to the Tharman residence, Rosalie's housekeeper Eva briefly explained the information she obtained, "Ms. Rosalie, I heard Mr. Tilan was the one who instructed Mr. Scalabrino to recruit these two bodyguards from the black market."

"They're not only capable fighters but also have a lot of experience. If I'm not mistaken, they were once renowned assassins in the black market before they came to Tilan Palace," Eva added.

Upon hearing that, Rosalie glanced out of the window subconsciously. *So those men are assassins.*

Suddenly, the two men in black who were following the car on bikes seemed to have sensed her gaze and turned to look at her.

A shiver instantly ran up Rosalie's spine. She had to take a deep breath to calm herself down. *That killer glare was scary.*

Even though the man's almond-shaped eyes were charming, Rosalie still saw a threatening cold glint in his eyes.

She dared not look at him anymore.

Some forty minutes later, Lacey and Rosalie arrived at the Tharman residence, the house of the city's most prominent noble family.

Ever since Tilan Palace was built, the Tilan family couldn't care less about the so-called noble families in the city.

However, since the Tilan family was involved in the black market, Hugo knew they still had to maintain their reputation by building bridges with the noble families.

The Tilans walked into the villa. It was apparent that the residence was incomparable to the grandeur of Tilan Palace.

"Mrs. Tilan! You're finally here. We've been waiting for your arrival," Priscilla greeted Lacey with enthusiasm even though she was a respectable noblewoman herself.

Priscilla even went up and held Lacey's hands as if they were close friends.

Rosalie stood beside them and watched indifferently.

Lacey turned to her and said, "Rosie, go on and greet Mrs. Tharman."

Rosalie said, "Nice to meet you, Mrs. Tharman."

"Oh, my goodness, Rosie! Look at you! I remember seeing you a couple of days ago, but you look even more gorgeous today! No wonder people always say teenage girls would go through drastic changes when they hit eighteen years old."

Priscilla held Rosalie's hands and praised her incessantly. Even Rosalie could not help but feel embarrassed by her exaggerated compliments.

After a brief greeting, the adults were ushered to Priscilla's villa to rest and chat, whereas Rosalie was brought to another place to mingle with her peers.

Rosalie utterly detested social events like this.

"Look! Isn't that Ms. Rosalie Tilan from the Tilan family? Didn't she celebrate her eighteenth birthday just yesterday? Did her family bring her here to find her a fiancé? How eager!"

"I think so since quite a number of young men from prominent families attended today's gathering."

"Ew..."

All the young ladies from the noble families who were gathered together started giving Rosalie the side-eye.

They were jealous of Rosalie because of her family background, but at the same time, they were fearful of the influence and power of the Tilans.

That was why all these young ladies from the noble families only dared to mock Rosalie during social gatherings.

Upon hearing that, Rosalie's expression darkened. She just wanted to distance herself from the group.

"Come with you-both of you." Rosalie then turned around and left with the two new bodyguards.

Soon, the three of them arrived at the pool in the villa's garden. Most of the guests had just arrived, so there were not many people around the area.

Upon noticing how clear the pool water was, Rosalie turned to the bodyguard and said, "Hold this for me!"

She took off her dress, exposing the brassiere she was wearing.

The two bodyguards who stood behind Rosalie were stunned when they saw her figure.

Never in a million years did they expect the eighteen-year-old heiress of the Tilan family would casually remove her dress and get into the pool without putting on swimwear.

The bodyguard on the left immediately blushed. He had no choice but to take the dress.

The bodyguard on the right, too, froze for a bit and did not know how to react, but he soon narrowed his crescent moon-like eyes in disgust and looked away.

Generally, men who were born with a pair of eyes that resembled a crescent moon were affable individuals because they tended to look smiley all the time.

Not only would they look approachable, but they would also give out radiant smiles.

Yet, beneath the bodyguard's shades, there was nothing but disgust in his icy glare.

Rosalie started swimming as freely and agile as a fish in the pool.

All of a sudden, a few people noticed a figure in the pool and exclaimed, "Hey, look! Oh, my God. Isn't that Rosalie Tilan? Is she swimming in the pool without swimwear?"

"My goodness. Has she no shame?"

A few ladies from the noble families then ran toward the pool when they heard the gasps and exclamations.

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Chapter 1944

Chapter 1944

The bodyguard with the swimsuit immediately ran toward Rosalie in the pool to remind her to climb up so no one would see her.

Hearing his voice, Rosalie emerged from the water.

“What’s the fuss? So what if I’m swimming naked? I…”

Crack!

A loud sound of cracking bones caused her to trail off in shock.

Both of them turned in the direction of the sound and saw a noblewoman in front of the crowd getting kicked away.

She didn’t even let out a yelp when she landed on the ground.

Rosalie gaped in disbelief.

“H-How could you kick her?” someone screamed.

“Why can’t I kick her? The person in the pool is my employer. My job is to ensure she’s safe within a fifty-meter radius.”

After delivering the kick, the young bodyguard smoothed his wrinkled hems nonchalantly. He then folded his arms and stood before Rosalie in a protective manner.

Everyone else was floored by his action.

Behind him, Rosalie floated above the water in the pool quietly. She was taken aback to hear his calm but arrogant words.

The Tilan family was influential in Southeast Astoria, but they had never acted so domineeringly on such occasions where many powerful figures were also present.

Rosalie stared at the muscular back belonging to the bodyguard as her heart skipped a beat.

Soon, the elders came out after hearing the commotion. By then, Rosalie had already climbed out of the pool and put on her clothes.

“Rosie, what’s going on? How could you let your bodyguard beat them up for no reason?” Upon arrival, her stepmother, Lacey, immediately questioned her angrily.

Rosalie retorted, “What do you mean by ‘for no reason?’ I was teaching them a lesson.”

“Teaching US a lesson?” the socialites shrieked in horror.

“That’s utter nonsense! She jumped into the swimming pool naked! We wanted to remind her about her indecency, but her bodyguard kicked one of US without hesitation,” one socialite protested.

Another socialite nodded vehemently. "Yeah! If we hadn't stopped in time, we would be lying on the ground just like that lady and end up being cripples."

Cripples?

Rosalie glanced at her bodyguard and fretted inwardly.

Hearing that, Lacey fumed, "Rosie, are they telling the truth? Didn't you wear a swimsuit in public?"

"What's so strange about that? I don't wear anything either when I swim back at home," came Rosalie's innocent answer.

"But we're not at home. This is someone else's house!

Where are your manners? How could you ask your bodyguard to beat them up? This is outrageous.

Apologize to them now!" Lacey demanded.

Her entire body was shaking in rage as she pointed at the victim's parents and told Rosalie to apologize to them.

One couldn't really blame her for going breathless with anger. The Tilan family might be prominent in Southeast Astoria, but everyone knew they were involved in shady businesses.

As such, whenever Lacey showed herself in public, she would put on a dignified front so the real noble families would acknowledge her and her family.

Rosalie merely stared at her icily.

"Apologize? Why should I apologize? You shouldn't have brought me out if you're worried about me acting vulgarly. That way, you won't get embarrassed at all," she mocked.

"You!" Finally, Lacey blew her top and raised her hand to slap Rosalie.

Surprisingly, Rosalie didn't even flinch. It was as though she was used to getting slapped by her stepmother.

Before the slap could land on her cheek, a large hand intervened and stopped Lacey's advance. The owner of the hand then grabbed Lacey's wrist and twisted it deftly.

Crack!

Her wrist broke instantly following the horrifying sound.

“Ow!” Lacey’s scream pierced the air, resonating around the garden in the villa.

Rosalie’s jaw dropped when she saw her stepmother’s plight. She had never seen anything this shocking in her entire lifetime, and the color slowly drained from her face.

D-Did I get myself a robot? I can’t believe how ruthless he is!

In the end, Rosalie brought the two bodyguards and Lacey, who was still screaming in anguish, back to Tilan Palace.

As they left urgently, the helicopter couldn’t arrive in time to give them a ride, so they had to take the speedboat back. That was when Rosalie overheard the exchange between her bodyguards.

“Theo, how could you be this reckless? Never mind if you kicked that socialite. How could you break Mrs. Tilan’s wrist without warning? You’re in deep trouble.”

They were chatting behind Rosalie.

However, it was mostly Samson who spoke. On the other hand, the person he was advising, Theo, remained silent most of the time.

Rosalie said nothing until Samson said that Theo was in deep trouble for the umpteenth time. Finally, she lost her patience and turned at her shoulder to glower at them.

“Stop talking nonsense. I’m still here,” she chided.

At once, Samson zipped his lips shut.

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Chapter 1945

Theo, who was sitting beside Samson, shifted his body a little as his gaze swept over Rosalie briefly. The wind blew so hard that he could practically taste the salty seawater on his lips.

Seeing that, Rosalie fell silent.

Strangely, she grew increasingly determined to protect him.

Soon, they arrived at Tilan Palace. As expected, Zylan was waiting at the entrance.

When he spotted them, he immediately waved for the staff to take action. Someone stepped forward and pinned Theo down once he got out of the car.

Thud!

A punch was delivered to his belly. Before Rosalie realized what was going on, Theo grunted in pain and bent his body.

The sight snapped Rosalie out of her reverie. "What are you doing? Who said you could hit him?" she screamed as raw anger shot through her.

Hearing her questions, Zylan came to her and explained, "Ms. Rosalie, it was all my fault for choosing the wrong person. I'll take him away and deal with him. Don't worry. I'll select a better bodyguard for you later."

He was about to order his subordinates to bring Theo away when Rosalie scurried forward to grab the latter's arm, effectively preventing them from leaving.

She had never shown any resistance against such matters, and this was the first time she fought back.

"Don't you dare bring him away!" she snarled menacingly.

"Ms. Rosalie-"

Rosalie glared at the loyal house steward and interjected, "Did he do anything wrong? You hired him so that he could protect me, right? I ran into danger at the Tharman residence, and he resolved my problem. Isn't that what you told him to do? He didn't do anything wrong, did he?"

Zylan was stunned as he had no idea that the usually docile young lady would stop him from taking action against Theo.

His eyes widened as he asked, "Ms. Rosalie, don't you know that he broke Mrs. Tilan's wrist?"

"So what? She wanted to slap me at the Tharman residence in front of an audience. Isn't it normal for him to break her wrist? My father will be humiliated if I get slapped in public, right? He stopped that from happening. How is that wrong?" Rosalie retorted defiantly in a shrill and loud voice.

She didn't even know why she got this emotional. Previously, she couldn't care less about the housemaids and bodyguards tasked to serve her.

However, she stopped Zylan from taking Theo away today and got all worked out to defend him.

Zylan observed her for a while before deciding to spare Theo for the time being. He then led Theo, Rosalie, and Lacey to meet the owner of the house, also Rosalie's father.

"Ms. Rosalie, you surprised me today. I don't know what the bodyguard did to you, but I have to take action if your father refuses to let him stay. If that's the case, I apologize in advance," Zylan told Rosalie.

"I'll make sure he stays," Rosalie vowed.

They went to the top floor of the building.

Under normal circumstances, an ordinary bodyguard wouldn't get to go all the way to the penthouse, for this was where the owner of the building lived. It was also the base of the entire Tilan dynasty.

"Mr. Tilan, I've brought them here," Zylan reported politely.

"Come on in." A middle-aged man's voice boomed out from the penthouse.

At once, everyone felt a dangerous and imposing aura descending upon them.

Rosalie felt the same way, too.

She feared her father immensely even though they rarely met. It would only take one look from him to reduce her to a trembling mess every time they met.

Rosalie acted that way because she once saw how he slayed someone with his own hands.

Walking inside, she observed the unfamiliar penthouse carefully. Her jaw dropped when she saw a man wearing glasses with his hair slicked back standing in front of the window, leaning on his cane.

"F-Father..." she stammered as dread clawed up her throat.

When their gazes met, she shivered profusely and wanted nothing more than to leave this penthouse.

Similarly, Zylan dared not lift his head. He kept his head bowed as he told his men to drag the bodyguard in to face his cold and ruthless employer.

“It’s him?”

“Yes.” Zylan nodded.

Rosalie dared not make a sound. She watched as her father glanced at the bodyguard before coming to the latter with his cane.

“Father!” Rosalie finally summoned her courage to speak out loud. “He didn’t hurt me. I saw how he resorted to harsh tactics to protect me earlier. Father, ever since my elder brother died, no one had ever treated me this way.”

She gripped the hem of her dress and managed those words between gritted teeth before her father reached the bodyguard.

She finally realized the reason why she didn’t want him to die.

Meanwhile, Hugo said naught a word.

However, he stretched his cane out to lift the bodyguard’s jaw and force the latter to meet his gaze as he scrutinized the young man’s unfamiliar face sharply.

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Chapter 1946

Chapter 1946

“Aren’t you afraid of death?” Hugo asked the handsome young man.

Theo returned his stare without a word.

His face was wounded. Besides getting punched in his abdomen downstairs, he got hit in the face. Thus, a trail of blood trickled down the corner of his lips.

Nevertheless, Theo’s lips twitched when he heard the question from Hugo’s lips.

“What use is that?” he responded calmly.

Hmm, interesting answer.

A smile nudged Hugo's lips when he realized there was no fear in the young man's eyes.

"Indeed, if I want to kill you, I won't change my mind even if you go on your knees to beg for my forgiveness.

However, you'll need to provide me a reason to spare your life," Hugo told him.

With that said, he retracted his cane and strode over to the couch.

Rosalie parted her lips in an attempt to defend the bodyguard again, but Zylan grabbed her hand and gestured for her to stay put.

"I had two choices back there, so I picked the one that would give me a higher chance of surviving," Theo answered.

"Oh?"

Theo explained, "Yes. If Mrs. Tilan were to slap Ms. Tilan and humiliate you, I'd die once I get back here. But if I chose to defend Ms. Tilan, you might spare my life since I was smart and loyal to her."

The bodyguard with a bloodied cut on his lip was pinned to the ground. No one had expected that his reason was so simple and straightforward.

Instantly, Rosalie blanched in horror.

Is he nuts? How could he say that? He'll definitely die after saying that!

Her heart sank to the bottom of her stomach in despair.

To her surprise, Hugo, notorious for committing innumerable murders, decided to spare the bodyguard's life.

"All right. You win. I'll spare your life this once."

Dumbfounded by his actions, everyone in the penthouse gasped at his generous gesture.

Theo was the only exception.

He lifted his pale face to stare at the owner of the Tilan empire quietly.

“I admire those who aren’t afraid of death. I hope you’ll continue acting this way to protect yourself, otherwise, you’ll die a more horrible death than the people you killed last night,” Hugo declared.

His gaze was fixed on the bodyguard as he flashed a smile.

Seeing that, everyone else lowered their heads hastily.

Even Zylan, who had worked under Hugo for years, felt a chill go down his spine. He couldn’t bring himself to meet Hugo’s gaze.

Hugo had the most terrifying expression on his face, looking like a vicious snake waiting for its prey. Once its prey moved, it would sink its teeth into its prey and kill the prey instantly.

Finally, Rosalie could leave the penthouse with Theo.

Once she came out, her legs gave way, and she nearly fell flat on the floor.

“Ms. Rosalie!”

By then, Theo had been released. He ignored the pain in his belly and came over to help her up.

Rosalie turned around slowly and gazed at him. The terror in her eyes was still evident.

“Release me!” she snapped.

“Yes.”

Theo hung his head low and released his grip on her obediently.

A while later, she finally summoned the strength to get to her feet and marched away furiously.

/ won't do anything this foolish ever again. He's just a bodyguard. Why should I even bother? He has nothing to do with me.

At that thought, she stormed back to Rose Garden furiously.

Meanwhile, Zylan was still in the penthouse, waiting for his employer to relay his order.

Hugo asked, “Did you investigate that man thoroughly? Is he clean?”

“Yes. He came from Jetroina. He’s the son of an aide of the Terrandya Nogitas. After the Nogita family’s decline, they had to find a living for themselves. His father was

addicted to gambling and ended up selling him and his mother. After his mother passed away, he worked for the casino's owner. As he was merciless, the largest gang in Jetrouina ended up recruiting him to be an assassin," Zylan reported.

He specifically enunciated the last part.

If the mafia had recruited Theo, it meant that he was capable and had a clean background. Many gangs loved doing the same thing to get themselves reliable assassins.

A satisfied smile flitted across Hugo's lips.

"If that's the case, we can train him. He's doing quite well. Keep him as a spare in case we need him," he commanded.

"Yes." Zylan was inwardly delighted.

He was about to leave when Hugo frowned and asked, "I heard Old Scum ran into trouble?"

"Y-Yes..." Zylan stammered as cold sweat formed on his brows.

His face was pale as he explained, "A year ago, he ran into a client that took a liking to an actor. The client asked him to make the introductions. It took Old Scum some time to get the actor, but the actor's attitude changed drastically when he learned he had to please the client. He even got into a fight with the client."

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"Then did Old Scum do anything to him?" Hugo's expression was as dark as thunder.

Zylan nodded. "Yes. He refused to do as told, so the client held a grudge and beat him until he lost consciousness before removing his kidneys. It so happened that another client of Old Scum needed the kidneys, so he gave them to his other client."

He was simmering with anger by the time he finished his words.

Never mind if Old Scum had done that to an ordinary person. Alas, he ended up inviting trouble to their door.

Banging his cane, Hugo felt the anger building and demanded, "Who? Come again?"

Zylan was shaking so profusely that he nearly lost his balance. He wiped away the cold sweat on his brows and said in a trembling voice, "Mr. Tilan, I admit that they acted recklessly. I've sent my men to take care of the matter."

"Take care of the matter? How are you going to do that?" Hugo fumed. "Do you know why I never dreamed of expanding my power to Astoria? That's because Sebastian Hayes is there! How dare you offend him? I might as well shoot you in the head right now!"

The biggest mafia boss in Southeast Astoria shook in fury as he pulled his gun out to kill Zylan.

Hugo had never been afraid of anyone in his entire life.

However, he never dared to get on the bad side of the president of Hayes Corporation, who was also the richest and most influential man in Astoria.

Sebastian is too powerful. Hayes Corporation did exceptionally well under his helm and became one of the wealthiest companies in the world. After he left his position and became a politician, he managed to turn the tide single-handedly. Even though he doesn't have an official identity, everyone knows that he is the actual ruler of the country.

His power and influence were simply too horrifying.

How dare these idiots offend Sebastian?

Bang!

"Ah!" An ear-splitting scream resonated around the penthouse.

If someone hadn't shown up at the door in time to drag Zylan away, he would've died right there and then.

"Hugo, what are you doing? Zylan has worked for you for years. Why do you want him dead?"

After saving Zylan, the person released him and came over to Hugo.

Despite his fury, Hugo put his gun away at the sight of the man.

“Why don’t you ask what he did? Sebastian Hayes’ cousin died because of his human trafficking business!

Sebastian will seek revenge now that his cousin is dead,” Hugo snapped furiously.

The newcomer’s expression changed drastically, for he hadn’t expected the matter to be this serious.

Sebastian Hayes, huh? That man spells trouble.

After the initial shock, the person calmed down and came to Hugo. He advised, “What’s done is done, so we should focus on solving the problem instead of starting an internal conflict. I believe Zylan knew nothing about the human trafficking business. Besides, Tilan Corporation has never been directly involved with it.”

Indeed, the Tilan family rarely got involved in their illegal businesses to prevent the police from getting dirt on them.

There was also another reason for their lack of direct involvement. After all, these businesses were minor enough to be taken care of by their lackeys.

Hearing that, Hugo finally calmed down.

“What should we do now? I don’t know if Sebastian has received news about it. Imagine the consequences if he discovers the truth.”

“Yes, that’s the most important part of the matter. For now, I suggest we deal with the police by handing the client to them. When the time comes, and they decide to crack down on our business, we can sacrifice Old Scum,” the person suggested.

He was ruthless enough to cut off all the people involved in the organ-trafficking business in order to protect Tilan Palace.

Hugo nodded in agreement.

“What about Sebastian?” he asked.

The man pondered briefly before coming up with a flawless solution. “I heard his eldest son will get engaged half a month later. We can send someone to attend the engagement party and find out if Sebastian knows about this. If he does, we’ll prepare ourselves. If he doesn’t know a thing, we’ll deal with the matter and settle things with the police.”

Zylan, who was still on his knees on the floor, immediately shot the man an ecstatic look as though the man was his savior.

This man was none other than Wesley Yarbrough, Tilan Palace's advisor and also Hugo's best friend.

The next morning, Rosalie woke up early to head to school.

"Rosie, remember to be a good girl at school, stop making your father upset. I heard that you kicked up a fuss at the penthouse yesterday."

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Chapter 1948

Chapter 1948

When Rosalie was about to depart, her elder sister Tanya Tilan came out to send her. Tanya could not help but give her advice repeatedly.

Feeling annoyed, Rosalie got into the car and exclaimed, "Start driving!"

Upon hearing that, Rosalie's bodyguard Samson, the driver on duty today, stuttered, "I'm sorry, Ms. Rosalie. W- We still have to wait for Ms. Melinda and Ms. Shannon.

They'll be going to school today too."

Rosalie's expression turned grim when she heard what he said.

She turned her attention outside to where another bodyguard was on his motorbike.

A few minutes later, the willful third daughter of the Tilan family lifted her skirt, got up on the bike, and steadied herself. "Let's go, Theo!"

"Yes, Miss."

No one dared to stop her. After the man acknowledged her order, he revved the engine and sped off.

Samson, who was still sitting in the car, gaped in disbelief. "He just cheated death yesterday, and now he's doing this? Has that guy gone mad?"

Half an hour later, Theo and Rosalie arrived at the school for the noble families.

“Oh, my God. Look! Rosalie came to school on a bike! How could she travel on a bike while wearing a skirt? How atrocious and unladylike!”

“Exactly! She’s getting out of control!”

The girls started talking behind Rosalie’s back when they saw her entering the school.

Rosalie gave them the cold shoulder.

Soon, Melinda and Shannon arrived. The other girls looked at the Tilan sisters in awe as they were envious of them.

Rosalie’s expression remained grim.

Everyone knew that there were several women in Hugo’s life. That was why he had more than ten children. Yet, no one knew Rosalie was his only child with his legitimate wife.

Rosalie tossed the key to the bodyguard beside her. “Take the car and go anywhere you wish to go. It’ll be even better if you wreck the car.”

She pointed at the car worth several million.

Growing up in a complicated family environment, Rosalie did not have a care in the world. That was how she ended up becoming an arrogant and emotional person. Her moods changed at the drop of a hat.

No one deserved to be happy if she was in a bad mood.

Theo retrieved the key from her but did not do what she said.

After watching the unreasonable young woman enter the school, Theo put the key into his pocket and lit a cigarette. He did not bother heeding her order this time.

Samson did not know what else to say. *So he’s finally not going to do what Ms. Rosalie asked of him, huh?*

He walked over and drew a cigarette from Theo’s box.

Lighting the cigarette, he advised, “It’s not easy to take care of Ms. Rosalie. You have to stop being so reckless, Theo. You may have escaped death this round, but luck will not always be on your side.”

Upon hearing that, Theo glanced at Samson from the corner of his eyes. “I’ll not die.”

Samson was rendered speechless by his remark. *He’s so full of himself.*

Samson continued puffing on his cigarette while Theo remained silent. All of a sudden, Theo's eyes flashed. He straightened and turned to Samson. "I'm going to the washroom."

His sudden reaction did not arouse Samson's suspicion.

Theo looked around and found a public restroom. He then entered one of the cubicles.

"Matteo? Are you there?" The voice of a woman rang out from the communicator in his ears, sounding anxious.

Theo turned on the tap to offset his voice. "Yes."

"What took you so long to reply to me? I thought-" The woman heaved a sigh of relief after hearing his voice.

However, she was also slightly unhappy about his slow response.

Theo did not explain further. After seeing the last man leave the restroom, he asked succinctly, "Anything?"

Lana said, "Last night, a lieutenant from Yartran named Vincent detained a human trafficker who sells organs illegally. After a round of interrogation, the man confessed he was involved in your uncle's case."

"Wait, what?" He raised his voice involuntarily as he did not expect to hear this.

Lana tapped on her phone and sent a photo to his email through an anonymous account.

"I heard the man is gay. At first, he... wanted to get his hands on your uncle. He paid someone to kidnap your uncle, but... when your uncle fought back, he... crippled him." Lana halted several times as she spoke.

She sounded slightly hesitant because she did not want Theo to go through emotional turmoil as this was his first mission, and she was afraid he might not take the news well. After all, this was also his first time hearing about such a gruesome incident.

People in their line of work had to be psychologically prepared to cope with and manage stress.

Lana could not help but recall how smiley and cheerful Matteo was when she first met him. He could warm people's hearts with that affectionate smile on his face.

Thump!

Suddenly, Lana heard a thud from her earpiece.

She panicked. "Matteo, what are you doing? Calm down, and don't act impulsively!"

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Lana waited for a very long time before the boy spoke up again. "What happens now? Is this the end of this case?"

"Of course not," she immediately replied.

How can we do that when there's so much involved in the case? If we close it just because the other party has found a scapegoat we'd be letting them off easy!

"As far as Interpol is concerned, your uncle's case can be closed since they've arrested the criminal organization responsible," Lana continued. "On our end, however, the police will continue investigating Hugo Tilan for his involvement in several illegal activities. Now, as for you..."

Should I suggest transferring Matteo back? After all, his identity is far too special.

Unfortunately, before Lana could say anything more, Matteo interrupted coldly, "If there's nothing else, HI hang up now."

"Wait!" Lana shouted.

My goodness. This boy scared me half to death!

Left with no other choice, she reluctantly added, "Don't hang up yet, Matteo. I have a mission for you."

When Samson made his way to the restroom a few minutes later, he noticed Theo had already come out.

"Hey, what took you so long? I saw those bodyguards entering the school. Don't we need to go over?"

Confused by Samson's question, Theo merely gave him a quizzical glance.

"I'm talking about the other Tilan bodyguards. They've all gone into the building," Samson explained as he stared at the latter. "Since we're working for Ms. Rosalie, shouldn't we join them?"

Odd. I wonder what Theo's thinking about right now. Is he even focused on this matter?

As it turned out, Theo's mind wasn't on that at all.

In the end, Theo decided against going inside and told Samson to go ahead. He then rode his motorcycle back to Tilan Palace.

Unfortunately, he bumped into Zylan the moment he returned, and needless to say, the latter was surprised. "Huh? Why are you back?"

Theo stood quietly in front of him before blurting out, "Ms. Tilan wanted me to get something for her."

Zylan couldn't be bothered to probe any further and promptly left the palace with his men and Hugo. Unbeknownst to him, it was that fateful afternoon when someone infiltrated the penthouse during their absence.

Thankfully, it didn't take long before the breach was discovered.

"What? Did you just say someone's broken into the penthouse? Get our men to check it out this instance!"

Hugo bellowed when he heard the news, his expression dark and menacing.

Zylan, on the other hand, had turned pale as a sheet and quickly left for Tilan Palace with a handful of subordinates.

However, when they arrived, they were told that the bodyguards in Tilan Palace had already found the reason for the breach.

"It wasn't a person. It was a cat."

"A cat?" Zylan asked doubtfully, not entirely convinced that they had a feline invader.

Given the laser defense system we have in place, not even a fly or a trace of gas would be able to penetrate it, let alone a cat. No, something smells fishy. I have to check this out myself.

Without further ado, Zylan rushed upstairs to investigate the matter, only to find blood droplets on the floor.

He followed the trail and soon discovered the remains of a dismembered cat at the penthouse entrance, much to his surprise.

*Well, I'll be d*mned! It really was a cat!*

Meanwhile, Samson saw Theo again when he walked out of the school building with a disheveled and bruised Rosalie in tow.

Having just gotten out of a fierce fight, the latter glared at Theo. "Where have you been?"

Theo's face blanched almost instantly. "I—"

Smack!

Alas, Rosalie slapped him hard across the face before he could finish his words.

Naturally, Samson was stunned and horrified.

He gaped at how forceful the slap was and was about to say something when he saw Rosalie wearing a terrifying scowl.

Just like that, he lost all courage to speak up.

"Listen carefully. If this ever happens again, your punishment won't be just a slap," Rosalie warned, her voice cold and stern. "I'll end you with my bare hands!"

With that, she strode off, leaving Theo rooted to the spot.

Even though the latter didn't react much, anyone watching closely would be able to see the darkness in his eyes, which was even more frightening than Rosalie's slap.

One thing was for sure-neither of them was going to forget the slap.

Soon, the group returned to Tilan Palace.

Due to the penthouse incident in the afternoon, Hugo's schedule got delayed, and he ended up staying the night outside. Of course, Zylan accompanied him.

Because of that, no one else brought up Theo's surprise visit to Tilan Palace earlier in the day.

When evening came, and Samson returned to their room, he realized there was a faint smell of blood from the trash can. However, no matter how much he searched, he couldn't find anything suspicious.

In the end, the whole matter was tucked away and forgotten.

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Chapter 1950

Chapter 1950

It was a fine day in Yartran, Atlantius.

As the triplet's birthday and the engagement of Ian and Susan were around the corner, Ian and the others decided to go back.

"It's such a shame that Matt can't make it."

Vivian was a sensitive person. When she thought about how Matteo would not be able to attend their birthday party, she could not help but feel down about it.

Kurt noticed her sudden sadness and comforted her, "He's gone for training, and that's a good thing. He's been looking forward to such an amazing opportunity forever. Once he's done with the training, he will definitely come back."

"He's right, Vivi," Susan said.

To be honest, Susan herself was also getting more nervous as time passed. As she had never experienced such events before, it was natural that she would feel anxious about her engagement.

"We can gather together again once Matteo comes home," Susan suggested.

Vivian soon cheered up after hearing that.

On the same day in the afternoon, Ian booked flight tickets for all four of them. However, when evening time rolled around, he suddenly received a call.

"Hello, Mr. Hayes. I'm Lieutenant Vincent. We've already managed to capture the criminal gang from before. It's because of you that we could solve the case successfully. After the police department found out that you have contributed greatly, they want to invite you over to thank you properly. Are you available?"

"No." The minute Ian realized what this call was about, he rejected Vincent's offer without hesitation.

After all, he was not someone who liked to mingle around. There was no reason for him to go.

Ian decided to end the call.

However, Vincent seemed to sense this, for he quickly added, "Mr. Hayes, it would be a wonderful opportunity for the development of your company if you came. Because you helped the police department, they definitely want to work with you. To be able to partner with officials is a huge deal. You will be able to earn a lot from this partnership."

He was smiling as he said so.

Ian frowned for a moment. In the end, he agreed to the invitation.

Soon enough, Ian and Susan headed toward the agreed venue. When Susan realized that they were going to discuss business matters with the officials, she quickly prepared her files, laptop, and everything else she could think of.

It was what an assistant should do, after all.

Both of them then left for the local police station.

When they arrived, Vincent was already waiting for them at the entrance. He remained standing there as he looked at the two getting out of the fiery red luxury car.

He would be lying if he said he was not jealous at all.

Such a beautiful and smart woman had chosen someone else in the end. Any man interested in her would feel regret.

Vincent waited for them to enter the building.

"Lieutenant-

"Hello, Ms. Limmer." Vincent smiled as he reached a hand out toward Susan.

However, just before they could make any bodily contact "Where are they?"

The young man beside Susan had a grim expression on his face, and the hand that Vincent had reached out to shake was already in Ian's grip.

Susan was at a loss for words.

What a jealous man.

Vincent felt pretty exasperated at Ian's reaction. All he could do now was to lead the two into the building.

As the problem of illegally selling and purchasing organs had occurred several times in the city, the police department had flagged it as a serious case. Therefore, once the case had successfully been cracked, many superiors came to the local police station that day to celebrate.

When Ian entered the building, many people could be seen celebrating happily.

"The case is finally solved. We can have a good night's rest now."

"Exactly. However, if it weren't for that celebrity's report, we probably wouldn't have been able to catch the culprits at all."

"You're right."

They were all discussing amongst themselves. As they mentioned the celebrity that had helped them a great deal, their tones were filled with gratitude and wistfulness.

Ian paid them no attention.

He wasn't particularly fond of events like this. If it weren't for his company's development, he wouldn't even think of attending it at all.

Ian walked over to the police chief.

"Chief, this is Mr. Hayes. He's the person in charge of the Hayes Corporation branch over here," Vincent introduced Ian to the chief of the police department.

"Oh!"

The chief, who was holding a glass of champagne, instantly put the glass down when he heard Vincent. He looked at Ian with wide eyes.

"I've heard of your father, Mr. Hayes. I never thought that you would be just as brilliant. Not only are you still a student here, but you have established such an impressive company. You're an amazing young man," he praised.

"Thanks," Ian merely replied lazily.

Susan, on the other hand, walked forward from behind Ian after noticing how bad he was at socializing.

“Mr. Hayes only did what he should have. The police have always been hard at work protecting US. As citizens, we should do our best to cooperate with the police and help in any way we can.”

She definitely had a wonderful way with words.

The chief, who was still in a cheerful mood, instantly looked at Susan.

“Thank you so much for your help. Because of you, we were able to successfully crack the case. Therefore, the police department has decided to work together with you and your company.”

“All right,” Susan instantly replied happily.

She then quickly brought out some documents, including a blank contract, and moved to pass it to the young man next to them, inviting him to have a seat and start discussing the particulars.

However, just as she was about to do so, a police officer walked into the building.

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Chapter 1951

Chapter 1951

“Chief, are we going to close the case just like that? As for information on that celebrity, should we also put them together with the case files?”

“Let’s destroy them. After all, the information belongs to Interpol, and we didn’t obtain them through official means. Pass me those documents. I’ll make a call to the higher-ups and get rid of the files myself.”

The police chief knew that the information had to be handled appropriately. In order to prevent anything from going wrong, he decided to exercise caution and destroy the documents personally.

As such, the police officer went to retrieve those files.

Meanwhile, Ian and Susan did not want to interrupt the police’s work and decided to wait at one side. They would talk to the chief after he had finished settling his tasks.

However, neither of them expected to see a familiar photo at the police station.

The photo had a red background and showed a stage. Under the dazzling lights, the man in the photo was shining so brightly that he looked ethereal.

Even though he was alluring and had a pretty face, he did not appear feminine at all. In fact, he was so handsome and looked so glamorous on stage that both men and women would be captivated by his charm!

Ian's mind went blank for a second, and in the next instant, he leaped up from his seat.

"What's this? Why would you have his photo?"

"Huh?"

The police chief was taken aback by the man's sudden reaction. After recovering from his slight shock, he proceeded to explain to Ian what had happened to the man in the photo.

"Mr. Hayes, do you know him? This person... He's actually the victim of this case. Both of his kidneys were removed by the perpetrators. He called the police before he died.

It was also because of him that we managed to catch the culprits.*

Right after he finished speaking, all color drained out of the face of the young man standing in front of him. Ian's body started swaying, and he looked like he was about to collapse.

"Ian!"

When Susan saw that, she immediately grabbed and steadied him. She, too, was feeling a barrage of emotions and could barely believe what she had just heard.

That's so sudden! How could that have happened?

A whirlwind of thoughts ran through Susan's mind. She looked toward Ian, who was usually calm and composed, and realized that his body was trembling.

"Are you sure it's him? When did that happen? Why was I not informed of it?"

Everyone in the police station was stunned when they heard Ian's questions.

They could easily give him the answers to his first two questions. However, they were confused about his last question as they did not understand why the young man would need to be informed of the criminal cases that the police were handling.

Even though he was the president of Hayes Corporation, that did not seem to be any of his business.

“Mr. Hayes, this happened a while back. His kidneys were taken one year ago. He managed to survive another year after escaping, but he passed away recently due to organ failure.”

“As for your last question, I’m sorry, Mr. Hayes. This case originally belonged to Interpol, and it was only handed to us because similar victims were found in our country.

Due to confidentiality reasons, we are unable to let you know the rest of the details-”

“The man is his uncle!”

Susan interrupted the chief suddenly, her voice filled with anguish.

At that instant, the atmosphere went still.

Everyone in the police station could barely believe what they had just heard and looked toward the young couple in shock.

Uncle?

How could there be such a coincidence?

“Ian, are you all right? Don’t panic first. Maybe... maybe they made a mistake? Why don’t you go out and rest for a while? I’ll find out more details from them.”

Susan looked at the young man she was supporting and realized that he was in so much shock that he was unable to speak. His face was also as pale as a sheet.

At that moment, the woman’s only thought was to get him out of that place.

She had heard about the Emmanuel family. They were Ian’s extended relatives. Even though the Emmanuels did not treat Ian’s family very well, Brandon had always been especially kind to them, and he had always favored Ian.

Back then, Sasha had faked her death and left Ian with Sebastian. As Brandon had feelings for Sasha, naturally, he treated her son very well.

That was also why Ian had such a hard time accepting what he had just heard.

He could not remember how he left the police station. The next thing he knew, he was already in the car when he regained his senses.

Meanwhile, Susan was in the driver's seat. The scenery outside the car window was passing by quickly.

"How are you feeling? Do you want some water?"

Susan had been watching Ian through the rearview mirror. When she saw his gaze shifting, she spoke to him immediately.

However, Ian did not reply as he simply did not have the energy to speak.

He leaned against the car seat for a long time while looking out of the window with lifeless eyes.

Suddenly, he lifted his finger and pointed outside. Immediately, Susan understood what the man meant and turned the car around before driving onto the bridge, which appeared to be colored red under the warm evening sun.

Death itself was not scary.

What was terrifying was those people who believed that they had the right to end the lives of others.

When Susan opened the car door, for the first time ever, she felt a murderous aura surrounding Ian. He seemed so enraged that it was as if he was capable of destroying the heavens and earth.

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Chapter 1952

Chapter 1952

That night, Ian and Kurt went to the prison to see the convict.

Within the cold and damp confines of the place, the convict was dragged out like a dog and thrown at Ian's feet. At the sight of the two young men, he was taken aback and wondered who they were.

Despite their youth, one could tell right away that these were not ordinary folk from the distinguished aura both of them exuded.

“Who are you?”

“How did you kill him?” Inside the interrogation room, Ian, who stared at the convict with a deathly gaze, looked as if he was a demon who had crawled out from Hell.

Just the sight of him sent a chill down the convict’s spine.

“How did I kill him? Didn’t I already tell the police everything? Who in the world are you? Why should I repeat it to you?”

No sooner had the convict spoken than Ian raised his gaze slightly.

Without warning, Kurt grabbed the convict out of his chair before covering the latter’s mouth and smashing a fist into his face.

In an instant, the convict’s body convulsed before his face contorted from the excruciating pain. Even then, he could barely make a sound due to his mouth being tightly covered.

All he could do was tremble violently within Kurt’s grip.

It wasn’t until a minute later that Kurt released him, assuming that his pain had passed by then.

Ian repeated, “Let me ask you one more time. How did he die in your hands?”

Sprawled on the table and having struggled for a long time, the convict finally relented with a grimace. “He... He refused to obey me. T-That’s why I wanted him to suffer.”

“Suffer?”

The second the words rolled off the convict’s tongue, raging infernos ignited in Kurt and Ian’s eyes.

“You extracted both his kidneys just to make him suffer?”

“N-No, it didn’t start out that way. I just wanted to torture him in the beginning, I-It was after another subordinate, who came in with a freshly harvested organ, saw him that I ended up doing it,” the convict stuttered, desperately suppressing the terror within him.

That was what exactly happened on that fateful day. Initially, there was no plan to harvest Brandon’s kidneys, as the convict had coveted the former for many years. In fact, he already had his eye on Brandon when the latter first started out acting.

Unfortunately, he wasn’t powerful enough to capture Brandon back then.

Subsequently, after a painstaking wait, he finally had the opportunity to kidnap Brandon. Therefore, it didn't make sense for him to kill the latter.

However, Brandon had not been cooperative or friendly at all. Despite the convict expending significant amounts of effort to bring Brandon in, the celebrity wasn't grateful. Instead, he even nearly castrated the convict.

"Let me tell you, I had no intention of taking his life. All I wanted was to live out my days happily with him. Just think about it; after longing for him for so many years, why would I destroy him when I finally got him?"

Crack!

This time, the blow came from Ian.

He had grabbed a chair from the side and smashed it on the convict's head.

"Argh!"

Right after an agonizing scream echoed through the interrogation room, the convict held onto his bleeding head as he fell off his chair.

As for the prison guards outside, they pretended to hear nothing at all.

Ian, suppressing the disgust within him, walked up to the convict while exuding a murderous aura.

"Castrate him!"

"Consider it done."

Kurt, whose methods were even more clinical, approached the convict while whipping out a sharp blade in his hand. After kneeling in front of the latter, he unleashed a slash which caused a harrowing cry to burst forth from his victim.

Despite the thinness of his blade, he had severed the veins in the convict's manhood.

Following that, he stood up and stomped his foot down.

Crunch!

"Arghhh!"

An even more distressed and agonized howl rang out from the room, sending a chill down the spines of the policemen outside.

Did they... crush his family jewels?

Breaking out in a cold sweat, all of them shuddered.

Nonetheless, no one had the courage to enter. The moment they knew the connection between the two youths and Brandon, they had no illusions as to what was going to happen.

Moreover, all of them, being the smart men they were, naturally knew not to interfere.

After flawlessly dishing out pain, Kurt took a step back for Ian to continue.

“How is it? How does it feel to be castrated?”

The convict was curled up on the ground, wailing as he struggled like an animal on its last legs.

Ian, kneeling in front of him, began toying with the glass in his hand.

“You’re right to say that my uncle was exceptionally handsome. Throughout his lifetime, his looks had captivated many from both sides of the gender aisle.”

Suddenly, he recalled the pitiful lady who had died a long time ago.

Back then, Willow, too, was hopelessly in love with Uncle Brandon. But in the end, she sacrificed her life instead of causing him any harm. Therefore, when Uncle Brandon had both his kidneys removed, did he manage to think of her? Or perhaps...

Suddenly, something occurred to Ian.

Even though Uncle Brandon was trapped, this man would definitely not dare harm him if the former revealed his true identity and his relationship with the Hayes family. So why didn't he do it?

Ian froze at the thought.

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Chapter 1953

Chapter 1953

“What’s wrong?” Kurt, who was waiting for Ian’s next action, was bewildered when he saw the latter crouching there in silence.

Without any warning, Ian lost control of himself. Grabbing the convict by the collar, he pulled him off the floor and thundered, “Tell me, how did you remove his kidneys? Speak!”

Given that his will was already broken from the torture, the convict no longer dared to hide anything.

“I-I’ll tell you! I’ll tell you! When I was extracting his organs, I filled his room with a kind of drug. In order to maintain the freshness of the organs, I needed to make sure the organ’s owner had to be in an exceptionally good mood. Hence, the drug... will cause him to hallucinate the one he desires to see the most. When that happens, he will comply obediently with my instructions,” the convict explained while enduring the massive pain and fear he felt.

With that, silence descended upon the interrogation room.

Both Ian and Kurt kept mum after hearing the convict’s words.

Nevertheless, a tempestuous fury and murderous intent were already raging inside their hearts. The aura they exuded was so terrifying that it seemed capable of crushing the convict into dust.

And that was exactly what they did.

By the time the police chief entered upon hearing the commotion, they were greeted by an unbelievably gruesome sight.

Although the convict could still look around with his eyes and talk, those were the only two parts of his body capable of movement, for he was crippled everywhere else.

All of that was naturally the work of a genius assassin. By barely spilling any blood, he could prevent both of them from being accused of assault, and he accomplished it by crippling his victim from within.

Consequently, the police officers gaped at the scene.

Ian informed the police chief, “We’re done and have gotten everything we need. You can have him back.”

The police chief was at a loss for words.

Kurt added, "Don't worry; he'll stay alive long enough for you to put a bullet in his head. You won't have the trouble of him dying on you."

The chief continued to be stumped.

This is ridiculous.

Nonetheless, he was helpless to do anything.

After leaving the police station, both of them sped through the city streets in their car.

When Kurt saw how terrifyingly silent Ian was in the back seat, he pondered a moment before deciding to take the latter to a bar.

A few minutes later, both of them arrived at an effervescent bar. The moment they stepped in, their extraordinary features captured the attention of the many young women inside, causing them to turn their heads to ogle.

"Look, students."

"Oh, fresh meat. Don't they look yummy?"

Most of the patrons were adults, especially the liberal kind. At the sight of the two dashing and distinguished-looking young men, their eyes instantly lit up with desire.

Youths were always a welcome sight no matter where they went.

Jolted back to his senses by the ear-shattering music, Ian was suddenly annoyed by the flashing disco lights inside the bar.

"Why did you bring me here?"

"To drink."

Taking a seat at the bar like a seasoned customer, Kurt snapped his fingers at the bartender.

Ian, whose gloomy expression darkened further, was rendered speechless.

Since when did he learn all this? Let's not forget that he's also two years younger than I am.

After taking a seat on the high chair beside Kurt, he gave the latter a disapproving look.

"Do you come here often?"

Kurt cocked a brow. "Don't misunderstand. As I'm still underage, the reason I patronize such places is just to execute your dad's missions. Hence, you had better not malign me in front of Vivi."

It wasn't until a short while later that Ian turned away.

Soon, his drink was served. Low in alcohol content, it felt as if it was concocted solely to ease the sorrow in his heart a little.

At the sight of it, Ian finally lost his apprehension. Bringing the glass to his lips, he took a sip.

"What do you plan to do next? That b*stard has already revealed the location of your uncle's kidneys. Do you want to get them back?"

"Isn't it obvious?" Ian replied without hesitation.

When the words rolled off his tongue, he could still feel the anguish in his heart.

So what if I found out that Uncle Brandon was in an ecstatic mood when he was murdered? It doesn't change anything, for he had no intention of dying at all. Given that he still had a young daughter, didn't he struggle for a year just so that he could continue living?

Expecting Ian's decision, Kurt inquired further, "What about the engagement? Don't forget that both of you are getting engaged soon."

"There's no hurry as we still have half a month's time. Worse comes to worst, we'll just... delay it."

Once again, he had brought up the idea.

Deafening silence descended upon them even though they were surrounded by patrons dancing wildly to the music as all sorts of screams filled the air.

Delaying the engagement was consistent with an inherent trait of his.

Ian took after his father a lot. In spite of his frosty exterior, he was fiercely loyal on the inside and willing to carry any burden for the sake of his loved ones.

Uncle Brandon was someone who watched me grow up. Now that he has suffered such a cruel fate, there's no way my conscience will allow me to hold my wedding in peace until the matter is put to rest. Even if I choose to go back, I won't be able to face his child at all.

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Finally, Kurt nodded without saying a word.

“In that case, do you want to inform your parents? Since the police chief mentioned that Interpol is also investigating it, I’m worried that it might be connected to a major case. As a result, telling your dad might make things easier for ourselves.”

“What about my mom?” Ian asked as he stared at the glass in his hand with a grim look in his eyes.

How is Mom going to react when she finds out? Brandon was one of the few people she was close to within the Hayes family. Subsequently her best friend, Willow, even married him, although their marriage ended in tragedy. Later on, she was comforted by the fact that Uncle Brandon raised Nat by himself. Therefore, she would be devastated if she learns of Uncle Brandon’s murder and the fact that Nat has become a pitiful orphan.

Hence, Ian didn’t feel like informing his parents for the time being.

Kurt, having seen Ian’s response, had no choice but to concur with the latter’s decision. Nevertheless, he took precautions by transferring a few more men over from SteelFort once they headed back.

As the kidneys were in Southeast Astoria, comprehensive preparations were needed.

Meanwhile, at Tilan Palace, Southeast Astoria, Theo was in his room when Hugo returned. There, he listened to the voices that the bug he had secretly installed picked up.

“Has the police in Yartran closed the case?”

“Yes. After paying off the fool with a sum of money, he’s agreed to take on all the charges. Also, there’s more good news. The police didn’t reveal the cause of the actor’s death.”

Zylan’s voice, tinged with elation, rang out.

Upon hearing the report, Hugo sighed in relief.

“They have probably discovered his relationship with the Hayes family too. Now that the matter involves that person, they would naturally want to cover it up. Let’s monitor the situation for now.”

“Yes, Mr. Tilan,” Zylan acknowledged at once.

A short while later, the sound of footsteps walking out preceded the silence that descended upon the penthouse.

Just when Theo was planning to turn off his earpiece...

Bam!

All of a sudden, the door behind him was kicked open. The loud crack that resulted sounded especially jarring as it pierced the quiet of the night.

Theo’s expression immediately darkened as he turned around to look at the intruder.

“Who gave you permission to return here? Did no one teach you about the protocols for a bodyguard upon arriving at Tilan Palace?”

The intruder turned out to be Rosalie.

She was standing by the door, her eyes spitting fire. Under the dim light of the night, the scowl on her face showed how much she wanted to tear him to pieces.

At the sight of her, Theo began to calm down.

“Sorry. I’m new, so I don’t know anything.”

“You...”

Infuriated, she stormed into the room and swung the baseball bat in her hands right at him.

No one has ever dared speak to me this way in Tilan Palace! Did his cheek come from the fact that I saved him yesterday? Is that why he doesn’t fear me and shows no respect?

“Fine. Let me teach you today about the duties of a bodyguard!”

The instant the baseball bat was raised high in the air, a vicious glint flashed across the young bodyguard’s eyes as the urge to kick Rosalie away welled up inside him.

After all, no one had ever dared to behave so brazenly in front of him.

But in the end, he forcefully suppressed the anger inside him and allowed the bat to strike his hip.

“Ooof...” he grunted.

The impact stunned Rosalie, who hadn't expected Theo to not move a muscle.

All this while, the bodyguards she had encountered were the sly kind. Whenever she wanted to teach them a lesson, they would drop to their knees to beg for mercy or bend their waists to evade her strike.

Despite the fact that she was the only one among her siblings considered an official Tilan child, anyone could bully her in reality.

Just like that, Rosalie, with anger raging within her, froze on the spot.

After the pain from the strike had passed, Theo quickly recovered the expressionless look on his face.

He then requested professionally, “Ms. Rosalie, do you feel better now? If you do, I'll get a fresh change of clothes and escort you back down.”

Stumped by his response, Rosalie was now made to feel worse than when she first stormed into the room in anger.

Nonetheless, she decided to leave the room in the end.

A few minutes later, Theo, after changing into clean clothes, emerged looking dapper, especially after putting on a pair of sunglasses on that handsome face of his.

“Let's go, Ms. Rosalie.”

With that, Rosalie sauntered away, ignoring the faint stench of blood in the air.

Upon arriving at Rose Garden, they were greeted by the supper and medication prepared by the housemaid, who hurried up to Rosalie's side at the sight of her.

“Ms. Rosalie, welcome back. We have prepared medication for you. Once you have finished your supper, I can help you apply it.”

“There's no such need,” Rosalie declined with a scowl on her face before sitting down at the table stiffly. No sooner had she picked up her spoon and opened her mouth to eat than the sound of her gasping was heard.

Both the housemaid and Theo were taken aback.

It was then that Theo, standing at attention underneath the living room light, finally noticed the swelling on Rosalie's face. In fact, there was also a wound at the corner of her lips.

Was she beaten up in school today?

Theo pursed his lips in thought.

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In the end, Theo walked up to her.

"Let me do it."

He took the medication from the hands of the housemaid since he did bear some responsibility for what had happened in the day.

Cognizant that Rosalie shared a turbulent relationship with her sisters, Theo had also learned from the file Lana gave him that the former was hated within the Tilan family.

In fact, the animosity toward her was so strong within Tilan Palace that someone was always out to murder her at any given moment.

While they were in school, he, as her bodyguard, had failed to protect her despite knowing that her two sisters had already entered. Therefore, the responsibility for the incident was his.

After picking up the ointment, Theo bent down beside Rosalie.

The feisty Rosalie, with a scowl on her face, shot him a glare and reprimanded, "What are you doing? Did I give you permission to do that?"

Theo bore with it.

"Ms. Rosalie, I'm sorry for what happened during the day. I was in the washroom and didn't head over since I assumed Samson would go in with you."

While explaining to her, he didn't forget to blame Samson too.

Rosalie simply sneered in response, "Who needs you to come over? What makes you think I can't handle them?"

After falling silent for a fleeting moment, he opened the tube of ointment in his hand.

"Let me put it on for you. otherwise, you'll be ridiculed again if the wound on your mouth doesn't heal by tomorrow." Then, before she could throw another tantrum, he dabbed some ointment with his finger and applied it to her face.

In that instant, Rosalie, who looked up, was stunned when her furious gaze met Theo's mesmerizing eyes.

He has such beautiful eyes, just like the crescent moon.

When Theo looked at her with his frosty aura suppressed, all that was left in his obsidian eyes was a sort of gentle warmth.

As she continued to peer into them, she could detect a hint of glee in his eyes.

Is he smiling?

The thought caused Rosalie's heart to skip a beat.

Meanwhile, Theo was oblivious to what was going through her mind. He was just worried that the spoilt Rosalie would give him grief if the swelling on her face didn't go down.

As a result, he applied the ointment meticulously, just like how he always did for his sister at home.

When he was finally done, he got to his feet and reported in a casual tone, "There you go."

In that instant, he noticed the uncomfortable look on Rosalie's face. Even her ear lobes had turned red.

What's wrong with her? Is she worried that I might have scratched her face?

After putting the ointment back on the table, Theo tactfully took a step back.

Rosalie, too, looked away as she picked up the spoon on the table obediently. For once, she finished her supper without making a fuss.

Once she had finished and it was time for her to rest, Theo waited for her to head upstairs so he could leave.

Unexpectedly, halfway up the stairs, she instructed him to follow her.

“Guard my door tonight. Remember, if you leave, even for a single step, you will no longer be needed in Tilan Palace,” she warned.

There was only one fate that awaited those who weren't needed there-death.

As his gaze darkened, Theo followed her upstairs with an emotionless face.

That night, Rosalie could only remember that it was the best sleep she had gotten in a very long time.

However, when she opened the door after waking up, she saw Theo, who was supposed to be standing at attention, hunching forward and supporting himself with his hands on the railing. He looked as if he could no longer stand the pain that he had long endured.

“Theo, w-what's wrong?”

She hesitated before calling out to him from behind his back.

At the sound of her voice, the figure in front of her froze. Rosalie then watched as he gradually straightened his body and turned around to reveal an extremely calm face.

Unfortunately, it was one that was frighteningly pale.

On top of that, when she saw the sweat beading his forehead, she was rendered speechless.

“Ms. Rosalie, you're awake. Can I go back and get a change of clothes? I don't want to sully you with the stench of my overnight sweat when we go out later,” Theo plainly requested with a cold look in his eyes.

Rosalie, whose eyes were filled with concern, froze when she caught the look on his face. All of a sudden, she was flooded with rage.

“You're useless!”

After admonishing him, she turned around and returned to her room.

Bang!

The door slammed shut loudly behind her.

Standing there watching, Theo didn't feel any fear at all. Instead, intense hatred was the only emotion in his bloodshot eyes as he stared at the door.

With that, Theo proceeded to leave.

Along the way, his usual walking pace had slowed down to a heavy-footed trudge, while his body was no longer as upright as before.

It wasn't until he slipped back to his room and reached his hand into his shirt that he realized it was all covered with blood.

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"Theo, what are you doing? Hurry up! We are leaving."

Samson was already outside urging him.

When Theo heard him, he could only clean his wound casually and change into a clean set of clothes before coming out of the room.

Samson started nagging, "Why are you taking so long? We are about to leave in ten minutes time. If we are late, Ms. Tilan will tell US off again."

When Samson saw his partner, he could not help but grumble at his tardiness.

By the look of it, he did not like the unpredictable mood of their employer as well.

There was not much reaction from Theo. He only said calmly, "Let's make a move then. Why are you gibbering so much rubbish?"

With that, he went downstairs.

Samson followed suit.

"I heard you were made to stand guard outside for her for the entire night? Tsk, tsk. No wonder you look so awful. Did you manage to eat anything? Here, take this bread and eat it."

This man isn't too bad after all. Seeing that I'm suffering, he actually offers me his breakfast.

A few minutes later, the two men arrived at Tilan Palace.

Before they could reach the grand main entrance of Tilan Palace, they could sense the tension among those glamorous young girls from afar.

"Ms. Rosalie, I heard you hit Ms. Shannon yesterday?"

"That's right. What's wrong?" questioned Rosalie who was standing in her high heels.

She was not afraid of admitting to her act of violence even when she was questioned by Shannon's elderly maid.

The old lady became furious.

"Ms. Rosalie, you are the older sister. How can you hit your younger sister? No matter how esteemed your position may be in Tilan Palace, that doesn't allow you to bully others. After all, she's your biological sister."

"Haha!"

With her arms around her, Rosalie exuded an air of arrogance.

"Is this a joke? You said so yourself that I have an esteemed position. She's just a wh*re born by a mistress. Why am I not allowed to teach her a lesson? Believe me.

I will kill her if I want to."

"You!"

The elderly maid was infuriated.

As for Shannon, she was glaring at Rosalie with eyes full of hatred.

Rosalie!

In the end, both Samson and Theo saw an even more beautiful girl walking up to stop the fight.

"Enough! stop fighting. We are all sisters. What's there to fight about? Shannon, hurry up and get into the car. Don't make Rosalie angry anymore."

"But-"

“Behave yourself!”

That girl stared at Shannon, and immediately, Shannon got into the car without another word.

Once Shannon was gone, only Rosalie was left. That peacemaker walked up to Rosalie and held her hand intimately.

“Rosie, don’t be mad anymore, okay? She’s only a child. Why must you hold a grudge against her?”

Her gentle advice made her appear as if she was the best sister in the world.

However, Rosalie turned around and flashed her an ambiguous smile. The next moment, Theo and Samson heard something that made their jaws drop.

“Naturally, I won’t hold a grudge against her. If I want to, it will be against you. Mikaela, that slap from you last night was really harsh. Are you aware that I was in pain for the entire night?”

“Really?”

Melinda froze.

Rosalie nodded. “Yes. That’s why I won’t be going after that silly girl today. Melinda, just wait and see. I will make you suffer in school today!”

After threatening her sister, she stomped away in her high heels.

She looked so much like...

Samson was so stunned that his mouth was wide open. There was no reaction from him for the next couple of seconds.

This family is full of lunatics!

Theo was also silent momentarily before he regained his senses and hopped onto the bikes that were meant for the bodyguards.

On the way to the school, Theo and Samson wondered what the situation was like in the car. However, by the time they arrived at the school, they saw a very different side of the three sisters.

Samson was dumbfounded.

Shannon shouted, "Why are the two of you standing there? Come over and help me down."

Melinda also chimed in, "Come here now!"

Rosalie said nothing.

Both Theo and Samson went over as per their instruction.

Rosalie pointed at Theo and ordered, "You! Go in with me!"

Samson looked at Theo with sympathy.

Shortly after everyone walked into the school, it was only then Theo finally saw the best school in the whole of Southeast Astoria for the nobility. It was rare to find something so spacious, well-equipped, and resplendent in Astoria.

Rosalie was a freshman. The moment she walked into the school, she went straight to her building.

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Theo quickly followed her.

He initially thought it would be a calm and peaceful day at the university. However, when Rosalie went to the washroom after two classes, she accidentally stepped on something and fell on the floor. *Bang!*

"My god. Someone fell!"

The commotion caused the girls in the washroom to shriek in shock.

At that time, Theo was waiting outside the washroom. Once the girls screamed, he couldn't care less about anything else and rushed into it.

Rosalie had collapsed onto the floor and passed out when he arrived. Also, a pool of blood was found under her head.

Theo's expression turned grimmer when he glanced around the area and saw a few rolling marbles near the door.

About ten minutes later, Samson swiftly brought Rosalie out of the university and admitted her to the hospital.

As for Theo, he didn't follow Samson to the hospital but headed toward the neighboring faculty building.

"Theo, what are you doing?"

"Tell Shannon to come out now." Theo didn't intend to waste his time greeting them. He immediately asked the two bodyguards at the entrance to tell Shannon to come out.

As he expected, the bodyguards were unwilling to heed his instruction.

"Who do you think you are? Will Ms. Tilan come out just because you want to see her?"

"Exactly. Don't treat yourself as somebody just because Ms. Rosalie values you now. Do you know that in Tilan Palace, even if your boss is humiliated, she will have no chance to fight back."

"Hahaha..."

With that, the two bodyguards chuckled mockingly.

As they were laughing, Theo squinted, deep in thought.

Suddenly, he recalled the injury on Rosalie's mouth and face on the night she was beaten.

/ understand what happens now! Apart from her sisters, even the subordinates are bold enough to bully her. They would only gloat over it even if they saw Shannon beating her!

After a while, Theo decided to ignore them and entered the building.

"How dare you-"

Crack!

Before the bodyguard could finish, Theo threw him to the ground as fast as lightning. The next moment, everyone around could hear the sound of bones breaking.

My goodness!

Another bodyguard was shocked by the sight.

Just as he wanted to help, Theo threw a kick at him like an eagle that had been lurking around its prey.

Before the bodyguard could figure out what happened, Theo's two fingers were only about an inch away from his eyes.

"Theo, please calm down"

At that moment, his body trembled.

Theo's claw-shaped fingers in front of his eyes sent shivers down his spine.

How terrifying! How did he do it?

Fortunately, Theo decided to let the bodyguard off the hook and throw him onto the floor. The bodyguard quickly entered the classroom and brought Shannon out.

She said in a shivering voice, "W-What do you want? I'm Ms. Tilan. If y-you dare lay a finger on me, my father won't let you off the hook."

"Give it a try then," Theo responded coldly.

The next moment, he dragged her out of the building like a dog before the crowd.

Everyone on campus was shocked by the sight.

It was their first time seeing someone laying a finger on Ms. Tilan. More shockingly, the one who did it was the family's bodyguard.

Is this the so-called family-fight?

Everyone began to feel excited about it.

After a while, the crowd grew even more emotional, for Theo took Shannon to the building of students of higher grade, where her sister Melinda belonged.

This is going to be interesting.

As such, they waited patiently for a good show.

Thump!

Soon, someone kicked the door of Melinda's classroom open and threw Shannon into it like a sandbag.

Shannon was right in front of Melinda when she fell onto the floor.

“Ah!” Shannon shrieked in pain and burst into tears before her sister.

In the meantime, Melinda was rooted to the floor once she saw Shannon.

As she looked up at Theo, her pure-looking face turned into a ferocious one.

“What are you doing? Do you want to die?”

“This question should be asked by me. Ms. Melinda, have you thought about how you would like to die if something untoward happens to Ms. Rosalie today?” Filled with disgust, Theo asked Melinda, who had finally shown her true colors.

Melinda’s face changed once she heard the accusation.

“What are you talking about? What do you mean by something untoward? I have no idea about what happened. Why are you going berserk before me?”

“Is that so? In that case, do you want me to find you some proof?” Theo asked her back expressionlessly.

Nonetheless, the woman was not intimidated at all.

“Sure. Go ahead. I won’t resist if you can find any so- called proof. Nevertheless, if you can’t find anything, prepare to die!” she retorted ferociously.

Theo didn’t respond to it.

Slowly, he turned around and scanned the classroom. When he saw a laptop on the podium, he came up to it and began typing.

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Chapter 1958

Everyone waited for the scene to unfold with bated breath.

A few minutes passed before a clip played unexpectedly on the black projection screen.

“That w*nch! Mel, you’ve got to help me get even.”

“What’s the rush?”

The familiar figure that appeared on the screen caught everyone’s attention.

Isn’t that... Melinda?

They turned to Melinda, the lady who had spoken harshly to Theo just a minute ago, feeling shocked. Melinda felt just as shocked as everyone else when she saw the clip.

How is this possible?

Of course, that wasn’t the main point.

She couldn’t believe her eyes when she saw the scenes she had deleted beforehand played on screen.

The only thing was that it was taken from a different angle.

“Are you sure she will step on these beads?”

“Don’t worry. These aren’t glass beads. These are particles that will freeze once it comes into contact with water. It will dissipate into thin air once she crushes it.”

Melinda was carrying a bag of crystal beads as she spoke to Shannon in the footage.

Shannon immediately broke into a smile.

She left not long after with the bag. The next scene showed Shannon scattering the powder all over the restroom.

Oh my gosh!

The crowd went into a frenzy as the truth finally came to light. Everyone, including the bystanders, turned their gaze toward Melinda and Shannon.

“My, my. These two have always called Rosalie out for bullying them. But who would have thought that they are the real culprits?”

“Yeah, especially Melinda. We’ve always thought that she was the one getting bullied among those three since she always put on an innocent front.”

“Yeah. This is scary. She is the real b*tch here.”

Everyone was furious.

They stared at Melinda and Shannon with shock, disappointment, and disdain written all over their faces.

Melinda finally lost it as she sat there shivering in fright. She couldn't even keep her composure anymore at this point.

She knew Hugo would stand by Rosalie no matter how much they bullied her once everything came to light. After all, she was the child of his legitimate wife.

"Prepare to face the consequences of your actions."

That was all Theo said before he left.

At the hospital.

Rosalie found out about the incident two hours after it happened. She was already awake as of this moment.

"You mean to say Uncle Zylan has brought those two b*tches back home?"

"Yes, Ms. Rosalie," Samson replied.

Rosalie, who was lying on the bed, lowered her eyes as she felt her heart bursting with joy.

Warmth coursed within her heart with the knowledge that someone out there cared for her.

The ward had quietened down by the time Theo arrived.

He entered the ward to check up on Rosalie's injury. However, he never expected the girl lying on the bed to wake up once he arrived.

Theo was rendered speechless.

"You're back?"

"Yes."

Theo retracted his gaze as he returned to being poker-faced.

Rosalie would have flown into a rage in the past. After all, she hated it when the people around her turned into expressionless robots.

Especially when she had taken the initiative.

However, she wasn't mad at the moment.

"What do you want? Spill." She smiled as she felt a warm blush rise to her cheeks.

Theo was stunned.

"I don't want anything."

"What I mean is... You've helped me out this time around. So I can grant you one wish, and I will fulfill it." Rosalie was on the brink of losing it.

What a blockhead.

Luckily for her, he finally got it after she made things clear.

He gave it some thought.

"I can wish for anything?"

"Yes, anything."

"Okay. Then, can I move into Rose Garden? I've offended so many people on your behalf today. I'm worried I might get killed if I stay in the same place."

Theo finally made a request.

Her face grew hot under his scrutiny.

"Y-You want to move in to Rose Garden?"

"Is that a no?" Theo frowned. "If that's not possible, then..."

"It's not a problem!"

Those words effectively shut him up.

Theo shrugged in response.

That's better. The place is huge. So I won't take up much space anyways. I wonder why is she being so fussy over it?

He left the ward soon after.

Rosalie immediately lay down and buried herself under the blanket as soon as he left.

Her heart was beating so fast she felt as if it was about to jump out of her chest.

He was the first person she had allowed to move into Rose Garden after her mother passed away.

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Chapter 1959

Chapter 1959

Theo moved into Rose Garden that very day.

The rest of the bodyguards in Tilan Palace felt envious when they found out about the news. Even Samson had something to say about Theo's elaborate scheme.

"Way to go, Theo. No wonder you were so keen on sending me off to the hospital that day. That move got you into Rose Garden."

Theo kept silent.

He didn't move into Rose Garden because of Rosalie.

Nobody knew that he wriggled his way in because he had a mission to accomplish.

Theo scrutinized the map of Rose Garden until his gaze finally landed on Rosalie's deceased mother's room.

"Are you sure Hugo's trading records in the black market are kept in this room?"

"Yes." Lana's firm voice sounded through the earpiece.

"He is a sly old fox. According to our investigation, Tilan Palace's penthouse is just a bluff. He keeps all his secret documents in his legitimate wife's room."

Lana added to support her explanation.

Theo frowned upon her words.

Who would have thought that this old fox still harbor feelings for his legitimate wife?

Just as Theo was about to switch off his earpiece to prepare for tonight's action plan, he suddenly heard voices coming from the direction of the penthouse through his other earpiece.

"Mr. Tilan, our spies sent word. The Jadesons has not been planning the engagement ceremony."

"Oh?"

Theo could tell that Hugo sounded very surprised through his earpiece.

"Why not? I thought we've confirmed that his eldest son is getting engaged?"

"Yes, but they have yet to make a move since then. But don't worry, Mr. Tilan, there isn't any action from Sebastian yet as well."

Zylan immediately added to ease Hugo's worries.

Is Sebastian one to sit on his hands? If that's the case, then why did he cancel his eldest son's engagement party?

Hugo fell into deep thought.

On the other hand, Theo, who had been eavesdropping on their conversation, was equally shocked.

lan's engagement ceremony has been canceled? Why?

Could it be there has been a change in the circumstances in Jadeborough? But Uncle Devin knows about this. And he said he wouldn't tell Daddy just yet.

If that is the case...

Theo started to worry.

He decided not to drag it out anymore. He would strike tonight and leave this place as soon as he gets his hands on Hugo's trading journal.

Theo walked out of his room.

"Theo, Ms. Rosalie called for you."

"Got it."

He nodded and headed toward the second floor where Rosalie was without another word.

However, much to his dismay, he saw Rosalie throwing a mug hysterically at the housemaid when he reached the door. She did all this while lying on the bed.

“What is this? Are you trying to poison me?”

“I wouldn’t dare. Please, Ms. Tilan. I would never dare do such a thing.”

The housemaid was so scared that she immediately fell to her knees.

Theo’s face darkened when he saw the scene unfold before him.

He despised willful and arrogant women like her. He preferred women who were kind, obedient, and cute, or women like his sister, Vivian, and his aunt, Sabrina.

Even Timothy’s girlfriend, Zaylynn, seemed like a much better person than Rosalie. *Zaylynn is an heiress too, but she most certainly is not spoilt rotten like Rosalie!*

Theo entered the room with a grim expression.

“You may leave. I’ll take care of this,” he said to the housemaid on the ground, who was shivering with fright.

The housemaid immediately cleaned up the broken pieces of glass on the floor and fled the room.

Theo then turned to face Rosalie whose head was wrapped in bandages.

“Ms. Tilan, I suggest you hold your temper if you wish to get a foothold in the Tilan family. Things will only get harder if you make everyone here your enemy since you don’t have anyone to back you up.

“Are you trying to teach me a lesson?”

Rosalie’s temper flared upon his words. She wasn’t expecting to be reprimanded by Theo when she called him over.

However, Theo remained unfazed.

“I’m just giving you some advice. It’s up to you to take it or not,” he said patiently.

He could have kept the words to himself. Nevertheless, he decided against it since he had been using Rosalie all this while. Moreover, he would be leaving tonight. Hence, he reluctantly gave her some pointers.

Yet, being the ungrateful woman that she was, Rosalie retorted.

“Hehe. Who do you think you are? Need I be reminded of what to do? Do you think you can step all over me now?”

Rosalie started calling out for her bodyguards once again as Theo stood before her with a frown.

This is ridiculous!

After a few minutes, he was escorted out of the room by her bodyguards. They imprisoned him in the basement and told him to reflect upon his conduct.

How childish!

Suddenly, Theo was filled with joy as he stared at the dimly lit room. *Idiot. This will only make things easier for me.*

He quietly took the needle out of his pocket sleeve.

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Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 1960

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When dusk came, Rosalie began to regret her decision.

*Should I free the b*astard?* Rosalie ruminated over the thought as she tried to come up with good reasons to do so.

Nevertheless, Rosalie had a hard time lowering her pride. At that same moment, Lacey had sent out someone after her to bring her to Lace Boudoir so they could settle the issue of Rosalie being hit in the head by Melinda and Shannon on campus.

Thus, Rosalie left Rose Garden.

That night, Rosalie did not return to Rose Garden. However, something happened late in the evening. All of a sudden, it was as though Tilan Palace had been shaken by a storm. Every bodyguard charged into Rose Garden by full force.

Even Hugo was amidst the crowd!

“Mrs. Tilan, something’s wrong. I just saw a lot of people heading for Rose Garden, including Mr. Tilan himself.”

“What?”

Lacey bolted up from her seat in shock.

Everyone else in Lace Boudoir had a shift in their expressions, especially Rosalie. She shot up from her seat and jerked her head around to look behind her as the color drained from her face.

If Father is personally involved, this is definitely not a good sign.

Without hesitation, Rosalie darted back to Rose Garden.

Upon arriving in the brightly lit courtyard, Rosalie was immediately greeted by the sight of men dressed in black suits. As expected, all of them were carrying weapons with murderous expressions written on their faces.

Rosalie paled even more at the sight.

“What... what are you guys doing here? D-Did something happen?”

Rosalie had never felt so shaken in her entire life.

Grabbing one of the bodyguards standing in front of her, Rosalie asked for clarification in a quivering voice.

The bodyguard turned around. At the sight of Rosalie, he hesitated before explaining, “Ms. Rosalie, you’re in grave trouble. Something has been stolen from the safe in your late mother’s room.”

“Huh?”

Rosalie’s knee went weak at the news. It was as though she had been struck by lightning!

The safe?

How could this be? The safe has always been inside Mother’s room. No one has even touched it ever since she passed. And now all of a sudden, they’re saying that something’s stolen? How could this be?

Shell-shocked, Rosalie felt her head buzzing as she struggled to think.

Just then, Hugo emerged from within the crowd. He was holding an empty box with a look of pure rage on his face. Upon seeing Rosalie, Hugo raised his leg and kicked her heavily on her chest.

“Ahh!”

At the impact, Rosalie fell to the ground. Instantly, blood began gushing out of her mouth.

“You fool! Look at what you’ve done! You’ve led our enemies straight into our home! I’ll kill you! I’ll kill you!” With bloodshot eyes, Hugo snatched the gun from the bodyguard next to him and aimed it at Rosalie.

Rosalie did not move an inch. It was as though time was frozen still.

Fortunately, as the scene played in front of their eyes, Zylan braved himself and stepped in to relieve the tension. At the end of the day, Zylan had watched Rosalie grow up. He could not bear the thought of the girl being killed.

“Mr. Tilan, please calm down. As of now, what we should focus on is getting our hands on Theo-if that’s really his name. It’s not too late to deal with her after we caught the thief.”

Thud!

To everyone’s surprise, right after the house steward voiced out, an enraged Hugo tossed the former a hard kick as well.

“You dare mention that man? Weren’t you the one who hired him in the first place?”

“Ah!”

Zylan fell to the ground. His body ached so much from the kick that he could barely stand up.

“You’re right. It’s my shortcoming. I deserve to die. It was me who allowed this to happen. However, may I ever so humbly ask for another chance, Mr. Tilan. I will find that b*stard and bring him back. By then, you can shred him to pieces to your heart’s content.”

With his knees still on the ground, bitterness flooded Zylan’s voice as he begged for mercy. Even so, a malicious glint flashed across his eyes at the word “b*stard.” ‘

On the other hand, Rosalie merely watched on. She was still sprawled on the ground as fresh blood continued to flow from the corner of her mouth.

After what felt like forever, Hugo finally tucked away the gun in his hand and turned his venomous gaze to the bodyguards in the courtyard instead.

“Why are you people still standing here? Lock down the island this instant! Activate the laser systems! Let’s see how that rat plan to escape the island now!”

“Yes, Sir!”

With that, the bodyguards swarmed out of the palace.

With much effort, Zylan pushed himself off the ground. Seeing that Hugo was about to leave, the former asked cautiously, “Mr. Tilan, what about her?”

Of course, he was referring to Rosalie.

At that moment, Rosalie was like a shell of a person. She sprawled on the ground, unaware of the movements around her and oblivious to the pain of her wounds.

Her still small voice echoed in her blank mind.

“N-No. That’s not possible. It’s not real. No. No...” Rosalie muttered to herself as she stared into space in denial.

Even when she had been dragged into and locked inside her room, she was still repeating the same sentence over and over.

How is this possible? After all these years, he is the first person that I have opened my heart to. How could he turn around and use me instead?

In a daze, she sat motionlessly on the floor. It was as though her soul had been sucked out of her body.

Meanwhile, the men from Tilan Palace enhanced the security of the island and locked it down to prevent Theo from escaping the island before their search for the runaway.

“Who’s there?”

At even the slightest motion, the men immediately pointed their guns in the direction of the movement.

After all, their order from Hugo was to eliminate the target, whether he was found dead or alive.

“False alarm.” To their disappointment, they realized quickly after the commotion that the noise was caused by a mere street cat. Suppressing their anger, the troop continued their search.

