

## Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1951

### Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

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 Emmenuels 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

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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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"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 underaged, 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.

## **Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1957**

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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.

## Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1958

### Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 1958

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\*inch! 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.

## **Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1959**

### **Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover**

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.

*Ian'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.

## **Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1960**

### **Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover**

Chapter 1960

Chapter 1960

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.