

# Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 1134

Her small face was a mess of tears, and snot was bubbling out of her nose. It was a heartbreaking scene.

Ian's beautiful eyes narrowed.

Staring at her chubby finger, he spotted a red wound there, and his expression promptly darkened.

"Who did this to you?" he demanded, tugging off his bowtie to wrap it around her finger.

Vivian fell silent.

I've never seen Ian so mad! She recoiled in fear.

"Ian—"

"Did the violinists do that to you? This is caused by the violin strings. Am I right?"

Ian was smart enough to deduce that after glancing at his sister's wound.

Before the girls could brag about that incident to their mother, the air suddenly turned still.

Coming to a stop, they spotted the girl who they scared away earlier.

A young boy about her age with chiseled features tugged her over to them.

"Did you both hurt my sister?" he demanded icily.

Hearing his words, the girls immediately broke into mocking giggles. "Oh, so you ran off because you got hurt. I was wondering why you didn't continue earlier!"

Their words caused Vivian to duck behind Ian fearfully as tears welled up in her adorable eyes.

The last hint of warmth disappeared from Ian's eyes.

“Continue with what?”

“Oh, nothing. When she asked to play with us, we told her we’d play with her if she could play our violin. She couldn’t even play the violin but insisted on doing so and ended up cutting her finger!” They burst into loud giggles after explaining what had happened.

Mortified tears rolled down Vivian’s fluffy cheeks.

“Oh, I see. Why don’t we compete, too? I shall play a piece. If you can learn it, I’ll give you this,” an icy voice suggested.

Ian had a smartwatch on his outstretch palm.

“Wow, isn’t that a Qubbly watch? It’s a popular brand overseas. Only a few of us managed to get it in the country.”

“Yes, you’re right!”

Both girls gazed at the watch greedily.

Indeed, the watch was an expensive one.

Thus, they agreed without hesitation. “Sure. What are you going to play?”

Ian cast them a frigid glare. “You don’t have to know. Just play it after I do. But I have a condition—if you fail to play it, you need to receive a punishment!”

“What punishment?”

“Get hurt the same way she did!” Ian declared icily.

Is he a fool?

The girls shared glances after hearing his ridiculous request.

Vivian hurt herself after insisting on pressing the strings with her tiny fingers, but they were experienced violinists.

They couldn’t believe he’d make that request, let alone think they’d lose the bet. Is he that good? Can he even play the violin?

They paid no heed to his words.

After they gave him a violin, Ian placed it on his shoulder and started playing a piece.

Re mi so mi re mi so...

It was a song that stunned all listeners!

He started off with a lively and exciting melody that soon ascended into a birdlike croon. His fingers flew deftly across the strings to create a melodious song that attracted the attention of practically everyone in the garden, including the two girls.

Oh, he can play the violin well! He's really good at it!

They froze in shock. Ian glared at them in the middle of his piece and followed up with a tricky and demanding chord.

He's terrifyingly good! Not even our teacher can do that!

The color drained from their little faces within seconds, stunned by the turn of events.

Two minutes later, Ian finished playing the last note and placed the violin down, casting a petrifying look in their direction.

"Play it now!"

Alas, they clearly weren't capable enough to play the challenging piece.

Their bodies trembled as they turned to make their leave.

Ian was at a loss for words at their cowardly antics.

"Wait, why are you leaving already? You haven't received your punishment yet!" Another tiny figure arrived.

The girls stopped in their tracks when they realized a young boy who resembled the genius violinist was stopping them from leaving.

"Matt!" Vivian called out while clapping her hands in excitement.

Matteo's eyes crinkled into a boyish smile. "Be patient. I'll take revenge for you now!"

"Okay!" Vivian chirped in a happy manner.

Matteo grabbed the girls' hands before they realized what was going on.

This time, the violin strings had indeed emanated a horrendous sound as the girls let out ear-splitting screams at the same time.

## Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 1135

When Sasha saw the girls running into the living room, she nearly spilled her drink in shock.

Oh, dear. What happened? Why is there blood all over their hands?

"Mommy, I have a broken finger!" One girl burst into noisy tears.

"Look! Mine, too!"

As their wails resonated in the living room, the women bristled and rose to their feet.

"Broken? What happened? How did you break your finger?" Dorthea jolted up in a mixture of horror and shock before running to her daughters.

Everyone else couldn't hide the surprise on their faces as well.

One of the girls complained, "The Jadeson twins cut our fingers."

"Yes, he pressed our fingers and slashed them across the violin strings. Mommy, it hurts. We can't play the violin anymore, right?" another whimpered sadly.

The guests turned livid when the girls revealed what had happened.

How can an eight-year-old boy do such a vicious act? They are violinists. Now that their fingers are crushed, their efforts over the years will be wasted!

Dorthea dashed over to Sasha. "Mrs. Jadeson, I demand an explanation!"

Sasha was rendered speechless.

Having no idea what was going on, her heart skipped a beat in panic.

“Mrs. Oveson, calm down. We don’t know what happened back there. The most important thing now is to treat their injuries and stop the bleeding. Once they’re safe, we can question my children to find out what happened. Is that all right?” she suggested in a careful manner.

Dorthea spat in disgust. “Are you trying to shirk your responsibility? Dream on! Even if you’re the House Speaker’s wife, you need to provide an explanation. Otherwise, I won’t let you leave this villa!”

She then ordered the guards to get the kids from the garden.

The mistress of the house, Helma Bjerre, made no move to stop her.

Sasha blanched. She stood up, about to go to the kids, when the three of them ran into the living room.

“Mommy, someone cut Vivi’s finger and bullied Ian. Mommy, are we here as guests? Why did everyone bully us? Let’s ask Daddy to bring us home!” Matteo pouted and complained angrily when he spotted Sasha.

His mother was stunned. “Matt? Are you telling the truth?” she asked, concerned.

Matteo raised his sister’s hand. “Yes, Vivi wanted to play with them, but they forced her to play the violin. When she couldn’t play it, they cut her finger instead.”

Silence ensued.

“There was a boy who forced Ian to play his Rubik’s Cube. Ian ignored him and got insulted in return. If I hadn’t arrived in time, he would’ve beaten Ian up!” Matteo declared in a heated manner.

Being the most eloquent speaker among the three of them, he swiftly pushed the blame onto someone else and made them the victims.

They had been discriminated against and attacked back in the garden.

Dorthea was seething in a fury. “Nonsense! You cut my daughters’ fingers! How dare you lie and claim they harmed your sister?” she demanded.

Matteo raised his head and retorted smugly, “If you don’t believe me, check the surveillance tapes in the garden.”

A hush descended over the living room.

Yes, he's right! There must be surveillance cameras in a representative's house.

Finally, Sasha calmed down and shot Helma an icy glare.

The latter had no words.

She thought she could enjoy the show without doing anything but had to relent under the cold gaze and summon her men to retrieve the surveillance tapes.

When the tape was played, everyone saw with their own eyes how the two girls forced Vivian to play the violin.

After Vivian hurt her finger, she went to her brother for help.

How did the girls cut their fingers, then?

The surveillance tapes showed Ian demanding an explanation from them. After they lost the bet, they tried to harm Ian and ended up cutting their fingers in the fight.

"No! Mom, the surveillance tapes had been altered! We didn't cut our fingers in the fight. He was the one who scraped our fingers across the violin strings!" both girls shrieked.