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Hence, it was customary for the Director of Internal Medicine to hand over the patient to Sasha.

She took a glance at the medical record and was surprised to see the familiar name.

“Baylor? Is he back?”

Her eyes widened in disbelief.

Stunned by her reaction, the director asked, “Do you know him?”

Sasha nodded. “Yes. I was his consulting doctor for two days when he was previously admitted for lung cancer.”

“I see. Then I guess you two need no further introductions. Great. You’re the best option for him.”

The director knew the patient was in excellent hands.

Speechless, she watched her superior leave. For a long time, she remained in a daze, holding the medical record.

Hold on. Didn’t Baylor transfer to the hospital in Moranta? Why is he back? Did his condition worsen?

Just then, his pale and smiling face came into her mind. Things weren’t exactly great when they parted ways the last time. Being a doctor, it was demoralizing to see the patient making zero progress after treatments.

Ten minutes later, Hazel came over. Like Sasha, she was also new to the hospital.

“Macy, the director says we’re in charge of Baylor, right?”

“Oh. Yes.” Sasha nodded right away and headed to the ward with her colleague.

“Macy, please be careful with this patient. He’s not an amiable man. I wouldn’t want you to get into trouble for rubbing him the wrong way.”

Since they used to be fellow interns, Haley thought it was best to remind her.

Are we talking about the same person? The Baylor Sasha remembered was the exact opposite.

“He doesn’t seem like a difficult person to me.”

“Are you serious? Haven’t you heard of what happened during his last admission? A couple of doctors were fired because he wasn’t satisfied with them. We can’t afford to piss him off.”

At that moment, Sasha was dumbfounded.

That doesn’t sound like the man I know. During the two days when I was his consulting doctor, Baylor would cheer me up whenever Sebastian picked on me. Maybe it’s just a rumor.

Sasha gave little thought to it as she entered the VIP ward with Hazel.

Twenty-four hours after the surgery, their patient was still unconscious when they came. Lying on the bed in the intensive care unit with tubes all over his body and an oxygen mask on his face, he looked peaceful.

“I heard that there’s no cure for him. This time, the surgeon merely dealt with the internal bleeding. It’s impossible to remove the cancerous growth without killing him,” Hazel commented upon seeing Baylor’s closed eyes.

The man looked dashing, even in his condition.

With that, Sasha let out a long sigh. The depressing outcome frustrated her.

The two doctors carefully recorded their patient’s vital signs and data from various devices. Then Hazel left with the numbers while Sasha stayed behind.

The Whites were a prominent and influential family. At their insistence, a doctor was always monitoring Baylor in the intensive care unit until he regained consciousness.

Sasha sat in a chair by the window as she waited.

Meanwhile, at the elementary school, Vivian was arguing with her teacher over a Maths question.

“We’re not supposed to solve it like this. My teacher says this isn’t the proper way to learn. Your method works, but it’s not the correct solution to the question!”

Angry tears brimmed in her eyes as she stood in front of the class, risking punishment from her teacher.

The Maths teacher had to teach her students by following the local educational system’s textbook solution. Although simple subtraction was used, the question was also a test of the kids’ mindset. They had to work out the number of ducklings left after a few were captured.

The concept was foreign to Vivian. When she and her brothers attended Empire Elementary, the best elementary school in Avenport managed by Hayes Corporation, the teachers used a more holistic approach to engage with the students.

Later, in Miralaea, they had the most professional and elite private tutors in the market.

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Vivian could never understand the logic to the question that developed a child’s mentality with calculus. To her, math itself was all about numbers. The subject had no relevance to other factors.

Nevertheless, the teacher was utterly pissed by her gesture.

“Where did this kid come from? How could we have such a stupid student in our school?” the teacher complained.

With that, she made Vivian stand outside the classroom as punishment.

Vivian was heartbroken; tears the size of beads rolled down her cheeks. I miss Mommy, Ian, and Daddy.

Finally, the lesson ended. The children swarmed out of the room, ignoring her.

“Look at her. She’s the one who argued with the teacher earlier.”

“Who does she think she is? How dare she doubt the teacher? What a fool!”

“That’s right. She’s a fool!”

“Hahaha...”

The continuous mockery was followed promptly by jeers and snickers.

Vivian, who had not yet recollected herself, hit rock bottom again.

“I’m not a fool. You guys are!” she yelled and glared at the bullies.

“You’re the fool. You can’t even solve a simple math question!”

“That’s right. I bet her parents are uneducated. Hey, where are your mom and dad? Don’t they teach you at home? Or is there no one in your house?”

Vivian was absolutely livid.

In just a few minutes, the teasing spread throughout the entire school. Her identity as the fool stuck. Suddenly, she was no longer the new transfer student.

Indeed, some people were evil by nature.

They were only kids, yet they attacked a peer with such brutal words.

In the end, Vivian ran out of the school, bawling her eyes out.

I’m not a fool. And I have a family. I’ve got Daddy and Mommy and Ian.

Sobbing, the girl wandered aimlessly on the street.

“What’s wrong, darling? Why are you crying and alone?”

Many good Samaritans stopped to check on Vivian. One lady walked over and placed a hand on her shoulder firmly.

“Hey, Pumpkin? Why are you crying here alone? Where’s your mom?”

“Mommy, Mommy...” Vivian wailed.

She was too overwhelmed with sadness that she couldn’t remember where her mother worked.

The passer-by had no choice but to carry her up.

“Forget it. Let’s go to a police station and let the officers sort this out. I’m sure they can find your careless parent in no time.”

Right then, someone called her.

“Opal Garden Academy? Got it. But I ran into a lost girl on the street. I’ll have to send her to the police station before I can do your delivery.”

So she makes a living doing deliveries. Her next location is Opal Garden Academy?

Vivian stopped crying when she heard the familiar location.

That’s right. I heard them saying they would be studying in Opal Garden Academy back at Oceanic Estate. They lied about bringing me along. In the end, I was sent to this school, where I got bullied.

She started sobbing in despair. “I want to go to Opal Garden Academy too...”

“What?” The passer-by was stunned momentarily. “Do you want to go to Opal Garden Academy?”

“Yes... M-My brothers a-are there. I want to go find them.” Vivian choked on her words.

The passer-by was heartbroken upon seeing that.

With Vivian’s naturally cute features, her crying would melt anyone’s heart.

Though doubtful, the passer-by decided to walk her there.

What kind of place is this Opal Garden Academy? A fancy name like this indicates it’s an ivy-league school. Ordinary students won’t be able to go in. Are her brothers really in there?

After they arrived at the school, Vivian mentioned her brothers’ names, and the teacher went inside to call them. A short while later, a pair of good-looking twins walked out.

“Matt... Ian...”

Vivian could no longer hold back her emotions. She cried and stumbled her way toward them.

The boys dashed to her. The trio immediately held one another tightly.

“What happened? Were you bullied? Why are you crying?”

“Stop crying. We’re here.” The twins hugged their sister and comforted her.

They expressed their care differently, but both were filled with utter wrath and worry.

Who the h*ll dares to bully Vivi?

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Vivian finally felt secure in her brothers’ embrace. She eventually calmed down.

“Alright. Tell us now. What happened? You and Mommy left suddenly, and we could not reach you. Where have you been? Where’s Mommy?” Matteo probed.

Right then, Ian also let go of the hug and stared at her with concerns.

Vivian stared at them and took a deep breath before replying, “That old man chased us out. He said he would not allow Mommy to take care of Daddy and you two.”

“I knew it was him!” Matteo was utterly enraged.

Right then, a dark expression loomed over Ian’s face as well.

He never liked Jonathan from the start. And now, he hated him even more.

“What happened after that?”

“Mommy went to find Uncle Devin. He arranged a place for us to stay, and he got Mommy a job at the hospital. No one is home to take care of me, so Mommy sent me to a school. I-I...”

As Vivian mentioned that, her eyes began brimming with tears again.

Matteo, who grew up with her, instantly understood what had happened to her.

“Bast*rd! How dare she bully my sister!” He stomped his feet in exasperation.

Ian’s expression was gloomy, but he was more composed compared to his brother as he asked Vivian for more details.

Only then did she elaborate on the grievances she had suffered in school. Her cheeks were wet when she finished telling her brothers about the bullying and scolding.

“Son of a b*tch!”

Matteo saw red. He wanted to murder the teacher, and those who had bullied his sister.

Ian stopped him immediately. “Hold on a second. There’s no way you can go out like this. Surely that old man is watching outside.”

“What then? We can’t just drop it!”

“Of course not. I’ll never allow anyone to bully Vivi. You wait and see.” Upon saying that, Ian stood up and went out.

A few minutes later, the guards who sent them to school every day showed up.

“Listen to me carefully. We’re going to Sakura Elementary School now to get revenge for Vivi. You have two options—send us there, or we’ll disappear in front of you.”

Ian did not intend to hide their plan at all.

Matteo widened his eyes at his twin in bewilderment.

Is he out of his mind? How could he tell them the plan? They will surely try to stop us!

Those guards cast a condescending and amused look at Ian

“Mr. Ian, are you kidding us? Did you just say you’ll disappear in front of us?”

“That’s right, Mr. Ian. We know you don’t like to come to this school, but it’s useless to threaten us.”

As expected, they did not take the boy's words seriously.

Ian glared coldly at the men and turned around to walk out of the classroom.

The guards were left in total befuddlement.

After a few minutes, they suddenly heard a white noise in their walkie-talkie earpiece. Then it was complete silence.

"What's this?"

They were stunned momentarily, unable to wrap their heads around it.

Upon seeing the guards' reaction, Matteo understood what Ian wanted to do. He pointed at their cell phones and the watches on their wrists.

At that moment, it startled the guards when they realized their phones had lost signal while their watches and tracking devices had malfunctioned.

They were beyond horrified.

"You guys..."

"Relax. We want you to understand the fact that we're good kids. Haven't we been behaving well all this while? So listen. After we settle Vivi's matter, everything will be fine."

Matteo shrugged his shoulders, acting all innocent.

Those guards' heart fell with a thud, utterly intimidated by the two boys.

An extensive entourage walked out of the school minutes later. Their sole purpose was to go to Vivian's school for revenge.

Meanwhile, after their sister left school, no one seemed to bother to look for her. Even the homeroom teacher did not ask why a student was missing.

"Who are you guys? No outsiders are allowed to enter the school during school hours."

"Really? No one is allowed in? But a student allowed to go out?" Matteo sneered at the despicable security guard at the gate.

“Kid, what’re you talking about? During school hours, no one is allowed in or out!”

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“Is it? Then how did my sister get out?”

Matteo did not hold back at all as he carried Vivian out of the car.

The color drained from the guard’s face instantly. Before he could explain, the Jadesons’ guards came out of the car and brought him down mercilessly.

“Until next time then!”

It’s the right choice to bring them with us.

The three kids entered the school under those guards’ escort. On their way to Vivian’s classroom, some students playing in the school compound started mocking her.

“Look! The fool is back.”

“I thought she would never come back after running away. It looks like she has no choice but to come back.”

“Hahahaha...”

Vivian’s face paled at their jeers. She turned immediately into Ian’s embrace.

The latter’s face was now flushed red with fury.

However, before he could lash out, Matteo sauntered toward those students slowly.

“Who are you calling “a fool”?”

He was smiling, but his eyes filled with utter hostility.

Those students were from higher grades.

Their hearts skipped a beat at the viciousness in Matteo's voice.

After they saw his small frame, they got all fearless again.

"She's the fool. What can you do to us?"

"Come closer to find out."

Matteo wagged his finger at them tauntingly.

Unfazed, the bigger boys approached leisurely. "Here we are. What do you—"

Before they could finish their sentence, Matteo swiftly dealt each of them a kick in their knees.

Thump!

In the blink of an eye, he pounced on the bullies who were on the ground and rained punches on them.

What the f*ck?

Howls of pain caused an uproar among the other students.

Even the Jadesons' guards gasped in terror as they witnessed the viciousness from the twins.

It's impossible! Matteo and Ian are too young to be this good at fighting.

Everyone on the scene froze on the spot as they witnessed Matteo beat up those kids for a full five minutes.

The arrival of the teachers and school security finally put a stop to the beating.

"Mr. Matteo, that's enough! You'll kill them if you don't stop now."

"They deserve it! I'll kill anyone who dares to bully my sister!"

Matteo was still furious as he gave one last kick.

His atrocity flabbergasted the school personnel.

"Who are you guys? Why did you come to our school to beat our students?" they demanded angrily.

Ian cast a disdainful glance at them as he grabbed Vivian's hand and walked toward them.

"Vivi. Tell me. Which teacher asked you that stupid question?" He turned to his sister, ignoring the teachers.

Vivian leaned against Ian meekly and shifted her eyes toward those teachers.

D*mn that teacher.

After scanning around, she pointed at a woman. "That's her. She said that after the ducklings were caught, remaining ones escaped."

Rage started rising within her heart again.

Ian shot the teacher an icy glare that rendered the latter speechless.

Her heart skipped a beat when she recognized Vivian and the woman instinctively had an ominous feeling that something bad was about to happen.

"So it's you, Vivian. I only corrected your mistake. You didn't have to bring help with you and create a fuss in school. I need to speak to your parents about your absurd behavior. Call them now and ask them to come immediately!"

The teacher refused to admit she was wrong, as she pinned all the blame on Vivian.

Just then, Ian's lips curled into a menacing smile. "I'm her guardian. What do you want to talk about?"

"You?"

"Yes, I'm her brother. The one who beat those boys is also her brother. These men are our guards. Will you feel assured if we include them as our guardians too?"

It was hard to imagine Ian could sound so domineering only after a year.

Like Sebastian, the boy exuded the charisma of a born leader. At just six years old, Ian spoke with such confidence that commanded his audience's attention.

The teacher's face turned ashen at his words.

Guards? These kids even have their own guards?

This time, she panicked. Not every family could afford to have guards.

“That’s not what I meant... I only wanted...”

“What exactly do you want? Force your methods on everyone? Or do you want your students to accept your teachings blindly?”

Ian showed no mercy in provoking the teacher.

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At that instance, the teacher’s face went red from embarrassment.

She was just an ordinary teacher, after all. She merely followed the syllabus and taught the children based on the materials given.

An educator was supposed to be respected. However, a seven-year-old boy was lecturing her in full view of the whole school.

The teacher could no longer suppress her indignation. “I’m not a saint; I make mistakes too. Regardless, we’ve been using these questions as part of the syllabus all these while.”

“Is it? That’s a shame. The school my siblings and I attended overseas taught us differently.”

“What?”

Gasps of surprise could be heard from the crowd.

Overseas? They used to study abroad?

The revelation was a blow to their hearts, especially the teachers, as color drained from their faces.

“Let me tell you. When we were studying overseas, the teacher said Vivian was the smartest and pure-hearted kid in the class. My sister’s great potential and the simplicity and diversity of her thoughts impressed her. With a bright and promising future, how could my sister be a fool in this school?”

For a while, there was a dead silence.

With that, a hint of ridicule crept into Ian's smirk.

She doesn't deserve to be a teacher. Besides the issues with her teaching methods, the way she treated Vivian was proof that she lacked the fundamental qualities of an educator. Was she too egoistic?

Eventually, Ian made a clear stand to the school administration for the immediate dismissal of this teacher.

His decision naturally shocked the chief administrator.

"It's fine if you refuse. I can go back and make a call to replace all of you with a new team."

At that juncture, the Jadesons' guards weighed in.

At the possibility of losing their jobs, several school leaders swiftly cast their votes in favor of the teacher's immediate dismissal.

Many others wasted no time flattering Ian with various suggestions, including assigning another teacher for Vivian and transferring the girl to the class of elites.

The twins ignored all the suggestions and engaged in their private discussion.

"Ian, I think we should let Vivi go to Opal Garden Academy with us."

"Yes. You read my mind."

Ian had resumed to usual aloof self.

The guards hastily voiced their objections. "No way! Old Mr. Jadeson personally saw to arrangement to have you both enrolled. Vivian has not anything about the paperwork. She's not eligible to be a student at the academy?"

"That's your problem to solve."

"What?"

"You must have a way. I'm sure you wouldn't want us to keep coming here, would you? It could be dangerous."

Matteo beamed, and his eyes curved into crescents.

The guards relented.

F*ck these kids!

The twins quickly devised a plan on how to bring Vivian with them to Opal Garden Academy. To prevent their mother's suspicions, the guards would go to Sakura Elementary School to pick their sister up only after they confirmed Sasha was out of the vicinity.

The guards would send her back to Sakura Elementary School before the end of the school day.

They had no choice but to comply with the plan.

Meanwhile, Sasha waited for Baylor to wake up in the intensive care unit.

She took a glance at the clock. It was the end of her shift, but her patient continued to stay in a coma. Sasha got up from her seat, getting ready to switch with Hazel.

The moment she was on her feet, Baylor moved.

"Mr. White? Are you awake?"

She immediately turned around when she heard him move.

What a timing. I've been waiting for the whole day, yet he chooses to wake up now. Soon, he gradually opened his eyes.

"It's... you."

As expected, Baylor recognized her right away.

Sasha lowered herself as she placed her stethoscope on his chest to listen to his heartbeat.

"Yes, Mr. White. It's me. How are you feeling? Are you in any discomfort or pain?" She did a routine check on him, asking the usual questions to gauge his condition.

The patient's self-awareness is vital upon waking up from surgery.

Baylor furrowed his brows as though he were in pain. Cold sweat started forming on his pale forehead.

“It hurts...”

Sasha was suddenly at a loss. Pain was inevitable after the general anesthesia from surgery wore off.

Nevertheless, she took out a syringe, lifted the blanket, and jabbed the needle in a few areas around the surgical wound.

“This should give you some temporary relieve when the pain is at its worst. After that, you should feel better.”