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Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 1431

Chapter 1431 Advice And Persuasion

In the end, Ichika obediently followed Solomon back.

Solomon didn't think much about it, assuming that she was overwhelmed for the time being when such a matter happened and would be fine after some time.

Hence, besides accompanying her in the hospital room in the following two days, he spent the rest of the time dealing with his company affairs.

Two days later, Sasha and the others had to leave since Christmas was just around the corner.

"Solomon, stay and take care of Ichika here for a few days. Bring her back with you before Christmas, and we'll have dinner together," Rufus urged.

That was a remark that induced much jubilation and anticipation.

"Sure," Solomon agreed right away.

Ah, I've never spent Christmas with so many people in all my years!

Subsequently, Sabrina said that she would be holding the fort at the company until he returned.

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The only aberration was with Sasha and Sebastian. When the former saw such a buoyant atmosphere, she couldn't resist asking the man beside her, "Sebby, shouldn't we apprise him about the matter?"

Sebastian, however, was much more sensible.

"And what would we say? Tell him that Ichika is hiding something from him? That's unnecessary. At times, some things have to be handled by the people involved. It's just like us back then. If my father hadn't interfered, would we have wasted so much time with endless detours?"

He brought up their past all of a sudden.

Hearing that, Sasha was immediately frozen to the spot.

He's right. Back then, it was a misunderstanding that could've been easily resolved, but because of Frederick's presumptuous meddling in our affairs, we were tortured and were apart for five whole years.

She ended up dismissing the idea of poking her nose into their business, but she still went to see Ichika before she left.

"Ichika?"

The hospital room was exceedingly quiet, more so than ever since everyone was busy bidding Solomon farewell.

Sitting on the hospital bed and spacing out while gazing out the window, Ichika instantly turned around when she heard the voice. "Sha? Why are you here?"

She was rather surprised, and at the same time, a tad panicked.

Why would she be so panicked for no reason?

Upon seeing that, Sasha was all the more convinced about her husband's analysis of the matter.

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"Well, I'm here to visit you. We're going back since it's going to be Christmas soon. Ichika, we'll all be waiting for you in Avenport, so get well quickly and come back with Solomon, okay?" she urged gently, sitting on the edge of her bed and grasping both her hands.

Ichika's head snapped up at once.

"Sha, d-do you all not hate me?"

"Hate?" A trace of bemusement showed on Sasha's face. "Why would we hate you? Why would you say that?"

"I-I..."

Ichika's eyes abruptly turned red, and she swiftly hung her head. She struggled for a long time before she finally forced the words out from between her teeth like a kid who had done something wrong.

"I-I was going to kill my sister. Do you all not hate me and feel that I'm repulsive?"

"Of course not!" Sasha promptly denied. "I even think that you did a great job! That sister of yours is vicious and heartless. Have you forgotten that it was me who set her up with the janitor at the hot spring?"

In a mere second, Ichika jerked her head up. She stared at her cousin, who proclaimed that proudly, at a loss for words.

"A-Are you serious?"

"Yeah, why? Didn't you know that? Oh, I thought you knew. Anyway, the entire Hayes family is aware of that. As that sister of yours set my brother up back then, I was furious and set her up as well."

Sasha explained everything in detail.

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Naturally, she didn't sound as though she had anything to hide. Instead, she was so nonchalant that it was as though she was only upholding justice by meting out the punishment.

But in reality, that was indeed what someone like Himari deserved.

Only then was there some reaction on Ichika's part. For the first time, a glimmer of life shone in her eyes after she had strangled her sister with her own hands.

It was as though one had been teetering on the edge of the cliff for a long time and had finally grasped a ray of light.

"Then... did Sebastian not say anything about you doing all that?"

"What did he say?" Sasha pondered for a moment. "Oh yes, he said I should have covered my eyes when I watched. He also said that I was too depraved and to leave such a thing to him in the future."

She proceeded to tell Ichika all about her husband's reaction that day.

Ichika's round, black eyes widened, and her jaw that had dropped open remained gaping for several seconds.

That was something she had never heard because she never imagined that a man would indulge his wife so much that he wouldn't get irate even if she did such a thing and even told her to leave it to him in the future.

In that case, is there actually no need for me to bear such a heavy psychological burden after having strangled my own sister? And perhaps Solomon will likewise not think that I'm a heinous woman?

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Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 1432

Chapter 1432 Kick Up A Fuss

No, that's still different. The reason I made a move against her wasn't that Himari was evil. Instead, it was because she had dirt on me, and I didn't want Solomon to learn about it. That was why I wanted to silence her. Therefore, I'm still wicked.

"Ichika?"

"Go back, Sha. I got it. Thank you."

Sitting on the hospital bed with her head lowered, the girl whose eyes had dimmed again didn't say anything else after saying that in a muffled voice.

At the sight of Ichika's crestfallen state, Sasha was rendered speechless.

It looks like this isn't the worry she's hiding.

Having no other recourse, she could only sigh before getting to her feet.

"By the way, Ichika, do you know the state Solomon was in when you were in the operating theater?" she glanced back over her shoulder and asked, suddenly recalling that when she had already reached the door.

Ichika lifted her eyes once more.

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Sasha then continued, “He was trembling all over. Unbelievable, right? I’ve known him for so many years, but it was my first time seeing him so terrified.”

Nevertheless, Ichika didn’t respond to that.

“Therefore, Ichika, don’t push him away. You’ve finally pulled him out of the abyss after much difficulty, so don’t shove him back into it. Promise me that, will you?” Sasha urged.

She stood at the hospital room door with eyes brimming with hope and imploration that would tug on the heartstrings of anyone who beheld her at that moment.

When Ichika jolted back to her senses, and the person at the door had also left, she clutched her chest and threw herself onto the bed. The pain was so harrowing that she couldn’t quite breathe, and tears escaped her eyes.

I don’t want to do that either! I never want to push him back into the abyss when I love him so much. But will he forgive me? If he were to learn that the eight-year-old girl back then was me, would he still forgive me? When the psychologist put him under hypnosis in Jadeborough, he found that there were three traumatic incidents that brought about his illness. One was the abandonment of his mother, Yancy, when he was a child. Then, it was the time he was bitten by a dog when his mother forced him to beg on the streets. And lastly, it was the humiliation he suffered when he first came to Jetroina when he was eighteen years old.

The doctor also said that if the incidents during his childhood were the seeds sown, then his life experience after he was eighteen years old was the true beginning of when hatred took root. Enduring the humiliation, he took over Sinch Enterprise before launching frenetic revenge against Hayes Corporation and Frederick Hayes. Actually, it was all because of that incident. So, was I the culprit who caused him to harbor that hatred back then?

She wept in the hospital room for a long, long time.

When Solomon returned after seeing the Hayeses off, he instantly panicked upon noticing her condition.

“What happened? Why are your eyes swollen? Did you cry?”

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He hastened over to scrutinize her, but Ichika abruptly shied away.

She turned her head away, her expression rather detached.

"I'm fine. It's just that my mother visited just now," she fibbed.

Sure enough, an intelligent person could lie flawlessly the second she opened her mouth.

Solomon truly didn't suspect anything. He merely frowned. "Why did she visit again? In that case, how about we just have you discharged? We'll stay at my house here. Then, your mother can't visit anymore."

After seeing that she cried, he even detested his own mother-in-law then.

Ichika was dumbfounded.

In that instance, it felt as though she had been stabbed in the heart since he had never pampered her that much in the past.

Why is this happening? He has finally recovered from his illness and accepted me! Yet, why did things come to this?

She clenched her fists so tightly that her nails dug deep into her palms.

"No, thanks. I'm going to the temple after I'm discharged."

"What did you just say?"

At once, Solomon's gaze snapped to her. Because he was hearing that for a second time, a trace of displeasure finally manifested on his handsome face.

"I don't want to hear that anymore. Be good, okay? I'll go and settle the discharge procedures for you now, and we'll leave right away." After saying that, the man spun around to go out and get the discharge procedures done.

As soon as Ichika heard that, she panicked.

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"Did you not understand me, Akiyama? I said I wanted to get a divorce! We can't be together anymore!"

At that moment, the man's expression turned as dark as night.

A divorce? Is she baiting me to teach her a lesson before she'd stop spouting nonsense? But well, that makes sense. She's just twenty years old, so it's only normal that she likes to kick up a fuss!

Solomon then whirled around again.

Glimpsing the expression on his face, Ichika promptly froze on the hospital bed. She had no idea what he wanted to do and merely stared at him blankly until the terrifying man stopped in front of her.

"W-What do you want from me?"

"What do you think?" he gritted out.

Without giving her an opportunity to gather her wits about her, he reached out and scooped her up from the bed, cradling her in his arms.

"Darling!"

Shrieking in fright, Ichika frantically wrapped her arms around the man's neck and reflexively blurted that familiar endearment in her panic.

When Solomon heard that, he finally smiled a little.

Sure enough, she needed to be taught a lesson!

That afternoon itself, he forcefully brought her to a villa he had there. As for her going to a temple, that's certainly impossible!

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Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 1433

Chapter 1433 Truly Gone Cuckoo

When Aoi saw no sign of her daughter upon arriving at the hospital, she gave Solomon a call.

“Mr. Akiyama, where did you take Ichika?”

“Don’t worry. She’s safe and sound.”

Solomon was still rather well-mannered, for he answered his mother-in-law amicably.

However, anxiety swamped Aoi after hearing that.

“She’s emotionally unstable right now, so you can’t simply take her away, Mr. Akiyama. Please hurry up and tell me where she is. I’ll go over to visit her,” she implored that son-in-law of hers.

Alas, Solomon didn’t grasp the meaning of that remark.

More accurately speaking, he had no inkling that Ichika lied to him. In truth, her mother hadn’t visited her, much less reprimanded her. Not knowing that, he sternly declined her visit.

Everything was normal until that particular day when he returned home after a trip to the supermarket to buy necessities. To his eternal shock, the moment he stepped into the

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house, he discovered that the girl whom he had confined in the house had shaved off her headful of lustrous, black hair.

Ichika had her back to him as she sat there cross-legged with a bald head. She seemed so unfamiliar that he almost couldn't recognize her.

"What on earth are you doing, Ichika Minamoto?"

Walking over, he gaped at the hair scattered all over the floor and the nun's habit on her that she had gotten from somewhere or other. For a moment, a storm of emotions brewed in his eyes behind his glasses.

"Have you lost your mind?"

"No, I haven't. Akiyama, I've long since said that I made an unforgivable mistake. I need to stay in the temple to obtain forgiveness."

Ichika regarded him quietly, her unfamiliar and indifferent expression one he had never seen.

Solomon couldn't even utter a single word.

Oh my God, she has gone mad! She has truly gone cuckoo!

He threw everything he was holding in his hands to the floor without saying anything. In a fit of rage, he yanked the girl up from the floor and dragged her into the room.

Meanwhile, Ichika was wholly stumped.

"What are you doing? Let go of me!"

Subsequently, all sound ceased.

Right that moment, Solomon, who had finally gone ballistic, showed his bloodthirsty side to her for the first time. That side of him hadn't made an appearance in a very long time.

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“Stop...”

Having no strength to resist, Ichika was roughly dragged into the bathroom. When the man tossed her under the showerhead after stripping her bare, she screamed so loudly that the entire villa could hear her.

Alas, it was all in vain.

This time, Solomon was truly incandescent.

After dragging her to beneath the showerhead, he turned on the faucet. Water poured down her in a torrent.

It wasn't until he had rinsed her clean and chucked her so-called nun's habit into the trash can did he snag a bath towel and wrapped it around her roughly.

Carrying her out, he then tossed her onto the bed.

“Akiyama!”

“You want to be a nun, huh? Okay, I'll grant you your wish!”

Soloman's solid body came down on her. In no time, the entire bedroom was filled with the man's heavy breathing as well as the girl's shrieks and struggles.

But when the two people joined together in the end, the screams faded.

All that remained was passion and wild frenzy.

Not only was the man in the throes of passion, but when the woman was brought to her limits, she trembled as she tried her best to keep her moans to herself.

It wasn't until the very end when her eyes glazed over that she again called out, “Darling...”

Hah! She really needed to be taught a lesson before she'd behave!

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The next morning, there was no longer anyone next to Solomon when he woke up.

His eyes swiftly shot open.

“Ichi...”

He wanted to call out to her, but as soon as he sat up, a wave of dizziness assailed him. He then fell back heavily.

“You’re finally awake, Mr. Akiyama?”

Someone heard his voice and immediately hurried in.

Lying on the bed, Solomon turned his head and glanced over. A moment later, his expression changed once more.

“Why are you here? Where is Ichika?”

“I’m sorry, Mr. Akiyama. We only rushed over after being notified of this. When we arrived, Mrs. Akiyama was already gone.”

When his subordinate heard that question, he instantly dropped to a knee before the bed with a guilty expression on his face.

Words eluded Solomon.

An inferno of fury blazed within him, and he propped himself out of bed despite his spinning head.

Argh! How dare she? I’m going to kill her when I catch her later! She now dares to go against me, huh?

He quickly set out with his subordinates.

The initial plan was to go straight to the temple.

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Unexpectedly, he caught sight of a white car waiting there no sooner had he exited the villa community.

When the person in the car saw that he had finally come out, the car door swung open. A kindly middle-aged woman in a royal blue woolen coat and a string of precious jewelry around her neck climbed out of the car.

“Mr. Akiyama, are you on your way to look for Ichika? Let’s have a chat first.”

It was none other than his mother-in-law, Aoi.

Solomon’s eyes narrowed a fraction.

Twenty minutes later, Solomon chose a window seat and sat right across from his mother-in-law in a leisurely cafe in the city’s central square.

“What would you like to drink?”

“Anything will do.”

Aoi flashed him a gentle smile.

She was both well-mannered and even-tempered. Despite the many things that had transpired in the Minamoto family recently, she had always been looking at the bigger picture.

And it was for that precise reason that Solomon still held some respect for her.

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Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 1434

Chapter 1434 The Truth

The wine was soon served. After pouring Aoi a glass, Solomon waited for her to speak.

"I know Ichika did some extreme stuff at your house yesterday and even ran away last night. That's mainly what I want to talk to you about today."

"Go ahead," said Solomon. He took a sip of wine and nodded at her.

Aoi began to speak. "I'm wondering, Mr. Akiyama, if you remember the time when you first came to Jetroina?"

"Huh?" Solomon looked up at her abruptly, surprised by the question.

A gloomy look came into his eyes, revealing his reluctance in discussing the subject.

"What about it?"

"I'm sorry for bringing this up, but I was hoping you would recall the time when you'd just entered your adoptive father's house. Do you remember a little girl who made you do certain things? That little girl was, in fact, Ichika."

For her daughter's sake, the woman no longer wanted to be tormented by the secret and decided to spit the truth.

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As she expected, the moment she finished speaking, the man immediately jerked up his head, staring at her with his face frozen in shock.

Aoi's heart sank when she saw his reaction.

"Yes, that's the truth. Throughout these years, Ichika's always kept a close eye on you and feels sorry for what she'd done to you back then. That was why, back when your adoptive father came to our house with the marriage proposal, my eldest daughter said no when she saw that he was representing you, but Ichika stood out for you."

She had decided to spill the whole truth now, sparing no details, including this one.

She really hoped to plead on her daughter's behalf. After all, the girl was only eight back then. How could such a little girl have known any better?

Back then, Ichika was brought there by her parents. Hidden behind the curtains, she became impatient after a long time waiting and could not wait to go home.

When she realized the banquet was not ending simply because the guests could not stop fussing over the teenage boy, she was struck with the thought of how she usually dismissed the servants at home. Thus, she scolded the teenage boy and made him wash her feet while kneeling before her, just like a servant.

After that, she was brought home. Only after her parents reprimanded her did she understand what a grave mistake she had made.

Aoi's eyes were slightly reddened. "I know how insulting that incident was to you at the time, and I know I have no right to plead for forgiveness on Ichika's behalf. But if you could forgive her, I-I would be very grateful!"

With that, she bowed her head apologetically.

However, Solomon remained motionless.

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He was, at that moment, utterly stunned by the truth that Aoi had just revealed to him. He could not quite wrap his head around the fact that the little girl hidden behind those curtains back then and the woman he had married was one and the same.

In fact, he was a little furious.

He remembered when Yancy had just relocated him to Jetroina against his will. Back then, he had never wanted to become Yamada's adoptive son at all.

After enjoying ten blissful years with the Wands, the last thing he wanted was to go back to the days where he had to be subservient to others at all times.

Despite that, he was still forced to kneel for ages at the Tsurka residence that day. Toward the end of the day, he even had to wash a child's feet and bow to the child as well.

For a long time after that, those scenes had remained in his heart like an untouchable thorn, festering and breeding hatred.

Aoi waited for his response with her head bowed, but he gave her none.

For almost five minutes, he merely sat there with a terrifying expression on his face, completely silent and still.

Suddenly, Aoi's eyes dulled as she finally understood what his reaction meant.

Not wanting to disturb him any further, she got up and politely excused herself.

Resigned to the fact that the situation was simply beyond salvation, she returned to the temple.

Just as she expected, Ichika, who had proclaimed she would devote herself to prayer, had been anxiously waiting for her return the whole time.

She turned toward Aoi eagerly. However, upon seeing her returning alone, she immediately caught on.

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Lowering her gaze in disappointment, she turned away from her mother just as a single teardrop fell from her eyes and trickled down her cheek.

"Ichika..." Aoi's heart ached at the sight of her.

Sitting down beside her, Aoi could only try to comfort the girl as best as she could. "Perhaps he has a hard time accepting the truth right now. Give him some time. I'm sure he'll come in another two days."

"It's all right, Mom," replied Ichika, forcing a smile through her tears. "I did something wrong. It's only right that I stay here and repent. You can go home now."

With that said, she picked up the scripture in front of her and began reading it.

Aoi watched her speechlessly, full of sadness and regret at the way things had turned out.

However, since there was nothing else she could do, she eventually left and headed home.

For the following two days, just like Ichika predicted, only silence ensued in the temple. No one came to visit her, nor did she receive a single phone call or text.

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 1435

Chapter 1435 He Appeared Like A God

It was indeed as if the man she was waiting for had disappeared from the face of the Earth. Or perhaps he had gone back to his home country.

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On her fourth day at the temple, Ichika carried two big wooden buckets and headed off to the river to fetch water. Snow had fallen earlier, and the land outside the temple was a vast expanse of white.

Having been pampered since little, this was no easy feat for her. With arduous effort, she had finally managed to lift the buckets of water off the ground when she suddenly lost her footing.

Thunk!

The girl tumbled to the ground, and the buckets immediately slipped off her fingers, which were by then red and numb from the cold.

At that, she finally burst into tears and wailed uncontrollably, especially at the sight of her hands that were bleeding from being cut by the sharp ice on the ground.

She was, after all, just a twenty-year-old young woman.

Suddenly, the sound of footsteps crunching on snow and ice sounded, and a moment later, a pair of black handmade men's leather boots appeared in front of her.

"Huh?" Teary-eyed, she blinked and then lifted her head.

"So, are you enjoying your new life of silence at solitude at the temple?"

The man who had just appeared before her glimmered under the dazzling sunlight like a god that had just descended from heaven. The sight was so surreal Ichika thought she must have been dreaming.

"H-Hubby?"

"Who's your hubby? You're a nun now. Where would you get a husband?"

Gazing down at her loftily, the man wore a cool expression on his handsome face. Even his eyes were chilly as he gazed at her unwaveringly.

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Ichika fell silent.

Her face paled a little as she averted her gaze and struggled to get off the ground.

He's right. I don't have a husband anymore. I guess I am really dreaming.

Once she got back on her feet, she picked up the two cracked buckets and began staggering in the direction of the temple.

"Think carefully before you take another step, Ichika. If you choose to go back to that place now, I am going to leave and never come back again. I'm not as selfless as you imagine. I'm only an ordinary man, vulnerable to hate and resentment like everyone else. I only came here today to give myself a chance, as should you!" Solomon's voice rang out from behind her.

He did not attempt to coax her.

From his bloodshot eyes, it was evident that he had endured the past few days in a torturous state.

Thus, the words he just uttered were not altogether pleasant to the ears either. Instead, they went straight to the point and conveyed his attitude plainly.

Besides, he had just recovered from his illness. The fact that he had even managed to do this was already beyond himself.

If it were the past, he would have returned to his home country by now, and Ichika would indeed have become a stranger to him.

Ichika jerked to a halt and froze as if she had just turned into a statue.

Then, as though an invisible hammer was pounding in her chest, all the hurt, pain, and hopes that she had held inside instantly broke free and rose to the surface of her heart.

Tears sprang into her eyes once again.

"Y-You don't blame me anymore?" She turned toward him, tears streaming down her face.

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Gazing at her, Solomon did not answer but asked instead, "Well, did you do those things on purpose back then?"

"Of course not!" Ichika shook her head, unable to stop weeping. "I didn't mean any of it..."

"All right, then. That's all that matters. I no longer want to think about the past anymore. You saw how I came out of that dark abyss with your own eyes, too. Let's give ourselves one more chance, Ichika."

His gaze and tone softened, and he was beginning to sound like the kind man she used to know.

Hearing that, Ichika felt a burst of ecstasy spread through her heart.

Dropping the two buckets in her hands, she launched herself into his arms.

"Hubby!" she called out to him with the familiar nickname.

Diving into his embrace, she wrapped her arms around him tightly like a lost child who had finally found a home and bawled her eyes out.

It was as if he was her salvation.

Previously, she had been his, but now their roles had switched.

Aoi, who had been watching the entire scene from afar, shed tears of joy in the car.

"Mrs. Minamoto..."

"Let's go home. Mr. Minamoto will be glad to hear about such good news," said Aoi, wiping her tears. With that, they left the temple and headed home.

Two hours later, in a first-class shopping mall in Terrandya, Ichika had resumed her usual lively character, eyes shining brightly.

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“Does this look good on me, Hubby?” she asked, indicating the new wig and clothes she was clad in.

“Mm-hmm,” came Solomon’s reply.

He watched her silently.

By now, he had mostly understood what his heart really wanted.

For the past few days, shut in his villa, he had had the impulse of immediately leaving the city and returning to his homeland countless times, but throughout none of those times had that decision made him feel half as good as he did right now.

Perhaps a hint of bitterness still lingered in his heart, but he was certain, at that moment, that he could not possibly feel more contented.

They went back once they were done shopping. Seeing as Christmas was merely four days away, Solomon began preparing to return to his home country with Ichika in tow.

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