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## Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover

### Chapter 1581 - 1585

Chapter 1581 Worried About Her

Similarly, the housemaid was surprised to see Vivian at the villa.

"Ms. Vivian, why did you come home? Are you feeling unwell?"

"Yeah..." Vivian averted her eyes from the housemaid's worried gaze and nodded.

Without waiting for a reply, Vivian headed upstairs and spent the rest of the night in her room. No one knew what was going on with her. On the next day, the housemaid realized that Vivian's condition had worsened.

"Ms. Vivian, why are you coughing?"

"Huh?" Before Vivian could explain, she uncontrollably coughed non-stop.

Seeing this, the housemaid was about to contact Vivian's teacher. She thought that Vivian should spend the rest of the day resting at home.

But when Vivian learned of this, she snatched the phone out of the housemaid's grip. "I'm not going to apply for a leave. I'm all right. Besides, I have an important class that I need to attend today!"

"But—"

"Don't worry. Could you please prepare breakfast for me? I'm going to school after taking my breakfast," Vivian interjected. Hurriedly, she put down the phone and pushed the housemaid out of her room.

After scarfing down her breakfast, she quickly headed out with her backpack over her shoulders.

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She waited expectantly for Kurt as the bus made its way to the city center. However, even after the bus had arrived at the city center, Kurt did not show up. Vivian's hopes were crushed.

Wearing a mask, Vivian huddled in the corner of the bus, and tears began to well up in her eyes.

Finally, she got off the bus when she arrived at the school. Although Vivian was hit with a flurry of sniffles and coughs, no one showed up to express their concern. In the end, she trudged to school with a heavy heart.

Even during lessons, Vivian found it impossible to focus on her study.

Her gloomy demeanor worried Sonia. "Vivi, what's the matter? Did your sickness get even worse? I thought you had recovered yesterday."

Sonia placed her hand on Vivian's forehead. Immediately, she was shocked by how warm Vivian's skin felt.

Vivian merely rested her head on the table without answering her. The gloomy mood that plagued her two days ago had returned.

In the end, Sonia could only watch on helplessly.

During recess, Sonia could no longer watch on. She planned to drag Vivian to the school's infirmary. She could not bear to see Vivian in such a dreary state any longer.

At that moment, one of their fellow classmates approached them. "Vivian, someone's outside looking for you."

"Huh?" Vivian looked up with a confused look.

Likewise, Sonia was equally puzzled.

Outside? Where? Is that person outside the class or campus?

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Hand in hand, the duo went outside to have a look. At the entrance, they caught sight of a tall young man waiting for Vivian.

“Kurt?”

Sonia was stunned by his sudden appearance.

Meanwhile, Vivian’s tired eyes widened when she saw him. She froze on the spot.

Sonia was right. That person was Kurt.

As usual, Kurt still wore a hoodie and canvas bag. Yet, there was a grim look on his face at that moment. His face darkened when he noticed Vivian’s flushed cheeks.

“Let’s go. I’m taking you to the hospital,” he stated curtly.

“What?” Vivian and Sonia were taken aback.

Their reactions caused Kurt to scowl. “Sonia, please help her apply for a sick leave.”

“Huh? Oh, s-sure!” Sonia stammered. If my memory serves me right, it’s the first time he has ever addressed me. I can’t believe he remembers my name.

Before she could react, Kurt had already grabbed Vivian’s hand and dragged her away.

Vivian followed him and got into the car. Her thoughts were still so muddled that she couldn’t think straight.

Throughout their entire journey to the hospital, not a single word slipped past Kurt’s lips.

Around twenty minutes later, they finally arrived at the hospital’s entrance. Kurt paid the fare and held Vivian’s hand before they got out of the car.

When Vivian felt the warmth of his palm pressed against hers, her heart skipped a beat.

Her mind went blank instantly.

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Prior to their little spat, Vivian had used to hold Kurt's hand like this too. Back then, she had never thought much about their intimacy. In fact, she had thought that she was holding Kurt's hand just like how she held her brothers'.

But when Kurt held her hand, Vivian had a different feeling. She realized that she didn't treat him as her brother.

Deep down, she was as happy as a lark.

At the same time, Vivian felt as though she had regained what she'd lost previously.

Vivian bit her lip as she stared at their hands. Overwhelmed by the happiness surging in her, she got teary-eyed.

With a low voice, he asked her, "Are you feeling uncomfortable?"

"Yeah." Vivian looked up at Kurt with teary eyes.

## Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1582

Chapter 1582 Keeping Him Around

Kurt stared wordlessly at Vivian.

He gritted his teeth and leaned forward, scooping Vivian into his arms.

Vivian yelped in surprise, and she hastily flung her arms around his neck, clinging on for dear life. Her eyes were as wide as saucers.

What the heck is he doing?

She blushed furiously, having never been carried by a boy before today.

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Kurt was not faring any better, though he quickly focused on bringing Vivian to a doctor. His mind was whirling with anxious thoughts.

Why is she unwell? Didn't she recover yesterday? Why is this recurring?

He rushed toward the emergency department and declared, "Doctor, she's very ill. Please take a look at her."

"Huh?"

The doctors bustling about the department lifted their heads to stare at them in confusion.

It was only then that Vivian understood Kurt's intentions, and she was both furious and embarrassed by his actions.

She pleaded, "I'm not that sick. Please put me down."

Kurt refused, much to her chagrin. He held her in his arms until a doctor approached them and directed them to a hospital bed.

I'll die from embarrassment right now!

A few minutes later, the doctor completed her examination and frowned.

She asked, "What's wrong? This is just a simple bacterial infection."

Vivian dared not meet the doctor's questioning gaze.

Kurt did not seem to share her embarrassment. Instead, he sighed in relief at the doctor's assessment.

The doctor prescribed some medication for Vivian afterward. After finding out that Vivian's illness had recurred despite a check-up just two days ago, the doctor recommended a blood test to confirm Vivian's diagnosis.

Blood test?

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Vivian immediately paled when she heard those two words.

Pain or needles did not frighten her, but she simply could not stand the sight of blood, no thanks to a bloody and traumatic experience in her childhood.

Kurt received the test slip and was about to lead Vivian to the blood test station when he noticed that she froze on the spot.

He asked, "What's wrong?"

"N-Nothing," Vivian stammered. "I probably fell sick because I forgot to use my blankets last night. I-I'm fine. Let's just skip the blood test."

She lowered her head, her hands fiddling anxiously with the corner of her blouse.

Kurt was at a loss for words.

Suddenly, he remembered what Sebastian had told him about back when he was brought into SteelFort and given orders to protect Vivian.

She doesn't have any issues except for a phobia of blood. She had it after witnessing a gory incident when she was six years old.

The phobia apparently extended to anything that shared the color of blood.

Kurt frowned. How could I forget such an important detail?

"Don't be scared," he coaxed.

"What?" Vivian jerked her head up.

Kurt reached for Vivian's hand in response. His palm seemed unusually warm and comforting, a surprising but welcome change from his typically cold hands.

The physical contact had Vivian in a daze. Kurt took advantage of her state and brought her to the blood test station.

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The cold needles, the stinging disinfectant odor, the IV tubes—Vivian suddenly snapped out of her stupor and shivered uncontrollably.

She instinctively shrunk into herself, surprised when a warm hand covered her eyes.

Vivian's mind went blank, and she could not remember anything that happened afterward.

The next thing she remembered was sitting on the grass field outside the hospital, a cup of water warming her hands.

"Do you feel better?" Kurt asked.

There was the slightest hint of tenderness to his tone.

Fiery and passionate, it was not, but his concern enveloped her like the residual warmth of the sunset rays. She felt comforted and protected.

Vivian nodded in reply, still clutching the cup of water to her chest.

She said, "I'm feeling much better. Are we leaving?"

Truthfully, she was reluctant to leave.

Will he still visit me after I return? If I seek him out after today, will he behave as he did on the first day of school? Steer clear of me like the plague?

Vivian lowered her gaze, hiding the fact that her eyes brimmed with tears.

Kurt stood up and offered, "Okay. I'll send you home."

Sebastian had promised him a new assignment after his final exams. Though his exams were long over, Kurt would continue protecting Vivian until Sebastian's orders said otherwise.

Sending her home was naturally part of his duties.

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He did not know his offer would cause Vivian to suddenly perk up. Her downcast eyes lit up with excitement as she exclaimed, "Sure! Let's go home!"

The discomfort that had plagued her body earlier seemed to dissipate instantly. She was now dragging Kurt off with gusto.

If he follows me back, I'll have a new way to keep him around.

## Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover

### Chapter 1583

Chapter 1583 Pride And Innocence

Kurt and Vivian took a cab back to her villa that afternoon.

The atmosphere was nowhere near as awkward as before. Vivian was uncharacteristically silent during the ride, biting her lip from time to time.

Kurt noticed her behavior and repeatedly asked if she was feeling uncomfortable.

Vivian hastily shook her head in response.

Unbeknownst to him, she was hatching up a plan to keep him around.

Do I pretend to be sick? No, that's too unrealistic. The maids in the house will do a better job of taking care of me. Hmm. What excuse can I use then?

Vivian was frustrated.

By the time they arrived at the villa, she had come to the demoralizing conclusion that his departure was imminent.

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To no one's surprise, Kurt made no move to leave the cab as he said, "We're here. You can head inside."

Vivian paused in thoughtful silence as she remained seated in the cab. A faint blush colored her cheeks, and she blurted, "Aren't you coming in too?"

"What?" Kurt was understandably perplexed.

Vivian closed her eyes, steeling her nerves before uttering pettily, "I want you to send me inside. You're my bodyguard now, and you have to obey all my orders."

Kurt stared at her wordlessly for several seconds before alighting from the cab.

Vivian kept her eyes shut until she heard him close the car door. Then, she collected herself and exited through the other side of the cab, her heart racing a mile a minute.

She was elated that her plan had worked.

Assuming the role of a boss had Kurt tailing her obediently like a shadow. He seemed to be taking her words a touch too seriously as he continued to follow her even after entering the villa.

Vivian was exasperated.

I just wanted him to come in. He doesn't need to follow me to every corner of the house.

She began feeling uncomfortable after Kurt showed no signs of leaving her alone.

Eventually, she stammered, "Y-You don't need to follow me around the house. Just wait in the living room. We can eat together when the kitchen has finished cooking." She even avoided his gaze as she prepared to sprint for her room.

Vivian thought she was about to die from mortification.

She was in for a surprise when Kurt caught up to her just as she turned to leave.

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He stated woodenly, "This is my duty as a bodyguard."

His statement felt cold and impersonal, and Vivian found herself at a loss for what to do.

Why is he angry? It's really scary. Did I say something wrong again?

Vivian had never been a particularly tactful girl, having enjoyed a pampered childhood courtesy of her parents and her two older brothers. As a result, she grew up into an innocent, naive teen.

Kurt's indecipherable expression confounded her deeply, as did his continued silence.

He stared forward indifferently, and his expression was frosty and unapproachable.

Vivian quivered in anxiety, her eyes beginning to well with tears.

Finally, she stared into his eyes and exploded, "Go now. If you don't want to stay here, then leave. I won't force you to stay or pester you any longer. I will never bother you in the future either, and you're free to do whatever you please. Happy?"

She clutched her bag to her chest like a shield and sped for her room.

Kurt froze in shock.

He could not deny that he had acted coolly toward her, yet his heart clenched at the sight of a tearful Vivian running for her room.

A weird feeling assailed his chest when she said she would no longer pester or bother him in the future.

He forced his legs to move and caught up to her right before she entered her room.

"That's not what I meant," he uttered, grabbing her wrist to halt her.

Vivian stopped running and turned to look at him.

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Her face had gone splotchy with tears. She had never felt this humiliated in the seventeen years of her life.

She sniffled a few times as she waited for him to speak.

Meanwhile, Kurt was struggling to come up with an explanation for his earlier hostility.

The sight of her tearful face felt like a stab straight to his heart.

Why did I take out my anger on her? She doesn't know a thing. If she knew any better, I wouldn't be living like this over the past five years.

Kurt pursed his lips before saying, "That's not what I meant. I just wanted to see you safely to your room."

Vivian continued to stare at him, valiantly trying to blink away her tears. Alas, two fat tears rolled down her face.

Kurt stiffened and averted his gaze.

He was too stubborn and proud to admit to Vivian that he had been upset earlier. I guess that makes me similar to her father in some ways. Ah well, I'd sooner bow to her every demand than attempt to explain my earlier behavior.

## Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1584

Chapter 1584 A Room

Kurt's surprisingly caring statement seemed to be exactly what Vivian needed.

She immediately stopped crying, and her devastation quickly gave way to joy.

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"You're staying, then?"

Kurt sputtered, "I'm going to school."

Wiping her tears, Vivian reasoned, "You won't have classes every day. My brothers told me that university class schedules are shorter and more flexible. Plus, you won't be going there on the weekends. That has nothing to do with you staying here."

She looked like a child who had emerged triumphant in a play fight.

Kurt was speechless, and his heartbeat was quicker than he would like to admit.

He heard himself asking, "Sure you want me to live here?"

Vivian's eyes reddened with tears as she replied, "Of course. You said you'll protect me, right? Shouldn't my bodyguard live in the same place as me? And you've always lived with me in the past."

It had taken her a lot of courage to plead with him to stay. If he refused, Vivian did not think she could ever bring herself to utter these words to him again.

Her case made, Vivian waited nervously for Kurt's reply.

Thankfully, Kurt did not protest against her wishes. He turned his head away, communicating his agreement with his silence.

Vivian was so happy she could walk on air.

Later that night, she arranged for the household staff to prepare dinner for two and clean up one of the rooms for Kurt. She also asked a maid to stock up the room with some daily necessities.

A maid showed Kurt to his room after dinner. When he opened his room door, he was struck silent by the sight of clean sheets, a neat desk, and a bathroom stocked with an array of toiletries.

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Kurt's silence alarmed the maid, who wondered if he despised the pink lace-trimmed bedsheets they had used for his bed in a pinch.

Hastily, she explained, "I must apologize, Mr. Lopez. Ms. Vivian did not inform us about your stay until today, so we only have her bedsheets available for use. Rest assured, she has instructed us to replace these sheets by the weekend. Until then, we hope you won't mind using these."

Girly bed sheets were the least of Kurt's concerns.

He could not begin to describe his emotions upon learning that he had a tidy room to his name.

No one knows how I've pulled through the past year.

From the moment he admitted his identity in front of Vivian and took his stance, he had never expected to have a room of his own again.

Back then, he had been wandering through life like a lone wolf, living off the streets like a shadow.

He was a lost and lonely soul who believed that he would spend the rest of his life without a roof over his head.

This room was beginning to overturn his bleak outlook on his future.

When Kurt finally lay on the bed, he kept his arms stiffly on his side.

The muted feminine scent of the frilly sheets soothed the tension in his body.

He allowed himself to relax, and he quickly fell into a deep sleep.

Buzz! Buzz!

"Hello?" Vivian answered groggily, jolted awake by an early call to her phone.

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Sonia's voice greeted her ears.

"Hello? Are you still sleeping, Vivian? Didn't we agree to visit the farm today? We're almost outside your house. Please don't tell me you're still lying in bed."

Vivian's mind blanked for two seconds before she leaped off her bed in horror.

Argh! I'm doomed!

She washed up as quickly as she could and rushed downstairs without bothering to change out of her pajamas.

"Ma'am, where's Kurt? Where did he go?"

"Huh?"

The maid had been puzzled to see Vivian running around the house this morning. Vivian had sped from her room to Kurt's before running downstairs to accost the maid with a question regarding Kurt's whereabouts.

The maid answered truthfully, "I have no idea, miss. I haven't seen him in the villa at all this morning."

Vivian's excitement deflated instantly.

She had been rushing around the house to seek Kurt out and invite him to join them on their visit to the farm. She had been so eager to find him that she couldn't care less about her friends' imminent arrival.

How could he leave without a word?

Vivian was devastated.

Just then, a lanky shadow darted past the villa.

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Vivian's eyes lit up as she made to follow the shadow. Before she could take a step, Sonia and her friends had arrived. They hurried into the villa excitedly as though they were running for their freedom.

## Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover

### Chapter 1585

Chapter 1585 Please

"Vivi! We're-" They were trying to shout for Vivian to let her know they had arrived.

However, they were interrupted when they saw a figure standing in the garden of the villa. The figure turned around toward them coldly.

Everyone was stunned.

At that moment, they all felt a cold chill down their spines as the atmosphere turned ever so mystifying.

Who is that? Why is he so intimidating?

None of them dared to utter another word.

Upon taking another look, Sonia finally recognized the beautiful face the young man had. Suddenly, she felt her heart racing, and she ran toward him.

"Kurt, it's you! Are you here to find Vivi as well?" she asked when she reached him.

The young man didn't answer her.

Instead, he took a cold glance at the other students behind her and asked, "What are they doing here?"

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“Oh!” Sonia exclaimed and explained hastily, “They’re my classmates. Kurt, are you coming along with Vivi to go visit Amelia’s grandma’s farm for harvesting? We’ve told her about it that day.”

“Harvest?” Kurt furrowed his brows sternly.

Fortunately, Sonia was used to his cold attitude.

Hence, instead of answering him, she shouted for Vivian again. “Vivi, are you ready? We’re waiting for you.”

Still upset, Vivian finally made her way out. But as soon as she stepped out, she saw the young man standing at the entrance of the villa and went silent.

“Finally, you’re out! Vivi, Kurt is here. Didn’t you tell him about our farm visit? Does he not know?” Sonia asked.

“Huh?” Vivian was still too emotional to regain her senses.

After a while, she snapped out of her trance when Kurt gazed at her with his narrowed eyes.

“Yes, Kurt. W-We’re going to Amelia’s grandma’s farm to harvest today. D-Do you want to come along?”

“No!” Kurt unhesitatingly rejected. Harvest farm goods? Is that what she wants to do? She has been such a princess all her life. Her grandpa would even be mad if she ever washed a plate at Oceanic Estate, and she’s going to harvest farm goods now?

Not only did Kurt not want to go, but he also didn’t want Vivian to join the others.

As soon as Vivian heard his rejection, she suddenly put on a pitiful expression and pleaded, “Please come along, Kurt. Amelia told us her grandma’s farm is fun! We can feed some fish, row a boat, and harvest some fruits! Please, Kurt!”

She ended up acting coquettishly and held Kurt’s arm to convince him to go along.

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Kurt was at a loss for words.

Sonia and the others were also stumped by what they were seeing.

Indeed, everyone was jealous of Kurt because although Vivian was known to be a dainty girl at school, she had always kept a distance from people of the opposite gender.

Because of that, she was close with all her schoolmates.

However, none of them had ever seen her acting that way. The girls at the scene were all caught by surprise.

As for the two boys, they could only envy from afar while wishing they were Kurt. How I wish she could hold my arm instead!

In the end, Kurt agreed to go along.

He didn't expect Vivian to act so flirtatiously with the others around. At that precise moment, it was safe to say that her actions utterly perplexed him. How could I say no to her?

Kurt went silent after that and kept a straight face throughout the whole journey to the farm.

Since there were seven of them, inclusive of Vivian and Kurt, they had to split into two groups and go in two cars. Fortunately for them, two of the boys were old enough to drive.

Amelia and Mona were in the first car while Sonia, Kurt, and Vivian were in the second.

"Sonia, don't we need to bring something along to visit Amelia's grandma?" Since she was young, Vivian was taught not to go visit someone empty-handed.

Sonia couldn't make up her mind. "About that..."

Suddenly, the boy who was driving blurted, "There's no need to worry. Someone has already brought something along. Later, all we need to do is to chip in for the presents."

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Upon hearing that, Vivian and Sonia didn't comment further.

As for Kurt, he had never been one to dwell on such a thing.

Two hours later, they had finally arrived at Amelia's grandma's farm. However, they were surprised when they saw a guy coming out of the first car who they didn't see at the villa.

"Isn't that Dwayne? Why is he here?"

"Yes, that's him. But what is he doing here?" Vivian's expression turned sullen as she shifted her gaze toward Kurt, who was getting out of the car.

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