## Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1824

After hanging up, Susan stared blankly at the computer screen in front of her.

Ian showed up a while later.

"You're here, Ian." Susan jumped to her feet and pointed at the footage. "Take a look at this. I've confirmed that something really was off about the way Zaylynn had her nails done. The woman who did her nails just ran away."

lan sat down while rubbing his temples.

In fact, he had gotten a few people to look into this matter. After the errand runners had arrived at the university, they spotted two of Zaylynn's female friends—one of whom was Felicia—carrying the two buckets into campus.

After the girls passed a narrow path surrounded by trees, the errand runners then discovered some traces of phosphate on one of the tree branches.

In other words, this was a planned murder.

"Let's wait for the cops here," said Ian after watching the footage. "They'll definitely find out what else could be behind this. They're professionals."

He spoke coldly and relentlessly.

Susan didn't oppose after finding out the truth, and so the two remained inside the nail salon, waiting for the police to arrive.

As anticipated, a team of police dressed in full uniform showed up ten minutes later.

The captain made his way over to Susan and Ian right after spotting them.

"Good day. I'm Captain of the Crime Investigation Unit. Were you the ones who found a lead?"

"Yes, officer."

Susan stood up and related her experience here while referring to the surveillance footage.

The captain immediately began a search.

"And this is?"

"This is my nephew, Officer. He-"

"There's a narrow path with locust trees on both sides on the way to the female dorms on campus, officer," Ian suddenly chimed in. "If you take a look at the sixth tree on the left, you'll find what you're looking for on one of its branches."

Susan was completely dumbfounded. The young man had calmly relayed his thoughts instead of looking apprehensive like he usually did when dealing with strangers.

Is... he not afraid anymore?

Of course, the captain knew nothing about lan's condition, so he gave the latter an approving pat on the shoulder after being provided with such an important lead.

"I'll do that. What's your name?"

"Uh... You should get to searching right away, officer. Don't let anyone ruin your plans."

Noticing the way lan's brows twitched, Susan hastily changed the subject and pulled him over by the arm.

The young man didn't like interacting with strangers, and he certainly didn't appreciate being touched by one either.

After lugging him toward her, Susan sighed with relief as she watched the captain leave with his team.

"It's okay. You can change your clothes once we head back," she said while rubbing lan's shoulder

The young man said nothing.

He merely gave the woman's anxious-looking face a quick glance before shifting his gaze elsewhere coolly.

"Okay."

Eventually, Zaylynn was deemed innocent and thus released.

As for the reason behind the incident, the police believed that Zaylynn had attracted too much attention on campus, which ultimately led to some resentment toward her.

Still, the truth would remain a mystery until the culprit was apprehended.

Speaking of the culprit...

"I've received a text from the captain we met that day," explained Susan while busying herself in the kitchen. "He said they've issued a nationwide arrest warrant against that woman from the nail salon. She's now wanted across the whole country, and they believe she won't be able to run away for much longer."

Both young men could hear her. Timothy was reading a fantasy novel while hogging the bathroom, whereas Ian sat in the living room feeding a turtle they and recently bought as a pet.

Ian had nothing to respond with after hearing his aunt's words.

An arrest warrant?

I guess I've overestimated them. Not every cop is as efficient as Uncle Devin is. A lot of them are just trash.

Thinking that, the young man tossed two turtle pellets into the tank.

"You're feeding him again? You can't keep feeding the turtle, Ian! He'll die if he overeats!"

A slim figure walked out of the kitchen just in time to see him feeding the turtle, and the woman swiftly grabbed his hand before scooping the pellets out of the tank.

Ian silently glanced at Susan's slender hand before looking down, his thick lashes concealing the fluctuating emotions in his eyes.

Timothy walked out of the bathroom at this very moment. "Come on, Susan. It's just a turtle! Why are you being so dramatic? You scared Ian."

"Huh?"

Susan quickly came to her senses.

"Sorry, Ian! I guess I overreacted. Don't panic, okay? I had no intention of blaming you for anything," she apologized while letting go of the young man.

But in truth, how could lan ever be upset at her over something like this?

# Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1825

After having breakfast together, the trio was about to leave home when Zaylynn showed up with her parents, who had personally brought her there to express her gratitude.

"Thank you, Susan, Ian, and Timothy. I'm beyond grateful for everything you've done for me. If it weren't for you guys, I probably would've been..."

"We owe you big time! You're the Neal family's saviors. As Zaylynn's parents, we thank you!"

Both Feynman and his wife, Clara, bowed and thanked them profusely with tears in their eyes.

The two young men were at a loss, given that they had never dealt with such a situation before. Thus, it was Susan who spoke up and quickly told them to lift their heads.

"Don't say that, Mr. and Mrs. Neal! Zaylynn is our friend. It's only natural that we help her in times of trouble."

"She's right. You don't have to thank us. Besides, there's no way Piggy here could've actually killed anyone!" Timothy blurted.

Silence washed over the entire apartment as a scarlet-faced Zaylynn glared at the young man who had just addressed her in such a way.

"Hey, Timothy... What did you just call me?"

"S-Sorry, my bad... Hey, don't come over. I didn't mean it..."

A squabble soon ensued between the two, and Timothy ended up being chased into his own room and hiding in there.

Susan was deeply embarrassed by what had just happened.

She wanted to chastise her brother for his lack of manners and apologize to Zaylynn's parents.

But unbeknown to her, Feynman and Clara seemed unusually pleased after exchanging glances with one another.

The Jadeson family was untouchable—so much that they would have never imagined their daughter being friends with lan.

But this other guy isn't bad either. He's part of the Jadesons too. He may be from a different branch, but it seems that the current head of the clan regards him highly. That's good enough for us.

Zaylynn's parents left in high spirits, but not before extending a personal invitation.

"By the way, Mr. Ian and Ms. Susan, as a token of our appreciation, will you please accept our invitation to come and have dinner at our place? Don't worry for we mean nothing by it. We just want to treat you to a meal."

Just as Ian was about to reject their offer, Susan suddenly recalled his mother asking her to take him to more social events, and so she stopped him.

"Okay. Thank you for the invitation."

"Not at all! In fact, we're thankful to have you come over." Feynman was instantly overjoyed.

Thus, the matter was settled.

After their guests had left, Susan sent Zaylynn a text message, reminding her of the help that had been given by her other friends.

Zaylynn: Don't worry, Susan. I'll invite all of them over. I know who my true friends are after what happened. Anyone who's helped me for the past two days will have dinner at my place!

Susan: Okay.

Zaylynn: But my dad says you'll have to bring your brother too. Oh, but please warn him that he can't call me Piggy if he does come!

Susan didn't know how to respond.

Even so, she was glad that they remembered Timothy. After arriving on campus and seeing lan off at the Faculty of Finance, she pulled her thoughtless brother aside.

"Zaylynn's inviting you over too. You'd better watch your manners and stop embarrassing me."

"What?"

The tall young man froze on the spot.

I'm invited?

Suddenly, the thought of that round-faced, tantrum-throwing girl made him smile widely.

Should I get her a present?

Meanwhile, Yasmin arrived at the Faculty of Finance rather late today, and the first round of classes had already ended by the time she showed up.

Moreover, she seemed to be in her own world.

"What's wrong, Yasmin?" the student council secretary asked in concern. "You don't look so good today. Are you not feeling well? Were you giving home tutorials last night?"

Yasmin finally snapped back to reality.

"I-I'm fine. I just slept a little late last night."

"Well, how about you get some rest inside the lecture hall? No one's in there right now."

"Okay."

Yasmin carried her books into the lecture hall.

Students of this faculty often used the hall for self-studying. The place was usually packed at night, but it was much emptier during the day.

Yasmin pushed the door open, only to gasp in shock.

The first thing she saw was a young man who glanced at her with a pair of extremely frosty eyes upon hearing the door creak open.

Yasmin stilled instantly.

She had no words to describe the way he looked at her, but those eyes caused her head to turn numb in a flash, and she felt as though all the blood in her system had left her.

Her body felt so cold that she trembled—all the way to her fingertips.

"W-What are you doing here?"

"And what about you?" the young man asked, his voice as icy as his gaze.

"[..."

"A person only thinks of hiding away in a quiet place when dealing with immense fear and unease. That was exactly what I did when your brother died in prison. I locked myself in my room for three days and three nights."

lan began recounting his horrifying past, his lips pale and his pupils quivering slightly since the beginning.

Yasmin's expression took an immediate turn.