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## Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1826

“To be filled with confusion and terror is like being completely engulfed in darkness. I would force myself to sleep, thinking that once I woke up, we would’ve returned to the past before anything had ever happened—to the time your brother was still your brother, or maybe to when I still hadn’t met him. Do you know what we call that?”

Ian suddenly stopped talking and stared straight at the woman standing before him.

Standing in place, Yasmin now felt as though she had been stripped bare, and all her deepest thoughts had come to light.

It was as if the young man had completely seen through her with just his gaze.

What do we call that?

It’s called running away. It’s called numbing oneself out.

As a psychology major, Yasmin understood this concept more than anyone else did. Why is he suddenly telling me all this? Could he have found out about something?

The woman was so fearful that she tremored from head to toe.

But to her surprise, Ian then packed his books and got up to leave without another word.

Yasmin quietly watched him exit the hall.

The moment he disappeared, she felt as though she had lost every ounce of her strength.

Thud!

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The young woman slumped to the floor, leaning against the door behind her after suddenly recalling how Ian and Susan had handed things over to the police right after discovering a lead.

That meant Ian was still giving her a chance.

Yasmin couldn't move at the thought.

Night fell.

Expectedly, Zaylynn had magnanimously invited every student from the Faculty of Finance to her place for a feast.

Susan stayed close to Ian all the while, worried he would feel uncomfortable.

Yet, he ended up doing better than she had expected. While he did furrow his brows upon arriving at the Neal residence, many of his classmates took the initiative to greet him, enabling him to blend in with them.

Seeing that, Susan eventually left him and headed over to the girls.

"Why didn't Yasmin come tonight?"

"You're right. I haven't seen her."

After a series of chattering, one of the girls couldn't help but ask about Yasmin.

Susan had arrived just in time to hear that, and she stilled briefly.

"Is she not here?"

"She's not, Susan. Did Zaylynn not invite her?" someone mused.

But no matter how spoiled and willful Zaylynn was, she still had her manners and would surely not leave anyone out after inviting the entire faculty over.

Susan walked over to her.

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"I did invite her. I even sent her a personal text, but she's not here. That's not my problem." Zaylynn pouted.

"It's okay," Susan assured with a smile. "It's her loss for not coming. Look at all the good food she's missing out on!"

"Right? It's better if she doesn't come," the other girls quipped.

Everyone consoled the young host.

But to their surprise, Yasmin did show up eventually.

With a long, khaki bodycon dress, her silky black hair cascading down her shoulders, and a flawless face, she captured everyone's attention as soon as she appeared.

She was absolutely gorgeous.

Even Susan couldn't help but compare her to a famous actress upon seeing her.

"Y-Yasmin is here. Quick! Keep all this stuff!"

"Clean up the floors too! How did you guys make such a mess? What will she think of us?"

Chaos erupted among the boys in a matter of minutes.

They frantically cleaned up the mess they had made. Some even moved all the stools and other obstacles aside just to make way for the ice queen.

The girls flew into a rage upon seeing that.

Yasmin is such a jinx!

They all turned and left, not wanting to have anything to do with her. In the end, it was Susan who brought Zaylynn over, asking her to attend to Yasmin.

"You're here. Well, help yourself to whatever you want. It's all here," said Zaylynn, pointing at all the food being served.

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In response, the discomfort Yasmin felt only grew more intense.

I plucked up the courage just to be here, okay?

I'd only look more suspicious if I didn't come.

And yet, the girls' lounge area became empty the moment she showed up, and that humiliated her greatly.

Not only that but seeing how all the girls fawn over Susan made her feel worse. How she wanted to leave this place right away.

"Hey, Yasmin. Do you want something to eat? We just grilled some chicken wings."

Suddenly, a boy approached her with a plate of food.

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Yasmin glanced at him.

The young man looked nothing out of the ordinary, and she would have never given him the time of day if they were in school. But now...

"Thank you."

She took the plate with her slender hands and placed a chicken wing to her lips.

Oh, God. The ice queen accepted my gesture.

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The young man was on cloud nine.

All the other boys grew excited upon seeing that. It was only normal for them to react that way toward a girl as beautiful as Yasmin.

With that, Yasmin soon became the subject of all the boys' adoration.

The other girls were on the verge of exploding.

"Look at that. I told you she's such a b\*tch! She won all the guys over the moment she showed up."

"Right!"

They were livid.

Susan frowned. "Come on, now. You left her on her own back there. What could she have done if the boys hadn't approached her? Did you put yourselves in her shoes?"

She understood how Yasmin must have felt.

Unfortunately, Yasmin didn't seem to appreciate Susan's kind thoughts. After sitting down for a while, she suddenly caught sight of Timothy and made her way toward him.

"Do you need help?"

"Hmm?"

The young man immediately looked up while grilling some meat.

She's...

Timothy found himself unable to look away or even speak. It was as though everything else around him faded away the moment he saw her.

A blush crept across Yasmin's cheeks.

"Do you need help?" she repeated.

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“Oh! Sorry about that. Yeah, I could use a hand.”

Timothy snapped out of his daze and readily accepted her offer to help.

As someone from a different faculty, he had heard of a famous ice queen from the Faculty of Finance, although he had never taken a proper look at said figure despite having met her a few times while with his sister.

But, she looked way too stunning.

The woman was now clad in a beautiful dress and had dolled herself up, looking like a goddess. It was only normal that a young man like him would be smitten.

Yasmin spent a good part of the night helping him, and it didn't take long for them to grow close.

Susan walked in their direction just in time to see the two chatting away, and a chill ran down her spine instantly.

She dashed over without a second thought.

“What are you doing, Timothy? Put those things down and stay away from her!” she screamed at once, having lost her ability to reason.

Timothy froze in shock.

Even the other guests looked bewildered.

What's going on?

Hasn't she always been level-headed? Why does she look like a completely different person now? Why is she making such unreasonable demands with her brother?

“What's wrong with you, Susan?” Feeling his blood boil, Timothy glared at his sister and refused to comply.

That only aggravated Susan more.

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She charged toward him, slapped away whatever he was holding, and began to drag him away with her.

“You’re coming home with me right now!”

“Susan!”

Having never expected his sister to be this unreasonable, Timothy pulled his own arm out of Susan’s grasp, resulting in the young woman losing her balance and falling over.

“Ahhh!”

An intense feeling of pain came from Susan’s waist as she clutched onto the table, unable to get up for a moment.

Timothy and all the other guests fell silent.

Just as everyone glanced at one another, a young man emerged from the building after hearing the commotion outside.

“What do you think you’re doing, Timothy?”

Laced with anger, Ian’s voice pierced the air, instantly causing everyone to shiver with fright—including Timothy.

“I... I...”

“Shut your mouth! Get your a\*\* home right now, or you’ll be leaving this place in a different way.”

The same icy voice rang across the room again.

Despite being older, Timothy was unable to stand up for himself as an unexplainable hint of fear surfaced in his eyes.

He then remembered who led the Jadeson family.

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This young man standing in front of him possessed such a powerful and fearsome energy. He's just as terrifying as his father!

Susan finally left with Timothy a few minutes later.

Having been calm and collected all this while and finally losing her mind because of her brother, she could only scurry off as quickly as possible.

Her fears were deep-rooted.

Ian stayed behind, his eyes never leaving the woman before him as the sun set behind the garden they were in.

"Are you that tired of living?"

Those words sounded as though they had crawled out of the abyss.

Yasmin stood there in a daze, her face slowly losing its color.

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"Did I do something wrong?"

After calming down, Yasmin glanced at the young man with an aggrieved look on her face.

"All because I said a few words to her brother? Shouldn't you be a bit fairer to me, Ian? Zaylynn's the one who invited me here, but she didn't give a d\*mn about me! Have you ever considered how I felt?"

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Ian kept silent.

“The boys were willing to talk to me, so I stuck with them! Is there a problem with that?” the woman questioned, tears brimming in her eyes.

Yet, the young man remained aloof.

“Are you sure you had no other intentions when you approached Timothy? Timothy is Susan’s younger brother, and he’s also the grandson of Eddie Limmer. He’s the only male descendant of the Limmer household. Did you really not have other motives?”

He stared at her with his piercing eyes.

Yasmin’s feet instantly turned cold.

Did she not have any other motives?

Of course, she did.

The resentment within her had resurfaced ever since she found herself being neglected while Susan became the center of all the girls’ attention. That was when she couldn’t help but turn to Timothy.

She was up to no good from that moment onward.

The woman was unable to say another word.

Seeing her reaction, Ian added, “I handed that case over to the police because I still wanted to give you a way out. But if you still insist on walking this path, that’s fine; I’ll personally hand you over to my dad.”

At last, he mentioned that person—his father.

Yasmin’s eyes grew wide as she stared at the young man in disbelief. It was now that she understood what it meant to experience true fear—what it meant to no longer be given a way out.

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Sebastian Hayes was like a god in this country. Once she fell into his hands, her life would indeed be over.

With an ashen face, the woman watched Ian leave.

As soon as she returned to her dorm later, she removed every method of communication on her phone and computer.

Meanwhile, Susan warned Timothy not to be around Yasmin again the moment they arrived back at their apartment.

Timothy was baffled.

“Why can’t I be close to her? It’s not like she has a boyfriend!”

Seriously? This idiot’s already thinking about dating her?

Susan was fuming.

“So, you’re thinking of being her boyfriend just because she doesn’t have one? Don’t make me get you to drop out of school and go home, Timothy!”

“What? You’ll make me drop out? Who are you to make me do that, Susan? Do you think you get to decide everything for me just because you’re my sister? Aren’t you thinking too highly of yourself now?”

“You!”

Susan was so exasperated that she nearly collapsed.

Ian so happened to return in the middle of the heated argument, and he stared at Timothy grimly. “She may not have the right, but my dad does.”

“I – “

“You’d better listen up before my dad comes to a decision, Timothy. If you ever talk to Yasmin again, I can’t guarantee what I might tell my dad.”

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Ian glared at the imprudent man while giving him a warning.

Timothy's face turned red in fury.

How dare he talk to me like this? Does he not remember who's the older one here? Has he forgotten that I'm his uncle?

Unbelievable!

Still, he dared not utter a single word in response.

Susan finally began to cool down.

I'm better off leaving this in the hands of family. It's not like I'm of any use now. Whether it was Sebastian or Jonathan, she knew that either one of them would surely deal with Yasmin.

Thus, she returned to her room.

Meanwhile, at Oceanic Estate, Sasha was dumbstruck upon hearing that Ian had called to inform Sebastian about Colton's children.

"Is it that serious now? Ian actually called you?"

"Yeah. Timothy's a bit of a halfwit, and Susan can't keep him in check. It's also not wise to tell him Yasmin's true identity, so we have no choice but to interfere," Sebastian replied while casually reading a book.

Sensing something off about what the man had said, Sasha put down the skincare product she was using and walked toward him.

"What do you mean by that? Did something happen again?"

"Yeah. Yasmin's got her eye on Timothy now. She was an accomplice in a murder case that happened two days ago, but their plans were foiled after Ian and Susan did some searching. That's why she started vying for Timothy's attention while she was at the Neal residence last night."

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Indeed, nothing could escape this man's eyes.

Sasha's expression darkened instantly when she heard that.

"How could she do this? She's only a little over twenty! How did she turn so evil within such a short time? Wasn't she a good-mannered and excellent scholar before this? How did she become so terrifying in only a few months?"

Sasha was enraged.

She herself had walked through hell and made it out alive without hurting anyone else. Yet, someone as young and as bright as Yasmin had chosen to let the negative environment shape her into someone bitter. Within a short period of a few months, she had entirely transformed into someone new, and not for the better.

Yasmin's actions truly baffled Sasha.

How can this be? Is it really just because of the resentment her family has? Is Yasmin aware of what we have planned to offer her?

When the couple first came across Yasmin and noticed her brilliance, they had intended to pave the way to a bright future for her.

Even her application for an internship in Hayes Corporation was given a green light.

Sasha was so furious that her blood began to boil.

"First," Sebastian said, "it's the result of how she was raised. Second, it has something to do with her nature."

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"How so?" Sasha turned to look at the man.

"Look at her family background. Ever since the accident involving her father and brother, only the girl and her mother were left behind. I wouldn't be surprised if the mother-daughter pair had been bullied by society. Because of that, her mother must have festered resentment in her heart and forced the girl to be exceptional. Over time, Yasmin herself became someone bitter with resentment and someone who has to stand out. You can see that trait of hers from her actions. Yasmin has been nothing but cold to her peers in school." Sebastian started to break it down for her.

Sasha nodded in agreement. "From a psychological perspective, that would be how it happened. But you mentioned something about her nature?"

"I meant it's a trait that she was born with. It's in her blood. For example, Susan has given Yasmin so many chances, yet Yasmin has never shown gratitude. However, a tiny offense by Susan immediately spiked her resentment. This proves that she's naturally a competitive, defensive, and extremely petty person. This is just her character and has nothing to do with the environment." With that, Sebastian concluded his analysis.

Every single word he said hit the nail right on the head. There was nothing Sasha could say that could refute his points.

After all, it was true that being competitive and jealous wasn't a trait that was only confined to people of poorer status. Many among the wealthy echelons shared the same trait as well.

Therefore, the environment could not be blamed.

Rather, it was one's nature.

Once Sasha understood the situation, she was even more worried.

"So what are you gonna do about it now? Are you gonna arrest her immediately? You already have your hands on the proof that she's the murderer, right?"

In contrast to Sasha's anxiousness, Sebastian was unfazed. "Patience, Darling. There's still a bigger fish to fry. Let's wait until it takes the bait," he said casually.

Bait? Is he still fishing for something larger?

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Sasha could not help but worry about Ian, who was in Pollerton. She did not want her son to be caught in the whole ordeal.

That night, Sasha sent a text to his youngest son, who was at the military academy.

She wrote: Matteo, are you free these few days? Can you take a few days off?

Matteo: Sure thing, Mommy. Is something wrong?

Seeing that Matteo was willing to agree to her request without hesitation, Sasha felt relieved.

She quickly sent another text to Matteo: Just the project Ian's working on. The grand opening is happening soon. I'm just a bit concerned that someone might be secretly causing trouble. I'd like it if you can come back and protect Ian.

Sasha intentionally left Susan and Timothy out of the picture.

Instead, she mentioned the trouble faced by the Hayes Corporation.

All in all, the couple was as sharp as people gave them credit for. One of them knew every detail regarding Susan and Timothy's ordeal, while the other could detect a hitch in the workings of the company miles away.

When Matteo heard that someone was daring enough to plot against Ian, he immediately agreed to help without a second thought.

The next day, Matteo flew to Pollerton, missing Susan and Timothy by just a hair.

Nevertheless, picking up a child at the airport was the last thing on his mind as he landed and descended the plane.

"Are you Matteo?"

All of a sudden, a little girl of about six to seven appeared out of nowhere. The girl was absolutely beautiful. Her big, round eyes sparkled in the sun. Her chubby cheeks were as white as porcelain. At the sight of Matteo, she immediately ran over and hugged his legs.

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Matteo was already more than one hundred and eighty centimeters tall. His eyes popped with surprise as he stared at the kid wrapped around his legs.

Where did she come from? And how does she know I'm Matteo?

"Who are you? You know who I am?" Matteo asked, puzzled.

"Of course I know who you are. Daddy has a picture of you, and I look at it all the time. Also, it's Vivi who asked me to wait for you here. She and Kurt will be here soon." The girl's childish voice filled the area as she explained with a huge grin.

Matteo was rendered speechless.

What is this? What's Vivi doing here? And Kurt as well? What's going on?

To his relief, it was not long before he caught a glimpse of a young woman in a pink dress and a white lace hat. The young woman was sitting on top of a suitcase like a child as she was pushed along the exit lane by a tall, muscular, and handsome young man.

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"Matt! I'm over here! Over here!"

Vivian dragged the last syllable of the last word as she waved her arms at Matteo.

The entire airport could hear her excited voice, and it annoyed Matteo to no end.

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“Why did you come back? Also, you coming back is one thing, but why is there a kid here? Unless...”

Something suddenly crossed Matteo’s mind, causing his signature big eyes to widen even more. His gaze moved from the little girl on his legs to the faces of the two people moving toward him.

As usual, Vivian was slow in picking up clues. She did not figure out what was happening.

Kurt, on the other hand, instantly turned red at Matteo’s gaze. Soon enough, his expression turned grim, and there was a shadow on his beautiful features.

“Have you seen a nine-year-old child having a baby?” Kurt asked.

Matteo was at a loss for words.

After some quick calculations, Matteo remembered that the guy in front of him was only sixteen, while the little girl still hugging his legs was already about six to seven years old. It was impossible for the girl to be his child.

Matteo chuckled sheepishly to hide his awkwardness.

“Haha, I’m just messing with you. Then tell me, whose child is this? Why did you guys suddenly bring her here?”

“Matt, don’t you recognize her? She’s Ms. Fischer’s daughter. Her father is sick and no one can take care of her at the moment. We were on a trip and visited him, and he asked us to bring her along with us,” explained Vivian.

At that, Matteo lowered his gaze once again to look closely at the girl. Only then did he realize that the child’s features looked very much like Willow’s.

Matteo sighed, remembering the late woman who used to take care of them when they were younger. His heart sank as the grief of her death weighed it down.

After a few seconds, Matteo bent down and picked the girl up in his arms.

“Don’t get me wrong. I’m not here to see you. We’re here to see Momma,” said Natalie.

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“Momma?” Matteo asked, puzzled.

“Yeah, Momma Ichika. But we were already on the plane when we found out Momma has gone to Jetraina and is taking care of the baby in her tummy, so she can’t take care of me. That’s why Vivi brought me here.”

“Yep! Convenient!” Vivian said in a straightforward manner.

It truly was convenient for her. To go to Avenport, they had to make a stop at Pollerton. When Sasha informed them that Ichika had not yet returned, they decided to just stay in Pollerton instead.

Besides, Vivian wanted to see Ian too.

To her pleasant surprise, Matteo was there as well.

Vivian was overjoyed. Despite the fact that she was already eighteen, she felt like a small child again when sandwiched between the two young men. The entire way, Vivian carried six-year-old Natalie while Kurt pushed them out of the airport on a suitcase.

Seeing the image, Matteo shook his head at Kurt disapprovingly. “At this rate, you’re going to spoil her.”

Kurt did not say a word.

After a moment of silence, the young man turned his emotionless face toward Vivian and asked, “Do you have a problem with that?”

Matteo’s mouth dropped to the ground.

This guy is really something!

The four of them made their way to where Ian was staying.

When the door of the apartment opened, Ian was dumbfounded by the sight of the four of them. He froze at the doorway and gaped at them in disbelief, forgetting what he was supposed to be doing.

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It was only after Susan heard the commotion did she walk over.

“My gosh! Matteo, Vivi, and Kurt? What are all of you doing here? Why didn’t you give us a heads-up? I didn’t prepare anything for you guys.” Upon seeing the four of them, Susan was taken aback as well.

“You don’t have to prepare anything for us, Aunt Susan. We’re all family. There’s no need to be so courteous.”

Vivian waved her hand dismissively before waltzing into the apartment as if it were her own.

Kurt followed from behind.

It didn’t take him long to notice a weight dragging him down. Lowering his gaze, he saw a child hugging his leg and staring at him with puppy eyes and a pout on her face.

“Kurt, why didn’t anyone welcome me? Do they not like me?”

Her pitiful voice melted everyone’s heart instantly.

Kurt stared at the girl quietly.

Just as he was about to explain, a huge silhouette appeared beside him. Seeing that Natalie had her arms wrapped around someone’s legs again, he bent down and picked her up.

“Aunt Susan, come here. Let me introduce you to the kid Vivian and Kurt picked up from the roadside along the way.” Matteo grinned.

“Huh?”

“Matt, what are you talking about? She’s—”

All of a sudden, Natalie burst into tears.

Giant teardrops escaped her pair of lovely eyes and rolled down her smooth cheeks, dropping onto the ground with a splat. She flailed her arms and looked aggrieved.

Susan did not know whether to laugh or cry.

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She quickly went over to Matteo and carried Natalie into her arms, not forgetting to scold Matteo. "Matteo, you went too far. She's just a child. You startled her."

"Heh, I was just kidding..." Matteo chuckled awkwardly.

"You are as thoughtless as I am." Timothy eyed Matteo.

Timothy's words managed to shut Matteo up.

Ian stood at the side and eyed the situation in silence as well.

After a long while of comforting and coaxing, Natalie finally stopped crying. Once she had calmed down, she trotted over to Ian, who posed the least danger.

"Do you like me, Ian?"

The adorable little girl ran into Ian's room. Seeing that he was working, she went over and rested her head on his desk. She then looked at him with her head tilted.

Ian glanced at the little girl.

She truly resembled her mother. Even though her facial features were still of a child, one could tell she was a real belle.

"Go play outside." Ian did not answer her question but shooed her away casually instead.

Natalie did not budge.

She kept staring at Ian while maintaining her position, mesmerized by his clean features. Out of the blue, a drop of clear liquid dripped from her pink small mouth and onto Ian's desk.

Splat!

Ian was dumbfounded.

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