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Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1856

The villagers were ecstatic. Once the wood was measured and paid for, the farmer dragged Ian to his house for some potato and leek soup. As it was a local and expensive delicacy, it would only be prepared to honor significant guests.

Ian had already firmly made up his mind to decline even before the offer was made.

At the farmer's approach, Ian shuddered in recollection of the incident with the Villagers' Committee and hastened his departure.

"Hey, Small Fry, where are you going? My wife has prepared a feast to thank you for your help"

Ian almost yelled in exasperation as the farmer's soil-crusting hand reached out with surprising vigor to grab his snow-white shirt.

Fortunately, a slender figure in the distance quickened her pace in Ian's direction at the commotion of his struggle.

"He has a delicate stomach, sir," the figure cried from afar. "But I'm sure he appreciates the offer"

As she spoke, she forcefully pried the farmer's fingers away from Ian's shirt.

Oh my, it's as black as soot!

Susan quickly extracted a clean handkerchief and cleaned Ian's shirt as best as she could.

The farmer must have gotten the hint as he no longer insisted on Ian's presence.

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"I'm sorry to hear that. Even if you won't have lunch, at least come for my wife's pineapple tarts."

Pineapple tart?

Susan, who was feeling rather hungry, swallowed when she heard that.

"That sounds delicious, Ian. There's no harm in paying him a visit, is there? This village is known for its exceptionally sweet pineapples. I heard this harvest has been their best one yet."

Turning to face the young man behind her, her perspiration-laced face was full of hope.

Ian raised his eyebrows.

Although he had little interest in morsels, he gave in to her pleas.

Susan was thrilled. Turning to nod excitedly at the farmer, she gratefully accepted. "We would love to come, sir. Thank you."

"I am the one who should be grateful as Small Fry here has made us a lot of money. Come on, let's go!"

The farmer led the way back to his home.

They were in a primitive village. With houses made of mud bricks and worn tiles, the fragrance of fresh produce wafted from both sides up the quaint village road.

The smell and sight seemed to lift Susan's spirits greatly.

Having felt uneasy after running away in a panic earlier that day, she did not dare think about how Ian's impression of her would change after witnessing her erratic behavior.

What would he think of me? Would he see me as disrespectful, or would he think I have an ulterior motive against him and cast me aside as a result? Oh, how I wish I knew what he was thinking.

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It was only when Ian had agreed to keep her company and showed no displeasure in doing so that the knot in her chest began to loosen. Unnoticed by her, a joyful feeling that put a spring in her step rose within her.

Soon, the scent of freshly baked tarts informed the pair that they had arrived at the farmer's house.

"It smells amazing!"

"That would be my wife's pastries," the farmer said proudly as he beckoned them in. "She got up especially early today for this. We are the first to bake with our harvest this year, you know. Here, try some."

Susan went in with him with Ian following suit.

Although slightly crampy, the house's interior felt refreshingly cool due to the adobe used in its construction.

As it was not Ian's first time in a village, he could still adapt to the culture.

Just when he thought village life suited him, a furry thing shot between his feet when he crossed the threshold.

Thud!

Ian stumbled backward and collided with the door.

Startled by the noise, Susan hurried over with the pineapple tart in her hand completely forgotten.

"What happened?"

Ian was on the floor. His expression was contorted in a curious mixture of rage and humiliation as he stared at the cause of his alarm crawling toward him.

Where did that thing come from?

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“Are you afraid of dogs, Ian? Don’t worry. This one’s still a puppy! He probably wants to play more than he wants to bite you.”

Biting is the least of my concerns! Its sudden and disturbingly silent appearance is the problem here!

After sufficiently recovering from the shock, Ian wore an ugly scowl.

Before he could defend himself, the young woman squatting at his feet in concern just moments before picked up the puppy that looked several days old at most and deliberately brought it close to his face.

“Woof! Look, puppy, you scared this nice young man. Apologize to him, you hear?”

For some reason, Susan’s monologue amused her greatly.

Bent double with laughter with the puppy still in her arms, the farmer’s family came hurrying out at the noise and giggled upon being regaled of the incident.

Ian was so angry that his face had turned an ashen gray.

Meanwhile, Kurt finally returned with the clay pot to Avenport.

After a glance at it, Karl took him directly to Sebastian who was busy with work in his office.

“I have informed Mr. Jadeson at the military supply warehouse, Mr. Hayes. He assures us that he will deal with it within the next two days.”

“Very well.” Sebastian studied the clay pot on the coffee table.

It was a curious artifact, indeed. Molded from clay of a most striking red, there was a circular motif painted on it.

“It’s looks like a charm of sorts,” said Kurt.

The young man, who had been standing with respectful silence in the corner ever since he came in, suddenly interjected.

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Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1857

Sebastian's beady eyes fell on him at once.

"What do you mean?"

"We used to have something like this in Elysium," Kurt said stiffly. "After a person dies, those who hold a grudge against the deceased will bury the bones of his descendants at his grave as we believed it would shackle their souls to the netherworld forever"

He was extremely reluctant to share that unsavory custom as he was painfully aware of how ignorant and backward they were.

I might as well share everything I know by this point.

Sebastian and Karl stared at Kurt after his startling proclamation. Their shocked expressions reflected his disgust.

"You learn something new every day about the world, huh? I can't believe such customs still exist."

"In that case, Mr. Hayes, this clay pot should have been buried by Eddie's enemies. Do you think the White family is behind this? Could it be Maurice White? Should we pay him a visit in prison?"

Upon recollecting the existence of a likely suspect, Karl could not afford to rule him out.

Maurice knew where the military supply storehouse was. Being a member of the White family, he has the strongest motive for such a devious act.

Sebastian was on the same page as his Karl.

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However, the inconsistency of the timeline bothered him. Maurice would have only been a child when Eddie died as he was only three years older than Ian.

Ian and the rest were only eight at that time. Wouldn't that make Maurice eleven the year Eddie died? How could such a young child bury this pot?

Aside from that, Eddie had not left behind any close relatives except for Colton who was already a husband and a father at that time.

Nothing makes sense.

"Mr. Hayes?"

The voice snapped Sebastian out of his reverie. "Do you think Eddie has other descendants?" he asked abruptly.

Karl was stunned upon hearing that.

"That couldn't be, could it? You're telling me there are still people who— Wait a minute. Are you still suspecting Felicity?"

Karl recognized the impossibility of his theory even before he completed his sentence. No woman in her right mind would be willing to bear the child of a disabled dwarf.

Besides, it went against Eddie's distorted worldview to seek women.

Sebastian frowned without outwardly refuting Karl's speculation.

After mulling it over for several minutes from his desk, he finally decided for his men to interrogate Maurice.

As Karl and Kurt were about to leave, Sebastian called Kurt back.

"Wait a minute, Kurt. I have something to tell you."

Kurt paused in his tracks and spun around attentively.

"You are to bring Ian back from Yeringham," Sebastian ordered unexpectedly.

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Kurt looked up and met the older man's eyes with surprise in his own.

"Why? Isn't his little trip doing him good?"

"Is it? How is running away from his problems doing him any good?" Sebastian snapped, his temper flaring up. "I'm tired of him running away the second he encounters an obstacle. What kind of man am I teaching him to be by condoning that behavior? If he doesn't correct this habit now, what would become of him when he gets older?"

Kurt pursed his lips and spoke again after a long and careful consideration. "He's just not used to such a high-intensity job, that's all. You have to give him some time to accustom himself. I heard that he's doing fine in Yeringham now."

"Is that so?"

"Well, Vivi spoke to him. From the photos he sent her, she said that his village looked similar to the place you used to take them in the countryside when they were children. Maybe he misses that, Uncle Sebastian. If I may say so, you have been rather harsh with him."

Giving the best attempt at eloquence in his life, Kurt delivered his speech without pausing to draw breath before waiting for the verdict to fall with deathly stillness.

It's too tiring to keep lying like this!

Fortunately for him, Sebastian was often a little too concerned and confused than was wise when it came to his children. At Kurt's words, he found a sense of doubt creeping up in his heart for the first time that day.

"Do you think so?"

Kurt nodded firmly.

Sebastian then sighed and dismissed the notion.

I guess there's no harm in letting the kid relax a little longer. Besides, Susan has enough sense for both of them.

That was the last time the subject of bringing Ian back by force was raised.

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As for the young man in question, Ian was visibly more relaxed after having a few days of getting acquainted with his new surroundings. Not only did he regain the color in his cheeks, but the frequent scowls on his face had also disappeared.

“Would you like to come to the market, Ian?” came a voice outside his door.

Excited to visit the morning market, Susan awoke early that morning and ran upstairs to extend an invitation to her companion.

Her timing could not have been more perfect as Ian had just woken up at that moment.

However, the sound of her voice did not fully rouse him from his grogginess. Slipping on a pair of slippers clumsily, he staggered toward the door.

“What will we be doing there?” he mumbled.

“Just some shopping, that’s all. Look at your room. You came here nearly empty-handed! So let’s pick up a few things you might need. You don’t have to say yes if you don’t plan on staying for a long time.”

Susan stood timidly at the door, unsure if Ian was annoyed or not fully awake.

Still standing behind his door, Ian scratched the back of his head with one hand as he regarded her with a bleary eye.

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Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1858

“Wait for me outside.’

Bang!

Without giving Susan time to respond, Ian slammed the door shut in her face and proceeded to get dressed.

Delighted, Susan hurried downstairs to the kitchen to retrieve two eggs she had boiled earlier before waiting for him at their rendezvous point.

Not long after, the sound of the door opening prompted her to look up, only to have a handsome young man clad in a white shirt meet her gaze. Looking like he had just stepped out of the pages of a comic book, Ian descended the stairs with grace and aplomb.

“Are you all set? Let’s get going, or we won’t be able to catch the minibus to the market.”

Urging him, Susan beamed as she handed him the two hot eggs still in her hands.

Ian did not refuse.

The pair soon arrived at the bus stop. Due to the market that day, many villagers already stood in line.

I didn’t think it would be such a long queue! Would he feel irritated?

Familiar with his aversion to crowds, Susan began to worry.

Fortunately, the villagers parted in the middle to allow the two university students to ascend the minibus when it arrived. They were still very impressed with how Ian made the farmer a third more than he would usually earn with the sale of timber.

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“Have your nephew sit over here, Ms. Jadeson. It’s a prime seat on this bus.”

“This seat is fine too, Ms. Jadeson.”

The villagers were simple, kind-hearted folk who wouldn’t think twice about paying kindness shown to them forward.

Susan and Ian finally decided on a very comfortable position by the window. Although the softness in the seats was wanting, Susan did not notice any discomfort in her companion along the journey.

“Why don’t you eat the eggs?” she asked after a while. “Aren’t you hungry?”

“I’ll have them now.”

Seated next to her without a word, Ian finally picked up an egg hesitantly as he feared the unsanitary implications of eating in public.

Not to mention it also seems awfully impolite.

Determined to make that day an exception for Susan’s sake, he took the peeled egg handed by the young woman beside him.

Just then, one particularly daring villager gathered enough courage to ask the question his fellows were dying to ask. “What’s the age gap between you and your nephew, Ms. Jadeson? You seem to be the same age. Do you have many older siblings?”

Upon their initial arrival, the villagers had assumed that the handsome pair of university-educated youngsters were a couple.

Only later did they discover through the Villagers’ Committee that they were aunt and nephew.

“We-” Susan began.

“We’re not related by blood.”

Suddenly, a dry voice interrupted her by answering the question on her behalf.

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Immediately after the voice fell, the minibus rang with the laughter of the villagers.

So they're not directly related. Could that mean that the rumor of them being a couple is true after all?

Within seconds, the impression of the youngsters in the eyes of their fellow passengers changed. Although they were heavily ridiculed, the villagers' jest was never cruel.

Susan's face, however, turned a deep scarlet.

She stumbled out quickly as soon as the minibus rolled to a halt at the station outside the market, feeling on the verge of dying of utter embarrassment.

Ian, on the other hand, remained completely indifferent.

His aloofness did not last very long. As soon as he stepped out of the minibus, the massive crowd jostling each other in the cramped market and the rampant presence of live poultry wailing on both sides of the street rooted him in

terror.

"What's wrong? You don't like it here?" Susan became worried at how green his face became.

Without deigning to respond, the young man pursed his lips before following cautiously in her wake.

Susan was just about to suggest they leave quickly after buying what they needed when her phone suddenly rang.

Without even looking at the screen, she answered it at once. "Hello?"

"Ms. Jadeson, what do you think you're doing frolicking around with Sebastian's son? Even if you don't take the Limmers seriously, it's still no reason for you to do that."

The angry voice fell upon her ears like a thunderclap out of the blue.

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With her phone glued to the side of her face, Susan's cheeks drained of color within several seconds.

"I didn't."

"You didn't? Are you still trying to deny it despite photos of you in Yeringham are now all over the Internet? You can't do this, Ms. Jadeson. I've never forced you to do anything you didn't want to, have I? Besides, you'd once said that you wouldn't do anything for the Limmer family. I'd even obliged you for not wanting to bear the Limmer name. However, Sebastian is the enemy of our patriarch. How could you fraternize with his son?"

The man's voice rose in pitch as he spoke. On more than one occasion, he was so angry that he spluttered in search of the right words.

Susan's face was as white as a sheet of paper. The only thing she could do was mutter, "That has nothing to do with me."

"Is that so?" the man challenged. "I dare you to tell Sebastian that you wish to be his daughter-in-law then. Do you think he would agree to it?"

He added menacingly, "Don't you forget that although the Limmer family is gone, the Heard family still remains. They will never let you or Sebastian off the hook if you do this. After all, you have conveniently given them a chance to ruin the Jadeson family!"

Susan's eyes dimmed in despair at the man's vicious words.

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Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1859

Crack!

The phone fell from Susan's hands and broke into pieces.

Ian had already gotten used to the surroundings. He spotted a suitable pair of slippers at a stall nearby and was about to summon her when he saw her phone dropping to the ground.

"What's wrong?" he asked in confusion as he bent down to pick her phone up.

To his surprise, the young woman, who had been in a cheery mood just a moment ago, was now as pale as a ghost. She stared at him intently without a word.

Ian was at a loss when he saw that.

In a state of panic, he reached out and took her hand without hesitation.

As expected, her hand's also freezing.

"Susan, you—"

"Ian, why don't I send you home today? We're at the county, anyway," Susan suggested suddenly. She retracted her hand from his grasp and gazed at the bus station not far away.

The veins on Ian's forehead throbbed.

"Why?" he demanded.

His response was curt, and he didn't bother hiding his fury. His tone sounded haughty, as usual.

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Hearing that, Susan blanched.

She lowered her head and pretended to look at the broken pieces of her phone. She did her best to tamp down her tears so he wouldn't realize her true feelings.

"Nothing. I was thinking that I'd better get you home before your parents start to worry. You've been here for days, and you must have a ton of work waiting for you to handle by now. Besides, Vivi told me yesterday that your dad's planning to send Kurt here to bring you back home." She immediately made up an excuse.

She wasn't lying, though, for Vivian indeed contacted her yesterday to tell her that.

Contrary to her expectations, Ian let out a disdainful snort and spun on his heels to leave after hearing her words.

"Ian, where are you going? Don't run off. The bus station is that way," she yelled.

"Susan, listen carefully. I'm an adult now, so I'm free to go anywhere I like. No one can limit my freedom!" he snapped.

Susan parted her lips. "But-"

"Shut up!" he roared.

With that said, he strode away, leaving her behind. He ignored her and disappeared into the market ahead.

Susan stood rooted in her spot behind. She was so distraught that she could barely breathe.

I never meant to react this way. But I've really crossed the line this time. It was all my wishful thinking.

Susan went to the bus station alone and bought the ticket. She then sent a text.

Susan: Sebastian, Ian is doing fine here. I bought him a bus ticket and will send him back home today.

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Her tone was respectful and formal. It was as though she had returned to her rightful position from this moment onward.

She was a member of the Jadeson family, and Ian was her nephew.

Sebastian's reply arrived shortly after.

Sebastian: Got it. I'll get someone to pick him up at Yeringham Station.

After reading the text, Susan felt drained of energy, and her shoulders slumped in dejection.

Ian finally found her twenty minutes later. He was laden with grocery bags and even had a fluffy puppy with him. He was planning on keeping it as a pet.

When he showed up, he saw Susan sitting in the waiting room. She was obviously waiting for him to return.

"Ian, I bought a bus ticket for you. It will depart in ten minutes. Your dad has sent someone to pick you up at Yeringham Station. Hurry, you should leave now," she said.

Her lips were curved into a pleasant smile as usual.

Ian's expression turned cold gradually. Crash! He dropped everything he bought to the ground, including the dog, before

turning to leave.

"Where are you going? Ian, come back!" Flustered, Susan ran after him.

Alas, Ian was too quick. As he had the upper hand over her with his height and long legs, Susan could barely catch up with him.

Left with no choice, Susan had to run with all her might.

Fortunately, the crowd dwindled after they left the market. She could still spot him from a distance behind.

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Noticing that he was heading in the direction of the village, Susan finally broke down out of exhaustion. She screamed, "Ian Hayes, can you stop acting like a child? You'll have to face reality soon enough. It's useless to run away! In the end, you'll still have to go home!"

She was close to tears by the time she finished her sentence.

Finally, Ian halted in his tracks. Perhaps he had heard how shaky her voice sounded.

Running away? No, I've never run away from anything. The reason why I came here was to face everything.

Turning around, Ian went back to her. He came to a stop before her and realized she had broken down completely.

"Who called you earlier?" he asked suddenly.

"Huh?" Susan was in the midst of wiping her tears away when she heard his question.

She lifted her head and stared at him blankly.

"Whose call was that? What did the person say to you?" Ian demanded sharply. An icy aura enveloped him, and he looked terrifying.

Susan froze.

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Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1860

Why is he so sure that someone has called me earlier?

Susan's mind went blank for a few seconds.

Ian took the opportunity to get her phone to check her call and text history himself.

Susan blanched. "No!"

She wanted to get her phone back.

Alas, she was no match for the tall and strong Ian. He managed to unlock her phone easily and click into her history.

Susan: I hate this. He keeps badgering me nonstop, and I'm afraid I might suffocate one day.

Poppy: Then what are you going to do? If you can't stand it anymore, make a decision as soon as possible. Some people can be really shameless, so you'll have to be straightforward for him to stop.

Susan: Yeah, I got it.

Despite not knowing what her reaction was when she typed out the last message, he could feel her hatred and indifference.

Ian stiffened.

He stared at the chat history blankly as though a bucket of cold water had been dumped over his head, freezing him from head to toe.

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Badger her? Shameless?

Slowly, he turned at his shoulder and pinned her with a withering look. One look from him was enough to send shivers down Susan's spine.

She parted her lips but no words came out.

She wanted to explain that she wasn't complaining about him. Back in the bus station, she was utterly frustrated and started chatting with her best friend, Poppy Slate, about the person who kept her on a tight leash.

Fury and hatred had overwhelmed her entire being then.

"Am I badgering you?" Ian asked.

"Yes," came her soft reply.

"Am I annoying you? And suffocating you?"

After a pause, she answered, "Yes."

Susan balled her fists so hard that her nails dug into her skin, drawing blood. Her palm was soon sticky with blood, but she didn't even realize that.

Yes, I'll just admit to everything.

Slowly, she lowered her head. The sparkle and hope in her eyes disappeared without a trace, and she could hear nothing but a word.

"Yes."

No matter what he said, she would reply numbly, "Yes."

Ian had left.

He didn't even say a word or react violently. All he did was walk past her and head to the bus station.

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Susan was dumbstruck.

Right that moment, she whipped around to stare at his back. His departure was like an iron shard stabbing straight into her heart, and the pain turned her inside out. She could barely stand on her feet.

I'm sorry, Ian.

She trudged back home slowly, looking like a lost soul.

That afternoon, she received a text telling her that Ian had arrived safely and that she didn't have to worry about him anymore.

After reading the text, she left her phone aside. That day, she sat in her spot for the entire afternoon until night fell.

In reality, she had never had a boyfriend.

Susan was a brilliant student, and there were many boys who had a crush on her on campus.

However, she had never fallen in love with anyone else. She wanted to focus on her studies and develop her career before finding a partner for life.

When did I start to care for him? I went against the social norms and fell in love with him.

She reckoned it was because they had grown up together. He used to be an introvert. The Jadeson family was a big family, and there were plenty of kids of his age.

However, he was only close to his siblings and her.

Later, she became accustomed to his presence, while he got used to her concerns for him.

What happened next was how her identity had undergone a change, so it was normal for their relationship to change swiftly as they grew closer to each other. Yasmin was right. I was head over heels in love with him without realizing it.

Just like that, Susan didn't move an inch the entire night.

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The next day, a member of the Villagers' Committee came up to her as they were worried something had happened to her.

"Susan, I heard that you fought with your nephew at the market yesterday. Is that right?"

"No," Susan refuted stiffly.

The committee member immediately added, "But the villagers saw your nephew flying into a fit of rage at the bus station. Not only did he destroy the bus station, but he also smashed someone's car windshield."

Susan gasped in disbelief upon hearing that.

Overwhelmed with shock, she spun on her heels and dashed out of the house.

Oh, dear. Why didn't I think of that? I only focused on being harsh on him and didn't stop to think whether he could bear it. The only reason why I'd been so careful and protective of him was that I didn't want to hurt his feelings!

Susan ran out and got a villager to give her a ride to the market on his motorcycle.

When she arrived at the market, she dashed all the way to the bus station and saw some people repairing the chairs and windows inside. There were also some window shards outside in the parking lot.

"Sir, what did you do to the young man who kicked up a fuss here? Where is he?" she asked as her voice choked up.

At the sight of a puddle of dried-up blood on the ground, she couldn't stop the fear from clawing up her throat.

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