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## Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1895

In the end, Ian chose to meet the psychologist.

Despite his reluctance, he knew he had to take the initiative to face some things so he could live like a normal person.

“Mr. Hayes, have a seat.”

Alain ushered him to a seat warmly.

Inexplicable waves of anxiousness washed over Ian.

The chair was, in fact, used by the psychologist to hypnotize patients.

Slowly, Ian sat in the chair.

Alain assured him, “Mr. Hayes, please relax. I’m going to examine you. It’s fine.”

He came over to Ian slowly.

Ian nodded, and his expression relaxed.

“Mr. Hayes, have you had difficulty sleeping recently or couldn’t calm yourself down?” Alain asked.

Hearing that, Ian fell silent. Having difficulty sleeping and can’t calm myself down?

Suddenly, he recalled the night when they were on the way back home from the museum.

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For the past few days, his emotions were on a rollercoaster. He had indeed failed to calm himself down.

Lowering his gaze, he replied, "Sometimes."

"Oh? Do the symptoms bother you?" Alain urged.

"What I mean is, will they stop you from focusing on other stuff? If the answer is yes, we can undergo a test."

Alain observed him carefully after posing the question.

That was how psychologists worked. Instead of asking what the problem was, they would chat with their patients to find out what their patients' troubles were.

This time, Ian felt that he wasn't bothered by the symptoms.

He might've failed to calm himself down entirely, but things were still under his control.

"No need," he rejected the offer.

Alain chuckled in response.

He poured a glass of water and placed it on the table. Gazing at Ian, he started another casual conversation.

Kurt only found out that Ian didn't attend his classes in the Faculty of Finance after ten in the morning.

He was quite surprised by the news.

"Why didn't he come to class? Is he not free today? He didn't ask for any leave," the lecturer asked.

Kurt was admitted to the university before the age of sixteen. His admittance created a huge uproar, so many students and teachers knew about him.

Later on, he became the top student in his major, so more people learned of his name.

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The professor from the Faculty of Finance would contact him if anything were to crop up after finding out that he was related to Ian.

Kurt hung up in confusion.

Where did he go instead of attending his classes?

He scrolled through his contacts and found someone's number before typing out a text.

Kurt: Uncle Solomon, did you ask Ian to do anything today?

Solomon: No. Today is Monday, right? I don't arrange any jobs for him during weekdays.

Solomon who was back home replied very quickly.

Kurt didn't ask questions and clicked into the GPS app. Soon, Ian's location was detected. He was currently in a familiar place.

The hospital!

Kurt left the campus.

Around twenty minutes later, Ian was asleep in the chair in the hospital. Alain was about to help him regain his memory when someone barged in.

Bang!

A young man with an imposing presence marched into the room.

"M-Mr. Lopez?" Alain stuttered.

"Who told you to do this?" Kurt snapped. He grabbed Alain by the collar and lifted him up in a menacing manner.

Thud!

He then tossed Alain to the table behind them.

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Alain almost fainted from the pain that flared up his body.

“M-Mr. Lopez, Mr. Hayes requested this. 1-1 didn’t do...” he stammered hastily, trying hard to tamp down his pain and panic.

Alas, Kurt wasn’t that easy to fool.

His eyes flashed with menace as he picked Alain up and flung him to the ground yet again. This time, he raised his foot and stepped on Alain’s throat.

It was a deadly move.

“Let me ask you again. Who gave you the order? Whose order are you acting upon?” he snarled.

“It was Mr. Hayes’ fiancée. She came to me yesterday and said he’s doing well. She told me to recover his memory.”

Finally, Alain told the truth.

Fiancée?

Kurt narrowed his eyes. A woman’s face popped up in his mind, and a frosty expression crept up his face. He proceeded to kick Alain away.

Does she have a death wish?

Kurt brought Ian away. When they were in the car, Kurt poured a bottle of water over Ian’s face.

“Hey!”

As the water splashed onto Ian’s face, he jolted awake and sat up. His chest was heaving.

Kurt sat aside silently and waited patiently for Ian to regain his senses completely.

Two minutes later...

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“Was I hypnotized earlier?”

“I told you not to meet the psychologist alone as you’re mentally unstable. Why did you forget my advice?” Kurt snapped. His voice was both furious.

He didn’t spare Ian’s feelings.

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