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Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1893

In the end, Susan brought Ian to a clinic nearby the campus. She refused to take no as an answer.

She accompanied him until the doctor finished dressing his wound. Even after his hand was all wrapped up, she didn't realize that Ian actually thought she didn't know how to ride a bicycle.

"Remember to keep your wound dry these few days," the doctor reminded Ian after dressing his wound.

Susan nodded profusely. "Yes, doctor."

After they left the clinic, Susan offered to give Ian a ride back. Ian didn't reject her offer. In fact, he got into her bicycle readily unlike how he reacted when she wanted to take him to the clinic earlier. He didn't kick up a fuss.

However, they had no idea a car drove past theirs when they were on their way to the apartment. The occupants in that car spotted them together clearly.

"Sigrun, isn't that your boyfriend?"

Sigrun's friend, Hannah, immediately blurted out in surprise.

After her arrival at the campus, Sigrun introduced Ian to her friends as her boyfriend who she was going to marry one day.

The very sight of Ian and Susan chatting gaily on a bicycle caused Sigrun to shake in fury.

She wanted to stop the car and dash over to them to demand to know what was going on. If possible, she would drag Susan down from the bicycle.

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How dare she take my fiancé around?

In the end, she managed to keep her emotions in check.

After all, she recalled Susan telling her that Ian hated people who kicked up a fuss. She didn't want Ian to despise her.

Sigrun had no choice but to watch the bicycle leave as the occupants chatted away.

Around ten minutes later, Sigrun's car rolled to a stop underneath the apartment.

She made a call to someone. "Hello? Can you help me investigate something?"

"What is it?" the person on the other end of the line asked.

"I'd like to find out what happened between Susan Jadeson, who used to live in the Jadeson residence, and Sebastian's eldest son, Ian Hayes. If you get me the information I want, I shall pay you one million in one go!" Sigrun declared.

She had given it her all to get the information she wanted.

As she had offered a handsome reward, the person on the other end of the phone agreed readily.

At the end of the day, Sigrun returned to the apartment. When she switched off the light and went to bed, an email popped up in her inbox.

There were a few blurry photos attached inside. Despite the low quality, it was obvious that the photos were taken in a remote village in the country. Both Ian and Susan were in the photos.

Anonymous: A log driver sent me these. He claimed Ian caused him to sustain severe losses. Initially, he wanted to take revenge and took these photos in secret. Ian had no idea these photos existed.

The person also sent her a text using his phone.

Sigrun promptly typed out a reply.

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Sigrun: Why did they go there?

Anonymous: Susan went there as a volunteer, and Sebastian's son went there without warning. They spent some intimate time there together.

He then proceeded to her send some photos.

This time, the photos he sent were HD photos. The photos portrayed Ian and Susan having fun together in a picturesque remote village. It looked like they were in a gorgeous oil painting.

Some photos showed them climbing the mountains to get fruits, some showed them working and plucking vegetables, some showed them visiting the villagers' houses...

There were a lot of photos of them together.

Sigrun discovered that the young man who always treated her indifferently was smiling in those photos. A beatific smile played on his lips as he stood beside the young lady.

To her despair, Sigrun realized he was stealing glances at Susan in more than one photo.

His gaze was full of love and affection as though he wanted to drown Susan with his adoration.

Why? How could this be possible? He's such an arrogant man. Why did he look at Susan that way?

Sigrun was on the verge of breaking down.

Anonymous: Later, something strange happened. They got into a fight in the market, and Ian went crazy. He destroyed the entire bus station.

The man attached a photo with his text.

The moment Sigrun clicked into it, hope filled her entire being.

She scrolled down hastily and finally got to know the entire story.

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Ian was a proud man, but he ended up in the police station because of Susan. Even though Susan showed up later, she didn't really solve anything.

Strangely, Ian fell sick when he returned to Avenport.

In the dark, Sigrun began analyzing the matter. She suddenly recalled that Ian was seeing a doctor when she first arrived in the city. In fact, his doctor appeared to be a psychologist.

She was pretty sure that it was only a matter of time before she could find out the truth.

The next day, Susan was the first to wake up.

As Ian's hand was injured, she decided to prepare breakfast in the morning. She would then send him to his class before going to her own class.

"Aunt Susan, you're up early," Vivian commented.

Kurt had woken her up a while ago. She rubbed her eyes sleepily and trudged down the stairs to see a spread served on the dining table.

She couldn't help but be impressed by the sight.

Aunt Susan is so diligent!

Flashing a smile, Susan busied herself with preparing breakfast. When everything was done, she removed her apron and emerged from the kitchen. It was time to wake Ian up.

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Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1894

“Eh? You’re up early, Ms. Susan.”

Outside the bedroom, she bumped into Sigrun, who had just woken up.

At once, Susan’s heart sank to her stomach.

It was a reflex every time she ran into Sigburn. Every time Sigburn showed up, she would do her best to keep Susan away from Ian.

Susan’s mood took a downhill.

Strangely, Sigrun didn’t try to make things difficult for her that morning.

“Vivi, Kurt, I have an event at the campus this morning. I need to leave now instead of joining you for breakfast. Ms. Susan, goodbye!”

She grabbed a bun on the table and hopped out of the house.

Susan regarded her back doubtfully.

How surprising.

No matter what, she heaved a sigh of relief after Sigburn left and hurried to Ian’s room ahead.

“Ian? Are you awake? Do you need help?” she asked worriedly after knocking on the door.

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Less than two minutes later, Ian strode out in a black outfit, looking refreshed and clean.

“It’s just a small injury. I didn’t lose any limb!”

He opened the door with his expression all scrunched up. It seemed like he was upset at how she was treating him as though he had lost a limb.

Susan chuckled in response.

“You didn’t button your shirt till the end. Let me help you.”

She stretched out her slender hands and buttoned up his shirt nicely.

Ian fell silent.

In the living room, Vivian stared at them, her eyes wide in shock.

“Kurt, don’t you think Aunt Susan treats Ian really well?” she whispered.

“Really?”

Kurt reached out to turn her head around, his expression calm and collected.

Vivian blinked her eyes twice. Her long lashes fluttered adoringly, causing Kurt’s heart to skip a beat.

“Yes. Don’t you realize it? That’s how you usually treat me, right?” she insisted.

The little fool is finally catching up, huh?

Kurt arched his brow as his lips curved.

“How do I usually treat you?” he teased.

Comprehension dawned on Vivian.

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At once, her cheeks flushed red. She immediately struggled out of his reach and ran to the dining table.

Is he out of his mind?

When Susan and Ian came down, Vivian dared not meet Kurt's gaze.

However, when everyone headed out, things went back to normal. Vivian climbed onto Kurt's back so he could bring her to the car park. Her tinkling laughter could be heard from afar.

"Vivi looks happy now," Susan commented when she saw them both downstairs.

She meant it.

Ian didn't say a word.

They soon arrived at the public bicycle parking area. When Susan was paying for her ride, Ian suddenly said, "She deserves it."

"What?"

Susan lifted her head abruptly when she heard what he had to say.

She deserves it? Does he mean...

"They went through a lot. They never gave up on each other in their darkest and most dangerous times. Naturally, they deserve hard-earned happiness. It's only fair for them to be this happy," Ian explained as Susan seemed confused.

Alas, he didn't know that his words went through her heart like an iron shard and revealed the deepest, darkest secret that she kept buried. Her smile promptly slipped.

In just a few seconds, the color completely drained from her face.

Give up? Is he talking about me? No. He has lost his memory, so he shouldn't be referring to me. Nevertheless, his words proved that he hated people who "give up." He even mentioned the word "fair." That means he despises selfish cowards.

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Susan lost the strength to speak.

That morning, they rode a bicycle each.

Ian's expression was gloomy.

As Susan had ridden away, he had no choice but to take another bicycle and ride after her.

Once they arrived at the campus, Susan headed straight to the Faculty of Accounting.

Ian's bicycle came to a stop. He stared at the building and locked his bicycle unhappily before striding away.

Buzz, buzz...

"Hello?"

"Mr. Hayes, this is Dr. Blanc. I heard you're doing well recently. Do you have time to come over? I need to examine you thoroughly."

It was the psychologist that Ian had seen previously.

His brows snapped together at the sudden phone call.

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