# Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 1324

Chapter 1324 True Colors

"Okay." She complied with Akiko.

With that, Akiko let out a sigh of relief and went back upstairs.

It was a peaceful afternoon in the company, and Akiko occupied herself with work in the president's office.

Finally, Solomon came out of the meeting room. Upon seeing that, Akiko put aside her work and went over to take the documents from Solomon's hands.

"Mr. Akiyama, it's almost time for you to get off work. Do you want me to order your diner for tonight?"

"It's fine. I still need to handle the woman who took away Jaena. You may leave work as you like," Solomon uttered while packing his stuff.

What did he say? Is he going to the woman's house?

Akiko was stunned momentarily as she stared at Solomon confusedly. Her mind went blank, not knowing how to react.

Solomon noticed her strange behavior and asked with a frown, "What's wrong? What's with that look?"

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Akiko immediately cleared her thoughts and denied, "I-It's nothing. Would you like me to go with you? Let me prepare the car now."

"No need," Solomon rejected without hesitation.

A few minutes later, he grabbed his briefcase and his car key before walking out of the office.

Akiko was dumbstruck as she felt as though her whole world had collapsed.

Overwhelmed with panic and anger, she grabbed the phone on the desk and made a call.

"Hello?"

A sweet voice came from the other end.

Akiko exploded with rage upon hearing that. "Ichika Minamoto, how dare you lie to me! Didn't I tell you to send your men away? Why didn't you do so? And how dare you even ask Mr. Akiyama to go over there?"

"What?"

Ichika was still at the planning department, and she was dumbfounded upon getting scolded by Akiko.

"Is that you, Akiko? Yes, I've thought it through, and I'm certain there's something suspicious going on. I thought Mr. Akiyama shouldn't brush this incident off and must look into it personally. It would be troublesome if the woman had taken Jaena away intentionally."

Akiko was left speechless.

"And Akiko, who allowed you to talk to me with that tone? Please don't forget your place."

Ichika's sweet tone turned stern abruptly.

Absolutely furious, Akiko was lost for words.

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She gripped the phone tightly and stood there for over a minute before slamming the phone down wrathfully.

Ichika Minamoto!

Utterly enraged, Akiko packed her stuff and left the building.

Around ten minutes later, she rushed to the woman's apartment. After a while, she saw the middle-aged woman escorted out by two men.

This is bad!

Overcome by fear, she took out her phone and began typing desperately with shaking fingers.

Your mom was captured. I'll give you another 500 thousand if she keeps her mouth shut!

She sent out the message as quick as she could.

After that, she saw Solomon and his men push the woman into the car and leave.

Akiko's hands clenched onto the driving wheel tightly, her body trembling incessantly.

Half an hour later, at an entertainment center in Avenport.

Solomon's men threw the woman right onto the ground.

"Speak now. Did you do it intentionally?"

"Ahh..."

The woman looked around her with horror written all over her face.

She bit her lip and shook her head desperately. "No... I didn't mean it... Please."

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"Get to work," was the indifferent reply from Solomon as he lit up a cigarette and puffed on it casually.

Then, he walked over to the bar to order a drink.

Every day at this hour, young men and women would start partying in the bar. Solomon, on the other head, could not be less entertained by dancing and singing.

Hence, whenever the dance floor started to heat up, he would prefer to order a drink and have a light chat with the bartender.

"Mr. George, you appear well recently. Is there any good news?"

"Good news?"

Solomon cast a glance at the bartender, feeling amused.

"Nope. I'm a lonely guy. If I've got good news, I wouldn't be drinking here alone, would I?"

"How could you say that? If you want it, I'm sure there will be countless beauties lining up for you in Avenport."

The bartender smiled as he shifted his gaze toward the dance floor. Then, he placed the cocktail he had just made in front of Solomon.

After two rounds of drink, Solomon's men approached him.

"Mr. George, she's still unwilling to speak."

"Is that so?"

Solomon put down his glass upon hearing that.

Half drunk by then, he wandered toward the woman who had been beaten so badly that she could not even get up from the ground.

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