

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1941

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 1941

Chapter 1941

Ian ultimately said nothing more and returned to school with Susan after getting his subordinates to cooperate with Vincent the best they can.

In the evening, Sasha called to inform him that Matteo was now undergoing training and would not be able to attend the engagement ceremony. In fact, it was Devin who had told her about this.

Ian simply responded that it was fine and that Matteo had already let him know personally.

Sasha felt relieved to hear that.

Unbeknown to the mother and son, however, was that as they spoke, a black MPV had pulled up at the entrance of the large building in Southeast Astoria that Ian had just glanced at through satellite imagery.

The building was none other than the formidable Tilan family's base, Tilan Palace.

Located on an island in Southeast Astoria, it was so massive that it not only had a large garden, but also an airport, seaport, and casino.

In terms of world standards, not even the Hayeses owned such a high-profile place.

An event seemed to be going on as the black MPV arrived by ship. There were bodyguards standing in every corner of the brightly-lit palace.

"What are you guys doing here?"

"Good day, sir. I've been summoned by Mr. Scalabrino. He told me to bring him some well-trained bodyguards, so here I am."

Upon being questioned, the person-in-charge hopped out of the vehicle and took out a name card immediately, expressing that he had reached out before arriving.

Mr. Scalabrino? The boss?

The bodyguard concealed his icy glare in an instant and pulled out a walkie-talkie. "Give me a minute."

He then walked to one side and spoke into the device.

A while later, a man emerged from inside the dazzling palace and walked straight toward the MPV.

"Mr. Scalabrine! It's me, Fat Snake."

The person in charge quickly waved at him with an ingratiating smile, looking like a dog trying to please its owner.

Zylan Scalabrine walked up to him.

Despite dressing casually, the middle-aged man looked especially insidious as he glanced in the direction of the MPV, causing everyone to tense up.

Fat Snake was no exception.

"These are the guys?"

"Yes, sir. As requested, I've brought you a few young and capable men. They're also pretty clean. I've already looked into their details when I bought them off the black market"

Fat Snake handed over a stack of documents.

Zylan flipped through the papers. Seeing that everything was fine, he waved at the bodyguards, who then opened up the door to the MPV and pushed eight people out of the vehicle. These men had black cloth sacks over their heads.

Human rights certainly didn't apply in a place like this. Just from the word "bought," it was clear that the men were regarded as nothing more than traded goods.

"Show me their faces."

"Yes, sir."

Fat Snake personally removed all the cloth sacks covering the men's heads.

"Ugh!"

The men squinted in discomfort from the sudden brightness entering their lines of sight.

Zylan began to scrutinize them.

They all look young and handsome. Ms. Tilan will certainly be pleased. But...

Thud!

He suddenly threw a punch at one of the young men standing in front. Caught off guard, the latter clutched his stomach and bent over in pain.

“Uh...”

“Good-for-nothing trash. Take him downstairs!”

With that, the fate of this young killer who appeared to be below the age of twenty-five was sealed, and no one knew what was about to happen to him.

Fear surged within the remaining young men as they saw that.

“What’s going on, Fat Snake? We didn’t ask to be treated like sh*t when you decided to pick US up from the black market.”

One of them finally mustered up the courage to speak.

Fat Snake fell dead silent for a brief moment.

Before he could respond, Zylan’s gaze fell on the young man like a venomous snake eyeing its prey, and the latter instinctively took a step back in response.

Yet, after seeing his comrades shivering in fear, he stopped in his tracks and continued to glare at Zylan, his eyes gleaming.

“What is your name?”

“Theo.”

That was all the young killer could utter as he stared at the older man.

Theo?

Seeing the way Theo insisted on meeting his gaze despite having turned white as a sheet, Zylan finally smirked.

“Very well. You can stay!” he remarked while pointing a finger at the young killer.

The young man froze briefly.

So... / can stay? But what about the others?

“Don’t be hasty, now. This is just the beginning,” Zylan continued as though having read Theo’s thoughts. “Ms. Tilan needs two bodyguards, so if you can stay, you’ll receive ten million as compensation every month. But if you can’t stay, don’t even think about going back.”

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He spoke as if he was having the most usual conversation ever.

Yet, the men’s faces fell as they heard those words, and their eyes turned bloodshot with fear.

Who cares if we don’t get paid, but what the hell does he mean by not being able to go back?

Everyone instantly felt a strong murderous aura coming from the man standing before them.

Soon, Zylan walked away, and the young men were taken to a training ground by the bodyguards of Tilan Palace, where a cruel and devastating battle was about to ensue.

Rosalie Tilan stepped out of the palace in the middle of her birthday party clad in a fancy gown. She couldn’t stand the phony words of flattery and had to take a breather outside.

However, as the woman arrived at one end of the palace, she caught sight of a gruesome massacre taking place in the dark.

With only a wall separating them, she saw seven to eight young men in white shirts attacking each other like wild beasts that had been thrown into the same enclosure.

It was as though they could only walk out of that place alive by killing one another.

In truth, that was exactly the case.

A pale-faced Rosalie had only stood there for about three minutes, and she had already witnessed two men die.

The young woman's chest heaved as she watched the blood seep out of the men's bodies the moment they were stabbed. It was such a gruesome sight that she wanted to throw up.

Eventually, Rosalie fled.

Upon returning to the party, she then realized that she still preferred the luxurious life she had the privilege of enjoying as compared to the bloodbath happening outside.

Rosalie had drunk too much that night. It was noon by the time she woke up the next day, and her old housemaid kept trying to wake her up.

"Mrs. Tilan has arrived, Ms. Rosalie. Please get up"

Rosalie finally opened her eyes and got out of bed slowly.

Mrs. Tilan referred to the lady of Tilan Palace, whereas Rosalie herself had just celebrated her eighteenth birthday last night.

In order to continue living here comfortably, she couldn't afford to burn bridges yet.

Thus, the young woman washed up quickly and headed downstairs while still in her pajamas.

"Rosie, how could you come down dressed like that?"

You're the young heiress of the Tilan family! You can't act like this in front of Mom. You're being so discourteous."

Tanya Tilan spoke up in concern as she saw her younger sister finally emerge while she was in the middle of enjoying some pastries with their stepmother, Lacey Minbert.

Me? Discourteous? I've always behaved like this!

Ignoring her older sister, Rosalie maintained her nonchalant demeanor and walked up to her stepmother lazily.

"What is it?"

Tanya was at a loss for words.

How she wished she could slap this insolent little sister of hers.

The nerve! Does she not know who she's talking to right now?

Lacey was visibly displeased too, but she suppressed her anger after taking into consideration the fact that the young woman just had her coming-of-age ceremony the night before.

“You’re an adult now, Rosie. You can’t act the way you used to anymore. Anyway, Mrs. Tharman’s invited US over for a meal to celebrate your adulthood. Go get ready. I’ll come back and get you later,” the lady of the household explained, trying to be as patient as she could.

Unexpectedly, as soon as her words fell, the seemingly harmless young lady standing before her suddenly let out a sharp, taunting laugh.

“Mrs. Tharman? Were you planning to sell me off the moment I became an adult, Mrs. Tilan? How much did they offer in exchange? Have you discussed this with my father?”

“You!”

Lacey turned red in fury as soon as she heard that.

Meanwhile, Tanya turned pale in fright.

“What are you saying, Rosie? Mrs. Tharman’s the one who invited you over. I’ve heard it with my own ears too! How could you accuse Mom of doing such a thing?”

Rosalie was momentarily bereft of words.

What a stupid girl.

Not wanting to speak to her sister anymore, the young woman turned to leave. “You can go if you want to. I’m not going. I still have classes to attend today, you know? I had to ask for a day off just so I could come back yesterday.”

With that, she began walking toward the stairs.

Lacey could no longer contain her wrath.

“Rosalie Tilan, you’d best behave yourself! This is what your father wants too. Also, he’s gotten you two bodyguards. From now on, they’ll have to report to your father about wherever you intend to go beforehand,” the irate woman spat out.

Rosalie, who had already arrived at the bottom of the stairs, turned her head swiftly upon hearing that.

Then, a vicious scowl appeared on her exquisite little face as her eyes glowered. “How dare you order me around? You...”

The young woman then stopped abruptly, for at that very moment, she saw two young men in black suits walk in with communication devices in their ears.

They looked especially foreign, but from just one glance, Rosalie instantly recognized one of them as the guy with the most blood on his hands last night.

He was like a lone wolf being pushed to the edge. At that time, the only weapon he had on him was the same pair of shackles used to restrain him, which he had then used to murder his own comrades.

Rosalie gulped as she remained unmoving.

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In the end, Rosalie had no choice but to go to the Tharman residence with Lacey in the company of two new bodyguards.

During the journey to the Tharman residence, Rosalie's housekeeper Eva briefly explained the information she obtained, "Ms. Rosalie, I heard Mr. Tilan was the one who instructed Mr. Scalabrino to recruit these two bodyguards from the black market."

"They're not only capable fighters but also have a lot of experience. If I'm not mistaken, they were once renowned assassins in the black market before they came to Tilan Palace," Eva added.

Upon hearing that, Rosalie glanced out of the window subconsciously. *So those men are assassins.*

Suddenly, the two men in black who were following the car on bikes seemed to have sensed her gaze and turned to look at her.

A shiver instantly ran up Rosalie's spine. She had to take a deep breath to calm herself down. *That killer glare was scary.*

Even though the man's almond-shaped eyes were charming, Rosalie still saw a threatening cold glint in his eyes.

She dared not look at him anymore.

Some forty minutes later, Lacey and Rosalie arrived at the Tharman residence, the house of the city's most prominent noble family.

Ever since Tilan Palace was built, the Tilan family couldn't care less about the so-called noble families in the city.

However, since the Tilan family was involved in the black market, Hugo knew they still had to maintain their reputation by building bridges with the noble families.

The Tilans walked into the villa. It was apparent that the residence was incomparable to the grandeur of Tilan Palace.

"Mrs. Tilan! You're finally here. We've been waiting for your arrival," Priscilla greeted Lacey with enthusiasm even though she was a respectable noblewoman herself.

Priscilla even went up and held Lacey's hands as if they were close friends.

Rosalie stood beside them and watched indifferently.

Lacey turned to her and said, "Rosie, go on and greet Mrs. Tharman."

Rosalie said, "Nice to meet you, Mrs. Tharman."

"Oh, my goodness, Rosie! Look at you! I remember seeing you a couple of days ago, but you look even more gorgeous today! No wonder people always say teenage girls would go through drastic changes when they hit eighteen years old."

Priscilla held Rosalie's hands and praised her incessantly. Even Rosalie could not help but feel embarrassed by her exaggerated compliments.

After a brief greeting, the adults were ushered to Priscilla's villa to rest and chat, whereas Rosalie was brought to another place to mingle with her peers.

Rosalie utterly detested social events like this.

"Look! Isn't that Ms. Rosalie Tilan from the Tilan family? Didn't she celebrate her eighteenth birthday just yesterday? Did her family bring her here to find her a fiancé? How eager!"

"I think so since quite a number of young men from prominent families attended today's gathering."

"Ew..."

All the young ladies from the noble families who were gathered together started giving Rosalie the side-eye.

They were jealous of Rosalie because of her family background, but at the same time, they were fearful of the influence and power of the Tilans.

That was why all these young ladies from the noble families only dared to mock Rosalie during social gatherings.

Upon hearing that, Rosalie's expression darkened. She just wanted to distance herself from the group.

"Come with you-both of you." Rosalie then turned around and left with the two new bodyguards.

Soon, the three of them arrived at the pool in the villa's garden. Most of the guests had just arrived, so there were not many people around the area.

Upon noticing how clear the pool water was, Rosalie turned to the bodyguard and said, "Hold this for me!"

She took off her dress, exposing the brassiere she was wearing.

The two bodyguards who stood behind Rosalie were stunned when they saw her figure.

Never in a million years did they expect the eighteen-year-old heiress of the Tilan family would casually remove her dress and get into the pool without putting on swimwear.

The bodyguard on the left immediately blushed. He had no choice but to take the dress.

The bodyguard on the right, too, froze for a bit and did not know how to react, but he soon narrowed his crescent moon-like eyes in disgust and looked away.

Generally, men who were born with a pair of eyes that resembled a crescent moon were affable individuals because they tended to look smiley all the time.

Not only would they look approachable, but they would also give out radiant smiles.

Yet, beneath the bodyguard's shades, there was nothing but disgust in his icy glare.

Rosalie started swimming as freely and agile as a fish in the pool.

All of a sudden, a few people noticed a figure in the pool and exclaimed, "Hey, look! Oh, my God. Isn't that Rosalie Tilan? Is she swimming in the pool without swimwear?"

"My goodness. Has she no shame?"

A few ladies from the noble families then ran toward the pool when they heard the gasps and exclamations.

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The bodyguard with the swimsuit immediately ran toward Rosalie in the pool to remind her to climb up so no one would see her.

Hearing his voice, Rosalie emerged from the water.

“What’s the fuss? So what if I’m swimming naked? I…”

Crack!

A loud sound of cracking bones caused her to trail off in shock.

Both of them turned in the direction of the sound and saw a noblewoman in front of the crowd getting kicked away.

She didn’t even let out a yelp when she landed on the ground.

Rosalie gaped in disbelief.

“H-How could you kick her?” someone screamed.

“Why can’t I kick her? The person in the pool is my employer. My job is to ensure she’s safe within a fiftymeter radius.”

After delivering the kick, the young bodyguard smoothed his wrinkled hems nonchalantly. He then folded his arms and stood before Rosalie in a protective manner.

Everyone else was floored by his action.

Behind him, Rosalie floated above the water in the pool quietly. She was taken aback to hear his calm but arrogant words.

The Tilan family was influential in Southeast Astoria, but they had never acted so domineeringly on such occasions where many powerful figures were also present.

Rosalie stared at the muscular back belonging to the bodyguard as her heart skipped a beat.

Soon, the elders came out after hearing the commotion. By then, Rosalie had already climbed out of the pool and put on her clothes.

“Rosie, what’s going on? How could you let your bodyguard beat them up for no reason?” Upon arrival, her stepmother, Lacey, immediately questioned her angrily.

Rosalie retorted, “What do you mean by ‘for no reason?’ I was teaching them a lesson.”

“Teaching US a lesson?” the socialites shrieked in horror.

“That’s utter nonsense! She jumped into the swimming pool naked! We wanted to remind her about her indecency, but her bodyguard kicked one of US without hesitation,” one socialite protested.

Another socialite nodded vehemently. “Yeah! If we hadn’t stopped in time, we would be lying on the ground just like that lady and end up being cripples.”

Cripples?

Rosalie glanced at her bodyguard and fretted inwardly.

Hearing that, Lacey fumed, “Rosie, are they telling the truth? Didn’t you wear a swimsuit in public?”

“What’s so strange about that? I don’t wear anything either when I swim back at home,” came Rosalie’s innocent answer.

“But we’re not at home. This is someone else’s house!

Where are your manners? How could you ask your bodyguard to beat them up? This is outrageous.

Apologize to them now!” Lacey demanded.

Her entire body was shaking in rage as she pointed at the victim’s parents and told Rosalie to apologize to them.

One couldn’t really blame her for going breathless with anger. The Tilan family might be prominent in Southeast Astoria, but everyone knew they were involved in shady businesses.

As such, whenever Lacey showed herself in public, she would put on a dignified front so the real noble families would acknowledge her and her family.

Rosalie merely stared at her icily.

“Apologize? Why should I apologize? You shouldn’t have brought me out if you’re worried about me acting vulgarly. That way, you won’t get embarrassed at all,” she mocked.

“You!” Finally, Lacey blew her top and raised her hand to slap Rosalie.

Surprisingly, Rosalie didn’t even flinch. It was as though she was used to getting slapped by her stepmother.

Before the slap could land on her cheek, a large hand intervened and stopped Lacey’s advance. The owner of the hand then grabbed Lacey’s wrist and twisted it deftly.

Crack!

Her wrist broke instantly following the horrifying sound.

“Ow!” Lacey’s scream pierced the air, resonating around the garden in the villa.

Rosalie’s jaw dropped when she saw her stepmother’s plight. She had never seen anything this shocking in her entire lifetime, and the color slowly drained from her face.

D-Did I get myself a robot? I can’t believe how ruthless he is!

In the end, Rosalie brought the two bodyguards and Lacey, who was still screaming in anguish, back to Tilan Palace.

As they left urgently, the helicopter couldn’t arrive in time to give them a ride, so they had to take the speedboat back. That was when Rosalie overheard the exchange between her bodyguards.

“Theo, how could you be this reckless? Never mind if you kicked that socialite. How could you break Mrs. Tilan’s wrist without warning? You’re in deep trouble.”

They were chatting behind Rosalie.

However, it was mostly Samson who spoke. On the other hand, the person he was advising, Theo, remained silent most of the time.

Rosalie said nothing until Samson said that Theo was in deep trouble for the umpteenth time. Finally, she lost her patience and turned at her shoulder to glower at them.

“Stop talking nonsense. I’m still here,” she chided.

At once, Samson zipped his lips shut.

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Theo, who was sitting beside Samson, shifted his body a little as his gaze swept over Rosalie briefly. The wind blew so hard that he could practically taste the salty seawater on his lips.

Seeing that, Rosalie fell silent.

Strangely, she grew increasingly determined to protect him.

Soon, they arrived at Tilan Palace. As expected, Zylan was waiting at the entrance.

When he spotted them, he immediately waved for the staff to take action. Someone stepped forward and pinned Theo down once he got out of the car.

Thud!

A punch was delivered to his belly. Before Rosalie realized what was going on, Theo grunted in pain and bent his body.

The sight snapped Rosalie out of her reverie. "What are you doing? Who said you could hit him?" she screamed as raw anger shot through her.

Hearing her questions, Zylan came to her and explained, "Ms. Rosalie, it was all my fault for choosing the wrong person. I'll take him away and deal with him. Don't worry. I'll select a better bodyguard for you later."

He was about to order his subordinates to bring Theo away when Rosalie scurried forward to grab the latter's arm, effectively preventing them from leaving.

She had never shown any resistance against such matters, and this was the first time she fought back.

"Don't you dare bring him away!" she snarled menacingly.

"Ms. Rosalie-

Rosalie glared at the loyal house steward and interjected, "Did he do anything wrong? You hired him so that he could protect me, right? I ran into danger at the Tharman residence, and he resolved my problem. Isn't that what you told him to do? He didn't do anything wrong, did he?"

Zylan was stunned as he had no idea that the usually docile young lady would stop him from taking action against Theo.

His eyes widened as he asked, "Ms. Rosalie, don't you know that he broke Mrs. Tilan's wrist?"

"So what? She wanted to slap me at the Tharman residence in front of an audience. Isn't it normal for him to break her wrist? My father will be humiliated if I get slapped in public, right? He stopped that from happening. How is that wrong?" Rosalie retorted defiantly in a shrill and loud voice.

She didn't even know why she got this emotional. Previously, she couldn't care less about the housemaids and bodyguards tasked to serve her.

However, she stopped Zylan from taking Theo away today and got all worked out to defend him.

Zylan observed her for a while before deciding to spare Theo for the time being. He then led Theo, Rosalie, and Lacey to meet the owner of the house, also Rosalie's father.

"Ms. Rosalie, you surprised me today. I don't know what the bodyguard did to you, but I have to take action if your father refuses to let him stay. If that's the case, I apologize in advance," Zylan told Rosalie.

"I'll make sure he stays," Rosalie vowed.

They went to the top floor of the building.

Under normal circumstances, an ordinary bodyguard wouldn't get to go all the way to the penthouse, for this was where the owner of the building lived. It was also the base of the entire Tilan dynasty.

"Mr. Tilan, I've brought them here," Zylan reported politely.

"Come on in." A middle-aged man's voice boomed out from the penthouse.

At once, everyone felt a dangerous and imposing aura descending upon them.

Rosalie felt the same way, too.

She feared her father immensely even though they rarely met. It would only take one look from him to reduce her to a trembling mess every time they met.

Rosalie acted that way because she once saw how he slayed someone with his own hands.

Walking inside, she observed the unfamiliar penthouse carefully. Her jaw dropped when she saw a man wearing glasses with his hair slicked back standing in front of the window, leaning on his cane.

“F-Father...” she stammered as dread clawed up her throat.

When their gazes met, she shivered profusely and wanted nothing more than to leave this penthouse.

Similarly, Zylan dared not lift his head. He kept his head bowed as he told his men to drag the bodyguard in to face his cold and ruthless employer.

“It’s him?”

“Yes.” Zylan nodded.

Rosalie dared not make a sound. She watched as her father glanced at the bodyguard before coming to the latter with his cane.

“Father!” Rosalie finally summoned her courage to speak out loud. “He didn’t hurt me. I saw how he resorted to harsh tactics to protect me earlier. Father, ever since my elder brother died, no one had ever treated me this way.”

She gripped the hem of her dress and managed those words between gritted teeth before her father reached the bodyguard.

She finally realized the reason why she didn’t want him to die.

Meanwhile, Hugo said naught a word.

However, he stretched his cane out to lift the bodyguard’s jaw and force the latter to meet his gaze as he scrutinized the young man’s unfamiliar face sharply.

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“Aren’t you afraid of death?” Hugo asked the handsome young man.

Theo returned his stare without a word.

His face was wounded. Besides getting punched in his abdomen downstairs, he got hit in the face. Thus, a trail of blood trickled down the corner of his lips.

Nevertheless, Theo's lips twitched when he heard the question from Hugo's lips.

"What use is that?" he responded calmly.

Hmm, interesting answer.

A smile nudged Hugo's lips when he realized there was no fear in the young man's eyes.

"Indeed, if I want to kill you, I won't change my mind even if you go on your knees to beg for my forgiveness.

However, you'll need to provide me a reason to spare your life," Hugo told him.

With that said, he retracted his cane and strode over to the couch.

Rosalie parted her lips in an attempt to defend the bodyguard again, but Zylan grabbed her hand and gestured for her to stay put.

"I had two choices back there, so I picked the one that would give me a higher chance of surviving," Theo answered.

"Oh?"

Theo explained, "Yes. If Mrs. Tilan were to slap Ms. Tilan and humiliate you, I'd die once I get back here. But if I chose to defend Ms. Tilan, you might spare my life since I was smart and loyal to her."

The bodyguard with a bloodied cut on his lip was pinned to the ground. No one had expected that his reason was so simple and straightforward.

Instantly, Rosalie blanched in horror.

Is he nuts? How could he say that? He'll definitely die after saying that!

Her heart sank to the bottom of her stomach in despair.

To her surprise, Hugo, notorious for committing innumerable murders, decided to spare the bodyguard's life.

"All right. You win. I'll spare your life this once."

Dumbfounded by his actions, everyone in the penthouse gasped at his generous gesture.

Theo was the only exception.

He lifted his pale face to stare at the owner of the Tilan empire quietly.

“I admire those who aren’t afraid of death. I hope you’ll continue acting this way to protect yourself, otherwise, you’ll die a more horrible death than the people you killed last night,” Hugo declared.

His gaze was fixed on the bodyguard as he flashed a smile.

Seeing that, everyone else lowered their heads hastily.

Even Zylan, who had worked under Hugo for years, felt a chill go down his spine. He couldn’t bring himself to meet Hugo’s gaze.

Hugo had the most terrifying expression on his face, looking like a vicious snake waiting for its prey. Once its prey moved, it would sink its teeth into its prey and kill the prey instantly.

Finally, Rosalie could leave the penthouse with Theo.

Once she came out, her legs gave way, and she nearly fell flat on the floor.

“Ms. Rosalie!”

By then, Theo had been released. He ignored the pain in his belly and came over to help her up.

Rosalie turned around slowly and gazed at him. The terror in her eyes was still evident.

“Release me!” she snapped.

“Yes.”

Theo hung his head low and released his grip on her obediently.

A while later, she finally summoned the strength to get to her feet and marched away furiously.

/ won't do anything this foolish ever again. He's just a bodyguard. Why should I even bother? He has nothing to do with me.

At that thought, she stormed back to Rose Garden furiously.

Meanwhile, Zylan was still in the penthouse, waiting for his employer to relay his order.

Hugo asked, "Did you investigate that man thoroughly? Is he clean?"

"Yes. He came from Jetroina. He's the son of an aide of the Terrandya Nogitas. After the Nogita family's decline, they had to find a living for themselves. His father was addicted to gambling and ended up selling him and his mother. After his mother passed away, he worked for the casino's owner. As he was merciless, the largest gang in Jetroina ended up recruiting him to be an assassin," Zylan reported.

He specifically enunciated the last part.

If the mafia had recruited Theo, it meant that he was capable and had a clean background. Many gangs loved doing the same thing to get themselves reliable assassins.

A satisfied smile flitted across Hugo's lips.

"If that's the case, we can train him. He's doing quite well. Keep him as a spare in case we need him," he commanded.

"Yes." Zylan was inwardly delighted.

He was about to leave when Hugo frowned and asked, "I heard Old Scum ran into trouble?"

"Y-Yes..." Zylan stammered as cold sweat formed on his brows.

His face was pale as he explained, "A year ago, he ran into a client that took a liking to an actor. The client asked him to make the introductions. It took Old Scum some time to get the actor, but the actor's attitude changed drastically when he learned he had to please the client. He even got into a fight with the client."

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"Then did Old Scum do anything to him?" Hugo's expression was as dark as thunder.

Zylan nodded. "Yes. He refused to do as told, so the client held a grudge and beat him until he lost consciousness before removing his kidneys. It so happened that another client of Old Scum needed the kidneys, so he gave them to his other client."

He was simmering with anger by the time he finished his words.

Never mind if Old Scum had done that to an ordinary person. Alas, he ended up inviting trouble to their door.

Banging his cane, Hugo felt the anger building and demanded, "Who? Come again?"

Zylan was shaking so profusely that he nearly lost his balance. He wiped away the cold sweat on his brows and said in a trembling voice, "Mr. Tilan, I admit that they acted recklessly. I've sent my men to take care of the matter."

"Take care of the matter? How are you going to do that?" Hugo fumed. "Do you know why I never dreamed of expanding my power to Astoria? That's because Sebastian Hayes is there! How dare you offend him? I might as well shoot you in the head right now!"

The biggest mafia boss in Southeast Astoria shook in fury as he pulled his gun out to kill Zylan.

Hugo had never been afraid of anyone in his entire life.

However, he never dared to get on the bad side of the president of Hayes Corporation, who was also the richest and most influential man in Astoria.

Sebastian is too powerful. Hayes Corporation did exceptionally well under his helm and became one of the wealthiest companies in the world. After he left his position and became a politician, he managed to turn the tide single-handedly. Even though he doesn't have an official identity, everyone knows that he is the actual ruler of the country.

His power and influence were simply too horrifying.

How dare these idiots offend Sebastian?

Bang!

"Ah!" An ear-splitting scream resonated around the penthouse.

If someone hadn't shown up at the door in time to drag Zylan away, he would've died right there and then.

“Hugo, what are you doing? Zylan has worked for you for years. Why do you want him dead?”

After saving Zylan, the person released him and came over to Hugo.

Despite his fury, Hugo put his gun away at the sight of the man.

“Why don’t you ask what he did? Sebastian Hayes’ cousin died because of his human trafficking business!

Sebastian will seek revenge now that his cousin is dead,” Hugo snapped furiously.

The newcomer’s expression changed drastically, for he hadn’t expected the matter to be this serious.

Sebastian Hayes, huh? That man spells trouble.

After the initial shock, the person calmed down and came to Hugo. He advised, “What’s done is done, so we should focus on solving the problem instead of starting an internal conflict. I believe Zylan knew nothing about the human trafficking business. Besides, Tilan Corporation has never been directly involved with it.”

Indeed, the Tilan family rarely got involved in their illegal businesses to prevent the police from getting dirt on them.

There was also another reason for their lack of direct involvement. After all, these businesses were minor enough to be taken care of by their lackeys.

Hearing that, Hugo finally calmed down.

“What should we do now? I don’t know if Sebastian has received news about it. Imagine the consequences if he discovers the truth.”

“Yes, that’s the most important part of the matter. For now, I suggest we deal with the police by handing the client to them. When the time comes, and they decide to crack down on our business, we can sacrifice Old Scum,” the person suggested.

He was ruthless enough to cut off all the people involved in the organ-trafficking business in order to protect Tilan Palace.

Hugo nodded in agreement.

“What about Sebastian?” he asked.

The man pondered briefly before coming up with a flawless solution. “I heard his eldest son will get engaged half a month later. We can send someone to attend the

engagement party and find out if Sebastian knows about this. If he does, we'll prepare ourselves. If he doesn't know a thing, we'll deal with the matter and settle things with the police."

Zylan, who was still on his knees on the floor, immediately shot the man an ecstatic look as though the man was his savior.

This man was none other than Wesley Yarbrough, Tilan Palace's advisor and also Hugo's best friend.

The next morning, Rosalie woke up early to head to school.

"Rosie, remember to be a good girl at school, stop making your father upset. I heard that you kicked up a fuss at the penthouse yesterday."

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Chapter 1948

Chapter 1948

When Rosalie was about to depart, her elder sister Tanya Tilan came out to send her. Tanya could not help but give her advice repeatedly.

Feeling annoyed, Rosalie got into the car and exclaimed, "Start driving!"

Upon hearing that, Rosalie's bodyguard Samson, the driver on duty today, stuttered, "I'm sorry, Ms. Rosalie. W- We still have to wait for Ms. Melinda and Ms. Shannon.

They'll be going to school today too."

Rosalie's expression turned grim when she heard what he said.

She turned her attention outside to where another bodyguard was on his motorbike.

A few minutes later, the willful third daughter of the Tilan family lifted her skirt, got up on the bike, and steadied herself. "Let's go, Theo!"

"Yes, Miss."

No one dared to stop her. After the man acknowledged her order, he revved the engine and sped off.

Samson, who was still sitting in the car, gaped in disbelief. “He just cheated death yesterday, and now he’s doing this? Has that guy gone mad?”

Half an hour later, Theo and Rosalie arrived at the school for the noble families.

“Oh, my God. Look! Rosalie came to school on a bike! How could she travel on a bike while wearing a skirt? How atrocious and unladylike!”

“Exactly! She’s getting out of control!”

The girls started talking behind Rosalie’s back when they saw her entering the school.

Rosalie gave them the cold shoulder.

Soon, Melinda and Shannon arrived. The other girls looked at the Tilan sisters in awe as they were envious of them.

Rosalie’s expression remained grim.

Everyone knew that there were several women in Hugo’s life. That was why he had more than ten children. Yet, no one knew Rosalie was his only child with his legitimate wife.

Rosalie tossed the key to the bodyguard beside her. “Take the car and go anywhere you wish to go. It’ll be even better if you wreck the car.”

She pointed at the car worth several million.

Growing up in a complicated family environment, Rosalie did not have a care in the world. That was how she ended up becoming an arrogant and emotional person. Her moods changed at the drop of a hat.

No one deserved to be happy if she was in a bad mood.

Theo retrieved the key from her but did not do what she said.

After watching the unreasonable young woman enter the school, Theo put the key into his pocket and lit a cigarette. He did not bother heeding her order this time.

Samson did not know what else to say. *So he’s finally not going to do what Ms. Rosalie asked of him, huh?*

He walked over and drew a cigarette from Theo’s box.

Lighting the cigarette, he advised, "It's not easy to take care of Ms. Rosalie. You have to stop being so reckless, Theo. You may have escaped death this round, but luck will not always be on your side."

Upon hearing that, Theo glanced at Samson from the corner of his eyes. "I'll not die."

Samson was rendered speechless by his remark. *He's so full of himself.*

Samson continued puffing on his cigarette while Theo remained silent. All of a sudden, Theo's eyes flashed. He straightened and turned to Samson. "I'm going to the washroom."

His sudden reaction did not arouse Samson's suspicion.

Theo looked around and found a public restroom. He then entered one of the cubicles.

"Matteo? Are you there?" The voice of a woman rang out from the communicator in his ears, sounding anxious.

Theo turned on the tap to offset his voice. "Yes."

"What took you so long to reply to me? I thought-" The woman heaved a sigh of relief after hearing his voice.

However, she was also slightly unhappy about his slow response.

Theo did not explain further. After seeing the last man leave the restroom, he asked succinctly, "Anything?"

Lana said, "Last night, a lieutenant from Yartran named Vincent detained a human trafficker who sells organs illegally. After a round of interrogation, the man confessed he was involved in your uncle's case."

"Wait, what?" He raised his voice involuntarily as he did not expect to hear this.

Lana tapped on her phone and sent a photo to his email through an anonymous account.

"I heard the man is gay. At first, he... wanted to get his hands on your uncle. He paid someone to kidnap your uncle, but... when your uncle fought back, he... crippled him." Lana halted several times as she spoke.

She sounded slightly hesitant because she did not want Theo to go through emotional turmoil as this was his first mission, and she was afraid he might not take the news well. After all, this was also his first time hearing about such a gruesome incident.

People in their line of work had to be psychologically prepared to cope with and manage stress.

Lana could not help but recall how smiley and cheerful Matteo was when she first met him. He could warm people's hearts with that affectionate smile on his face.

Thump!

Suddenly, Lana heard a thud from her earpiece.

She panicked. "Matteo, what are you doing? Calm down, and don't act impulsively!"

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Chapter 1949

Chapter 1949

Lana waited for a very long time before the boy spoke up again. "What happens now? Is this the end of this case?"

"Of course not," she immediately replied.

How can we do that when there's so much involved in the case? If we close it just because the other party has found a scapegoat we'd be letting them off easy!

"As far as Interpol is concerned, your uncle's case can be closed since they've arrested the criminal organization responsible," Lana continued. "On our end, however, the police will continue investigating Hugo Tilan for his involvement in several illegal activities. Now, as for you..."

Should I suggest transferring Matteo back? After all, his identity is far too special.

Unfortunately, before Lana could say anything more, Matteo interrupted coldly, "If there's nothing else, HI hang up now."

"Wait!" Lana shouted.

My goodness. This boy scared me half to death!

Left with no other choice, she reluctantly added, "Don't hang up yet, Matteo. I have a mission for you."

When Samson made his way to the restroom a few minutes later, he noticed Theo had already come out.

“Hey, what took you so long? I saw those bodyguards entering the school. Don’t we need to go over?”

Confused by Samson’s question, Theo merely gave him a quizzical glance.

“I’m talking about the other Tilan bodyguards. They’ve all gone into the building,” Samson explained as he stared at the latter. “Since we’re working for Ms. Rosalie, shouldn’t we join them?”

Odd. I wonder what Theo’s thinking about right now. Is he even focused on this matter?

As it turned out, Theo’s mind wasn’t on that at all.

In the end, Theo decided against going inside and told Samson to go ahead. He then rode his motorcycle back to Tilan Palace.

Unfortunately, he bumped into Zylan the moment he returned, and needless to say, the latter was surprised. “Huh? Why are you back?”

Theo stood quietly in front of him before blurting out, “Ms. Tilan wanted me to get something for her.”

Zylan couldn’t be bothered to probe any further and promptly left the palace with his men and Hugo. Unbeknownst to him, it was that fateful afternoon when someone infiltrated the penthouse during their absence.

Thankfully, it didn’t take long before the breach was discovered.

“What? Did you just say someone’s broken into the penthouse? Get our men to check it out this instance!”

Hugo bellowed when he heard the news, his expression dark and menacing.

Zylan, on the other hand, had turned pale as a sheet and quickly left for Tilan Palace with a handful of subordinates.

However, when they arrived, they were told that the bodyguards in Tilan Palace had already found the reason for the breach.

“It wasn’t a person. It was a cat.”

“A cat?” Zylan asked doubtfully, not entirely convinced that they had a feline invader.

Given the laser defense system we have in place, not even a fly or a trace of gas would be able to penetrate it, let alone a cat. No, something smells fishy. I have to check this out myself.

Without further ado, Zylan rushed upstairs to investigate the matter, only to find blood droplets on the floor.

He followed the trail and soon discovered the remains of a dismembered cat at the penthouse entrance, much to his surprise.

*Well, I'll be d*mned! It really was a cat!*

Meanwhile, Samson saw Theo again when he walked out of the school building with a disheveled and bruised Rosalie in tow.

Having just gotten out of a fierce fight, the latter glared at Theo. "Where have you been?"

Theo's face blanched almost instantly. "I—"

Smack!

Alas, Rosalie slapped him hard across the face before he could finish his words.

Naturally, Samson was stunned and horrified.

He gaped at how forceful the slap was and was about to say something when he saw Rosalie wearing a terrifying scowl.

Just like that, he lost all courage to speak up.

"Listen carefully. If this ever happens again, your punishment won't be just a slap," Rosalie warned, her voice cold and stern. "I'll end you with my bare hands!"

With that, she strode off, leaving Theo rooted to the spot.

Even though the latter didn't react much, anyone watching closely would be able to see the darkness in his eyes, which was even more frightening than Rosalie's slap.

One thing was for sure-neither of them was going to forget the slap.

Soon, the group returned to Tilan Palace.

Due to the penthouse incident in the afternoon, Hugo's schedule got delayed, and he ended up staying the night outside. Of course, Zylan accompanied him.

Because of that, no one else brought up Theo's surprise visit to Tilan Palace earlier in the day.

When evening came, and Samson returned to their room, he realized there was a faint smell of blood from the trash can. However, no matter how much he searched, he couldn't find anything suspicious.

In the end, the whole matter was tucked away and forgotten.

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1950

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Chapter 1950

Chapter 1950

It was a fine day in Yartran, Atlantius.

As the triplet's birthday and the engagement of Ian and Susan were around the corner, Ian and the others decided to go back.

"It's such a shame that Matt can't make it."

Vivian was a sensitive person. When she thought about how Matteo would not be able to attend their birthday party, she could not help but feel down about it.

Kurt noticed her sudden sadness and comforted her, "He's gone for training, and that's a good thing. He's been looking forward to such an amazing opportunity forever. Once he's done with the training, he will definitely come back."

"He's right, Vivi," Susan said.

To be honest, Susan herself was also getting more nervous as time passed. As she had never experienced such events before, it was natural that she would feel anxious about her engagement.

"We can gather together again once Matteo comes home," Susan suggested.

Vivian soon cheered up after hearing that.

On the same day in the afternoon, Ian booked flight tickets for all four of them. However, when evening time rolled around, he suddenly received a call.

“Hello, Mr. Hayes. I’m Lieutenant Vincent. We’ve already managed to capture the criminal gang from before. It’s because of you that we could solve the case successfully. After the police department found out that you have contributed greatly, they want to invite you over to thank you properly. Are you available?”

“No.” The minute Ian realized what this call was about, he rejected Vincent’s offer without hesitation.

After all, he was not someone who liked to mingle around. There was no reason for him to go.

Ian decided to end the call.

However, Vincent seemed to sense this, for he quickly added, “Mr. Hayes, it would be a wonderful opportunity for the development of your company if you came. Because you helped the police department, they definitely want to work with you. To be able to partner with officials is a huge deal. You will be able to earn a lot from this partnership.”

He was smiling as he said so.

Ian frowned for a moment. In the end, he agreed to the invitation.

Soon enough, Ian and Susan headed toward the agreed venue. When Susan realized that they were going to discuss business matters with the officials, she quickly prepared her files, laptop, and everything else she could think of.

It was what an assistant should do, after all.

Both of them then left for the local police station.

When they arrived, Vincent was already waiting for them at the entrance. He remained standing there as he looked at the two getting out of the fiery red luxury car.

He would be lying if he said he was not jealous at all.

Such a beautiful and smart woman had chosen someone else in the end. Any man interested in her would feel regret.

Vincent waited for them to enter the building.

“Lieutenant-”

“Hello, Ms. Limmer.” Vincent smiled as he reached a hand out toward Susan.

However, just before they could make any bodily contact “Where are they?”

The young man beside Susan had a grim expression on his face, and the hand that Vincent had reached out to shake was already in Ian's grip.

Susan was at a loss for words.

What a jealous man.

Vincent felt pretty exasperated at Ian's reaction. All he could do now was to lead the two into the building.

As the problem of illegally selling and purchasing organs had occurred several times in the city, the police department had flagged it as a serious case. Therefore, once the case had successfully been cracked, many superiors came to the local police station that day to celebrate.

When Ian entered the building, many people could be seen celebrating happily.

"The case is finally solved. We can have a good night's rest now."

"Exactly. However, if it weren't for that celebrity's report, we probably wouldn't have been able to catch the culprits at all."

"You're right."

They were all discussing amongst themselves. As they mentioned the celebrity that had helped them a great deal, their tones were filled with gratitude and wistfulness.

Ian paid them no attention.

He wasn't particularly fond of events like this. If it weren't for his company's development, he wouldn't even think of attending it at all.

Ian walked over to the police chief.

"Chief, this is Mr. Hayes. He's the person in charge of the Hayes Corporation branch over here," Vincent introduced Ian to the chief of the police department.

"Oh!"

The chief, who was holding a glass of champagne, instantly put the glass down when he heard Vincent. He looked at Ian with wide eyes.

"I've heard of your father, Mr. Hayes. I never thought that you would be just as brilliant. Not only are you still a student here, but you have established such an impressive company. You're an amazing young man," he praised.

“Thanks,” Ian merely replied lazily.

Susan, on the other hand, walked forward from behind Ian after noticing how bad he was at socializing.

“Mr. Hayes only did what he should have. The police have always been hard at work protecting US. As citizens, we should do our best to cooperate with the police and help in any way we can.”

She definitely had a wonderful way with words.

The chief, who was still in a cheerful mood, instantly looked at Susan.

“Thank you so much for your help. Because of you, we were able to successfully crack the case. Therefore, the police department has decided to work together with you and your company.”

“All right,” Susan instantly replied happily.

She then quickly brought out some documents, including a blank contract, and moved to pass it to the young man next to them, inviting him to have a seat and start discussing the particulars.

However, just as she was about to do so, a police officer walked into the building.