

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover

Chapter 1636

Chapter 1636 Are You Tired Of Living

"This smells amazing! How did you manage to include a scented pocket in it? Did you sew it by yourself? Wow, Kurt, you're good at needlework too?"

Vivian's exclamations filled the entire carriage.

Kurt quickly retracted his hand.

"N-No..."

"Huh?"

"Your mom made it," he coldly uttered and pulled her back to the seats.

"Vivi, are you a foolish girl? Which boy would like others to know that he's good at needlework?" questioned Matteo.

"When is she not stupid?" Ian also chimed in.

Vivian was left speechless.

That's too much! Those two bullies. Aren't they afraid that I'll remove the communication device?

Matteo and Ian's mockery had only left Vivian on the brink of insanity.

Nevertheless, she knew that Kurt had sewn that mask. Grabbing onto his arm tightly, she felt a sweet sensation in her heart.

I must cherish it well.

As they still had a two-hour ride, coupled with the fact that she had woken up too early that morning, Vivian eventually fell asleep on the young boy's shoulders as soon as they sat down on their seats.

That lasted till a chilly breeze swept past her face, waking her up.

"Kurt..." Opening her eyes, she instinctively called his name out.

At that point, she realized that the young boy was no longer sitting beside her. Additionally, Daphne and Jason, who had sat opposite them, had disappeared within sight, too.

"Kurt? Where are you, Kurt?"

At once, she sprang up from her seat.

Where did they go? Why did they disappear all of a sudden? Did Kurt notice something is amiss?

Anxious, She left her seat and walked her way through the carriage despite the bumpy train ride. She wanted to check the washroom to see if they were there.

However, she was left disappointed since that was not the case.

Not only did she not see their presence around that area, but it was the same case on the other side of the train. She also tried asking around to see if anyone had noticed them but to no avail.

How could this happen? What exactly happened?

Panic overwhelmed her. When her brothers came to her mind, she instinctively touched her ear as she wanted to contact them.

But at that point, a revelation dawned on her.

Something's not right. Why did no one on this train move? Even though they're at their seats, some busily chatting away while others are dozing off, they seem glued to the spot. Any normal being should have some movement, isn't that so? Especially when these train seats aren't comfortable at all.

As she held her breath and quietly observed those people around her in detail, she felt her heart pounding so quickly it was as though about to leap out of her chest.

"Mister, do you happened to see my friend?"

"No."

"I'll head over to the other side to look for him. Can you let my friend know that I'm looking for him if you see him later?"

"No."

The middle-aged man who kept that warm smile on his face had given her the same answer twice.

When Vivian processed his answer, an intense chill ran through her bones, creeping her out to an extent where she was on the verge of bursting into tears. Without hesitation, she staggered a few steps back.

"Why are things like this? What's going on here?"

Immense fear engulfed her.

At that moment, she had a strong desire to call her family members to share the horrifying incident she was experiencing and ask them for help.

Surprisingly, after gritting her teeth and pressing through a mere moment of terror, she found herself in a more tranquil state.

Subsequently, she swept her tear-filled eyes around her surroundings, lifted her arm, slowly put it toward her mouth, and bit down forcefully.

As expected, a few seconds passed, and there was no pain at all.

As though she was in a dream, she felt nothing at all.

That's right. This is a dream, for sure. Or perhaps the better way to put it is that I got hypnotized.

Having watched and learned from Sasha since she was a child, Vivian's medical knowledge had expanded over time, and hence she understood things right away after doing that action.

Heaving a long sigh of relief, she felt her racing heart calm down so much that she was no longer as horrified.

It must be the doings of that old hag! But why would she use hypnosis on me?

Racking her brain and trying to figure out the exact rationale, she recalled how she had frantically wanted to contact Matteo and Ian for help when she first woke up earlier.

Oh yes! It must be this! That old hag must've wanted to find out how many people are secretly following behind Kurt and me this time! She knew she couldn't, and neither does she dare to hypnotize Kurt since he's from Elysium and is part of the royalty too. That's why she took action on me instead. Phew! That's close! I almost blew Matt and Ian's cover just now.

Realizing that had left Vivian feeling irked by Daphne's actions so much that she wanted to kick the woman hard.

So what should I do from now? She probably won't let me wake up unless she gets what she wants.

Vivian began to fall deep into thought.

Concurrently, in reality, Kurt finally sensed that something was off.

Next to him, Vivian was so soundly asleep that she did not react even when he gave her a nudge.

What's wrong with her?

Narrowing his eyes, he lightly placed two of his fingers on her pulse. In no time, a cold aura emanated from his body, and his eyes had a murderous glint to them as he threw daggers at the woman before him.

“Are you tired of living?”

“What are you talking about?”

“I’ll grant your wish, then!”

As soon as his words fell, Kurt stretched open his other hand. Daphne and Jason saw a red line appearing on his fair-skinned palm, and in the next second, a sharp, piercing sound rang out as he clenched his fingers tight.

Hiss!

Without her guards up, Daphne felt an insurmountable pressure mounting on her chest area by an invisible threat. The pain was so excruciating she believed she would be reduced to bits the next second.

“W-When did you do it?”

“What do you think?”

Aggression was written all over Kurt’s moving eyes as a terrifying and murderous intent enveloped the atmosphere around him.

He was about to crush the red line to bits!

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Chapter 1637

Chapter 1637 Am I Smart

Upon seeing the scene, Daphne was so terrified that she screamed, "No!"

It was a poisonous worm.

She did not expect the young man to know that. After all, he had been away from Elysium for five years. How does he know how to raise the worms?

Even people from Elysium did not necessarily possess that talent. Other than the high priests themselves, not many people could take care of those worms and keep them alive.

"D-Don't touch them. I will wake her up now."

Daphne finally admitted defeat.

Afterward, she took out a bell and shook it in front of Vivian, who still had her eyes shut.

The next instant, Kurt saw her lush eyelashes flickering.

"Vivi? Are you okay?"

"Kurt... A-Am I finally back?"

Vivian opened her eyes, and when they landed on the youth standing before her, she heaved a sigh of relief.

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Kurt immediately held her ice-cold hands and pulled her trembling body in for a hug.

"You're back. Are you feeling all right?"

"I'm fine."

Vivian did not feel like talking at that moment. She buried her ashen face in his warm chest and listened to his heartbeat, which seemed to calm her down.

Earlier on, in her dreams, she had been frightened.

When Kurt saw that, he tightened his embrace.

Daphne said, "S-Since I have already woken her up, can you release that poisonous worm now?"

Seeing that Vivian had become conscious, that woman started to make her demands, albeit fearfully. She wanted them to release the worm that was controlling her.

However, Kurt gave a devilish smile.

"Release it? You are such a sinister person. Who's to say there won't be another incident like this?"

"No, there won't be. I promise you. It won't happen again," the woman swore, agitated.

The way Kurt was looking at her sent a chill down her spine. Gradually, he released the red string in his hand, causing Daphne to let out a relieved sigh.

Just when she thought she had fooled him, something flew in front of her all of a sudden.

"Ah!"

A scream filled the entire place.

Her son, who was next to her, was covering his eyes.

Seeing that, Daphne became furious and questioned him, "What did you do? What went into my son's eyes?"

The young man answered indifferently, "Nothing. Just an insect egg. Aren't you an expert in this area? Carmine Archelaus reproduces very quickly. The moment it appears, it will start to lay eggs."

"You!"

She was so enraged that she trembled all over.

Carmine Archelaus was a top-notch worm that was cultivated and bred by the high priests. It possessed a bright red color.

Once it entered a body, it would take control over the host in no time at all.

That was why they gave the bug its name, Carmine Archelaus.

Daphne never expected him to learn about the worms. Where did he learn it from? Back when he was "executed," he was only ten years of age!

Despite being mad, Daphne dared not move an inch at all.

She knew very well that once the worm had entered her son's eyes, his life was being controlled by that bastard.

"What exactly do you want?"

"Nothing much. I just want you to behave yourself. Let me tell you something. From now till the time I rescue my mom and sister, you better behave yourself. If you try to do any funny businesses, I will kill your son first and deal with you later!"

Even though he seemed young and inexperienced, the hostility and bloodthirsty look in his eyes belied his youth the moment he revealed his true intention.

Because of that, Daphne trembled.

All of a sudden, he reminded her of someone else.

Back then, there was someone as young as him who had wiped out all of them in a raging tide.

In the end, she decided to do as she was told.

As for Vivian, two hours after alighting from the train, she grabbed Kurt's hand and started to recount her dream.

"After she hypnotized me, she asked if we have brought others with us. I nearly divulged the way we use to contact Matt and Ian."

As she was sharing what had happened, her face was drained of color.

The moment Kurt heard that, his expression changed.

"Then, did you tell her?"

"Definitely not. Toward the end of my dream, I phoned you, Daddy, and Mommy too. What do you think? Am I smart?"

Now that she was back to her usual self, a hint of mischief appeared in her dark, clear eyes.

In an instant, Kurt felt relieved.

Looking at her smug face, he smiled an approving smile despite his reserved self.

"Yes, you're brilliant."

"Hehe!"

After being praised, Vivian became even happier.

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Chapter 1638

Chapter 1638 Return

The four of them took the trishaw to get to their destination. This time around, that old woman, Daphne, did not cause any more trouble.

The place was indeed isolated from the world.

As they left the bustling city, Vivian could see the skyscrapers disappearing and being replaced by mud houses that she had never seen before. At some point, the road was no longer suitable for vehicles, so they had to walk on foot.

However, the scenery was breathtaking.

Suddenly, the mountain appeared in front of them. It looked like an extremely beautiful landscape painting. Once they entered the area, the surroundings became so quiet that all they could hear was the chirping of the birds.

“What do you think? Our place is an eye-opener for you, isn’t it? It’s as if you have entered a primitive society.”

Vivian was so engrossed in her surroundings.

Daphne, who had been walking behind them and looking around at the new environment, let out a snort.

Hearing that, Vivian turned her head.

Before she could say anything, she noticed a wistful look flash across Kurt’s face, who was walking next to her.

“Not really. The living standard here may be lower, but the scenery is wonderful. You should have helped improved this area before, Daphne. No matter what, you are now the queen consort of Yartran. With the wealth and power that you possess, you should be able to rebuild your hometown. I’m sure it won’t be too much of an issue for you.”

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Much to everyone’s surprise, Vivian was not disgusted by this place.

On the contrary, she began to condemn that woman.

Vivian felt she should do something for her hometown now that she was doing well.

Kurt’s eyes twitched right there and then.

As for Daphne, her face had turned green with rage.

I can’t wait to tear up that mouth of hers!

Not wanting to be with the two anymore, she went in with her son.

When Kurt saw that, he held on to Vivian and continued strolling ahead.

“Once we get to the tribe, let’s go over to Grandma’s house first.”

“Huh?”

Upon hearing that, Vivian widened her eyes in shock.

This soon? I’m not ready yet.

“W-Why are we going to your grandma’s house first? Didn’t you say that given your current identity, it’s better not to be seen by the people here?”

“Yes. We are going to her place just to get two sets of tribal clothing. In Elysium, they will get suspicious when strangers enter regardless of your intentions. You will be taken in for questioning,” Kurt explained briefly.

As soon as his words fell, Vivian’s face fell instantly.

So, we are going there to have a change of clothes.

She was a little disappointed.

However, Vivian remembered he had no other family members. The idea of her meeting his only family member made her happy again.

Not long after, they arrived at a junction. According to their original plan, Daphne and her son went into the mountain. As for Vivian, she followed Kurt into the tribe and came to the prominent and mysterious tribal ground of Yorksland.

“Sire, are you chopping wood?”

It was Vivian’s first time hearing Kurt speak in the local language. They passed a skinny elderly man chopping wood along the roadside.

Isn’t he a little too old to be doing such a chore?

Vivian looked on in surprise and was upset about it.

“Yes, I’m chopping wood. Young chap, where are you from?”

When the old man heard the greeting, he looked up at Kurt slowly.

Sire... young chap... These must be their local way of greetings.

Vivian could not understand what they were saying. As the conversation went on, all she could do was stand by the side and looked on in a daze.

Kurt asked, “We... We were at the market. It’s in the ditch over there. Sire, can we get a drink from you?”

His eyes were riveted on that old man.

Although he tried hard to conceal it, the bitterness and tremor in his voice were still visible if one tried hard enough to take note.

The elderly man nodded.

The tribal people in Elysium were very kind in reality. If someone needed help, they would lend a helping hand.

They were simple and honest people.

It was the royal family of Elysium and their lackeys in the tribe who were doing evil deeds.

Kurt helped the old man carry the wood back to his house.

Vivian followed along.

“Kurt, what did you say just now? I thought you wanted to go to your grandpa’s house? Why are you helping this old man with his firewood?”

“He’s my grandpa,” he informed.

Vivian did not expect that bitter response from the young man.

Her eyes widened in shock.

That elderly man is his grandpa? Then, why doesn’t his grandpa recognize him?

She was dumbfounded and started to pay more attention to the hunchbacked old man walking with a stick.

There was nothing unusual about him. As they were walking, he was chatting happily with them.

“Young chap, do you belong to that family over in the ditch?”

“That’s Gary’s family.”

“I see. Did you study abroad, then? Did you just come back? Are you having your vacation?” queried the elderly man.

Walking behind his grandfather, Kurt hummed a response.

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Chapter 1639

Chapter 1639 Beyond Recognition

Kurt was very familiar with that tribe. In fact, if Karl was there, he would have been very surprised.

After all, he had not been back for the past five years, but he knew the people here so well, including all the little things about the tribe.

In truth, he had been keeping an eye on things all the while.

Even though he hated this place, he had relatives there, so he had no choice but to keep an eye on the ongoing around there. After all, that was the only thing he cared about in the world.

Kurt followed his grandfather to his house.

To his surprise and chagrin, all he could see, after five years of absence, was a dilapidated hut made of hay.

The hut was in a really terrible state. It was propped up by a few swaying blocks of wood, and the top was layered with rotten and wet straw. At any minute, the hut could topple over!

What has happened? Did that old fart fail to take care of them? He took both their daughters by force, but he didn't do anything wrong. All he did was protect his son. Why does the b*stard have to do this to them?

Anger rose within Kurt that even his eyes had turned red.

"Kurt! Kurt! Calm yourself down!"

Thankfully, Vivian was by his side.

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The calm and smart Vivian was observing the entire scene. She knew he was infuriated, so she went up to hold his fist and calm him down.

Now was not the time to be rash.

Otherwise, someone might discover them.

The two of them had stopped for quite a while, so the old man walking in front of them stopped and turned around.

“What’s wrong? Is it too heavy for you? Put it down, then. Let me carry it.”

It was only then Kurt regained his senses.

Calming himself down, he unclenched his fists.

“No, it’s fine. Let’s go.”

He was so upset that he did not feel like talking anymore.

Vivian was heartbroken to see him like that.

Being the bright girl she was, Vivian ran up to the old man and held on to his arm.

“Let’s go, Grandpa. Let me help you.”

“Okay.”

She did not expect the old man to understand a foreign language.

Soon, all three of them arrived at the hut with the firewood.

They had initially thought that was the worst they had seen. However, when Vivian and Kurt entered the hut, they saw an equally thin old woman lying on the only bed in the hut. She was so skinny that she resembled a skeleton.

The bed that she was lying on was filthy and thin.

To be honest, Vivian, who had come from a wealthy background, had never seen anything like that before.

“You’re back?”

“Yes, I’m back. Thanks to this young chap whom I have met along the way. He helped me carry the firewood back.”

The old man brought Vivian and Kurt in.

As he was replying to his wife, he went over to check on her.

There’s someone who is willing to help us?

When the elderly woman heard that, she found it unbelievable and struggled to lift her head to take a look at the two kind souls.

When the two saw her sickly face, Vivian got so scared that she instinctively hid behind Kurt.

As for the latter, his fists balled up again.

It was understandable that Vivian was afraid.

From the moment she was born, she had lived a life of comfort. Under the protection of her family, everything and everyone that she had come into contact with was wonderful. Hence, the current scene was too much for her.

“Kurt, once we settle our business, let’s get your grandparents out of here so that they can be treated. We’ll let them stay in the best house. What do you think?”

Upon hearing her suggestion, Kurt shuddered.

She wants to take Grandpa and Grandma for treatment and let them stay in a big house?

Turning his head slowly, he looked at Vivian, who was hiding behind him. In that instant, all of his anger and hatred dissipated just like that.

That's right. She has always been so kind and innocent. Even when she becomes frightened after seeing all this, her first thought is to ensure their comfort and make sure they are well taken care of.

At the thought of that, Kurt began to calm down gradually.

"Where are they from? I don't want them to get into trouble if the chief sees them."

The chief was the leader of all the families in the tribe.

They were also the lowest-ranked lackeys of the Elysium royalty.

So, they are still being watched all this while? After so many years, they are still being ostracized by the tribe?

A menacing look appeared in Kurt's eyes.

However, his grandfather shook his head so as not to worry his wife.

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Chapter 1640

Chapter 1640 Blast From The Past

“Don’t worry. They’re here to ask for some water,” Kristoff, the elderly man, explained. “I’ll pour some for them right now. Right, Darling, where was the honey I collected in the mountains? Where did we keep it?”

“It’s in the cabinet,” came Beatrice’s, the elderly woman, weak reply. She pointed at a rickety cabinet in their rundown abode.

Several minutes later, Kristoff returned to Vivian and Kurt, serving them two bowls of water that had been heavily sweetened with wild honey.

“Please enjoy. You should leave once you’ve quenched your thirst.”

Kurt stared at the proffered bowl in silence.

Vivian hastily received the bowl on his behalf and thanked the old man, “All right. Thank you so much.”

She began gulping the honeyed water with gusto as Kurt stared at her in shock.

She grew up on the finest delicacies in the world, using utensils that cost some families their entire yearly salary, not to mention she’s a borderline neat freak, too. How did she bring herself to drink out of that old, broken bowl?

Kurt was still stunned as Kristoff asked, “Why aren’t you drinking, young chap? Are you worried about the honey? Well, not to worry. It’s clean; I harvested it from the mountains myself.”

"No, no. I wasn't thinking that all," Kurt protested hastily before lowering his head.

He gobbled the bowl of honeyed water in an instant.

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Meanwhile, Vivian smacked her lips and exclaimed, "It's so sweet!"

"Okay, you should head back now," Kristoff urged. "Your mother will be worried if you're gone for too long."

Kurt was well aware that Kristoff's insistence on their departure was rooted in concern. Like Beatrice had said earlier, an association with the elderly couple could land Kurt and Vivian in trouble with the surveillance party.

He pursed his lips in thought before asking, "Sire, may I borrow two sets of clothes from you?" Kurt's ears reddened as he introduced Vivian with a stammer, "This girl is m-my younger sister, and I'm bringing her home for the first time. I'm trying to keep her visit under the radar for now."

Vivian was understandably confused by his introduction.

Younger sister?

Her confusion worked in Kurt's favor.

Kristoff understood the teen immediately. Smiling knowingly, he responded, "Of course! I'm afraid we do not have much to offer, though. I hope you wouldn't mind some dated clothes."

"That's fine," Kurt reassured him.

With that, Kristoff disappeared behind a makeshift screen made from floral fabrics. He rummaged in a wooden chest before returning to Kurt and Vivian with some clothes in hand.

He offered the clothes to them and elaborated, "Here. My daughter used to wear these. It's a little old, but it's still in good shape. Oh, and my son used to wear this. I'm sure you'll fit in these, young chap. You can have all of these if you don't mind their age."

Lowering his head, Kurt stared at the clothes. He could not repress the shudder that traveled through his body.

Daughter? Son? He's talking about Mom and my missing uncle. I can't believe my grandparents have kept their belongings all this while.

With that thought in mind, he took the clothes with shaky hands.

Sensing that something was off, Vivian approached Kurt and asked gently, "What's wrong? Are you okay?"

"N-Nothing," Kurt stammered, lifting his head to stare at Vivian with wet eyes.

"Then wha—"

"Do you want to wear this? It's a little old," Kurt barreled right over her question and changed the topic.

Hearing his question, Vivian was flabbergasted.

Why wouldn't I wear this? How can I afford to be picky at a time like this?

Taking the clothes, she uttered, "Of course. Um, I don't know how to put these on, though. D-Do you?"

Kurt was speechless, though Beatrice quickly came to his rescue.

Both of them successfully changed about fifteen minutes later. With Beatrice's help, Vivian had transformed into a young lady of Elysium.

"Beautiful." Beatrice sighed from where she sat on the bed. Her eyes were wet with tears as memories of her daughter in the same outfit flooded her mind.

Kurt remained silent for fear of exposing his true emotions.

Right before they left, Kurt took some money from his pocket and handed it to Kristoff.

"Thank you, Sire."

Kristoff hastily rejected his gift, "There's no need for social niceties. It's just a pair of old clothes."

Ignoring his protests, Kurt stuffed the money in Kristoff's hand and sprinted out of the house with Vivian, disappearing within seconds.

Kristoff sighed to himself at their gesture.

The elderly couple had been the subject of scorn and prejudice in their tribe for years, and few people had shown them even a fraction of the kindness accorded by Kurt and Vivian.

Where did these young people come from?

Kristoff's mind continued to be on their unexpected guests as he trudged into the hut.

To his surprise, Beatrice was still sitting up in bed, staring intently at a comb in her hands.