

# Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover

## Chapter 1724

He's cursed?

A worldly-wise Sebastian had been through a lot and would never believe in anything unexplainable scientifically.

To him, Elysium's worm still made sense for him, as it was explainable as a type of living thing manipulating human nerves and brain. But how's it possible that he's cursed? It's preposterous indeed!

Subsequently, he seemed to have fallen into a trance for ages.

"Mr. Hayes?" Karl called out to him, breaking his reverie.

"Head for Elysium now to bring me Roppell and the witch doctor as mentioned by her. There's something I need to ask them," he suddenly instructed sternly.

Astounded, Karl raised his head to look at him as he asked tactfully, "Mr. Hayes, do you think... or perhaps, you suspect that Elysium has something to do with it?"

"Yeah!" Sebastian nodded solemnly.

A quick-witted Karl had a grasp of the situation and set off for Yorksland right away.

Meanwhile, most of the visitors at the hospital had gradually left. Nonetheless, Vivian refused to leave, insisting on waiting outside the ward in anticipation.

On the brink of tears, she pleaded with Sebastian piteously, "Daddy, please let me stay here. I'm sure he'll be able to recognize me after he regains consciousness later. I can assure you he won't go berserk again!"

No words could describe how tickled pink she was when she knew Kurt had regained consciousness while she was still in Oceanic Estate.

She presumed it would take him quite a long time before coming to his senses. Thus, she was prepared to drop out of the school in Yartran temporarily to be by his side, waiting eagerly for him to regain consciousness. It never crossed her mind that he would suddenly come to his senses.

Sebastian eventually relented and permitted Vivian to stay in the hospital.

Nonetheless, she was only allowed to stay outside the ward. On top of that, there were two elite members of SteelFort standing guard to keep an eye on everything. Undeniably, Kurt was highly dangerous at the moment.

Standing in front of the glass window of the ward, Vivian kept her eyes glued to the young man lying in bed.

After what seemed like an eternity, the sun had risen high up in the sky. When the sunlight cascaded through the window left ajar into the ward, she eventually noticed the eyelashes of his tightly shut eyes start to flutter slightly.

"Kurt!" Vivian yelled out at him excitedly; her heart leaped with joy.

He's awake! Ah! They weren't lying to me when trying to reassure me that he would wake up sooner or later! Fastening her gaze to Kurt, Vivian was over the moon.

The latter finally opened his eyes gradually. Perplexed, he threw a glance at the ceiling above him. It was as though his mind was a complete blank, and he was trying to recall what had transpired.

The morning sun was mesmerizing. It was like a layer of gilded veil illuminating the ward through the window, shrouding the young man lying on the bed with golden rays. The breathtaking view was beyond description.

Vivian did not shift her eyes away from him all the while. At the sight of the youth lying motionless like a statue, she yelled apprehensively, "Kurt!"

He finally turned in her direction as though he had heard her calling him.

Vivian was at a loss for words when she caught sight of the familiar pair of eyes.

Right that instant, her heart wrenched. Unable to stifle her inexplicit complex emotions, tears began trickling down her cheeks. Deep down, she kept calling his name. Kurt...

However, he seemed to be unperturbed by the hint of excitement amid sheer anticipation written all over her face.

Looking at her intently, there was a glint of hostility amid sheer frigidness in his beautiful eyes. At that very moment, his eyes resembled the supermassive black hole with exceptionally strong gravitational force, sending a chill down her spine.

Nonplussed, Vivian was utterly speechless. What's the matter with him? He can't recognize me again?

Her mind went completely blank as she stared at him. Snippets of how he could not remember her while they were in Elysium earlier flashed across her mind. In a split second, intense fear crashed into her heart like a series of never-ending waves.

Standing rooted to the ground, her face turned white as a sheet.

By the time Karl led Roppell from Elysium to see Sebastian, it was already in the evening.

Ever since the government of Yorksland had reclaimed Elysium, Roppell's crown was passed down to his eldest son.

At the moment, the elder was in a dishevelment after losing an arm. If the others did not know his exact identity, they would surely mistake him for an old beggar.

"Mr. Hayes, he's here." Leading Roppell, Karl advanced toward Sebastian.

The latter turned with an intimidating frostiness in his aura.

In a blink of an eye, Roppell felt a shiver down his spine. He was about to drop to his knees in front of Sebastian as his legs gave way uncontrollably.

It never occurred to anyone that the former king of Elysium, who used to have his nose in the air, would end up in such a pathetic state.

At that moment, he could only kneel in front of Sebastian like a lowly small fry.

Devoid of expression, Sebastian looked at how the witch doctor alongside Roppell was just in time to grab hold of the latter. Only then did he gesture to the housemaid of Oceanic Estate to pour him tea.

"Don't worry. I don't intend to snatch your life. I assign my man to bring you here as I need to ask you something." He cut the crap.

Petrified, Roppell stammered, "P-Please speak your mind."