

Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover

Chapter 1592

Vivian asked, "What's wrong, Kurt?"

"Nothing. Let's get off. It's getting late, so it's more convenient to take a taxi back," explained Kurt gently. Gazing at Vivian, he pulled her to her feet.

Naturally, Vivian listened to him.

For some reason, although he was two years younger than her, she felt safe whenever he was by her side.

Hence, she listened to him willingly.

Both of them alighted the bus.

After hailing a taxi, Kurt entered it with her.

He glanced at his watch after getting into the taxi. Suddenly, he said to Vivian, "The trip will take half an hour. If you're tired, you can lean on me and take a short nap."

She was stunned.

Lean on him and take a nap?

The seventeen-year-old girl felt embarrassed by what he had said.

However, she was very willing to do that. She leaned over and hugged Kurt's arm boldly. After a short while, she fell asleep.

In the dim taxi, Kurt turned around and glanced at the car that had been following them. He looked at the taxi driver and instructed calmly, "Find an empty place and stop there. Look after her in the car."

"Okay. Be careful!"

Within a few minutes, the taxi stopped, and Kurt got out.

It was an autumn night. In this slightly remote city up in the North, especially on such a quiet road, there was basically no one. A gust of chilly wind blew past, causing the tree leaves on the floor to flutter in the air. The chill felt even more biting.

The people in the car that had been following them saw Kurt in the dark, blocking their way.

"Sir, what is..."

When they saw him, they were shocked.

The driver slammed his foot against the brake, causing the car to screech to a halt.

No one could describe that feeling. Although Kurt looked thin and his shadow seemed so lonely in the darkness of the night, they felt an overwhelmingly murderous aura from him.

It was as if he was a wolf, crouching over there and waiting to ambush them.

Is he really not afraid of dying?

They clenched their fists.

At the same time, their employer's voice sounded from the walkie-talkie. "If that's the case, let's fulfill his death wish! Attack!"

The men got out of the car, each of them holding weapons.

However, Kurt did not even bat an eyelash.

When he saw them charging over, his lips curved into a mocking smile under his cap. In the next second, his hand shot out and forcefully grabbed the man nearest to him by his wrist.

Snap!

Still holding a weapon, the man did not even manage to see how Kurt managed to grab his wrist.

The sound of his bones snapping reverberated across the road.

The man shrieked miserably.

Is he that good?

The expressions on the other men's faces changed.

However, they soon regained their composure and continued attacking Kurt.

However, they ended up in a more dismal state.

Kurt was like an actual wolf. After tossing away the man whom he had just dealt with, he stood on his tiptoes. When the others frantically surrounded him, he leaped over their heads, and a sharp glint appeared in his hand.

"Argh!"

Cries of pain sounded again.

A dagger, which was stained with blood, had emerged in his hand out of nowhere. With that, he slit the person's neck.

This is terrifying! Is he really a teenager?

Even the bodyguards could not match up to his fighting skills.

They wanted to retreat.

However, when the mastermind who was monitoring the scene remotely saw that, his embarrassment turned to rage. He screamed uncontrollably, "Attack! Continue attacking and kill him!"

The only sounds that could be heard from the walkie-talkie were his furious cries to kill Kurt.

Kill me?

Kurt sniffed the blood on his hand.

Within a moment, a terrifyingly bloodthirsty look flashed across his eyes in the darkness. Gripping his dagger, he was no longer holding himself back.

His dagger slashed left and right in one swift motion.

When the taxi driver saw that from afar, he turned around and averted his gaze quietly.

How violent!

Didn't Mr. Frost always tell us that the ultimate level was to defeat the enemies without getting a single drop of blood on our hands? This violent scene reminds me of that prodigy from SteelFort in the past.

Everything but his temper is good.

After a few minutes, Kurt finished off all the men.

However, he merely crippled them instead of killing them off—they were not worthy enough to die at his hands.

"Listen up! Go back and tell your employer that this will be the first and last time. Otherwise, I'll go to his house personally and massacre his family."

He squatted on the ground and tossed the dagger, which was still dripping blood, next to the men. Lying in a pool of blood, they could not even get to their feet.

Naturally, they could not reply either.

However, from the blinking walkie-talkie, one could hear the sounds of someone panting heavily and gritting his teeth.

Go to my house personally and massacre my family? How bold of him! Kurt, you jerk!