

The Revived Me Surrounded by Adoration as a Supporting Role by Dedaul Chapter 2 -

Chapter 2 Reborn

“Ms. Valerie, it’s morning...”

Valerie heard a gentle and kind voice.

She couldn’t move her boneless limbs, but her head was spinning due to the shock.

Valerie thought, “What?”

Didn’t I die? I died peacefully in a village, right?

Ms. Valerie? Is this person addressing me?

Why does this voice sound so familiar?”

Valerie fought hard to open her heavy eyelids and blinked rapidly.

She looked in the direction of the voice.

Gradually, she saw a kind old man.

“Jayvion?!”

“Yes, Ms. Valerie.”

Valerie was completely awake and sat up swiftly.

“Jayvion, did you save me?”

“What? What are you talking about, Ms. Valerie?”

Jayvion’s smile dropped at Valerie’s strange question. He looked at Valerie in confusion.

Valerie couldn’t tell if she was dreaming or not. She asked directly.

“Jayvion, did you come here too?”

“Ms. Valerie... I don't understand. Where should I go?”

Valerie was confused too.

The old man and young woman stared at each other, their gazes full of questions.

Valerie got out of bed hurriedly. Her heart sank when she propped herself up on the bed.

Her heart had sunk to the bottom.

Valerie raised her hand and examined it carefully.

In disbelief, she touched her face and her body while looking around.

Everything looked familiar.

“Do I have to do this again in the afterlife?”

Valerie was utterly shocked.

Jayvion was at a loss. He knelt in front of Valerie softly with a concerned look.

“Excuse me, Ms. Valerie.”

The old gentleman took off his white gloves and righted his gold-rimmed glasses before putting his hand on Valerie's forehead.

“You're not having a fever. Ms. Valerie, are you too tired from making the nerve-calming sachet for Mr. Kieran?”

A nerve-calming sachet?

The word awakened something in Valerie. Her head snapped in the direction of her shabby desk.

The desk was covered with nerve-calming herbs and a semi-finished sachet. Valerie had picked those herbs and made the sachet all by herself for Kieran.

A dirty full-length mirror sat beside her bed. Valerie turned and looked into the mirror.

She saw a petite girl in whitish pajamas. The girl's skin and hair both had an unhealthy yellow tone.

Valerie slapped herself hard on the face.

Jayvion jumped at the loud noise.

“No, Ms. Valerie. What's wrong? Stop hurting yourself.”

Valerie didn't stop and just kept on slapping herself, her eyes full of tears. She was slapping herself to vent her anger and sorrow.

She was back. What was more, she was back to her younger self.

Valerie thought, “Didn't I suffer enough last time? Why did fate send me back?

Why me?”

Valerie asked those questions over and over in her heart. Tears ran down her swollen cheeks.

Jayvion stopped her by holding her wrists in an iron grip. Valerie kept her head down. Tears and snot dropped on the floor freely.

Yet, she wasn't crying out loud.

The only telltale signs of her emotions were her shaking shoulder and her bent back.

Jayvion's eyes widened in shock. He tightened his grip in case Valerie hurt her further.

His white bread shook due to his heavy breathing.

For some reason, Jayvion's heart broke when he saw the tears of this malnourished little girl.

“Ms. Valerie ... you can cry.”

After a long time, Jayvion breathed. His gentle tone made Valerie feel better and gradually calmed down.

She thought, “Fine. So I’m back.

Life goes on.”

Finally, Valerie calmed herself and looked up at Jayvion shyly. Jayvion’s eyes became red-rimmed too.

Valerie noticed the kindness in Jayvion’s eyes. She realized that this white-haired gentleman was the only person she could count on in the Horton family

“Jayvion, I’m fine now...”

Seeing that Valerie had stopped crying, Jayvion released her. He swiftly took out a handkerchief and wiped Valerie’s face softly.

“Good. I’ll pour you a glass of water. You need that.”

Jayvion stood up and went to the kitchen for some hot water.

He didn’t dare to ask more questions as he hadn’t recovered from the

Earlier, he sensed a great grief from Valerie. She was so desperate.

Jayvion didn’t want to relieve it.

Jayvion turned to look at Valerie’s room before shaking his head and heaving out a long breath. He blinked the tears in his eyes away and hurried to the kitchen.

Valerie needed to rehydrate.

Valerie stood in the middle of the room alone and looked around.

The room merely had four white walls and a few old furniture.

If Valerie needed to use a bathroom, she had to go outside.

Valerie walked to the desk and picked up the herbs she collected. She fiddled with the poorly-made sachet,

Jayvion said she made it for Kieran.

Valerie snorted.

Kieran was the eldest son of the Horton family and the future president of the family business.

He was a 25-year-old eligible bachelor with a good look and high intelligence.

In Capstead, Kieran was like a noble prince.

Besides the members of the Fisher family, everyone had to please Kieran. The Fishers were exceptions because they were as noble as

Kieran.

But Valerie knew one thing from her previous life.

To maintain the Horton family's status in Capstead...

Kieran had worked all the time and had insomnia and a constant headache.

His state of mind had gotten worse as he couldn't get enough sleep.

But Kieran couldn't find a proper cure for his insomnia.

In Valerie's previous life, she would give Kieran a glass of water with vitamin B every night to improve his sleep quality.

Valerie was sure her former self had believed that Kieran had accepted her and wanted to improve their relationship by giving him the sachet.

She thought, "No.

Valerie.

You're pathetic."

Without a word, Valerie put the needles and yarns away before throwing the unfinished sachet and those herbs into the bin.

She did it without any remorse.

Jayvion came back with a hot water bottle.

“Ms. Valerie, have a glass of water. It’s good for your stomach too as you just wake up.”

Valerie dropped her coldness and softened up as soon as she saw Jayvion.

She beamed as she looked at the kind gentleman.

“Thank you, Jayvion.”

“You’re welcome, Ms. Valerie.”

Jayvion fixed Valerie a glass of warm water elegantly and watched her sip the whole glass.

Yet, he had been stealing glances at the bin out of the corners of his eyes.

Jayvion had a lot of surprises that morning.

At that moment, he was surprised that Valerie seemed to give up on getting on Kieran’s good side.

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