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Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 269

Frederick was shocked looking at Ian. “What are you talking about, Ian? Who wants to harm Matteo? Are you talking about your grand-uncle and grand-aunt?”

“Yes.”

Everyone in the room blinked their eyes in disbelief—not because Ian was able to express himself articulately—but because what he revealed was frightening.

“Ian, I know you don’t like your grand-uncle, but you can’t accuse them just like that. The doctor said that Matteo just caught a cold.”

There was no way Frederick would buy what the kid said, but he still tried to understand the boy.

“I know it’s them. I fell sick after I went to their place too!” Ian shouted back. He could not control his emotions anymore.

Tim stepped in and wanted to speak some sense into Ian, but Frederick quickly stopped him.

“Alright, Ian. I won’t let Matteo go over to Roderick’s place anymore, is that okay? It’s already late at night, why not you go back to bed?”

Ian glared at Frederick coldly and walked out with the butler.

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Frederick did not believe a word Ian said. After all, he had had the whole incident checked the last time Ian fell sick. It was just pure coincidence. No one in the whole residence would believe what Ian said.

Frederick wondered if he should also do another investigation this time, but he did not translate that fleeting thought into actions.

When Sasha woke up again the next day, there was already no one beside her.

She looked around and felt the remaining warmth on her bed. Everything felt like a dream last night.

“Are you awake, Ms. Wand? Mr. Hayes asked us to make you some herbal soup.”

Wendy’s voice called Sasha back to reality.

Soup?

Sasha was not expecting Sebastian to be so nice.

“Alright. I’m coming.”

Sasha got out of bed and went to wash up in the bathroom.

She could not help but feel uneasy thinking about meeting Wendy again later since even she herself could not explain her relationship with Sebastian. Sasha was his children’s mother, but she and Sebastian were not on good terms.

Yet, despite their rocky relationship, she slept here last night.

When Sasha opened the room door after washing up, Wendy had already gone downstairs.

Sasha went to her own room on the second floor and got changed.

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A flush of embarrassment rushed through her when she looked at the pajama she was wearing. Sebastian must have helped me change.

After having breakfast, Sasha asked Wendy where the children were. "All of them went to the Hayes residence? Even Vivi?" she asked worriedly.

"Yeah. Don't worry, Ms. Wand. Mr. Hayes already called them this morning. They're doing just fine."

"Alright."

Sasha was not disturbed about Matteo and Ian going over. It was Vivian that she worried about. Since the Hayes did not know about her real identity, they might mistreat her.

After getting the assurance that the children were having a good time there, Sasha grabbed her phone and went back up again.

It was already toward the end of the year. The blue sky was clear and the weather was blissful. Over at the hanging garden on the second floor, blue hydrangea and moth orchids blossomed under the warm sun as if they were in their prime. They danced to the breeze and their soothing scent wafted through the garden like a dream.

Sasha found herself a seat and fell into deep thoughts. Before long, she scrolled all the way down through her call log and called a number.

"Hello?"

Beep.

To her surprise, the person hung up right after the call got through without even giving her a chance to say more than just a simple 'hello'.

Sasha felt the last strand of hope she was holding on to just snapped, but anger soon rose in her heart and she punched the call button again.

"What do you want, Sasha Wand?"

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An impatient and spiteful female voice pierced through the phone.

“What do I want? It’s more like what do you want, Xenia Blackwood! Have you forgotten what you did to me? You’re not afraid of karma, aren’t you?”

“You must be kidding me, Sasha.” There was no fear in her voice. In fact, she was emboldened.

“There’s nothing I should be afraid of,” Xenia added.

“You stole my manuscripts and gave them to Xandra, didn’t you? You’re the only one who knows how I came out with the story for The Tattoo. You’re the only one who has a copy of it. It can’t be anybody else.”

Sasha sat in the garden shouting into her phone.

She was infuriated. Wrath glimmered in her bloodshot eyes. If Xenia were in front of her right now, she could rip her to pieces with her bare hands.

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“Are you crazy? Don’t blame everything on me just because things went wrong for you. I don’t understand a word of what you’re talking about. I don’t even know what manuscript it is!” Xenia was not apologetic at all.

“Don’t lie. I know you know who Xandra Green is.”

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"I'm sorry, but I really have no idea who she is. What's wrong with you, huh? I know you're having a hard time with the Hayes, but don't blame it on me. I'll still help you because you're my cousin, but you'll have to ask nicely instead of accusing me like this!"

Sasha could not believe Xenia would still try to play the good person at this point, but she calmed herself down and thought about what she said.

"Fine. Don't say I didn't give you a chance to admit what you did. I'll make sure you pay for what you did to me. You will regret you're born by then."

Sasha vented all her hatred over the phone. She was never this aggressive toward Xenia because back then, she would still be polite toward her for the sake of Jackson and Sharon.

But, Xenia brought this on herself.

She took Sasha for a pushover ever since they were young. Xenia never once thought Sasha would take revenge on her.

You want to make me pay?

In your dreams, Sasha!

After ending the call, Sasha got ready to go out in the afternoon.

"Ms. Wand, are you sure you want to head out? It's better for you to stay in until you recover. Mr. Hayes will be furious if he finds out."

Sasha had no choice but to call Sebastian.

"Hey... Are you busy?"

Sasha was nervous calling him. She decided to ask if he was available before she continued talking.

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He was usually busy at this hour.

Besides, it was almost new year already.

Sebastian glanced at the pile of documents on his table and put her on speaker before he continued working. "What is it?"

Sasha bit her lips and mustered her courage. "I need to go to Uncle Jackson's place. I haven't seen them for a while and it's almost the new year now. It'll be great if I visit them. They must really miss me after marrying me off."

She thought of a random excuse.

Does this mean she thinks we're still legally married?

A faint smile curved on Sebastian's lips without even him noticing. "Sure. Ask Karl to send you over," he said, signing his name on a document.

"It's okay. I can drive there on my own. I'm thinking of going to buy some stuff for them. It'll be inconvenient if Karl follows me around."

The real reason why Sasha wanted to go over was not that she missed them, but rather, she wanted to give them a heads up because Xenia was their daughter.

After getting Sebastian's approval, Sasha hopped on the white Cayenne and drove off.

Karl was at Royal Court One as he watched Sasha drove away. He adjusted his earpiece. "Mr. Hayes, should I follow her?"

"Yes. Don't get spotted and don't get involved. Just make sure she's safe."

Sebastian stole a glance at the document file on the side of his table. Those were the information about Sasha's family before they went bankrupt. There was no anger on Sebastian's face. Instead, he looked calm and composed.

Has she finally figured out who betrayed her?

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Good job.

Another smile broke out on his face before he dived into work again.

When Sasha reached the Blackwood residence, Jackson was out under the sun in the garden in his wheelchair. Sharon and the maids were busy cleaning and decorating the house.

“Dust that area, and I want the wallpaper changed over here.”

“Yes, Mrs. Blackwood.”

The maids hurried off to carry out the orders given.

Sasha came in and greeted her. “Aunt Sharon.”

Sharon turned around and looked at her apathetically.

She never changed even the slightest bit. It did not matter how long she had not seen Sasha, nor what happened between them. Her attitude was always distant.

“Hi, Sasha.”

“Can we talk in your room, Aunt Sharon?” Sasha was afraid she would not be able to take it, so she asked to talk to her privately.

The two went upstairs without letting Jackson know. For the first time in her life, Sasha saw horror in Sharon’s eyes after Sasha filled her in on what happened.

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