

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 65

But since when had she become like this?

Was it when the Wand family became bankrupt? Was it when Sasha had no choice but to stay with the Blackwoods for a year? Or was it when, in spite of Sasha's family's bankruptcy, Frederick let her marry his son?

She had no idea. All she knew was that Xenia's attitude towards her became unbearable after Sasha returned from the dead.

"How is it, Uncle Jackson? Do you feel any better?"

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"Yes, much better. You should head home, Sasha. It's getting late."

In no mood to listen to any more of his daughter's constant nitpicking, Jackson wanted to send his niece away as soon as possible.

Sasha nodded, packed up her medical kit, and wanted to leave.

"Are you in such a rush because you're going to meet that guy again? You really can't teach an old dog new tricks, huh. You have already died once and come back to life, yet you're still choosing to get involved with that man?"

Xenia started scoffing again, her words were even more unpleasant than before. If anyone else witnessed her like this, they would never be able to tell that she had received the highest levels of education.

At the end of her tether, Sasha glared at her cousin. "Could you please watch your mouth? Since when I have gotten involved with that man?"

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“Watch my mouth? Do you think I don’t know that you’ve been going to Frontier Bay every day, and have been asking Mrs. Grint to look after your kids at night? Isn’t that because you went crawling back to him? Do you keep glancing at your watch because you’re late for your session with him? Go on, then! Rush off and go to him, you slut!”

Sasha grew red in the face with anger. “You—”

She never dreamed that Xenia would dare to say such horrible things. Since when did she become such a vile person? Is this still the Xenia I once knew?

Sasha felt a raging fire grow inside of her, but tried to put it out for Uncle Jackson’s sake.

“What are you talking about? I only go over to see my son, so don’t try to twist the truth.”

“Your son? Do you think I’m stupid?”

“That’s enough! Did you come back just to get into an argument, Xenia? If you’re going to keep this up, I want you to leave! You’re just making a fool of yourself!” Jackson interrupted, standing up from his chair and scolding Xenia loudly.

Xenia bristled like a cat that had just been splashed with cold water.

“I’m making a fool of myself? Jackson Blackwood, are you blind? Who’s the real black sheep here? She was the one who made a huge fuss about wanting to marry that man. Then, she was kicked out of the house a year later while pregnant, making us a laughing stock! We didn’t even dare to show our faces in public for five years because of her, and you’re calling me the fool?”

Screaming her head off, Xenia scowled venomously at Sasha as if wishing she could personally chop her up into a hundred tiny pieces.

All the blood drained from Sasha’s face.

That hit a nerve.

Even today, she still felt tremendously guilty for dragging the Blackwood family into her mess all those years ago. It was exactly this feeling of guilt that usually held her back from retaliating, always taking whatever Xenia said in stride.

Sasha's fingernails dug crescent-shaped indents into her palm.

Fortunately, Sharon happened to exit her room right before Sasha was about to unleash all her frustration on Xenia.

"Xenia, what are you doing? Have you lost your mind? Who said you could shout at your father like that?" Sharon reprimanded loudly. Only then did Xenia finally shut up.

Breathing a small sigh of relief, Sasha's grip loosened.

"Aunt Sharon..."

"That goes for you too. Next time, don't come over without a valid reason. This house isn't a boxing venue."

Sasha lowered her head and nodded, not wanting to upset Sharon further.

Sasha didn't blame Sharon for her reaction. After all, she was the one who was indebted to this family. Regardless of whatever they said or did to her, she would always forgive them for it.

But she was taken aback when Sharon followed up her previous statement by saying, "Xenia may have sounded a little harsh, but some of what she said was true. You were already hurt once by that Sebastian man, so you should learn your lesson and not go back to him again. Once bitten twice shy. Learn to have self-worth, understand?"

Sasha felt the knife that was already deep in her chest twist into its wound a little more. She started clenching her hands by her sides.

I'm not going back to Sebastian. I know my self-worth. I'm only getting involved with him now because he has my son that I left behind!

Soon, her vision started blurring, she held back the well of indignant emotions as she walked out of the house. With the cool breeze and light rain of the night caressing her face, she made her way to a bus stop where her legs finally gave out.

Sitting on her haunches, the dam of tears broke.

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Sasha wasn't sure how long she squatted there crying at the bus stop, but at some point, the light rain had turned into a downpour and drenched her completely. Spotting her, someone quickly approached.

"Miss, are you alright? It's so cold out here, and it's raining too. Don't you want to go home?"

At the sound of the stranger's voice, Sasha slowly raised her head which she was resting on her knees.

The stranger was a middle-aged woman in her forties, wearing a thick, padded-down jacket that had lint at the hems. Even from a distance away, Sasha could tell smell the odor of oil and smoke coming off the woman.

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She had to be a stay-at-home mother or housewife.

Shaking her head, Sasha sniffled. "I'm fine."

"Then, you should hurry back home. There's probably someone waiting for you, right? Did you miss the bus? I'm telling you, young lady, there are no buses that come around here at this time. I'll help you wave down a taxi," the woman offered kindly.

"There's really no need..." Sasha hurriedly shook her head, waving her hands in front of her.

The woman seemed to notice the sadness on Sasha's face, she sighed as she offered some words of advice. "You look like you've been through a lot, kiddo. It's alright. You'll always run into problems in life, but the most important thing is that you get back up and face them head-on. Think of the people who loves you and waiting for you, alright?"

Sasha's mind blanked.

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The people who is waiting for me?

How could I have forgotten? There's someone waiting for me. Even if my parents are gone and I'm estranged from my relatives, I have my kids waiting for me back home! There's no one who needs me more than them!

Sasha placed a hand on the floor to push herself upright, stumbling slightly as if having woken up from a deep slumber. "I understand now. Thank you, ma'am."

"That's good. Hurry along, then."

The middle-aged woman smiled, shifted the bags in her arms, and started hurrying back to her own home.

Sasha's lips were already blue from the cold as she stuck a trembling arm out, waiting for a taxi to notice her.

I have to get to my son. He's waiting for me.

It was getting late.

The rain grew heavier with every passing moment, and Sasha didn't feel any warmer even though the taxi's heater was turned on. Pulling her clothes tighter around her, she tried to look for something to dry off her damp hair. It was only then did she realize that she'd left the house in such a rush, the only thing on her right now was her medical kit.

Never mind.

I wonder if Ian's already asleep by now?

Staring out of the window, she couldn't help but worry.

Fortunately, due to the late hour, there wasn't a lot of traffic on the road. The drive to Frontier Bay was only twenty minutes.

"Miss, we're here."

The driver had never been to this famous residential area full of rich people before, so he couldn't help but take a good look at Sasha through the rearview mirror.

Not only did the sight of her bedraggled appearance let him down, she even had to scrounge up money for the taxi fare.

Sasha got down from the taxi. Turning towards the mansion, she saw that it was completely dark except for a few lamps lighting up the garden.

Does that mean Little Ian is already asleep?

Standing outside with only an umbrella above her head, she considered walking away.

She'd only insisted on coming here at such a late hour because she'd promised Ian that she would come and visit him at night. If she didn't show up, he might refuse to sleep and wait up in his bedroom in thin pajamas, just like before.

Then, he ended up getting sick.

What about now?

Sasha stared at the mansion for a long while, making sure that there were no signs of life before finally mustering up the courage to walk away.

"Dr. Wand? Dr. Wand!"

Someone suddenly called out to her.

Who is that?

Sasha whipped around, staring curiously at the person. "Wendy? Is that you? Why aren't you asleep yet?"

"Oh, I am waiting up for you! Thank goodness you made it."

Wendy was out of breath and wet from the rain as she ran out of the house, but there was also a bright smile on her face like she'd just completed a mission of sorts.

Is Little Ian really still awake?

Her heart leaping into her throat, Sasha followed Wendy in without another word.

The two of them entered the mansion. Sasha quickly noticed that the downstairs living room was still brightly lit, but the rest of the house was empty, with no sign of Ian to be found.

Where is he?

Turning towards Wendy, Sasha asked, "Where's the kid?"