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# Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 745

How dare he lashes out at me in front of so many people? How should I continue living as the woman of the house with dignity? How can I face them henceforth?

Jasmine was blazing with anger deep down, but she could only acquiesce to Stephen's decision.

"I'm sorry, Dr. West. Indeed, my tongue was rather loose just now. Somehow, as I get older, I tend to lose my temper easily. Please don't take it to heart," she faked a smile and said through gritted teeth.

Her response got Sasha completely petrified.

She did not expect the way things had turned out. One moment, she was being chased out; and within the blink of an eye, the person who was so hostile toward her actually said sorry to her.

This feels great!

Overjoyed, she cast a glance at the man in the wheelchair.

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“It’s okay. I was the one to blame for being so rude to both of you at the hospital. I’d like to apologize for my actions too.” Sasha tried to be the bigger person, and let bygones be bygones.

With that said and done, is Sebastian still planning to leave?

Everything seemed to have sorted out. Yet, the lot was quietly waiting in trepidation because that man was still moving in his wheelchair!

“Sebastian, you are...”

“Accompany me to the bathroom.” He took a quick glance at Devin, and then completed the sentence where he left off.

The whole living room fell silent.

So, after all the drama, he actually doesn’t have the intention to leave the house, but he just wants to go to the bathroom? What is he trying to do? Did he make a scene in order to stand up for this woman? What a bast\*rd!

Jasmine was about to go ballistic.

Shortly after Devin pushed the wheelchair a distance away, Stephen slumped on the couch with a long face. He was infuriated. “This is too much!”

He’s gone overboard. Sasha concurred with his thoughts because she felt cheated too. So, he wasn’t planning on leaving with me, and I got so thrilled for nothing. Huh...

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Half an hour later, everyone gathered at the dining table. Sasha sat next to Sebastian so that she could take care of him since his hands had not recovered fully.

“What would you like to have? I’ll help you.” Putting on the disposable gloves, she cleaned his cutleries while skimming through the sumptuous spread on the table.

Lunch was lavishly prepared. There was an array of dishes, from appetizers, mains, sides, covering eastern, continental, and western options. Everything was very well planned and elaborated.

It turns out that the family does put in the effort to prepare for his visit. They didn’t just focus on their ulterior motives.

“Soup,” the only word Sebastian uttered. Although he did not have much appetite, he did it for Devin’s sake.

Upon hearing that, Sasha served him a bowl of soup.

“Why are you only drinking soup? Come on, Sebastian, try this. It’s grilled lamb.”

After seeing his nephew asking merely for soup despite being served with a splendid range of delicacies, Stephen enthusiastically introduced all the yummy food and encouraged him to try them.

Devin followed suit, attempting to make Sebastian feel welcomed.

Soon, the food on Sebastian’s plate piled up like a small hill.

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The observant Sasha noticed that the man gave a grimace of disgust. Thus, she proactively removed the full plate from his sight and placed it in front of her.

“Sorry, Mr. Hayes’ hands haven’t fully recovered. Considering that he might not be flexible with his hands, it’ll be better if I serve him his food.”

Then, she picked up the cutlery and started cutting the food for him.

Stephen and Devin exchanged glances but said nothing.

Jasmine displayed her annoyance and displeasure through a dimmed expression.

She actually waits on him and even takes care of his daily diet! Is she really a doctor? I think she looks more like a wh\*re who’s trying to take advantage of the situation to climb up the social ladder.

As she scoffed under her breath, she had an idea.

Sasha was busy preparing the food and seemed to be unaware of Jasmine’s odd expression.

She was focusing on removing those items that Sebastian disliked. He’s such a picky eater with a massive mysophobia. He surely won’t touch these things.

Sasha picked only the piece in the center and a sandwich which nobody had laid a finger on. Next, she rearranged them neatly, spread some butter on them, and served them before that man.

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“All right, all done. I’ve carefully picked out the parts where no one has touched. Please help yourself,” she muttered gently as if she was coaxing a child.

Sebastian’s lip twitched slightly. He wanted to reprimand her for being a nagger and a busybody.

However, he was at a loss for words when his gaze fell on the sandwich. The way she plated the food was so professional; everything was extremely precise as if she had measured them using a ruler.

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On top of being a germaphobe, he also had obsessive-compulsive disorder.

Shortly after he opened his eyes, he picked up the set of cutlery in front of him.

Devin, who was there throughout the session, found out that Sasha was pretty cautious while serving Sebastian his breakfast.

Aware of the germaphobe’s pet peeves, she served him his favorite set of big breakfast instead of a traditional set.

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Devin's eyes flickered as he continued losing himself in a train of thoughts.

Shortly after their breakfast, Stephen brought Sebastian away with him and asked his nephew to join him for chess.

On top of that, Stephen mentioned he needed Sebastian to provide his feedback for the subsidiaries of the Jadesons.

Sasha thought Stephen had reached out to the right person since Sebastian had always been an exceptional corporate player.

Immediately after their departure, she started cleaning up the table, but Devin showed up behind her and instructed, "Dr. West, just leave the rest to the housemaid. Why don't you come along with me? I have something for Sebastian to hand over to you."

She followed him without any doubts since he was the only one who truly cared about Sebastian amongst the rest of the Jadesons.

Although she couldn't forgive him for the things he had done, she knew it wouldn't be wise to pick on him for Sebastian's sake.

They made their way to the courtyard of Red Pavilion shortly after marching out of the mansion.

Devin asked, "Where are you from, Dr. West? The way you speak sort of reminds me of my friends from Tayhaven."

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Startled by the question directed at her, she made up her mind to play along with him and stammered, “Y-Yes! I-I’m from Tayhaven!”

Tayhaven? Speaking of which, my dearest cousin’s wife is from Tayhaven as well, isn’t she?

Devin asked with a smile, “Tayhaven is a wonderful city. I have been missing the people and the food there ever since I was dispatched there for a mission.”

“W-Well, it’s nothing special.”

Halfway through their conversation, Devin announced in a serious tone, “No! Tayhaven is a freaking food paradise! I’m still missing the local delicacies of Tayhaven up until this very moment!”

Sasha found the man hilarious since he was nothing similar to the almighty successor of the Jadesons she had heard of from others.

She once thought he was a bloodlust militant, but the man in front of him was nothing similar to the rumors she heard.

“Indeed, there are a lot of local delicacies worth giving a try. If you’re craving for any of those in the future, just give me a heads up whenever you drop by Tayhaven in the future. I’ll bring you around.”

“Sure!” Devin was thrilled by Sasha’s suggestion.

Ten minutes later, they finally made their way to the other end of the mansion. Devin showed him the way up the stairs and led her to another room.

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She thought it wouldn't be wise to join him in the room since there were just the two of them. Thus, she mentioned she would wait for him outside of the room.

Devin stopped insisting and made his way into the room without Sasha.

Bam!

Out of nowhere, a loud bang inside the room took Sasha by surprise since she was clueless about the things going on inside the room.

As a result, she barged into the room in fear of something bad happening to Devin. She yelled, "Mr. Jadeson, are you okay? What's—"

Sasha's eyes widened in disbelief when she caught a glimpse of the suitcase on the floor. To her surprise, another one of the suitcases on top of the wardrobe was about to fall.

Afraid of making things worse, Devin dared not move around. He muttered to himself with his face scrunched up in agony, "Mom shouldn't have—"

Sasha's mind was all over the place. Seconds after she saw the chair next to Devin, she rushed over and made it to his side.

"Hold on a second! Let me help you with that!"

Without a second thought, she climbed her way up the chair and tiptoed to stop the suitcase from falling and injuring Devin.

That was the only thing she could think of to help the man since it was only a matter of time until the pent-up fatigue caught up to him and his sore arms.

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Sasha thought of adjusting the suitcases as soon as the man moved his hands away from the falling one, but he seemed to be having his sweet time and had his eyes glued to her in silence.

What the hell is he doing? Wait! Is he staring at my chest?

When Sasha took a peek at Devin, she saw him staring at her chest and flushed in irritation, repeating the man's name to stop him, "Mr. Jadeson?"

Devin, whose mind was all over the place, finally snapped out of bewilderment and looked elsewhere the moment he returned to his senses.

He finally caught a glimpse of the difference in skin tone around her neck.

In spite of being anxious, her emotions were barely reflected on her face when her limbs had long turned stiff.

It seemed as if she had put on a mask. Nonetheless, it was a well-crafted mask as no one could tell the difference unless they were in close proximity to examine it.

Overwhelmed by the possibilities awaiting him, Devin had a hard time comprehending the truth.

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