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Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 846

“Yes, Mr. Jadeson,” Tony answered at once.

Jonathan departed, leaving behind him a dangerous intent so palpable that Tony felt anxious just being in its vicinity.

Woe be to him, or her, who touches my great-grandchildren without my consent!

Sasha did not notice that a careless gesture on her part had roused suspicion in the other occupants of the Jadeson residence.

Later that night, she bathed her children and dressed them before heading to the third floor.

“Mr. Hayes, dinner has been prepared,” she said gently. “Would you like to have some?”

She entered from the door and found it illuminated only by a bedside lamp. The light revealed the silhouette of a figure bent over the drawers rummaging for something.

He is still unwilling to go downstairs.

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Though his legs had regained their full capacity a long time ago, he still preferred to remain upstairs.

Sebastian was either kept occupied by his laptop or his books. Sometimes, he would jot things down in his notebook when the mood suited him. If she did not know him to be a business mogul before his accident, Sasha would have suspected that the man before her was autistic.

Sebastian still did not reply despite repeated prompting, hence Sasha walked over to him.

“What are you looking for? Do you want to get dressed?” She caught sight of a large variety of men’s clothing in the opened drawers.

Sebastian was frowning.

“Get rid of everything!” he burst out, the contempt he had been suppressing pouring forth.

“Eh?” exclaimed Sasha in surprise.

Get rid of everything? What does he mean? Does he want to get rid of all the clothing in the drawers?

Sasha thought that she misheard him.

However, his meaning became clear upon a closer look into the content of the drawers.

How would he like these?

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The wardrobe looked as if it was carelessly arranged for the sake of levity. It contained a selection of clothing ranging from bright T-shirts worn by teenagers to old-fashioned suits that were only appropriate for formal events.

The worst part of that was that the interior of the wardrobe was colorful, starkly different from what Sebastian used to wear.

Sasha took everything out and dumped it onto the couch without another word.

“Don’t worry, I will clear this out for you. Why don’t you go take a shower while I’m at it? When you get out, I will have something suitable ready for you. How does that sound?” She spoke gently in an attempt to soothe his frustration.

Sebastian glared at her.

What a strange feeling. How would she know what I like when I am not acquainted with her? He did not even mention the type of clothing he preferred.

Sebastian proceeded to the bathroom after gazing at her doubtfully for a moment, more from the discomfort of his perspiration than anything else.

After twenty minutes, he emerged with a towel around his waist and found the bedroom to be tidied up and a set of light gray casual wear neatly laid out on the couch.

However, Sasha was still working on the outfit. At that moment, she was sewing something on the collar.

“What are you doing?” Sebastian asked.

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“Eh?” Sasha was startled out of her focus. She turned away from her work under the light. “You’re done? This will be ready in a jiffy...”

Before she could finish, she noticed that he was wrapped in only a towel. Momentarily dumbstruck, her eyes wandered all over his body from which water droplets still flowed.

What a muscular frame.

Though his firm muscles have gone soft due to his repeated injuries, it did nothing to affect his perfect symmetry. The beads of water on his skin made her subconsciously gulp with desire.

“Are you done looking?”

“Eh?” Sasha started violently at his annoyed remark.

Upon realizing what she had done, Sasha felt a blush spreading from the back of her ears over her entire face. She retracted her gaze and was so nervous that she almost pricked herself with the needle.

It’s not like I haven’t seen him naked. Why do I need to become such a bumbling idiot just because he doesn’t have a shirt on?

Sasha tried hard to calm her thumping heart.

“Mr. Hayes, here are some clothes that I think might fit you,” she stammered as she showed him the shirt that she was nearly done mending, worried that he may not like it. “It’s late now to go out and buy you a new set. I chose this set for you to wear around the house. Don’t worry, I’ve adjusted the collar to your liking.”

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It wasn't a large alternation; Sasha just changed the adapted round collar into a looser and more comfortable V-neck collar.

Sebastian was fond of dressing in dark colors with a priority on comfort. In fact, that was all he wore back then. Sasha tried to make the shirt she was working on as close to his favorite ones as she could.

If the collar was not altered to his liking, he may not even want it in his wardrobe.

After she was done, Sasha handed him the shirt.

Sebastian frowned but for some reason did not reject the clumsily put together shirt.

Sebastian got dressed quickly. Even with the ugly shirt draped over his perfect frame, the sight of him emerging from the bedroom took Sasha's breath away.

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