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Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 847

Despite being languid in his movements, every stride he took exuded elegance.

No matter where he goes, his charm always remains at the forefront of attention.

That night when the two of them went downstairs for dinner, Jonathan's eyes followed Sebastian's attire until he took his seat at the dining table.

"Mr. Jadeson, Mr. Hayes does not seem to like his own clothes. I'm thinking of changing his wardrobe for him tomorrow."

Sasha thought that it would be better to disclose her intention from the start as she was uncomfortable with the way Jonathan was staring.

At that, he turned his gaze toward her.

"He doesn't? He did not have any complaints about them before."

"He did not go out much back then as he was always sick," Sasha explained patiently. "If he wasn't in his hospital gown, he would be in his pajamas. As for the other clothes, he'd never even touched them."

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She could not tell Jonathan that Sebastian was beginning to be picky because he was recovering.

The professor from Jetroina had mentioned that when his master was progressively recovering, memories from before the accident came flooding back. It included daily habits and preferences.

Naturally, Sebastian becoming increasingly picky with his wardrobe was a sign of recovery.

Sasha gazed at Jonathan expectantly as she awaited his permission.

Fortunately, Jonathan seemed to have accepted her explanation. "Noted. We'll talk about it tomorrow."

"As you wish." Sasha was elated. She grabbed a bowl to serve Sebastian some soup.

When she brought the soup over to him, she became suddenly aware of his intense gaze. Horrified, she did not know when he had started staring at her. At that moment, all of the times she spent surreptitiously indulging in his presence felt clumsily lewd and careless.

"Mr. Hayes, have some soup," Sasha mumbled as she deposited the bowl, hurriedly retracting her gaze.

I am becoming increasingly careless. I must watch my emotions at a place like this.

With the errand of replacing Sebastian's wardrobe in mind, Sasha awoke extra early the following day.

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“Vivi, entertain yourself with your brothers today. I am going out to buy Daddy some new clothes.”

“Okay, Mommy. Will you buy me something too?”

The little girl crawled out of bed and put on a skirt as she turned to face her mother solemnly with large watery eyes.

“You want some new clothes too?” Sasha was surprised.

Vivian shook her head. “No. I want a hair clip so I can put this little pearl on it. Brother Cal told me that this hair clip looks good on me. I’d like to keep it on all the time.”

As she spoke, she pulled out a pink pearl from her little bag.

Sasha was taken aback for several seconds as she stared at the pearl clutched in her daughter’s tiny hand.

She was so overwhelmed that she felt a lump in her throat. Her daughter’s obsession regarding the matter was exceeding her expectations.

She always thought that a trivial matter like that should have been long forgotten by a young child of six.

However, she did not expect her daughter to hold on to that in mind after so long, and with such an obsessive intensity.

At last, Shasha took from her daughter’s tiny palm the pearl offered. “Okay, Mommy will buy you a very pretty hair clip and attach this on top of it. Does that sound good?”

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“Yes it does, Mommy,” the little girl answered, mollified.

After saying her goodbyes to the children, Sasha was about to head up to the third floor when all of a sudden the old butler of Oceanic Estate came walking toward her.

“Dr. West, old Mr. Jadeson is looking for you. Please come with me.”

“All right.” Without being given a choice in the matter, Sasha could only stop and follow Tony.

She was kept waiting for about ten minutes on the picturesque observation tower, watching the old man with a head of white hair who was undergoing his daily ritual of stretching as he faced the ocean where the sun was rising over the horizon.

Though he looked to be about eighty, he was still full of the vigor of a far younger man than he actually was. Every stance he held was crisp and graceful.

Sasha did not want to interrupt so she stood quietly in the shadows and watched him.

After about half an hour, her tea was ready. At the same time, the old man completed his routine and came toward her while he mopped his brow.

“Old Mr. Jadeson, I am impressed with your physical health for a man your age. I can see why they revered you in the military.”

Sasha poured him a cup as soon as he sat down.

Jonathan said nothing in response.

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He finished his tea and rested for a long while before raising his head to look at her.

“Dr. West, how long has it been since you were with us?”

“Eh? Old. Mr. Jadeson, are you asking me how long it’s been since I’ve been coming to Oceanic Estate?”

“Yes.” Jonathan nodded expressionlessly as he took another sip.

Sasha did not know what he meant. She stood deep in thought as both of them lapsed into silence.

“If you discount the time I spent in Jetroina recuperating, it would be about three or four months. Why do you ask, Mr. Jadeson?”

“No particular reason. I just want to ask you, since it’s been so long, why hasn’t his condition improved? If you have no capabilities to make a change, I am seriously considering replacing you.”

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