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Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 903

Like Jonathan, Jared had not lived alongside his own children since his retirement and preferred a life of solitude in his original place of residence, which was The Ataraxy.

Meanwhile, Gossamer Creek was where members of the branch family of the Jadesons were based.

Therefore, Jonathan's sudden intention to send Sasha to these places was apparent. As a result, Stephen left Oceanic Estate blue in the face.

Jasmine was there waiting when he returned to the Red Pavilion. She immediately came up to him when she saw him. "How did it go, Stephen? What did Dad say?"

"What could he have said? He has always favored him, so what else could he say?"

For a moment, Stephen was concerned about not having an outlet for his pent-up frustrations. His wife's inquiries instantly prompted him to rant unreservedly.

Jasmine's face became white as a sheet.

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“What does this mean? Is he really going to have you relinquish everything you have? How are we to survive in the future? How are we to profit when we have nothing left to milk?”

“Profit? Never mind profit; you’ll be counting your lucky stars if you can even go on living!” Once more, Stephen replied with resentment.

Being modest of talent and painfully aware that he had little to contribute toward the family, Stephen had long conducted himself extremely cautiously while with the Jadesons, especially in front of his father.

Hence, he had always given everything he had to whatever task Jonathan assigned him.

Fortunately, he was Jonathan’s only son, so his old man kept looking out for him in the past decades. Because of this, he took up an administrative position in the military and had the opportunity to manage the family business.

Had Sebastian not surfaced, perhaps he might have continued to live out the rest of his life in relative comfort.

However, what caught him off guard was how quickly Sebastian’s appearance robbed Stephen of his own father’s affection. Not only that, but now Stephen was also expected to cough up all the power and prestige he held in his hands.

Like a rooster defeated in a cockfight, he slumped into the couch in the living room, utterly deflated.

“Not just myself. It’s game over even for you as well.”

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“Me?” Jasmine quickly sat next to him. “What do you mean by that?”

The smirking Stephen continued, “Haven’t you always dreamt about becoming the lady of the house? Believe me when I tell you to kill that thought. Just now, the old man instructed Janice to bring Sasha to visit Uncle Jared and to make a trip to Gossamer Creek.”

Jasmine was absolutely shocked. She stood there petrified; all she could hear was the humming in her own ears.

What perks were there to becoming the lady of the house of the Jadesons?

First was total control of the family’s wealth.

Be it The Ataraxy or Gossamer Creek in the outskirts of the city, everyone in the family was dependent on the support of the business interests of the Jadesons to sustain their ways of life. The income would first go to Oceanic Estate before it was redistributed to them by the lady of the house who presided over the family’s finances.

Second was the right to speak.

With Jonathan taking a hands-off approach to domestic matters and in the absence of a woman in charge, everything that the three branches of the family wanted to do previously had to go through the butler, Tony, before being presented to Jonathan himself.

That was the only way to settle matters.

During that time, Jasmine, by virtue of her marriage to Stephen, enjoyed the indubitable honor of being the only one who could pass the word along to Tony.

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Now, even this little bit of privilege was being stripped from her when the old man, within a few days of his arrival, decided to appoint Sasha as the lady of the house.

Jasmine felt that she was going bonkers.

“What right he has to do that? We’re his son and daughter-in-law, aren’t we? Why does he favor them? What’s more, we’re senior to them, so why does he treat us so shabbily? Haven’t we done enough for him all these years?”

The more she questioned it, the more her outrage grew and she eventually took that all out on the items on the table which she left strewn across the floor.

Stephen wanted to know why that was the case as well.

Their anger, however, was for naught, as there was no way back once the old man had his mind made up.

Consumed by rage, discontent, and hatred, the middle-aged man sat there for a while before he finally stood up. Amidst his wife’s continued hysterics, he returned to his study.

Inside the study was an old computer.

Given his rather advanced age, he was not too used to newer technologies. When it was booted up, the computer automatically logged him into a messaging program and a chatbox opened up.

Anon: How about it? Have you thought things through?

Stephen was hesitant.

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With his outstretched fingers hovering over the keyboard, the apprehensive man had to overcome a bit of a struggle internally before he started to tap away steadily on the keys.

Stephen: Are you certain that he will not be harmed?

Anon: Positively. We are mercenaries, Lieutenant Colonel Jadeson. If all that the client wants is for him to go mad, we'll make it that way. No reason at all for us to do anything to make ourselves a target of law enforcement, wouldn't you agree?

Stephen took a deep drawl as that seemed to ease his own emotional burden.

A moment later, he finally typed: Okay.

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