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# Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 992

In the end, Devin did not send Sabrina to the railway station.

Instead, he drove her back to Avenport.

“How could I trouble you when you’re already so busy? You’re here because you have a lot of things to do, don’t you? Hurry up and put me down. I can ask for a friend to lend me a car; I’ll drive back myself.”

Unable to take it any longer, Devin roared, “Shut up!”

Then, he slammed his foot on the accelerator, and they sped toward Avenport.

It was the first time he had completely lost control of his temper. The thrumming anger in his veins kept taking over his mind.

At Frontier Bay in Avenport.

Although it had been two days since they returned, things were still lively in the Royal Court One.

Rufus, Jackson, and Jackson’s wife came over every day. Moreover, when the members of the Hayes family heard about their return, they visited them.

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After a few distant relatives came to visit, Sebastian's cousin, Saul, came to suggest to Sasha, "Sasha, why don't you and your family head to the Hayes residence for a meal? You have so many guests every day; I'm sure it's quite troublesome for you too."

When Sasha heard that, she nearly flinched.

Although she wanted to go there, she had been observing the situation at the Hayes residence. A certain someone had not been showing up, and she did not know if he was trying to avoid her.

He had been absent even though he had asked her when she was going to come over. He even asked her if he should make arrangements for her to have a meal at a restaurant.

After brief contemplation, Sasha answered, "I'll discuss it with Sebastian first."

Saul nodded instantly. "All right. The two of you should discuss it first. You don't need to worry about cooking because your sister-in-law will be helping. Preparing food for four to five tables won't be a problem."

Like the others, Saul was joyous that they had returned safe and sound.

Naturally, he was enthusiastic about helping them out.

Once he was gone, Sasha went to the garden to look for Sebastian.

However, when she went downstairs, she realized the man was drinking tea with those few older men again. Moreover, she could see the three fishing poles stabbed in the pond.

What is he doing?

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Does he have no other way to appease these few old men other than drinking tea with them?

Sasha stormed over.

“Dad, Uncle Jackson, what are the two of you doing?”

“Can’t you see? We’re fishing. Come, take a look, Sasha. Take a look at how big a fish I’ve caught.”

The moment Jackson saw her, he excitedly motioned at her to go over to his side to look at the fish.

Sasha was speechless, but still, she went to him.

When she saw the flopping golden fish in the bucket, her eyes slowly drift toward the man at the side.

However, the man remained expressionless as he drank his tea. If Sasha’s memory served her right, the fish in the bucket was worth hundreds and thousands.

Yet, he was not batting a lash at it at all.

“It’s fantastic, Uncle Jackson. Enjoy your fishing. I need to have a talk with Sebastian for a bit.”

“Go ahead.”

Jackson, who was certainly enjoying his time, waved happily.

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It was then Sasha dragged Sebastian back to the third floor of the villa.

The moment they were upstairs, Sasha blurted out, "Are you insane? Why are you letting them fish at the pond? You've been raising those fishes for years! If you want to entertain them, you can always bring them to a lake outside or something!"

Nevertheless, Sebastian shrugged nonchalantly. "They're just fishes. I can always raise more. Why were you looking for me?"

At that, Sasha sighed before entering the main topic.

"Saul was suggesting for us to go to the Hayes residence instead of having guests come over to our place every day. Then, we'll invite them to the Hayes residence instead. Do you think it's a sound plan?"

She then tentatively looked at him.

Truthfully, Sasha had actually sensed something amiss about him.

First of all, the Hayes residence was the place he grew up at. Even if Frederick was no longer around, as the child Frederick had raised, Sebastian should still take a trip back to the Hayes residence.

However, he did not. In the past two days, he never mentioned it at all.

Why was that the case?

It was mostly because Solomon had already moved into the Hayes residence.

"Why should I go there? It's troublesome and small. We can always book a space at a restaurant if we're going to host a meal."

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As Sasha expected, Sebastian rejected the suggestion right away. Even impatience and irritation had crept upon his face.

Thus, Sasha did not dare to insist on it.

She looked away from him and nodded. "All right, I'll tell Saul about it."

With that said, she turned around to head back downstairs.

All of a sudden, Sebastian grabbed her arm. "You look unhappy."

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