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Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 1297

Chapter 1297 Everything That Could Happen Has Happened

“What?” Brandon’s tone sank immediately upon hearing Sasha’s words. “She went to look for you? Sasha, listen. Don’t meddle yourself in this matter. I’ve told her we’re nothing more than friends and for her to stop bothering me.”

“Nothing more than friends?”

Sasha was stumped.

Shifting her gaze to the depressed woman in the garden, she became anxious, “But Willow says you guys have—”

“Slept with each other?” Brandon snickered over the phone. “We’re all adults, so we got drunk and did things as we wish. Don’t tell me that we’ll have to get stuck together because of that? We’re in the 21st century, mind you! Please tell her to stop being so pedantic!”

Brandon’s choice of words hinted at his annoyance. Sasha was stunned and didn’t know how to react.

She was unclear about the situation going on between the two.

Actually, given the society we’re in, Brandon does make a point if it’s a one-night stand. There’s no way I can implore him any further.

Besides, she could tell from Brandon’s tone that there was not even a hint of love he had for Willow.

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Sasha hung up the call and walked out of the room.

“How is it? Did he agree to come here?” As expected, Willow who was waiting intently in the garden, immediately leaped up from her seat upon seeing Sasha’s return and looked at her with hope.

Sasha’s heart ached seeing her act that way.

Nonetheless, she walked over and pulled her over to sit on the chair.

“Willow, be honest with me. Are you guys really a couple?”

Willow turned her gaze away as she sat down, her face and lips paled of all colors.

“W-What did he tell you...?”

“No. He only mentioned to me about that night after you guys got drunk... He says he’s sorry about it. Brandon isn’t a mature guy, Willow. His mom has spoilt him since young; that’s why he doesn’t have a great sense of responsibility. He won’t think that he’ll have to be responsible for a lady after sleeping with her. Besides...”

“Willow, tell me honestly. After you guys got drunk that night, was it really by chance? Or...”

Sasha did not finish her sentence.

Yet, she had put forth her meaning clearly.

By now, Willow was getting more flustered. As embarrassed as she was, all she wanted to do at that moment was to bury her head down.

The atmosphere became stilled in an instant.

Even the birds and bees in the garden had seemingly stopped in their tracks. Only their breathing and Willow’s sobs could be heard.

Indeed, foolish women can act extremely silly and terrifying.

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Why would she still use such methods to make someone who doesn't like her stay? No wonder Brandon sounded so annoyed after I mentioned Willow's name.

Left with no other choice, Sasha sent Willow back to the room to get some rest.

Later at noon, Sebastian returned home after a body check at the hospital.

Seeing there was another person at home, he asked Sasha about Willow. As she explained the situation in detail, Sabrina jumped in and interrupted before Sebastian could say anything.

"What's wrong with that woman? With Aunt Matilda around, I'm sure she'll put her through hell even if she manages to marry Brandon!"

At the thought of that intimidating figure in the Emmanuel's, everyone including Sasha broke out in cold sweat and could not seem to say anything anymore.

They had forgotten that the perfect candidate who would fit Matilda's criterion as a daughter-in-law was someone talented and beautiful inside out but also well-matched in terms of background.

Just the mere thought of it sent Sasha shuddering in fear.

In the end, Sasha pacified the agitated Willow. That day, after knowing Brandon's short break had come to an end and was leaving Avenport, Willow finally accepted the reality and decided to return to Clear.

Really?

Judging from Willow's gloomy expression, Sasha was a little skeptical about it.

Of course, as much as she was worried, she did not insist on asking Willow to stay since the latter had already made up her mind.

After some thought, Sasha ultimately decided to contact Solomon to seek help from him since she could not leave the matters on hand behind.

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“Solomon, do you happen to be free? Willow says she wants to go back, but I worried about her as she’s not at her best mental state right now. Can you help me send her home?”

“Alright,” Solomon readily agreed.

That afternoon, Solomon found the dejected Willow at the waiting area in the airport.

She was sitting alone in a corner, with tears rolling down her cheeks.

“Let’s go. I’ll send you back.”

Solomon was exasperated to see her pathetic appearance.

Conversely, upon seeing the man’s arrival, Willow did something she had never done before in Frontier Bay—an immense outpour of her emotions.

After staring drearily at Solomon for a split second, she pranced up and hugged him, bawling her eyes out.

“Solomon, he lied! Everything that could happen has already happened between us. B-But now he says we’re all adults and should be clear of the line. Why did he do that?”

Solomon felt awkward toward Willow’s action that his body stiffened up at once.

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