

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 746

On top of being a germaphobe, he also had obsessive-compulsive disorder.

Shortly after he opened his eyes, he picked up the set of cutlery in front of him.

Devin, who was there throughout the session, found out that Sasha was pretty cautious while serving Sebastian his breakfast.

Aware of the germaphobe's pet peeves, she served him his favorite set of big breakfast instead of a traditional set.

Devin's eyes flickered as he continued losing himself in a train of thoughts.

Shortly after their breakfast, Stephen brought Sebastian away with him and asked his nephew to join him for chess.

On top of that, Stephen mentioned he needed Sebastian to provide his feedback for the subsidiaries of the Jadesons.

Sasha thought Stephen had reached out to the right person since Sebastian had always been an exceptional corporate player.

Immediately after their departure, she started cleaning up the table, but Devin showed up behind her and instructed, "Dr. West, just leave the rest to the housemaid. Why don't you come along with me? I have something for Sebastian to hand over to you."

She followed him without any doubts since he was the only one who truly cared about Sebastian amongst the rest of the Jadesons.

Although she couldn't forgive him for the things he had done, she knew it wouldn't be wise to pick on him for Sebastian's sake.

They made their way to the courtyard of Red Pavilion shortly after marching out of the mansion.

Devin asked, "Where are you from, Dr. West? The way you speak sort of reminds me of my friends from Tayhaven."

Startled by the question directed at her, she made up her mind to play along with him and stammered, "Y-Yes! I-I'm from Tayhaven!"

Tayhaven? Speaking of which, my dearest cousin's wife is from Tayhaven as well, isn't she?

Devin asked with a smile, "Tayhaven is a wonderful city. I have been missing the people and the food there ever since I was dispatched there for a mission."

"W-Well, it's nothing special."

Halfway through their conversation, Devin announced in a serious tone, "No! Tayhaven is a freaking food paradise! I'm still missing the local delicacies of Tayhaven up until this very moment!"

Sasha found the man hilarious since he was nothing similar to the almighty successor of the Jadesons she had heard of from others.

She once thought he was a bloodlust militant, but the man in front of him was nothing similar to the rumors she heard.

"Indeed, there are a lot of local delicacies worth giving a try. If you're craving for any of those in the future, just give me a heads up whenever you drop by Tayhaven in the future. I'll bring you around."

"Sure!" Devin was thrilled by Sasha's suggestion.

Ten minutes later, they finally made their way to the other end of the mansion. Devin showed him the way up the stairs and led her to another room.

She thought it wouldn't be wise to join him in the room since there were just the two of them. Thus, she mentioned she would wait for him outside of the room.

Devin stopped insisting and made his way into the room without Sasha.

Bam!

Out of nowhere, a loud bang inside the room took Sasha by surprise since she was clueless about the things going on inside the room.

As a result, she barged into the room in fear of something bad happening to Devin. She yelled, "Mr. Jadeson, are you okay? What's—"

Sasha's eyes widened in disbelief when she caught a glimpse of the suitcase on the floor. To her surprise, another one of the suitcases on top of the wardrobe was about to fall.

Afraid of making things worse, Devin dared not move around. He muttered to himself with his face scrunched up in agony, “Mom shouldn’t have—”

Sasha’s mind was all over the place. Seconds after she saw the chair next to Devin, she rushed over and made it to his side.

“Hold on a second! Let me help you with that!”

Without a second thought, she climbed her way up the chair and tiptoed to stop the suitcase from falling and injuring Devin.

That was the only thing she could think of to help the man since it was only a matter of time until the pent-up fatigue caught up to him and his sore arms.

Sasha thought of adjusting the suitcases as soon as the man moved his hands away from the falling one, but he seemed to be having his sweet time and had his eyes glued to her in silence.

What the hell is he doing? Wait! Is he staring at my chest?

When Sasha took a peek at Devin, she saw him staring at her chest and flushed in irritation, repeating the man’s name to stop him, “Mr. Jadeson?”

Devin, whose mind was all over the place, finally snapped out of bewilderment and looked elsewhere the moment he returned to his senses.

He finally caught a glimpse of the difference in skin tone around her neck.

In spite of being anxious, her emotions were barely reflected on her face when her limbs had long turned stiff.

It seemed as if she had put on a mask. Nonetheless, it was a well-crafted mask as no one could tell the difference unless they were in close proximity to examine it.

Overwhelmed by the possibilities awaiting him, Devin had a hard time comprehending the truth.

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It turned out Devin was the mastermind behind the staged accident. It was one of his many attempts to verify his seemingly absurd hypothesis.

As absurd as it might sound, he knew it was time for him to stop denying the truth. He started shivering against his will due to the vast amount of information he had to process in split seconds.

His eyes started brimming with tears when he thought God had been merciful and granted him another chance to atone for his sin.

As torrents of grief streamed down Devin's cheeks, he looked elsewhere to avoid Sasha's gaze.

Sasha, who couldn't take it any longer, raised her volume and asked, "Mr. Jadeson, what are you doing? Is everything—"

"I'm fine! It must be the dust sneaking its way into my eyes again! Hold on a second! I'll return to adjust the suitcase immediately!" Shortly after he made himself clear, he rushed out of the room.

Is something wrong with him? Isn't he aware I'm still trying to stop these suitcases from falling? Why the hell has he left me alone when he's the one behind the mess?

Sasha was slightly angry, but Devin returned with his hair and shoulders completely drenched when she was about to do something about it.

Has the man rushed downstairs to get himself a stick just for the suitcases? Is that the reason he's completely drenched in sweat?

A few minutes later, they put the suitcases aside and had everything sorted out.

Seconds after Devin regained his composure, he looked at Sasha in the eyes and expressed his apology, "I'm so sorry for the mess, Dr. West! Are you okay?"

Sasha shook her head, indicating she was fine when it was not a big deal.

When she thought they had been away for quite a long time, she had no intention to waste her time with him anymore.

She asked, "What about the thing you wish to hand over to me, Mr. Jadeson? Is it in the room?"

"Y-Yes!" Devin finally snapped out of confusion and retrieved an album from the wardrobe behind him.

Confused, Sasha asked, "What is this?"

Staring at the album he had with him, he asked in a serious tone, "It's an album with our photos over the years. Hasn't Dr. Wallen sent you here on his behalf to help Sebastian regain his memories? Don't you think this album is going to be of help?"

Sasha was thrilled because the album would definitely be of great aid to a multiple personality disorder patient. The album might trigger the memories Sebastian had with others back in the day.

This album is the best thing I can ever ask for!

The overjoyed woman marched her way down the stairs, but she dared not peruse the album in fear of another emotional breakdown since Sebastian was longer in his prime.

"Have any of you seen Mr. Hayes or Lieutenant Colonel Jadeson?"

One of the housemaids showed Sasha the way to the left of the courtyard and said, "They're currently fishing at the Valley of Jade."

Huh? Is he seriously fishing?

Sasha staggered and almost fall as a result of the housemaid's reply when she recalled Sebastian was never a fan of time-consuming activities as such.

He spent most of his time racing whenever he was free back in the day. In short, she couldn't imagine the man indulging himself in time-consuming activities that would take him at least a few hours.

Without further ado, Sasha rushed in the direction of Sebastian and found the duo fishing underneath the canopy next to the glistening pond.

I get it, Stephen! As much as you wish to get him to open up to you, don't you think you need to figure out the things he enjoys doing first?

Marching in the duo's direction, Sasha brought herself to a halt when she heard Stephen announcing in a melancholic tone, "Your father, Shin, was the most exceptional member of the Jadesons. He was a prodigy in almost everything. That was precisely the reason your grandfather had always been fond of him."

As soon as she figured out the content of their conversation, she paused and started eavesdropping on their conversation right where she was.

"Does it really matter? Hasn't he killed his son in the end?"

“No!” Stephen was slightly infuriated when he heard his nephew. He rebuked, “You need to stop listening to those baseless accusations, Sebastian! Your grandfather isn’t the one behind your father’s demise!”

“If that’s the case, who’s the one behind his demise?”

Stephen suppressed the prickling sensation he felt behind his eyes and announced, “A sniper took him by surprise and killed him when he was astonished by the bad news of you passing along with your mother.”

Although Jonathan mentioned he would take Shin out the moment he found out his son had defied his instruction and gotten himself married to Frieda, he was never the one behind Shin’s demise.

Charles was the one who had taken Jonathan’s instruction seriously and made his way to Avenport.

In an attempt to take Shin out, he abducted his heavily pregnant wife and told Shin the bad news when he was dispatched for a mission.

In the end, Shin failed to defend himself against his foes since his mind was all over the place. As a result, his foe brought upon his demise on the battlefield.

Stephen remarked in a sincere manner, “Apart from your father, Charles was regarded the next best successor of the Jadesons. He was the one who would stand the most to gain from your father’s demise. Unfortunately, we couldn’t get our hands on the evidence to prove him guilty. As much as your grandfather wished to take action against him, there wasn’t much he could do. I have never once given up on avenging your father over the years as well.”

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It was evident it wasn’t an act as Stephen was on the verge of letting loose of his emotions after sharing the things he had been keeping to himself throughout the years.

Sebastian went dead silent and had his eyes glued to the pond. No one could possibly figure out the things he had in mind due to his deadpan look.

When Sasha saw the fishing rod vibrating, she rushed over and started jumping for joy in front of the duo.

“Mr. Hayes, look at the fishing rod! I think you have just caught a fish!”

Initially, Sebastian had no intention to reel in the fish, but he changed his mind and took over the fishing rod upon another glimpse at Sasha.

Swoosh!

He reeled in a fish that was at least a few pounds in weight in a matter of seconds.

Thrilled by the man’s catch, Sasha exclaimed as if she was the one in the middle of a fishing session, “It’s such a big fish!”

Stephen was influenced by the woman’s sprightly behavior. He asked, “Dr. West, have you never tried fishing before this?”

Sasha squatted next to the fish and remarked with her eyes gleaming, “No! To be precise, this is the first time I have seen someone fishing! It’s amazing!”

Her parents had never allowed her to indulge herself in leisure activities as such. She was required to attend different classes to nurture her talent whenever she was free. She was a member of the Hayes upon reaching adulthood. As soon as she gave birth to her children, she went abroad to stay away from the man.

Thus, she had never indulged herself in such a leisure activity to the point she couldn’t move her eyes away from the fish.

Sebastian was at a loss for words and thought of warning her to stay away from the fish. He was disgusted by the thought of her smelling like a fish and showing up next to him.

However, Stephen suggested, “If that’s the case, why don’t you go ahead and give it a try, Dr. West?”

“Is that fine?”

Sebastian couldn’t believe his ears because his uncle had just suggested for her to join them.

Things became lively as soon as Sasha joined the duo. She bombarded Sebastian with all sorts of questions every once in a while.

“Mr. Hayes, is this the proper way to reel in the fish?”

“Mr. Hayes, why aren’t there any fish?”

“Mr. Hayes, is there something wrong with my bait?”

“Mr. Hayes-”

Unable to stand it anymore, Sebastian clenched his teeth and gasped out his reply, “Just keep quiet!”

The woman responded with an aggrieved look and took a seat next to them, staring at the pond in silence.

Is she even in her right mind? There’s no way she’s getting a fish when she’s so loud! She’s the one intimidating the fishes in the pond!

Stephen beamed in satisfaction as the duo continued bickering with one another. He had brought up Sebastian’s father in an attempt to strike up a conversation with Sebastian.

To his surprise, Sebastian couldn’t care less at all. Stephen couldn’t stand it anymore—he thought of giving up since he was the one doing all the talking.

Things took a drastic turn of events the moment the woman showed up and insisted on joining them.

The seemingly irked young man volunteered to boil them another pot of water for the coffee, indicating he had no intention to wrap up the session just yet.

Sasha was on the verge of going berserk because she couldn’t get her hands on any fish even after spending a few hours next to the pond.

What the heck? What on earth is wrong with me? This is so frustrating!

Unable to take it anymore, she sprang up from her seat, casting her fishing rod aside with all her might.

She marched in the direction of Sebastian’s icebox and remarked, “That’s it! I’m pretty sure it’s your fishing rod doing the ticks! Just look at your catch versus mine!”

Sebastian, who had spent the past few hours with her, answered in a sarcastic manner, “You need to stop blaming others when you’re the one intimidating the fishes.”

What does he mean I’m intimidating the fishes when I’m just trying to figure out the proper way to fish? Am I not allowed to ask questions when I’m just a rookie?

She ignored him and brought him away with her.

“Are we leaving the fish behind?”

Sasha answered without turning back, “What? Are you trying to bring those fishes away with you when those belong to your uncle? It’s not like there’s anyone to serve you the fishes once you’re home!”

Sebastian’s lips twitched against his will because the woman seemed to have meant her words and brought him away with her without a second thought.

Truth be told, she was right—Sebastian’s rod was the thing doing the tricks. After all, it was one of Stephen’s many attempts to keep Sebastian engaged.

In the end, Sebastian stopped making a fuss and returned to the mansion since it was about time for dinner.

It was about time to leave after they had their meal.

Prior to their departure, Devin approached Sebastian, who had long taken a seat in the car, and urged, “Sebastian, you need to stop throwing a tantrum and making Dr. West’s life miserable, okay? She truly cares about you. Also, she’s Dr. Wallen’s apprentice.”

Staring at the woman trying to stuff the wheelchair into the boot, Sebastian remarked, “She’s quite a remarkable woman, huh? You’re already siding with her when it has merely been a few visits.”

Devin’s heart skipped a beat when he thought he shouldn’t have brought those up. He stammered as he was at a loss for words to explain himself, “I-I...”

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As soon as she returned to Oceanic Estate with Sebastian, he alighted from the car through others’ aid and wheeled himself into the mansion.

Shortly after she parked the car, she found out she was shut out of the mansion once again.

Staring at the shut-tight door, the confused Sasha yelled, “Mr. Hayes? Hello? I’m still out here! Why have you closed the door?”

He paid no heed to her and instructed others to wheel him around as soon as he made his way into the mansion.

In an attempt to figure out the things going on, Sasha approached the security guard and asked, "What's going on? Can you open the door for me?"

The security guard announced with an apologetic look, "I'm so sorry, Dr. West. He has made himself clear that you're not allowed to show up anywhere near the estate anymore."

Sasha was utterly dumbfounded by the drastic turn of events for the worse when things were just fine a few hours ago.

What's wrong with him? Why has he shut me out for no reason? Have I offended him? Why is he forbidding me from getting anywhere near the estate?

Is it because I have left the fishes behind? Does it have something to do with the fishing session in the afternoon?

Sasha was on the verge of losing her mind since he refused to open the door as much as she groveled herself at his mercy.

Oh, God! What on earth is wrong with this grumpy man?

Unable to think of anything to change Sebastian's mind, the upset Sasha had no choice but to make her way back to her apartment.

Once she returned, Karl gaped at the presence of the upset Sasha since her emotions were written all over her face. He asked, "Mrs. Hayes, is everything fine? Did you have a fight with Mr. Hayes again?"

"Technically, I'm not trying to start a fight, but I might have accidentally gotten on his nerves by leaving his fishes behind."

"H-Huh?" Karl couldn't believe his ears when Sasha told him the almighty Sebastian had gotten worked up over a trivial issue.

Is he seriously picking on others over such a trivial issue?

"Well, we'll just blame it on his illness! I'll go get him a freaking bucket of fish in the morning! We shall see if it's enough to please him!"

The equally frustrated Sasha stomped her way in the direction of the bathroom shortly after she shared her plan with Karl.

After hearing that, Karl couldn't help but was amused by the change in his boss. I can't imagine he actually kicks a fuss over some fish.

Sasha wasn't particularly bothered, but when she thought of getting Sebastian a bucket of fish in the morning, she received a call.

The person on the other end announced as soon as Sasha picked up the call, "Mrs. Hayes, they almost gained access to the Jadesons' system, including Jonathan's computer. We were very close to losing it."

"What?"

When Sasha heard the news, she sprang up from the bed in the middle of the night and started reprimanding her sons in her mind.

Are they even in their right mind? How dare they try to hack the Jadesons' system, including Jonathan's computer?

Sasha was on the verge of losing her mind. She rushed out of her room and asked in a hushed voice, "What the heck is going on? Why have they tried something as reckless as such?"

The person on the other end of the call gasped out his reply, "I'm not sure, but it's safe to assume they have been plotting against the Jadesons behind everyone! If it weren't because of the system Mr. Hayes had set up in advance, I'm afraid the Jadesons have long figured out their presence by now!"

Sasha was very close to passing out when she thought of the things awaiting her had that been the case.

She was well aware of her brilliant sons' capabilities. Thus, she had instructed others to keep their eyes on them the moment she left them in their care.

They must have gotten increasingly fearless after being away from us for such a long time, huh? What the heck are they up to? Are they trying to expose themselves or something?

Have they any idea of the challenges I'm going through just to keep their father safe? They're going to be doomed if the Jadesons are aware of their presence!

Unable to calm herself anymore, she knocked on Karl's door the moment she hung up the call.

"Mr. Frost, something's wrong with Ian and Matteo!"

Karl was equally astonished when he heard of the bad news. He asked, "What's going on?"

Sasha repeated the timeline of the entire incident and said, "I need to make a trip to Miralaea to ensure everything's fine! Otherwise, I'm afraid they're going to make a mess and get everyone in trouble!"

"Mmm!" Karl was of the same idea, but he thought it wouldn't be wise for her to make the trip.

"It's going to be fine! It'll merely take three days at most! After all..."

She paused when she thought of the conflict she had with Sebastian. A few seconds later, she remarked, "Since the grumpy man doesn't want me anywhere near him, I'll just leave him alone for a few days."

Karl was about to say something, but he chose to keep those to himself. As soon as she had everything she needed ready, he drove her to the airport and dropped her off.

She might be the only one capable of persuading her brilliant sons. Thus, she had to make the trip to Miralaea over the night.

Sebastian's well-illuminated room at Oceanic Estate roused him from his sleep early in the morning.

"Mr. Hayes, do you need my help to get you out of bed?"

The housemaid, who had been anticipating Sebastian outside of his room, knocked on the door and asked when she heard him bringing himself up.

They were afraid of getting anywhere near Sebastian since he had the guts to pick on Jonathan as if it wasn't a big deal.

Thus, they were afraid of startling him and touching him without his consent in fear of getting yelled at by the man.

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The man remained silent for quite some time. A few minutes later, the housemaid heard someone closing in her direction.

The moment the man opened the door, the housemaid found out Sebastian had hopped his way out of bed with his only functioning leg.

Staring at the handsome man in front of him, she lost herself in a train of thought until she heard the man instructing her in a callous tone, "Go get my wheelchair over."

"O-Okay!"

The housemaid responded with a nod and rushed in the direction of the wheelchair she had gotten ready in advance.

Sebastian's injuries were no longer a big problem, but he still couldn't maneuver around as he wish. After all, his limbs had sustained quite serious injuries.

Shortly after he took a seat in his wheelchair, he wheeled himself in the direction of the elevator and made his way downstairs.

"Good morning, Mr. Sebastian!"

"Good morning, sir!"

As soon as he reached downstairs, the housemaids, who had long gotten themselves ready to serve him, greeted him in unison.

One of them brought him to the dining hall and served him all sorts of breakfast they had gotten ready beforehand.

As usual, the housemaids put on their gloves and started serving Sebastian the cutlery he might need for his meal.

However, he thought something was wrong when he recalled the breakfast he had yesterday.

The housemaid talked to him in a courteous manner, "Mr. Sebastian, we have all sorts of dishes ready for you. May I know if you prefer something light today?"

They were pretty mindful of their actions and refrained from touching the things on the table unless they were instructed to.

Nonetheless, Sebastian wasn't in the mood to savor the delicacies in front of him. In fact, he was slightly irked and brought himself away from the dining table after a few minutes.

"Mr. Sebastian?"

The handsome man instructed in a callous tone, "Get me a glass of water and bring it to the garden! It's time for the physio session!"

A few minutes later, a housemaid showed up with a glass of water and kept him company throughout the session.

When Jonathan showed up with others, they saw the perspiring man repeating the same action in an attempt to regain the ability to walk just like an ordinary man.

He could brace himself through the scorching sun and carry on with the session as though he couldn't care less about the heat.

Throughout the session, he continued raising his legs with all his might all while lifting the dumbbell with his arms.

He was completely drenched as if he had just returned from a swimming session.

Tony remarked with a satisfied beam, "Mr. Jadeson, at the end of the day, Mr. Sebastian is still the heir of the Jadesons, the son of the most exceptional Jadesons throughout the history of the family! There's no way Mr. Sebastian is going to give up on himself!"

Although Jonathan was of the same idea, he had no intention to express his thoughts in front of others. Thus, he remarked, "I'm afraid he's up to no good again!"

Huh... What's wrong with him? Can't he stay true to himself?

When Tony was about to carry on with the conversation after making their way to the living room, a housemaid approached them and announced, "Sir, Mr. Devin's mother is here. Are we supposed to let her in?"

"What brings her here today?" Jonathan's frustration was written all over his face the moment he found out his daughter-in-law had shown up.

The housemaid explained, "She has brought along quite a few things and her niece with her. Her niece is the one with exceptional culinary skills."

Tony, who was next to Jonathan throughout the conversation, responded with his eyes gleaming and suggested, "Is she the one in charge of the state banquet of the White House? If she's the one, why don't you get her to prepare your dinner?"

Jonathan was tempted when he heard Tony's suggestion. After all, he wouldn't get to savor the delicacies on a daily basis.

In the end, he beckoned the housemaid to show them the way into the living room.

“Dad, I can’t believe you’re here! Stephen told me you might be here prior to my departure, but I thought he had been pulling my leg again!” Jasmine started flattering her father-in-law as soon as she stepped into the foyer with her niece.

As a matter of fact, she had always been the same—she would do everything just to keep her influence over others.

Jonathan looked at her and asked, “What brings you here today?”

As soon as she heard her father-in-law’s question, she started introducing her niece, “Kira’s finally back! She doesn’t really get to take a day off from the White House! Since you had always been a huge fan of her culinary skills, I thought of bringing her along with me!”

Kira was a renowned chef in Jadeborough. Although she was relatively young, she managed to prove herself worthy with her exceptional culinary skills. She was in charge of the White House’s state banquets over the years.

“Hello, Mr. Jadeson. It has been such a long time since our last meeting. I hope you’re doing fine,” Kira courteously greeted Jonathan as soon as her aunt introduced her to the rest in the living room.

Upon a simple glimpse at the young lady, Jonathan found out she did a great job carrying herself in an elegant manner.

It might have something to do with the fact she had to engage herself in a conversation with leaders of foreign nations as well.

Jonathan greeted her in return, “I’m doing just fine. I can’t wait to see the sort of surprises you have in store for me.”