

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 1441

[/ Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover](#)
Chapter 1441 Heritage

That night, not only did Solomon and Ichika arrive late, Sebastian and Sasha from Frontier Bay were also late for the New Year's Eve banquet at the Hayes Residence.

In the end, the Hayeses could only wait.

By the time they arrived, it was almost eight. Saul hurriedly instructed to serve the roast beef, wine and other delicacies prepared earlier.

"Sebastian, let's go to the attic."

"Okay."

Sebastian, who was in an especially good mood, nodded and glanced behind him.

Solomon, who was also watching next to him, understood and followed behind him.

The memorial hall of the Hayeses was forbidden to most people. Back when Frederick was around, only one member of each family from Frederick and his two brothers could enter. It was a rule passed down by the forefathers of the Hayes family.

Saul brought the two of them to the attic.

"Let's wash our hands first," he said while looking toward the wooden basin outside the attic.

Sebastian, who was used to it, casually wetted his hands in the water and entered the attic. Solomon had a look at him and cleaned his hands thoroughly in the water.

As they walked in, they could see portrait paintings hanging all over the walls on the memorial hall and the place was already illuminated by candles. There was an oil lamp on the table in the middle of the hall and there were also candle racks.

Solomon stopped in his steps as he wasn't used to it; he had never been to this place since childhood.

He felt a sudden sense of belonging but was nervous and unsettling at the same time. It felt as though a wandering soul that stumbled upon a sacred church.

Shortly, the two of them inside noticed him dazing off.

"Come, Solomon," Saul called out to him.

Solomon quickly moved his feet and hurried in.

He received the candle and lit it. Under Saul's directions, the two of them placed the candles in one of the racks on the table.

Saul walked over to the side and stood in front of a portrait. "Grandpa, Dad, Uncle, it's New Year's Eve today, and we're all back to see you. This is Sebastian, and that is Solomon."

Sebastian grew up in this household, and he went through this process every year. Thus, he was unconcerned by what Saul was murmuring.

Solomon's gaze flickered as he heard such a grand introduction of himself, and suddenly, his sight focused at the corner of the portrait next to the one Saul was facing.

Frederick Hayes!

"Uncle, aren't you happy? I brought your son here today. Don't worry. He's doing great. He even got married, and his wife, Ichika, is right outside," Saul added.

Since it was the first time his cousin came here, Saul deliberately focused the topic on Solomon.

Solomon clenched his fist again.

"Are we done? I'm hungry," Sebastian asked.

Saul was speechless. He couldn't help but smile bitterly. Huh, after so many years, his temper has not changed at all.

Saul looked at the portrait for a while and got ready to leave the memorial hall.

However, Sebastian, who walked first, suddenly stumbled his feet as if he tripped on something. He lost his balance and dropped down on his knees.

Both Saul and Solomon were shocked by the scene.

The position that Sebastian landed his knees on was where Solomon was standing just now, and it was directly in front of Frederick's portrait.

Shit!

Sebastian's temper started to race. The veins on his forehead started twitching.

“What do you want, shitty old man? I am here, and you still got angry at me?”

“Ahem...” Saul rushed to him and quickly pulled him up.

“No, no. Uncle would never be angry at you. It’s all my fault. This place is not brightly lit. I’m sorry.”

He had to quickly soothe him, or he might get angry.

On the other hand, Solomon remained silent because he noticed the candle on the table flared up for a second there as if it got furious. However, he might just be seeing things.

Soon, the candlelight burned brighter as Saul pulled Sebastian up.

Why would Frederick be angry at him?

Back when Ken threatened him, the enemy threatened him with his life. However, he did not let him succeed. Instead, he sacrificed his own life in order to protect Sebastian. Therefore, Frederick couldn’t be angry at him.

Even if there was something, he might just be pulling a prank on him for staying at the Jadeson residence for two years without coming home.

He even nearly lost his life.

Solomon took a last look at the brightly lit candle and left the attic.

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Chapter 1442 Have A Baby

That night, the Hayes residence finally returned to its former liveliness.

Apart from Sabrina, who was married and living away, everyone was present. Thus, the men drank to their heart’s content, and the women chattered happily throughout the night.

However, when the feast was over, everyone was dumbfounded.

“Sebastian, where are you going?”

Sebastian looked like his usual self. Even when he stood up, he maintained his usual noble composure of a president. After hearing the question, he suddenly got irritated and asked while frowning. "Where's Sasha?"

Everyone was stunned!

My god, is he... drunk?

That was the first time everyone witnessed him in a drunken state.

The air became tense—no one had ever seen Sebastian bring drunk.

In fact, he had always been an extremely self-disciplined man.

"Oh, Sasha went to pick up the kids. She will be back soon," Saul responded.

"What?" Sebastian got even more fired up as soon as he heard Saul.

"How can she leave halfway? We're not done making love yet."

The Hayes residence fell into silence within a second.

Watching a man who has never been drunk in his life getting drunk was simply terrifying!

Fortunately, Sasha came back just in time. After witnessing the scene, she blushed and rushed over to cover his mouth.

"What are you rambling about, Sebastian? You're drunk. Let's go home."

"What for? You haven't finished making your pastries. I even bought the pastry flour for you. I want to eat it. You cannot leave now."

Once again, the house fell into deep silence.

But this time, everyone's mind was in the gutter. They just lowered their heads and scratched their feet.

Only Solomon, who was on the other side of the table, stood up and staggered toward them.

"Pastries? I know how to make them. Let's go, I'll make them for you."

"Why would I want you? You're not my wife. By the way, I bought a projector. You go and set it up and let everyone sing to some music. I will go make pastries with my wife while you guys sing."

Then, he finally stood up and immediately forced himself on Sasha. If it weren't for the fact that Saul was standing there, she might have already fallen flat on the floor.

"Sasha, he's drunk. How about I take him to bed? My wife had already prepared the bedroom, and it's still the room that you used to sleep in." Saul suggested while supporting Sebastian, who couldn't stand by himself.

Sasha could only do as told.

Thus, Sebastian was brought to bed before the fireworks.

However, the banquet was still going on, and another person was still drunk.

"Darling, you're drunk."

"No, I'm not!"

Solomon, fumbling around to look for the projector, refused to admit it.

What was even more surprising was his drunken behavior. Compared to his usual mild-mannered self, he seemed to turn into a completely different person when drunk.

"Go get the projector!"

"Also, call everyone to sit over here! I'm going to sing now."

Then, he took a fork to the patio in the yard and sang at the top of his voice. "I would hold the hand of the one that can take me places—"

(From singer, Jane French's "Breathe")

Everyone was stunned.

But soon, Ichika, who was a misfit, to begin with, and was known to act out of the norm, perceived that as a unique atmosphere instead.

Thus, she happily joined her husband to sing.

"I would hold the hand of the one that can take me places—"

She even sang in her mother tongue. But surprisingly, she was able to keep up with Solomon's rhythm, and they sang in harmony.

What an amazing couple!

As a result, everyone participated and sang together under their influence, transforming the night into a lively atmosphere, especially when Saul was surprised to find that there was really a projector in the room. He took out and set up the projector, making the Hayes residence livelier than ever.

The night finally calmed down when Solomon was worn out and had dozed off. Saul carried him back to the room with Ichika following close behind.

“Thank you, Saul.”

“Come on. We’re a family. Please stay the night. This is your home too, so don’t be shy.” Saul encouraged Ichika to treat the Hayes residence as her home as the elder brother.

As expected, Ichika was moved by his words.

After Saul left the room, Ichika brought some hot water to wash the face and feet of her drunken husband.

The husband she saw that night was the wildest she had ever seen. She pondered upon the possibility that it might be Solomon’s genuine behavior, but his miserable childhood and life experience caused him to suppress that side of him.

Then, she gently climbed on the bed with a warm towel in her hand.

“Darling, let me wipe your face.”

She delicately removed his glasses and prepared to wipe his face.

But the drunken Solomon suddenly opened his eyes when she touched him while taking off his glasses.

“Ichika, let’s have a baby.”

“Huh?”

With her head positioned directly above Solomon’s face, Ichika looked at him in disbelief.

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Chapter 1443 Overprotective

Have... a baby?

Ichika was frightened by his sudden request to the point her face turned red.

“Darling, you-”

“I love the feeling of being surrounded by family members and I feel very happy. I don’t want to go back to that lonely place. It’s cold and dark.” Solomon explained.

As he spoke, tears began to pool in his eyes.

Ichika was stunned. All of a sudden, she felt a sharp pain in her chest, as though something stabbed her in the heart, and the pain gradually spread all over her body.

“No, Darling. We will not go back there.” Ichika tightly clasped his giant palms with her tiny hands and hurriedly responded.

She knew he wasn’t sober.

He was still drunk.

Otherwise, a person like him with a stoic character would never shed tears.

Ichika put down the towel in her hand. She endured the stabbing pain in her heart, held his face, and leaned forward.

In an instant, her soft and pink lips sealed his breath that reeks of alcohol.

Boom!

His pupils suddenly widened!

A flame started to glow from deep within his eyes.

On the night of New Year’s Eve, the whole place was filled with the sound of fireworks. Although it was still snowing and cold in the courtyard of the Hayes residence, the romantic atmosphere filled a few rooms and it felt like spring. At the same time, the sounds of heavy breathing and panting resounded relentlessly from time to time.

It was a night of unending intimacy and a good way to start the new year.

Because at this moment, when Saul was about to go back, he noticed the lily in the garden, which didn’t bloom for a long time, started to blossom in the pond.

“It can’t be. Isn’t it dead already?”

"No. There's even a flower bud. It may be at full bloom tomorrow." Saul smiled happily, exposing his big white teeth.

That night, everyone had a good night's sleep.

The next morning, Ichika set the alarm clock because she had to prepare for the breakfast party at the Hillside Villa. Thus, the alarm went off at the crack of dawn.

Ring! Ring! Ring!

Solomon finally opened his eyes.

When his vision came to focus, he looked at the top of the bed carved with flowers and the drapes in confusion. He couldn't remember where he was.

Where am I and what happened?

He had no recollection of anything until the blaring sound of the alarm clock woke Ichika, who had slept on him all night, started to move. When he felt her soft body, he suddenly shuddered.

He was now fully awake.

What the hell!

"Darling, are you up? Ugh, my body hurts. You really went too far last night."

When Ichika's cat-like coquettish complaints resounded in his ear, he was still holding onto her, and he couldn't help but feel a tingle in his heart.

Also, his nether region seemed to have reacted a bit.

"Darling, you-" Ichika felt it as well. She was startled, and she became completely awake. She raised her tiny head from his chest and stared at him with her round black eyes.

Solomon couldn't say a word. He could only awkwardly look away.

"I'm going to take a shower. Then, I'll bring you some medicine and clothes." He lifted Ichika off his body and got off the bed with his face flushed red.

Under the warm blankets, Ichika blinked her wide round eyes as she watched her husband leave the bed.

He seems to be embarrassed again.

She thought of his unhinged moments last night. At that moment, although her lower body was hurting, she smiled happily.

“Darling, we didn’t use that last night.”

“That?” Solomon turned his head around with a bathrobe in his hand.

What he saw was the little girl lying there, showing a cunning expression.

“The advertisement you saw in the newspaper. You didn’t buy it, so you didn’t use it last night. Darling, if I get pregnant, you’d better get ready to be a daddy.” Ichika spoke with an alluring voice that could weaken one’s bones.

However, her voice didn’t matter. What mattered was what she said.

Solomon went to the bathroom and stood under the showerhead for a long time, slowly calming himself from being overjoyed. At the same time, beneath the mist in the shower, a smile appeared on his face.

Soon, the young couple left the Hayes residence.

Sasha and Sebastian didn’t wake up until eight o’clock. She also had a rough night.

She wasn’t woken up until everyone from the Hayes residence went to the Hillside Villa.

“Ugh... Sebastian. What are you doing?”

While still covered in blankets, Sebastian suddenly carried her off the bed. Sasha was startled awake. She widened her eyes and looked at him in shock.

However, Sebastian didn’t say a word.

Instead, he carried Sasha to the bathroom, removed the blanket off her body, and put her into the bathtub that was already full of hot water.

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Chapter 1444 Can You Come And Help Me

Sasha remained silent.

“I put mugworts and wisteria in the bath. You soak for a bit. I’ll get the children to pack up and have Saul bring them over.”

Then, Sebastian turned on the radiator in the bathroom and left to have the three children go to Solomon’s place first.

Sasha was completely awake by now.

The sight of him leaving moved her. She couldn't help but stop him from going.

"Darling, did you know you were drunk last night?"

Sebastian, who was about to step out of the door, stiffened his back.

Sasha laughed even louder when she saw that. "Darling, you have to be mentally ready. They will definitely have a lot to tell you when we're at the Hillside Villa." She called out to her husband again, making him even more embarrassed.

In fact, Sebastian was already prepared for that.

He walked back into the bathroom and stood in front of her bathtub.

"I can choose not to go."

"Huh?" Sasha was stunned.

She raised her head and stared blankly at Sebastian, who was looking back at her condescendingly.

"Why? We agreed to go there for breakfast."

"Having my wife for breakfast is more interesting than just having breakfast. Isn't this what they would ask? I'll say that I haven't had enough of my wife, and I will tell them about it once I have my fill."

Then, Sebastian bent down, lifted Sasha's chin domineeringly with his slender fingers, and kissed her vigorously.

"Mmm!"

Da*n it!

This bast*rd!

Sasha almost couldn't breathe.

Fortunately, Sebastian let go of her before she was about to slip into the water.

"Do you still want to do it?"

"No, I don't want to do it anymore-" Sasha refused as her heart was still racing.

Isn't it obvious?

He exploited her all night last night. Actually, it started yesterday afternoon; then, they continued again in the evening. Sebastian became a lunatic when he was drunk; he kept calling out to Sasha and asking for more.

The fact that she could still move her body in the morning was considered a miracle.

In the end, Sebastian left obediently.

About forty minutes later, Sasha finished bathing. She put on the new clothes prepared in the bathroom and came out of the bathroom. The Hayes residence was quiet, and only the two of them were left.

“Are you ready?”

Sebastian came into the house with his head topped with snowflakes and asked with concern when he saw her walking out.

Sasha nodded. “Yes. Is everyone there already?”

“Yep. I asked Wendy to go and help. Ichika probably couldn’t handle it alone. Alright, it’s time to go now.” Sebastian casually held her small hands that were exposed to the cold air.

The walk to the gate was just a few minutes away.

But along the way, Sebastian clasped her hand in his warm fingers until they both got into the car.

Sasha was warmed to the heart.

Upon departure, she took out her phone to check on her group chat. After all, there was still the Jadesons and the Wand family. The Wands returned to their home, and her father, Rufus, brought Lance over.

However, she didn’t see any messages in the group chat. Instead, she saw a WhatsApp message from Willow, who had not been in contact for a long time.

Nancy, will you be coming to the Emmanuel residence at noon today?

Huh? Nancy replied.

She stared at the text, stunned.

While Sebastian was driving, she noticed her expression and asked. “What’s wrong?”

Sasha turned her head toward him. “Is Willow also at the Emmanuel family?”

They both fell into silence.

None of them knew about this.

However, while indulging in the Jetroinian food that Ichika meticulously prepared at the Hillside Villa, she received a string of text messages from Willow. And she even gave Sasha a phone call.

“Nancy, why didn’t you reply to my messages? I have been waiting.”

“Uhm- I’m at Solomon’s house right now. We’re having breakfast. There are many people here, so I haven’t checked my phone.” Sasha hurriedly explained.

She was indeed busy.

After arriving at Hillside Villa, although the couple prepared everything, there were just too many people. Furthermore, she was preparing Jetroinian cuisine.

Thus, even the sisters-in-law of the Hayeses couldn’t help her. So Sasha had to offer help.

After hearing Sasha’s explanation, Willow felt slightly better.

“Okay. Can you come over right now? I heard Brandon wanted to invite you guys for lunch, and I’m preparing everything alone, and the others won’t help me, and I’m pregnant, and I-” As she spoke, she suddenly cried on the phone.

Sasha was thunderstruck.

She’s at the Emmanuel residence?

And she’s pregnant? What!

She could no longer treat this as a simple matter. She hung up her phone and quickly ran out to look for Sebastian, building a snowman with their daughter.

“Sebby, something happened. Willow called and said she’s at the Emmanuel residence. She’s pregnant, and she’s preparing food for us!”

That was some shocking news for her, so she started rambling as soon as she found Sebastian.

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 1445

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Chapter 1445 She Finally Have Him

Sebastian's eyes turned grim as soon as he heard the news.

"Is she out of her mind?" He summarized his thoughts about the matter in one sentence.

Sasha sighed.

"There's no other way for me to find out. I have to go to the Emmanuel residence right now to see it for myself. She also said that she's preparing meals for many people, and not a single person in the Emmanuel residence is helping her."

Sebastian remained silent for a full five seconds before reluctantly agreeing to Sasha.

Immediately, the couple set off for the Emmanuel residence.

At the Emmanuel residence, Willow, who was pregnant for more than seven months, was preparing meals in the kitchen all by herself. At the same time, Brandon's elder brother's and sister's family members were lounging comfortably in the living room, chattering away while munching on mixed nuts.

Brandon had an elder brother and also an elder sister.

His elder sister was married into the Graham family and gave birth to a son. She had conflicts with Ian and Matteo back then because of the concert.

His elder brother also got married and had a son.

However, the two families were sitting idly in the house while Willow, pregnant for seven months, was busy in the kitchen.

"Seriously. Can she be any slower? We've been waiting forever, and I haven't had breakfast yet."

Brandon's elder sister brought her husband and children over to the house early in the morning, and she got impatient as she hadn't had breakfast after having mixed nuts for so long.

Her husband kept quiet.

Brandon's eldest sister-in-law took a look at the kitchen and wanted to help.

However, she was stopped by Brandon's elder sister, Lyla.

"What are you doing? Don't tell me you're going to help her."

"But-"

"But what? She wanted to marry into the Emmanuel family and got pregnant by seducing my little brother before getting married. And you want to help her? I'm warning you. If you help her, even for a bit, your status in the Emmanuel family will be affected," Lyla sneered.

Immediately after she spoke, Willow brought out the pasta she had cooked.

As she heard those words, she felt as though someone slapped her hard in the face.

Even her fingers turned white.

This was the result of her putting up with them.

After Willow served the pasta, she didn't greet any of them. Instead, she went straight upstairs to look for Brandon.

"Brandon, are you awake? It's time for breakfast." She pushed open the bedroom door and saw Brandon still sound asleep on the bed.

That was how the first day of the new year used to be in the Emmanuel residence.

Everyone from the family would be in the house. Brandon's siblings and in-laws would come over early in the morning with their children.

However, apart from Mathilda who was not well, the others would sleep and munch on mixed nuts all day. To her, celebrating the first day of the new year in the Emmanuel residence was no different from how she celebrated alone back then.

Willow sat on the edge of the bed and leaned toward Brandon. However, he didn't move even after she called out to him twice.

He was still good looking.

He had a beautiful face with intricate features. As a person who had been in the entertainment industry for many years and was still regarded as the most handsome man in the industry, his good look was never a question.

Looking at him now, Willow still admitted that she liked him a lot.

However, she was surprised that he was still lying in bed indifferently. In a way, he was just like his family downstairs.

"Brandon?" Willow reached out and nudged him again.

"What is it?" At long last, after nudging him for the last time, he frowned and responded irritably.

Willow was overjoyed to see him awake.

“Get up and go downstairs for breakfast. Also, Nancy and her husband are coming soon. Look at you. What if they arrived?”

Brandon was still trying to gather his thoughts.

Sebastian?

He finally opened his eyes and looked at her.

However, a hint of disgust flashed across his alluring eyes when he saw her bloated belly under her loose clothes.

“Alright. I get it. Please get out.”

Willow was dumbfounded.

After a long time, she got up from the bed and went out.

Compared to her past, bearing Brandon’s child and being brought into the Emmanuel family was huge progress for her.

Although she didn’t have a marriage certificate and wasn’t allowed to talk about her relationship with him publicly, she felt like a more successful person than she was before.

But that morning, after she stepped out of that room, she rubbed her sore waist, and a chilling wind blew over her face. Then, she just stood there, unwilling to move.

It was as though all her enthusiasm and energy were suddenly blown away by the cold wind, leaving her frozen on her feet.

Suddenly, she didn’t feel like moving.

Half an hour later, when Sasha and Sebastian arrived at the Emmanuel residence. Willow was in the kitchen, eating a bowl of noodles that had gone cold.

“Willow, you-”

Sasha had never seen Willow like this before. Her heart started to squirm when she saw her in such a pitiful state.

What in the world happened to her?

Why is she torturing herself like this?

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 1446

[/ Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover](#)
Chapter 1446 Do You Have To Stoop So Low

Sasha's eyes were reddened.

However, this woman was caught napping and immediately put down the bowl in her hands hastily after seeing Sasha.

"It's not what you think, Nancy. I have eaten but was still hungry. Well, you know, pregnant women have a larger appetite."

Without saying a word, Sasha grazed her fingers against the side of the bowl, eyeing the dirty dishes piled up in the kitchen sink, and rushed out to the living room where Lyla and her husband, Philip and his wife were playing poker.

Meanwhile, their teenage kids blasted the TV volume and were playing video games.

Are you kidding?

It's New Year's Day. They're perfectly capable of doing these simple chores, yet they left it to a pregnant lady?

Sasha snarled, "What are you doing? Don't you feel ashamed eating food prepared by a heavily pregnant woman?"

"Huh?"

Four of them turned in unison to look blankly at her.

"Sasha? Why are you here so early?" Surprise flashed across Lyla's face as soon as she realized it was Sasha.

Am I early?

Did they actually make a guess as to when I will arrive?

Sasha was livid and questioned in anger, "I asked what are you guys doing? Didn't you know there's a pregnant woman who needs help in the kitchen?"

"Ah, that." Lyla glanced in the direction of the kitchen.

"She volunteered to do it. It's her first time visiting the Emmanuels, and she probably wanted to make a good impression. Last night she called dibs on making breakfast today, so we let her be."

This woman is replying to me casually as if she is in the right.

Good impression?

Is she looking down her nose at Willow to say that about her?

If it was another typical family welcoming their daughter-in-law, they would be doting on her, instead of letting her work her fingers down to the bone in the kitchen, no matter what she said.

And this insolent woman has the nerve to be so disrespectful?

Sasha's fury rose to explosive rage, and she sneered, "Oh, really? Now that I'm here, you should leave a good first impression on me, too. Maybe you'd be gifted a home if I was satisfied."

"What did you say to me?" Lyla slanted her a dirty look.

Her husband was a little unhappy and stood up. "Sasha, wasn't that a little too harsh? We're still your family. Your words were rather offensive."

"Offensive?" Sasha repeated in a near shriek.

"You understand the meaning of the word 'offensive,' then? Think of your wife's words. All of you agreed that Willow was only putting on a show to make a first impression, and I said I'd gift you a house if you managed to do it too. Tell me, how is that insulting?"

"You--"

"All right, all right. Everyone, take a breath and stop arguing. Walk it off, Sasha. We'll all help Willow." In the end, Philip compromised and took his wife's hand, leading her into the kitchen.

Though her brother had compromised, Lyla stood her ground and flung the cards in her hand on the table. "Whatever. I'm not going. I've never served anyone in my life."

Just as Sasha was about to erupt in fury again, Sebastian stepped through the door after parking his car.

He caught the last sentence as he entered, and his expression turned cold. In that instant, the temperature in the living room seemed to drop by a few degrees.

"S-Sebastian, you're here," Phillip stuttered in greeting. Coincidentally, he exited the kitchen and caught sight of Sebastian.

Sebastian just ignored him.

Instead, he came to a halt in the middle of the living room and quickly assessed the tense situation, taking in his wife who was flushed with anger, and asked, "What's going on?"

"Nothing. No one offered us a glass of water at our arrival, so I asked Ms. Emmanuel here to do it. It seems like she isn't too inclined."

"That's not what happened!" Lyla immediately jumped to her feet as Sebastian's appearance had sent her into a near panic.

"No, it's not what happened, Sebastian. You are both our guests, so how would I ever give you the cold shoulder. I..." she explained frantically.

Before she could finish, Sebastian had brought his palm on the table, splintering the wood down the whole length of it.

Following the loud slam, the pile of cards scattered across the ground in a flurry. The air between them charged and grew thick with palpable tension.

It was too terrifying, and the Emmanuel's were stunned into silence.

A visible tremor ran through Lyla's body. She immediately wrapped her hands around her head protectively as she took a few involuntary steps backward at the loud outburst.

"No? The evidence is littered at our feet now, and you're still denying it? Who would have the gall to sit down and have a card game while their guests have arrived on New Year's Day? Brandon, the Emmanuel family is screwed!"

Sebastian lifted his head slowly, his piercing gaze boring through his target at the landing of the staircase.

It was Brandon.

He had heard the commotion and was making his way down.

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[/ Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 1447 Let Us Go And Take A Look](#)

Brandon stilled, like a deer caught in headlights. Sebastian's words were like a slap to him, and his face went crimson, then paled.

"It's my fault, Sebastian. I overslept this morning."

Ha... overslept.

Sebastian barked a sardonic laugh at his response, his mood already soured before his day had barely begun.

What hope does this family have?

This is the first day of the year, and they have messed up. The home is a mess, and none of the adults are stepping up to the plate. There is nothing this bunch of loafing family members could achieve with such an attitude.

Turning his back, Sebastian said curtly to Sasha, "Let's go."

Sasha turned her head to look at Willow, who wore a blank expression and went forward to seize her hand. "Follow me home, Willow."

Willow's gaze flew to the man standing at the stairs, and she started to struggle out of Sasha's grip. "N-No... I'm not going. It's New Year's Day, Nancy. I think it's best if I stayed here."

"But..." Sasha almost choked in indignation at her response.

Why would she stay? Does she think this cold and unsympathetic family constitutes a real home? Did she hit her head on something? Doesn't she realize the Emmanuels are mistreating her?

The blunt words slipped out of Sasha in a spark of agitation. "Willow, do you have to stoop so low? It's dangerous for you to stay here. You're jeopardizing the baby's health."

All color leached out of Willow's face in an instant.

Stooping so low? Yeah, I guess I am demeaning myself.

Willow stood frozen without moving a muscle like a statue until Sebastian pulled her so-called best friend away and out of the house.

With Sebastian gone, Lyla promptly returned to her old self and spat venomously, "It is all your fault for ruining our morning, you b*tch!"

Her husband snorted coldly in agreement.

Willow's fingers tightened further into a fist.

"Enough! Everybody, get out of my house!" Brandon roared from the landing. The feast he had put so much effort into was botched by his family, and anger finally took over, leading him to kick everyone out.

Willow's head snapped up, and a ray of hope glimmered faintly in her eyes as she stared at him.

On their way to Hillside Villa, Sasha was fuming in anger over the incident with Willow. However, under the layer of anger was heartache and worry for her friend.

"Judging by the look of things now, I'm sure things would worsen after she gives birth to her baby. The Emmanuels are all pain in the ass! Brandon is ostentatious with no real substance. He's almost thirty, for God's sake, and he's acting like a thirteen-year-old. What will happen to her in the future?"

She repeated her laments a few times, and Sebastian's brows furrowed as his fingers gripped the wheel.

"There's no point in worrying. She's stubborn and wouldn't give up easily. She will never heed your words."

"But--"

"Well, she's a part of the Emmanuel family now, and you're only a stone's throw away from her. You could always visit her anytime you want," Sebastian assured her.

He would never give Willow, that foolish chit, a second thought if he were the man he used to be.

You reap what you sow!

Sasha blew out a relieved breath at his reassuring words. When they arrived at Hillside Villa, she informed Solomon not to head to the Emmanuel residence.

"What happened?" came his stunned reply.

Sasha ranted, disgruntled, "I don't even want to talk about it. Willow is getting on my nerves. She's seven months pregnant, but she was laboring in the kitchen like a servant. I asked her to come home with me, but she refused."

Her anger toward Willow renewed itself at his question.

Willow was their friend whom they had met in Clear.

Furthermore, when Solomon fell ill, Willow was the only one whom he allowed to take care of him. Hence, Sasha felt it was more suitable to discuss this predicament with him.

As expected, his eyes clouded, and his brows furrowed upon hearing her answer.

"She's too headstrong. I've warned her about this before, and still, she ended up in this situation."

"She's a fool!" Sasha growled.

Sasha and Sebastian stayed for a bit at Hillside Villa before having to leave to catch a flight to Jadeborough in the afternoon.

Before they left, she urged Solomon, "Please keep tabs on Willow. The situation was really bad today. Besides, she's pregnant. Once you're free, could you visit her?"

"Sure, leave it to me," Solomon promised readily.

Only then did Sasha leave in peace.

Ichika had been keeping her ears open to their conversation. Once the guests left, and she had tidied up the house, she went to Solomon to clear up her confusion.

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 1448

[/ Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover](#)
Chapter 1448 Has She Missed Something

"Darling, who is this Willow you and Sha were talking about? Did something happen to her?"

"Yeah, we knew her from our time in Clear. She's currently expecting and is in the Emmanuel residence. Nancy went there this morning to check on her."

Solomon didn't try to hide the truth, opting to tell her about Willow's relationship with them and her current situation.

What could be so bad, now that she's pregnant?

Bless Ichika's kind heart. Her face was instantly drawn with worry.

"Let's head there now, Darling. She's pregnant, and Sha said the Emmanuels are up to no good. What if something happens to her?"

This has nothing to do with her, yet she's concerned about Willow as if Willow is her family. Clutching a broom in his hand, Solomon felt his heart squeeze with a sweet ache as he gazed down at Ichika.

What a naive little girl.

After Sebastian and Sasha flew to Jadeborough, Solomon drove to the Emmanuel residence that night.

He never planned to step foot inside, so he only gave Willow a call so she could come out, and he would see for himself that she was okay.

Just as his car pulled to a stop, he heard a loud bang from inside the villa, followed by a woman sobbing.

Willow?

Solomon's face hardened, and he bolted out of the car, hearing an angry bellowing from the living room as he reached the front door. "You dare to cry when you ruined lunch today? Do you know how much effort it took for us to get Sebastian here? You have wrecked everything, and you're crying?"

It was an older woman's voice, and the weeping was very clearly coming from Willow.

Solomon sprinted in and caught sight of a matronly woman in a wheelchair raising a cane in the air, about to bring it down on Willow's face, who was cradling her bulging midriff protectively.

He reached Willow in a flash and pulled her behind him, shielding her from the imminent blow.

Matilda demanded, "Who are you? Who let you in here?"

Instead of answering her, Solomon turned to ask the woman behind him, "Are you okay?"

Willow's entire body was stinging with red welts. His question triggered her dam of emotions, and she broke down, collapsing in his arms and wailing, "Solomon... t-They are all bullying me."

Her face was a mess of tears and snot, looking very much like a child.

Solomon remained stonily silent, taking a long moment to swallow the ball of rage in his throat.

Then, his hand reached out to pat Willow's back reassuringly.

Solomon?

Matilda perked up at that name, and her aggressive expression shifted while studying the young man in front of her.

"You're Solomon? My brother's son?"

"Yes."

"I see." In a blink, Matilda's mood turned amiable.

"Come, have a seat. What would you like? Water? Tea? I'll have someone get it for you."

She pivoted, about to call on a servant to serve him.

However, Solomon had seen the heinous side of her and despised her.

Hence, he declined her offer curtly, "No need. I'm taking Willow with me tonight."

"What?"

Matilda was dumbfounded. "You're taking her away? Why? My son brought her back, and she's pregnant with a baby of the Emmanuel family's bloodline."

"Yeah? So why are you treating her like this? Matilda, you said she's carrying your son's child, but take a look at what you have done to her. Is that what a mother-in-law should do?"

Seething, he swept his hand in a wide arc, gesturing at the mess on the floor, and settled his gaze pointedly on the cane in Matilda's hand.

She turned beet red with outrage.

With a scowl on her face, she pinned Solomon with a stare, and her temper rose again. "That's because she's shameless and has loose virtue just like your mother."

"You—"

Solomon's pupils shrank, and a blast of violence unleashed from him, so vehement that Willow snapped to attention, and her hand shot out to grab him.

"Calm down, Solomon. Fine, I'll go with you right now. I'm not staying here anymore. Don't do anything rash."

A pregnant Willow had to then hauled him out of the villa.

Only then did Matilda realize her nephew was looking at her as if he wanted to tear her limb from limb, and that thought sent a cold chill down her spine.

Her face drained of all color.

It's over.

Here's to saying goodbye to ever having a cordial relationship with the Hayes family, be it familial, power, or monetary connections... let alone favors.

That night, Willow was safely brought to Hillside Villa by Solomon.

"You should take a shower, Willow. I've prepared a room for you." Ichika scampered around the house, attending to her needs.

Fresh out of the shower, the sight that greeted Willow sent her reeling.

The man who had only shown affection to Sasha was tame and meek in the presence of the girl, and his gaze was warm and indulgent.

Willow froze in her tracks, pain lancing her heart.

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 1449

[/ Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover](#)
Chapter 1449 She Was Like His Sister

It was such a heartwarming scene.

Solomon, who had a bad time at the Emmanuels', was drinking wine downstairs. Ichika saw that and ran to his side.

"Darling, do you want to have some yogurt? I made it myself. It's delicious."

"No, thanks."

Solomon was indeed in a foul mood, as he rejected her right away.

Ichika, however, ignored his response, ran into the kitchen, and took out the self-made yogurt from the fridge.

"Darling, let me tell you something. We will feel angry because our body secretes dopamine, and yogurt can regulate it. Especially yogurt made by your wife."

Upon saying that, she took a spoon and stirred the yogurt while approaching Solomon.

Willow, who was upstairs, froze.

She had never witnessed such a scene.

As far as she could remember, Solomon had been obsessed with Sasha. Thus, no other woman could get close to him all these years.

She had never thought she would witness what was happening right at this moment.

“Is it?”

She was left bewildered under the dim light when Solomon opened his mouth and ate the yogurt fed by Ichika.

And after he swallowed it, his lips curled into a satisfied smile.

Willow was thunderstruck.

She stood unmoving at the end of the stairs, holding a big towel in her hands until Ichika noticed her.

“Willow, are you done taking a shower? Do you want some yogurt? I’ll get it for you.”

A bright and passionate smile hung on Ichika’s lips.

Just then, Solomon shifted his gaze toward Willow as well.

He saw the latter standing there like a fool, with her protruding belly. He put down the cup in his hand and rose from his seat.

“Yeah, do you want to get something to eat? The weather is cold now. You should keep warm since you’re pregnant.” Solomon expressed his care when he noticed the thin bathrobe on her.

Willow was rendered speechless.

At that instance, she felt as though she was being stabbed in the heart with a knife. The pain felt so real that she covered her face and cradled her belly.

“Willow?” Ichika was startled.

Right then, Willow started bawling her eyes out.

She grabbed onto the handrail of the stairs and squatted there. Tears the size of beads rolled down her cheeks, and her heartbreaking cries echoed through the space.

Ichika was stunned by that.

She wanted to walk up to Willow, but Solomon grabbed her hand.

“Darling?”

“Leave her alone for a while. She’d been staying with that inhuman family all this time and must be having a hard time. Just give her some space to pour out her emotions,” Solomon explained to Ichika.

That was indeed his true thoughts.

When he first joined the Emmanuel family, he could not believe how terrible she was being treated.

He could not even imagine how she managed to survive. Why would she do all that for a man who didn’t love her?

In the end, Solomon did not disturb Willow.

The only thing he did was turn up the heater of the villa by a few degrees.

Eventually, Willow became exhausted from crying. She curled into a ball and slept on the floor. Only then did Solomon come out of his room.

“Darling, I’ll go make her bed.”

Ichika came out as well.

Upon hearing that, Solomon nodded slightly.

The couple carried Willow into the bedroom and tucked her into bed. Before leaving, Solomon cast a final glance at the latter, making sure she was all right.

Switching off the light, the two of them left the room.

Unbeknownst to them, the moment they closed the door, Willow, who was lying in bed, opened her eyes.

She stared at the ceiling in the darkness, her eyes still brimming with tears. If there were some light, one would notice that her face was utterly pale.

Her complexion was even more awful than when she was with the Emmanuel family.

What exactly am I doing? What did I miss all these years?

That night, Willow did not sleep at all.

The following day, Ichika went to the market early to buy some meat. As there was a pregnant woman at home, she planned to cook some healthy stew for Willow.

Solomon woke up early too.

After freshening up, he glanced at his wristwatch and went to the bedroom on the second floor.

He treated Willow like his sister, as he did not have any close family members in Clear, and they had known each other for a long time.

Regardless of when he fell sick or when he was in Jetroina, he would always ask her to stay by his side.

It proved that he treated her like a family.

“Willow, are you awake?”

He knocked on her door gently.

“Mmm...”

A hoarse voice came from inside, followed by some noises. Then, with a click, the door opened, and out came Willow in her pajamas.

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 1450

[/ Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover](#)
Chapter 1450 Ridiculous

Solomon frowned the moment he saw her.

“Didn’t sleep well last night?”

Willow kept silent.

She did not feel like answering that question at all.

She looked at Solomon despondently, her eyes red with exhaustion, then averted her eyes.

“Solomon, I want to go back.”

“What did you say?”

Solomon almost lost his calm when he heard such a cowardly statement from Willow.

"Go back? Willow, can you stop being a coward? Why would you want to go back to such a place? Do you want to let them torture you to death?"

Solomon seldom shouted at Willow, but this time was an exception.

The color drained from Willow's face, but her gaze was extraordinarily firm.

"But my baby belongs to that family. The father of my baby is there. I should go back."

"You..."

Solomon was beyond exasperated upon hearing that.

However, he did not have a choice, as he was only her friend. If she had made up her mind, he figured he had no right to stop her.

With that, Solomon walked out of the room.

After hearing about it, Ichika, who had come back from the market, hesitated for a moment while cooking in the kitchen before shifting her gaze toward Willow.

"Willow, are you really going back there? I heard from Solomon that they mistreated you. Can you not go back?" she pleaded, as she was too worried.

Willow, who was beating the eggs, turned around and stared at her.

What a cute face. Even though she's not exactly a real beauty, her moist eyes are like spring in the desert. Her gaze looks so pure and clean. So, it's not that no woman can't win his heart. It's just that he didn't meet the right one.

A moment later, Willow looked elsewhere

"Ichika, could you tell how did you win Solomon's heart? He used to be a heartless man."

"Huh?"

Ichika blushed upon hearing Willow mentioning that.

"I did nothing... I merely waited for him patiently."

"Waited for him?"

Ichika nodded. "Yes, I know Solomon has been through a lot, which made him unable to trust anyone anymore and lock himself up in his lonely world. So I could only wait patiently. Fortunately, I was able to wait it out."

Ichika did not hide anything from Willow probably because the latter was a close friend of her husband.

Willow was momentarily stunned.

She did not respond, as Ichika's words kept playing in her mind.

He suffered so much that he lost his trust in others. How could I not notice this after being by his side for so many years? I used to think he wouldn't fancy any other woman besides Sasha.

With that, Willow went back to the Emmanuel residence.

The whole house was deadly quiet. After Sebastian had created a fuss, followed by Solomon's episode, the atmosphere was utterly solemn.

Willow wandered around the whole villa but did not see anyone.

"You're back? Madam was hospitalized last night and everyone had gone over."

Finally, she ran into a housemaid, but the latter seemed somewhat displeased to see her.

Hospitalized?

Willow's expression darkened. Without delay, she left the house, wanting to go to the hospital.

However, the housemaid opened her mouth again. "Ms. Fischer, Madam has given her instruction. If you come back, don't go to visit her at the hospital. She doesn't want to see you."

Willow stopped in her tracks.

In the end, she could only return to her bedroom.

She stayed inside her room for the whole day. Still, not one of the Emmanuels came back. She only ate a few biscuits when she was hungry.

"Willow, how are you doing? Did they bully you over there?" Ichika had called to check up on her.

"No," Willow replied while chewing on the biscuit.

In the evening, Brandon, who had gone to participate in a recording, finally came back. He had not had the chance to go to the hospital. After reaching home, he immediately rushed to the bedroom to get changed.

At that instant, he spotted Willow sitting decadently on the bed, her hair extremely messy.

“Why are you still here? Are you not going to the hospital? My mom got ill because of you.”

Brandon flew into a rage.

He had been having a hard time recently. Because of the woman, he was feeling helpless and, at the same time, exhausted.

He had been suppressing a lot of wrath within him.

Willow simply stared at him.

He was in such a hurry that he did not even take off the accessories on him nor clean the hairspray on his hair.

He looked utterly miserable and disheveled.

At that moment, guilt and remorse slowly replaced the resignation and anticipation that used to fill her eyes.