

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 1136

Alas, no one believed their words.

After all, none of them would assume that an eight-year-old boy had tampered with the surveillance tapes.

In the end, Helma had to apologize to Sasha before the latter left with the kids in tow.

"I'm really sorry, Sasha. I thought you could have a good time with the kids here. I had no idea this would happen. Please accept my apologies," she said, sincerity ringing in her voice.

"It's fine. The kids are just fooling around," Sasha assured her calmly.

There wasn't a need for her to get mad, after all.

After meeting those officials' wives and seeing for herself how they questioned and provoked her, it was clear that this wasn't a normal gathering.

Instead, this was a trap.

All in all, she should have no cause to feel conflicted.

As Sasha drove back to Oceanic Estate, she asked, "Matteo, be honest with me. How did the girls cut their fingers?"

"Well..."

The smug kids immediately scrunched up their faces at her question.

"Mommy, you know what happened?"

"I want to know the reason." Sasha glanced in the rearview mirror, her tone stern.

Matteo's head drooped over his shoulders, indicating he was upset.

Yes, he and Ian had tampered with the surveillance tapes. But we did that to protect Vivi and Mommy!

Glumly, Matteo explained everything in detail. Once he finished, he looked up and said, "Mommy, I don't think I did anything wrong. The girls bullied Vivi on purpose. Can't I avenge Vivi?"

"Mm!" Ian indicated that he was on the same side as Matteo.

Sasha fell silent, as she didn't know how to discipline her sons.

They were right to defend their sister, but their actions were too vicious for their age.

If the girls' fingers were broken for real, their daddy would have a hard time handling those representatives in the White House.

She brought them back home without further delay.

That night, Sebastian found out about the incident and summoned Ian.

"Tell me why you didn't stop your brother today," he stated sternly.

The eight-year-old boy had never seen his dad this stern. He froze as his mind blanked out.

Sebastian's tone softened. "There are plenty of ways to defend your sister, but resorting to violence is the most foolish way to do it. If I were you, I'd let someone else do the deed for me!"

Ian's eyes widened. After a brief pause, he asked, "How do I do that?"

Calmly, Sebastian whipped something out and tossed it to his son.

"Didn't you take this there? Since you caught everything on tape, you should've edited it and released it to the public. Someone will definitely take action and avenge your sister," he explained patiently.

Ian stood stock still, his mouth agape.

Sasha had been eavesdropping outside all the while and couldn't stop herself from stomping her feet in anger at her husband's words.

That b*stard! How can he teach his son to do that? Doesn't he know how capable they are now? I can't believe he's teaching them a more vicious way to do that. They are only eight-year-olds!

She nearly lost her mind.

Back in the room, Ian digested his father's words briefly before nodding in approval.

"I might consider that the next time."

Satisfied, Sebastian asked the second question, "Why did you bring this there?"

His son answered, "You want to know what those people are doing, right?"

"I didn't say that."

"Isn't that man your subordinate?"

Silence ensued.

This time, Sebastian was at a loss for words.

Like father, like son, indeed.

Sasha held back the urge to push the door open, for she realized their conversation made no sense to her.

Bring what? Did those children bring something there without my knowledge?

About a minute later, the man caved in. "Besides that, what else did it capture?"

"Nothing important to you. The ladies were showing off themselves like fools."

"Well..."

"Don't worry. Matt and I have installed all the tapping devices we brought there. The ladies went back to their respective houses, so you can find out what you want to know," the little boy revealed.

He then offered his tablet to his father.

After a shocked silence, Sebastian started choking on his drink.

Indeed, my son is capable!

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 1137

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The night was silent in the Croll residence.

Both husband and wife were arguing over what happened earlier in their house.

“How could you do that? Though the House representatives look down on Yariel, Silas had appointed him to be the House Speaker. How dare you invite his wife and kids to our house before causing such a big commotion? Do you want your husband to get fired?” The Minister of the Naval Force, Desmond Croll, flew into a fit of rage after learning the truth.

Helma panicked at once. “No, I was just... I wanted to teach his wife a lesson after he took that position away from you. But—”

“Teach her a lesson? Did you manage to do that?”

“No,” Helma replied guiltily and hung her head low. “But this time, I manage to pull two Air Force officials’ wives and a few other House representatives’ families to our side. After what happened today, they will definitely remember that woman.”

“Really?” Desmond perked up.

“Yes. Think about it. Axel’s daughters got their fingers cut. They will definitely blame this on the Jadeson children. You’ll have someone to back you up, right?” she suddenly suggested, her voice menacingly cold.

That was her ultimate goal of organizing the gathering today.

The Croll family had been vying for the House Speaker position for years. However, after Jonathan resigned, Devin took over that position.

Now that the chance had arrived, they wouldn’t let it slip away.

Hence, when that useless Yariel Jadeson was elected to be the House Speaker by force, they got prepared to usurp the position.

First, they had to make sure all the House representatives were on their side.

Finally, Desmond relented and nodded. "Fine. Keep in touch with them. Anyway, you can invite two of them to Golden Heights. Pick those who can be of help. I'm sure they'll be grateful for that."

"Yes. Those officials' wives can't enter Golden Heights even if they want to," Helma responded with a smirk.

At the same time, her words rang out of Ian's tablet in Oceanic Estate.

Golden Heights again?

Sebastian raised his head and furrowed his brows.

"What is Golden Heights all about? Why do the women sound like druggies who can't wait to get more?"

Druggies? What a strange metaphor.

Mark flashed an awkward smile. "Mr. Jadeson must've misunderstood. Golden Heights isn't a place; it's a circle."

"Circle?" Sebastian repeated curiously.

"Yes. It was established by the Limmer family," came the answer.

"The Limmer family?" The man in the study seemed stunned to hear Mark's answer.

The country's first president was a Limmer. After democratic elections were held, they slowly retreated from the limelight. It was rare to hear of them now.

Why did Golden Heights appear all of a sudden?

Sebastian scrunched up his brows. "You mean the Limmers are behind this Golden Heights, too?"

"No, there are no Limmers in Golden Heights. The officials' wives desperately wanted to join the circle, for it would mean an ascension of their statuses. Only a selected few would get to enter Golden Heights," Mark explained, emphasizing his last point.

Sebastian arched a brow. He finally understood what Mark was getting at.

Golden Heights was where the cream of the crop in Jadeborough gathered. Though they were ladies, it was clear that they were avoiding the White House and gathering in another spot with this excuse.

That was a horrible thing to find out!

The rich and powerful were in contact secretly. They could usurp the Jadesons and even the White House swiftly if they wanted to!

Sebastian's palms were wet with sweat.

Before he could say anything, a text arrived on his phone.

Karl: Mr. Hayes, Edmund has been abducted in Bellridge. It might be related to the casino.

Sebastian: ...

Benedict received news about Edmund's abduction, too.

He immediately yelled without thinking, "Are you out of your mind? Why did they abduct him? Didn't you tell them we're on the same side?"

Clearly, he was too shocked and angry to think twice.

His subordinate who called him sounded helpless, too. "Yes, we've said that, but they refused to listen and claimed that Mr. Edmund killed the owner of Diega Casino. As a lot of people went missing after the fire, they assumed Mr. Edmund was a spy and took him away."

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