

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 269

Frederick was shocked looking at Ian. "What are you talking about, Ian? Who wants to harm Matteo? Are you talking about your grand-uncle and grand-aunt?"

"Yes."

Everyone in the room blinked their eyes in disbelief—not because Ian was able to express himself articulately—but because what he revealed was frightening.

"Ian, I know you don't like your grand-uncle, but you can't accuse them just like that. The doctor said that Matteo just caught a cold."

There was no way Frederick would buy what the kid said, but he still tried to understand the boy.

"I know it's them. I fell sick after I went to their place too!" Ian shouted back. He could not control his emotions anymore.

Tim stepped in and wanted to speak some sense into Ian, but Frederick quickly stopped him.

"Alright, Ian. I won't let Matteo go over to Roderick's place anymore, is that okay? It's already late at night, why not you go back to bed?"

Ian glared at Frederick coldly and walked out with the butler.

Frederick did not believe a word Ian said. After all, he had had the whole incident checked the last time Ian fell sick. It was just pure coincidence. No one in the whole residence would believe what Ian said.

Frederick wondered if he should also do another investigation this time, but he did not translate that fleeting thought into actions.

When Sasha woke up again the next day, there was already no one beside her.

She looked around and felt the remaining warmth on her bed. Everything felt like a dream last night.

"Are you awake, Ms. Wand? Mr. Hayes asked us to make you some herbal soup."

Wendy's voice called Sasha back to reality.

Soup?

Sasha was not expecting Sebastian to be so nice.

“Alright. I’m coming.”

Sasha got out of bed and went to wash up in the bathroom.

She could not help but feel uneasy thinking about meeting Wendy again later since even she herself could not explain her relationship with Sebastian. Sasha was his children’s mother, but she and Sebastian were not on good terms.

Yet, despite their rocky relationship, she slept here last night.

When Sasha opened the room door after washing up, Wendy had already gone downstairs.

Sasha went to her own room on the second floor and got changed.

A flush of embarrassment rushed through her when she looked at the pajama she was wearing. Sebastian must have helped me change.

After having breakfast, Sasha asked Wendy where the children were. “All of them went to the Hayes residence? Even Vivi?” she asked worriedly.

“Yeah. Don’t worry, Ms. Wand. Mr. Hayes already called them this morning. They’re doing just fine.”

“Alright.”

Sasha was not disturbed about Matteo and Ian going over. It was Vivian that she worried about. Since the Hayes did not know about her real identity, they might mistreat her.

After getting the assurance that the children were having a good time there, Sasha grabbed her phone and went back up again.

It was already toward the end of the year. The blue sky was clear and the weather was blissful. Over at the hanging garden on the second floor, blue hydrangea and moth orchids blossomed under the warm sun as if they were in their prime. They danced to the breeze and their soothing scent wafted through the garden like a dream.

Sasha found herself a seat and fell into deep thoughts. Before long, she scrolled all the way down through her call log and called a number.

“Hello?”

Beep.

To her surprise, the person hung up right after the call got through without even giving her a chance to say more than just a simple 'hello'.

Sasha felt the last strand of hope she was holding on to just snapped, but anger soon rose in her heart and she punched the call button again.

"What do you want, Sasha Wand?"

An impatient and spiteful female voice pierced through the phone.

"What do I want? It's more like what do you want, Xenia Blackwood! Have you forgotten what you did to me? You're not afraid of karma, aren't you?"

"You must be kidding me, Sasha." There was no fear in her voice. In fact, she was emboldened.

"There's nothing I should be afraid of," Xenia added.

"You stole my manuscripts and gave them to Xandra, didn't you? You're the only one who knows how I came out with the story for The Tattoo. You're the only one who has a copy of it. It can't be anybody else."

Sasha sat in the garden shouting into her phone.

She was infuriated. Wrath glimmered in her bloodshot eyes. If Xenia were in front of her right now, she could rip her to pieces with her bare hands.