

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 306

He did not know what to do. Looking at the sick son in his arms, he felt a wave of anger and bitterness grew in him.

That fury intensified when he saw the photo of a glowing Sasha next to a bespectacled man in a posh city.

How could you be so cruel, Sasha?

Do you only think of the Wands and the Blackwoods? What about us? What about your three flesh and blood? Don't we mean anything to you?

Sasha had a fruitful day. She was surprised Andy had asked her back to work after the humiliating confrontation the day before. Moreover, he also handed her a lucrative deal that enabled her to earn more than a million.

It was unbelievable, but she decided not to think too much about it. After all, she got the commission in hand.

"Tell me, Lennie, what do you want? I'll buy it for you today." Sasha happily asked Lance, who was just behind her, as they walked out of Wall Street with the commission safely in her account.

It was a promise she made to him at the hotel the day before, but she had been too busy to fulfill it.

Lance politely rejected her offer. "It is not necessary. I don't need anything. Keep the money for future investment."

Sasha was puzzled by his change in attitude.

He was elated when she agreed to reward him the day before, but now he declined her offer so formally.

She felt awkward by his behavior since she preferred his earlier carefree and easy interaction.

She suspected Solomon had lectured him again, causing the change in his attitude.

That night, Sasha transferred the million to Jackson's account again.

Lance saw that but kept quiet and just headed back to his room for the night.

They went through the same routine over the next few days—working at Andy’s office in the day, and transferring the commissions they earned to Jackson in the night.

A week later, she received a call from Jackson.

“What are you trying to do, Sasha? Why do you keep sending us money? Are you trying to make up to us with money? Do you think this will make us forgive you?” he howled.

“No... no, Uncle Jackson. I... I can explain.” She was flustered by his accusation and tried to explain herself.

However, the infuriated man would not give her the chance to defend herself. “If you have the time, why don’t you spend it on your kids? Fancy abandoning them and then trying to act like a saint to us. Do you think we will appreciate this?” he added, before slamming the phone on her.

For a long while, Sasha stood there in a daze as her eyes brimmed with tears. His harsh words echoed in her ears.

My kids...

Like a volcano eruption, the suppressed feelings and longing she had for her children poured out uncontrollably. With trembling hands, she made a call.

“Hello? Wendy? I’m Sasha.”

“Ms. Wand? Fancy receiving a call from you. It is about time.”

Sasha was taken aback by the hostile and sarcastic attitude from Wendy, who had always been on good terms with her.

She took a while to recompose herself, then softly asked, “I’m sorry, but I was really busy lately. How are the kids?”

“Oh, you still care about them? I thought it would be out of sight, out of mind after you left.”

“No, no, that is not true. I am their mother. How could I not care about them?”

“What were you doing during this period, then? Where were you when Vivi was hospitalized? What were you doing when Matt nearly died? Huh?” Wendy interrogated.

It pained her to see how the children had suffered. She also felt sorry for Sebastian, who was both emotionally and physically drained.

Sasha was crestfallen.

Vivi was sick?

And Matt nearly died?

When did that happen? Why wasn't she informed? What happened?

A dreaded wave of worry and fear threatened to bury her. Her hands were trembling so badly she could not hold on to the phone, so she hung up.

Lance came into the room at that moment and shocked to see her in a state of panic. "What's wrong, Sha?"

"Oh, Lennie! I... I gotta make a trip back. Can you help to take care of business here? Tell Andy... say... tell him I have to take a few days off to attend to some urgent matters."