

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 425

"Fine, even if you did it for me back then, what about now? What is the meaning of keeping me locked up in here? And don't tell me that the condition of my legs is caused by my gunshot wound."

"It really is due to your injury," insisted Solomon. "Though Sebastian had shot you in the shoulder blade, it had pressed on a nerve which had affected your ability to walk."

"You think I'm going to believe you?" Sasha retorted. "Solomon, remember that I'm a doctor as well. I know how a human body works better than you."

She was so angry that she attempted to stand up from her wheelchair again.

However, her legs failed her again. Being feeble and weakened, they were unable to support the weight of her body.

Solomon walked over and pressed her back down firmly against her wheelchair.

"If you don't believe me, I can call a doctor over."

"Whose doctor? Yours? I'm locked up here and forced to take your medicine, but you're telling me that a doctor under your employ will alleviate my doubts."

Sasha antagonized Solomon in a fit of rage.

Solomon's expression hardened. The gentleness in him had dissipated in a flash.

"Nancy, don't be unreasonable. I am not going to harm you."

"You won't harm me? You have me imprisoned, I beg to differ. Solomon, is this how you repay my mother? By locking her daughter up and crippling her to be kept by your side like a possession?"

Sasha's voice grew shrill with anger. Though she could not move away from him, she struggled with all her might in her wheelchair to avoid his touch.

Solomon lost his patience. He pressed her down again. "Nancy, what are you talking about?" he demanded. "All I did was to protect you."

"You're lying!" Sasha bellowed. "Protect me? Why do you Youngs like to delude yourselves? You're the same as how my mother used to be."

"What did you say?" Solomon's face contorted with rage.

At the moment, Sasha felt no fear at all. On the contrary, she felt a sense of satisfaction at her success in provoking his shame into a rage.

“Am I wrong? You told me that your mother forbade you to disclose your identity for fear of your father persecuting you. But by the looks of it, it’s all a big lie!”

“Frederick had never wanted to take your life! It was possible that he had learned of your existence long ago. In your eagerness to get back at him and to take what your selfish heart desires, you’ve found a good excuse to make a move against his other son. This is a typical characteristic of the Youngs! You and your mother are the world’s most untrustworthy and despicable people...”

Smack!

In a fit of rage, Solomon slapped Sasha across her face.

Aside from Solomon’s furious panting and the reverberations of that resounding slap, the room fell deathly silent.

Smiling derisively, Sasha licked the trickle of blood flowing out of the corner of her mouth as her cheek had begun to swell.

Solomon shook with rage as he stared at the woman whom he had just struck.

“Why must you hurt me in this manner? Is it because I have feelings for you?”

Sasha said nothing, not even deigning to look at him from where she sat.

As another trickle of blood flowed down, she took it up with her finger and smeared the blood below her eye. This gesture was more frightening and menacing than anything else she could have done.

Solomon felt his last shred of hope at reconciliation being destroyed.

Shaking violently, he recalled the time when his mother died when he was eight.

Sasha was not wrong. Everything that had happened was caused by both his mother and his nature of deluding themselves and others.

Frederick was a scu*bag, no doubt.

If he had flat out refused to acknowledge his kin, Yancy would have died by his hand earlier on. A man with such influence would undoubtedly be doomed if his extramarital affair was exposed.

However, Frederick did no such thing.

Yancy had run off and given birth to his child without his knowledge. She was born with a silver spoon in her mouth, rendering her unable to function and live a normal life without her family.

Yancy had endured countless hardships throughout Solomon's childhood.

As the hardships became too much to bear, Yancy had often taken her anger out onto Solomon as she blamed all of her past mistakes on her child. She always thought that if it weren't for Solomon, she wouldn't be in the wretched state that she was in.

As her resentment had reached the highest point, she sent Solomon away to Avenport in secret.

Her child was to avenge himself and her by claiming the birthright that he had been denied.

Solomon was an intelligent boy. Though he may not have understood things when he was young, he grew up living in the same city as his father. It would have been impossible for him to remain ignorant.

However, he stubbornly opted to follow through with his mother's plan.