

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 811

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Sasha took care of Sebastian for the next few days, though he wasn't in any danger. He was just being feverish. Perhaps the drugs had broken his immunity down too much, and the cold in Jetroina knocked him out, so he was out for a while.

Sasha was brewing a bowl of medicine in the kitchen. When it was time to change towels, she told Vivian, "Vivi, can you get me another towel? Daddy will feel better that way."

"Okay!" Vivian promptly put her paper airplane down and wobbled toward her father. Changing towels was a piece of cake. She was a doctor's daughter, so she knew a lot of stuff.

Vivian went to the bed and took off the towel on Sebastian's forehead before going into the restroom. When she came out a few minutes later, she was holding a newly rinsed towel.

As Vivian put the wet towel back on Sebastian's head, he grunted. Vivian quickly told him, "Don't move, Daddy. This will help with the fever. You'll be fine in no time." She patted the towel.

Since she didn't twist the towel at all, water was flowing down from Sebastian's forehead. By the time Sasha came by, the whole pillow was getting wet.

God, this girl... Sasha quickly put the medicine aside and helped Sebastian up.

Sebastian grunted groggily, irritated that he was disturbed again.

Sasha immediately said, "Your pillow's wet, Mr. Hayes. I'll change it for you."

Suddenly, Sebastian's eyelashes started to flutter, and at long last, he opened his eyes to look at the woman who was holding him in her arms.

It was a soft embrace. Since she needed to change his pillows, she had to hold the back of his head to keep him from falling. Thanks to that, he was inches away from her chest.

Feeling that, Sebastian opened his eyes immediately. He could hear the sound of her heartbeats, and her chest felt really soft. He sobered up immediately.

"Oh, you're awake, Mr. Hayes." Sasha finally noticed him stirring in her arms, but she froze when she met his gaze. "D-Don't take this the wrong way. I'm just trying to change the pillow. That's why I'm holding you."

She reflexively put him back down after changing the pillow, her face flushed red. Well, that was awkward. Why did he suddenly wake up? She wouldn't have done what she did if she knew he would wake up.

Sasha stood there awkwardly, but fortunately, Sebastian did nothing but glance at her darkly after he was put back on the bed. "Why are you here?"

"Huh?" Sasha explained, "Mark called me. He said you're sick."

Mark? Why did he butt in? Sebastian was upset, but he said nothing. Instead, he tried to get up.

Sasha came to his help right away. "You're still feverish, so be careful. We don't want you falling down now."

Sebastian wanted her to go away since he wasn't that weak yet. Or so he thought.

When he tried to move, he could feel his strength failing him, and everything was spinning. D*mmmit! He was getting more irritated with every passing second.

Since Sasha had been working as a doctor for years, she knew what he was thinking just by looking at him, and she told him gently, "Calm down. Finish this and your fever will go away in no time. You want to use the bathroom, right? I'll take you there."

Sebastian laughed mirthlessly. "This will make the fever go away? What? You think this is some fantasy novel where a pill can heal everything?"

"Well, we aren't in a fantasy novel, but you've used antibiotics too much, so western medicine won't do your fever any good. Eastern meds should work faster at this point," Sasha answered honestly. She then picked the bowl of medicine beside her and handed it to him.

Sebastian couldn't believe she wanted him to drink that stuff. Just a whiff of it was enough to make him balk. "Why do you always come up with this kind of weird stuff? I said I'm not taking it! Did you forget about that?"

He was unusually reluctant, and he seemed agitated, much to Sasha's confusion. Did he tell me something like that? No, I don't think so. I've never given him any prescriptions. I only did some acupuncture after I got here.

In the next moment, however, realization struck her, and her heart skipped a beat. "You mean you've taken similar meds before? And you think it's... hard to swallow?"

"I..." Sebastian still had a look of disgust on his face, but that question made him pause. He wanted to say something, but he couldn't remember anything, and that confused him.

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 812

[Leave a Comment](#) / [Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover](#)

She's right, why am I overreacting? "Because it looks nasty."

"It doesn't. Hold on. I'll put some sugar in this." Delighted, Sasha trotted to the kitchen to get some sugar and poured it into the bowl in front of him.

Sebastian was rendered speechless by her action.

"All right, now it'll taste a whole lot better with sugar added in it. Finish it in one go and you won't feel a thing." She was trying to get him to finish the medicine.

Sebastian stared at her darkly. It was just like the time he took her with him right after she came back from Clear. He was paranoid, thinking she might try to poison him every chance she got.

"You're dead if this still tastes awful." He said the same thing he did back then.

Sasha smiled gently. "It won't. Trust me."

For your sake, I hope so. Finally, Sebastian started drinking the medicine, but he spat it out immediately. "D*mmmit! You lied to me again!"

The medicine still tasted as awful as ever. The bitterness overpowered the sugar.

Despite getting yelled at, Sasha was shocked that he said the word 'again'. Indeed, this was the second time, but the first time she made the medicine was back when his memories were intact.

She started tearing up, but it was tears of joy. Sasha stared at him happily, much to his confusion.

Why is she crying? It's the truth. It's nasty. What? I can't say the truth now? His veins started popping, and his knuckles started turning white from gripping the bowl too tightly.

"I'm—"

Before she could even finish apologizing, Sebastian finished the rest of the medicine in one gulp and slammed the bowl on the cabinet.

Huh? He actually finish that? She thought he wouldn't finish it this time no matter what.

Sasha was petrified for a while before she went to pick the bowl up. "Mr. Hayes, do you need some water to wash it down?"

Sebastian was already lying back down, his eyes closed. "Scram," he spat.

Sasha opened her mouth, but she said nothing. Amused by his childish antics, she left like he told her to. Fine. I'll make myself scarce. But just because you're a good boy.

Right after she came into the kitchen, she texted Willow: Good news, Willow. He remembered a bit of his past!

Willow: Really? You might be hallucinating though. I know how much his condition is affecting you.

Oh, she doesn't believe me, huh? Sasha thought it was normal to be doubted. after all, nobody would believe it, not when Sebastian wasn't healing up even after so long. On top of that, what Sebastian had was multiple personality disorder instead of regular amnesia.

Nonetheless, it didn't take Sasha too long to come back with a confident reply.

Sasha: It's true. I made some meds for him, but he said he would never take it again before he even had a taste of it.

Willow had no idea how to reply to that.

Anyway, I added some sugar to get him to finish it, but that got him more agitated. He told me he won't fall for the same trick twice.

But here's the thing, Willow, I've only made this med twice for him. The first time was back when he forced me to treat his insomnia right after I came back from Clear. And this is the second time.

Sasha finally couldn't hold it in, and her tears fell on her phone's screen.

On the other hand, Willow was shocked to hear about something like that, and she finally believed Sasha. She replied: That's good then. Your luck is finally turning for the better.

Sasha replied with a simple 'yeah'.

She almost couldn't hold her excitement in.

Willow was also happy for her, but then she remembered something. She texted: Nancy, I think you should bring this up to the professor. See what he thinks about this. If he is regaining his memory, you should get the professor's opinion on your next step. That'll be better for Sebastian, don't you think?

Sasha: You're right. I can't believe I almost forgot about that. I'll call the professor now.

She wiped her tears away and texted the Jetroinian professor.

Sasha: Professor, it's Sasha. I need to tell you something. It's important.

She then told him everything about Sebastian's reaction.

Not long after the text was sent, the professor texted back: That's good news. It seems that his main personality is regaining control. Once the main personality's back in charge, his alter ego will cease to exist.

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 813

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Sasha texted back: Really?

She was literally buzzing with excitement when she saw that text. She almost couldn't hold her phone.

The professor replied: Of course. His alter ego is born because his main personality went into hiding. If the main personality returns, then the alter ego has no reason to exist.

But you'll need to observe him closely. If I'm correct, the return of his main personality is most probably caused by the recent changes in his attitude, the professor suddenly made a turn in his text.

Recent changes? What kind of changes? Sasha didn't quite get it, since she didn't learn too much about psychology.

The professor explained: I'm talking about how his alter ego sees things in the first place. If I recall correctly, you told me he was bloodthirsty and resented the world after his alter ego showed up.

Sasha: Yes! That's right!

The professor: What about now? Is he still as bloodthirsty as he used to be?

Sasha: Now?

She went to the kitchen's entrance. When she saw Sebastian sleeping on the bed peacefully, she felt unreal. Wow, if it wasn't for the professor, I wouldn't have realized that he's mellowed out a lot.

Back when she first met the alter ego, he was unbelievably murderous, as if he wanted to destroy the whole world. And he actually did a lot of cruel stuff.

He almost killed off Jared's bloodline, for instance. But when she looked at him again, Sebastian seemed to have changed. It wasn't obvious when she left, but when she met him again, she realized he wasn't as murderous as he used to be.

If he was his old self, he would have killed Solomon the moment he saw the latter. If he was his old self, he would have killed the persons in charge of the Jadesons' delivery company.

Hmm... So what made him change?

Sasha put her phone down. She could feel herself getting filled with joy. It had been a long time since she felt this happy and hopeful.

When Sebastian woke up the next day, his fever had subsided, and he felt refreshed for the first time in ages.

"Good morning. You must be hungry. Breakfast is ready. It's just waiting for you." Sasha was wearing a beige shirt that day. She went up to him and smiled brightly, her eyes sparkling.

Her bright and bubbly attitude almost stunned him, but he quickly looked away and resumed his usual demeanor. "Got it." He pulled the blanket away and got out of bed.

Sasha did not dwell on his bad behavior. Since he had gotten out of bed, she went to get a pair of men's slippers and put them before him. "Wear this. You just got all better, so don't fall sick again."

For some reason, he didn't think Sasha was annoying, even though he usually hated it if anyone were to nag or butter him up.

It must be the fever. He calmly wore the slippers and went to the bathroom.

After he was gone, Sasha called her daughter over. "Uncle Sebastian's up, Vivi. It's almost time for breakfast, so go get your bowl."

Sasha and Vivian addressed him as Uncle Sebastian again after he woke up.

Vivian was texting her brothers, but when Sasha called her, she replied, "Okay, Mommy!"

She continued texting her brothers: Daddy's up, guys. I'm gonna have breakfast with him.

Matteo texted back: All right. Remember, try to act as spoiled as you can whenever Daddy's around. Get him to take you and Mommy home together, no matter what.

Ian chimed in: Do it.

Vivian thumped her chest confidently and replied: Leave this to me. I'll handle it!

She tucked her tablet away and wobbled off to take the bowls for her and her parents.

Sebastian was done washing up after ten minutes, and he came out to Sasha and Vivian waiting for him in the dining room.

"Vivi, I thought I said we're waiting for Uncle Sebastian. Stop eating on your own."

"I am not! I just... had a lick, that's all." The cute little girl stuck her tongue out at her mother cheekily.

Sasha smiled. She patted Vivian's head and sorted out the child's pudding.

It was a heartwarming sight.

Winter's sun woke up later than usual, especially in this city. It was already getting late, but the first rays of sunshine were just gracing the land. As it shone on the ladies, it bathed them in a beautiful, glorious golden light.

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 814

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Sebastian fell into a trance at that sight.

This scene, where have I seen it before? Why does it seem so familiar?

When I see this scene, I feel happy. I like it.

He reached out his hand, as though he was trying to catch the memory that was associated with the scene before him. Just then, Sasha, who was opposite him, noticed his action.

"Mr. Hayes, are you done? Come here quick. I made your favorite coddled egg and steak sandwich."

Sasha gleefully rose from the chair and called Sebastian over.

After discussing with the psychology professor, she couldn't understand the reason why Sebastian was acting so calm. As such, she decided to take care of him according to his previous lifestyle, which includes his favorite foods.

Sebastian was led to the dining table when he snapped out of his thoughts. He was baffled at the breakfast served.

These are my favorites?

Why didn't I know about it?

He frowned at that thought. He then sat down, picked up the cutlery, and took a few bites. The food tasted great.

“How did you know about this?”

For a split second, Sasha wanted to tell him that she remembers everything about him.

In the end, however, she simply flashed a smile, saying, “Old Mr. Jadeson was the one who told me. He must have asked around about your daily lifestyle.”

Sebastian fell silent and began digging in.

A few minutes later, halfway through breakfast, Vivian, who was sitting beside him, moved her plate nearer to him all of a sudden.

“Uncle Sebastian, can I sit beside you?”

Sebastian merely gawked at her, stunned by her request.

Sasha lifted her head from her meal. “Vivi, why do you want to sit beside Uncle Sebastian? Be careful not to spill your food on him.”

Sasha remembered about his mysophobia and was worried that Vivian might spill something on him.

However, Sebastian merely cast her a displeased gaze before stretching his arm out to pull Vivian to sit beside him.

“Ignore her.”

“Okay.”

The father-daughter duo acted as though they were the only ones there. Sasha was annoyed by their antics.

Why... that little betrayer!

Vivian’s antics didn’t end there. She shared a slice of the cake which Sasha specifically made for her with Sebastian.

“Daddy, can you bring me and Mommy back with you?”

“What?”

Looking at the layer of glaze on the slice of cake, Sebastian suddenly froze when he heard Vivian’s request.

Vivian continued, "What I mean is, can you bring us to your home, Uncle Sebastian? No one's taking care of Mommy and me here. I mean, take a look at our house. It's so run down. Our meals are lacking as well. What are we going to do if you don't bring us back?"

"Vivi!"

Sasha finally realized Vivian's intention and glared at the latter.

Has she gone mad?

I can't believe she said there isn't anyone here taking care of us. Does she not know who Sebastian is? Is she trying to humiliate me as a mother?

Sasha was embarrassed and angry. All she wanted to do at that moment was to reprimand Vivian.

But Sebastian seemed calm.

"Is that so? What about your dad?"

"My daddy is..."

Vivian couldn't answer him.

My daddy is right in front of me but I can't tell him.

"Is he dead?"

"No!"

"Is he disabled then?"

"No!"

Vivian was starting to panic. How can he say such things? How can he cursed himself dead or disabled?

Apprehension overcame the six-year-old Vivian.

Luckily, Sasha cut in at that moment. "There's no such thing. Mr. Hayes, don't listen to her nonsense. Her dad is doing just fine."

Sasha quickly explained as she couldn't bear to listen to any of his harsh words any longer.

Unfortunately for her, Sebastian, being unaware of the truth, had his temper flared up the moment he heard her words.

“Why would you ask me to take you back if he’s fine, then? Why don’t you look for him instead?”

“Because... He’s sick!”

Sasha couldn’t help but give him an excuse.

That’s right, he is sick. He’s so sick to the point where he can’t recognize us and has even forgotten about himself.

“He is severely sick, so he can’t take care of us anymore. He is the reason why I couldn’t look after my child. He doesn’t even know who he is anymore.”

Sasha lowered her eyes as sadness and despair struck her heart.

Hearing that, Sebastian finally stopped asking any more questions.

In truth, he had wanted to ask that question for a while. After all, he had only seen her taking care of Vivian while her husband was nowhere to be seen.

There’s definitely something off with that.

But I didn’t care to ask then.

After a while, I was appalled at the thought of bringing it up. It was as though the question would conjure up images I didn’t want to see.

That is... Until now.

So, he’s sick?

Then, is she still planning to save him? Does that mean the reason why she’s working so hard while taking care of a child is to save him?

His mood darkened at that thought.

Two hours later, Mark dropped by and gave Sebastian three flight tickets. Noticing the flight tickets, Vivian ran over to him excitedly.

“Wow! There are even tickets for Mommy and me. Uncle Sebastian, are you bringing us home with you?”

“Yes, I am.”

Sebastian had been sulking for two hours. He was staring pointedly at Sasha when he answered Vivian.

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 815

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“Ask your mom to follow me so she can earn some money to treat your dad.”

“Huh?”

Vivian stared at Sebastian with big, sparkly eyes. She didn’t understand what he was saying.

Sasha, who was busy packing her luggage, lifted her head puzzledly.

Is he still angry?

Meanwhile, at the Red Pavilion in Jadeborough.

Stephen had heard the news from Jetroina, leaving him feeling restless for the entire night.

“That b*stard, Sebastian! We have always treated him well, haven’t we? Why would he leave such a mess for us at Jetroina? Is he planning to go against us?”

Jasmine was unable to rest well too. Hence, her insufficient rest and her simmering anger at Sebastian exploded early in the morning.

Good?

Has she ever treated him decently?

Isn’t she the one who planned to murder him every time?

Kira scoffed internally at Jasmine’s outburst.

“Enough. Stop talking. Can’t you do anything else other than grumble?”

Stephen scolded Jasmine before leaving for the Oceanic Estate urgently.

If I don't placate Dad for the shit that blew up in Jetroina, I'll be doomed.

Jasmine's anger surged as Stephen left.

"What's with his attitude? How can he scold me? Is he telling me I haven't done anything? I was the one who arranged for Sebastian's demise twice! How am I the one who hasn't done anything!"

She was practically yelling in the living room like a raging beast.

Kira came over to stop her.

"Aunt Jasmine, please keep your voice down. You wouldn't want anyone to overhear you, do you? Aren't you afraid that word of this will spread to the Oceanic Estate?"

Jasmine finally halted her yelling at Kira's reminder.

"I can't help it. I'm just... so mad!"

"Yes, I understand. But we can't lose our footing, no matter how terrible the situation gets. We should think of a solution as of this moment."

Kira began analyzing the situation for Jasmine.

Jasmine glanced at her.

What's with her sudden change of attitude?

I have never seen her so enthusiastic before. She would usually make sarcastic remarks, such as she couldn't come up with a solution due to her lack of intelligence, or she would come up with excuses to push her responsibilities away.

So, what's different today?

Jasmine fixed her gaze at her niece.

"All right. What would you suggest to solve the current situation, then?"

"I do have a solution, but you must promise me something first."

Kira suddenly started negotiating with Jasmine.

As expected, she's planning something today.

Jasmine kept her anger in check. "My, my. Aren't you brave today? All right then, state your terms."

"Okay."

Kira clenched her sweat-laden fist as she mustered her courage. "I hope you can let Devin go to Smallpoint."

"Smallpoint?" Jasmine's eyes widened at her request. "Are you crazy? You want me to let him go to that god-awful place?"

"That's not my intention, Aunt Jasmine. Don't you know that Old Mr. Jadeson is planning for Devin's and Sabrina's marriage? Do you really want that woman to be the lady of the Jadesons?"

"What did you say?"

Jasmine was thunderstruck. For a few seconds, she was gaping at her niece like an idiot.

My son is marrying Sabrina?

Has he gone mad?

That girl isn't worthy of my son at all. She doesn't have any talents or looks. What's worse is her background. She came from a family of businessmen!

She has no right to marry my son.

Jasmine finally recollected herself and focused all her attention on Kira.

"Where did you hear this? Did Old Mr. Jadeson tell you this?"

"Of course not. I eavesdropped on Old Mr. Jadeson's conversation with Mark in the study that day. I was on my way to serve some pastry when I overheard them discussing this matter. Old Mr. Jadeson was leaning toward the idea."

Kira stood there and reiterated everything she heard that day.

The moment Kira was done, Jasmine threw a fit and swept everything off the table onto the floor.

"Dream on! She dares dream to become my daughter-in-law? She's deluding herself."

She was yelling again, and the entire Red Pavilion could hear her bellows.

Excellent!

Kira was finally satisfied with the scene in front of her.

I have been patient for too long, but that woman just keeps on pushing my limits.

I have never expected any outcome for the love buried deep inside me, but that doesn't mean I'm going to hand over the man I love without a fight.

Sabrina has no right.

Kira left the Red Pavilion in a good mood.

A few minutes later, she received a call from the Oceanic Estate. "Ms. Woods, when are you coming over to cook lunch? Old Mr. Jadeson is asking for you."

She laughed. "Sorry about that. But I'm not going today. I need to rush for a banquet at the White House. Please help me inform Old Mr. Jadeson."

"All right then."

The housemaid hung up the call regrettably.

Not long after, she saw Jasmine stomping furiously into the Oceanic Estate.

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 816

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"Mrs. Jadeson, y-you're here."

The housemaid was surprised to see Jasmine because Stephen was in the estate too. The latter was currently getting reprimanded by Jonathan in the study.

Jasmine didn't seem to care for anything or anyone as she strode onward. "Where is Sabrina? Where is she?"

Anger poured through her, making her tone harsher and threatening.

Ms. Hayes?

Hearing that Jasmine was looking for Sabrina, the housemaids were puzzled. "Ms. Hayes is in the garden, watering Old Mr. Jadeson's orchids."

"Watering orchids?"

Jasmine's anger spiked.

Jonathan loved growing plants and flowers. His hobby grew after he assumed an advisory position. Without having much to do, he spent his time tending to his plants and flowers.

Among the plants, orchids were his favorite. He grew them up on Heron Hill.

He let that little b*tch water his precious flower?

Even the housemaid weren't allowed to touch it.

Jasmine's belief in Kira's words increased. She strode to the garden, shrieking, "Sabrina, come out here this instance! Sabrina!"

Sabrina, who was watering flowers not too far away, was surprised by the screams.

Who would come all the way here, in the morning, just to start yapping like a crazy mutt?

She set her watering can down and turned to look in the direction of the scream.

Unexpectedly, she saw a middle-aged woman dressed luxuriously with well-done makeup, stomping toward her with a hostile look.

Her face...

Sabrina's heart dropped.

"Mrs. Jadeson, why are you here?"

"Why am I here? Why do you think I'm here? You're good, aren't you, Sabrina? You sneakily caused a scene behind my back. What? Do you think

having a good relationship with Oceanic Estate will guarantee a marriage with my son? Is that what you think?"

Jasmine stopped right in front of Sabrina and started a stream of interrogation with a look of hostility.

Sabrina was unnerved by her words.

She could express her feelings to Devin without any restriction at the Oceanic Estate, but she couldn't do the same in front of Jasmine.

The reason being she was his mother.

The ever bold Sabrina started feeling uneasy.

"It's not like that, Mrs. Jadeson. You're mistaken. I don't have such feelings for your son."

"No such feeling?"

Jasmine continued to scream. "You dare say you don't feel anything for him? Do you think I'm not aware of everything you did to him at the Oceanic Estate? Do you take me for the deaf and blind?"

Sabrina was stunned speechless by her screams.

Not being able to form a retort, she was rooted in place with a bright red complexion.

She even knew about that?

She started to regret the things she did to Devin without care.

Jasmine noticed her expression and continued to spit harsher words at her.

"Why? Nothing more to say? You little b*tch! You have excellent taste, but who do you think you are? How dare you make my son, one of the Jadesons, your target? Dream on!"

Nobody could imagine Mrs. Jadesons, who seemed so elegant on the outside, would act like a shrew at a place like this.

Jasmine continued cursing and screaming like a madwoman. The crazed expression on her face looked as though she wanted to stomp on Sabrina to relieve her rage.

So, this is her true nature?

Sabrina was furious, but she managed to calm herself down.

“You’re talking about me?”

“Do you see anyone else here?”

“Of course. Aren’t you here?” Sabrina stared at Jasmine intently as she scoffed.

“The Hayes definitely can’t be compared to the Woods. The Hayes at least has a few mega corporations with many government entities surviving on us. As for the Woods, what do you have? Merely the meager outdated connections that your grandpa has?”

“You!”

Jasmine was furious because she never expected Sabrina to say such harsh words.

Things didn’t end there, however, it simply escalated.

Sabrina’s greatest strength was she would treat one as one would treat her.

She was persistent in going against people who had offended her.

Furthermore, she had given Jasmine many chances.

“Besides, I have managed Hayes Corporation for a few years. I have a few million worth of assets in my hands. What about you, Mrs. Jadeson? What do you have before you’re married? Merely a mouth that can coax men?”

“Sabrina Hayes!”

Her last sentence was harsh.

Almost immediately, Jasmine began screaming hysterically again. “I’ll kill you!”

As she spoke, she actually lifted a flower pot beside her and threw it toward Sabrina.

Despite being stunned by her maniacal actions, Sabrina could still avoid it using her reflex.

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 817

[Leave a Comment](#) / [Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover](#)

Just when she was about to dodge to the side, however, Sabrina caught a glimpse of someone coming from the corner of her eyes. Instantly, she stayed immobile.

Thud!

“Oh My Goodness! Mrs. Jadeson, what are you doing? How can you treat someone so violently?”

The loud thud of the flower pot hitting the head, followed by a scream of pain, elicited the housemaids to run over urgently.

Jasmine hadn't expected the crowd of housemaids to arrive at the scene. Her muddled mind clouded by rage had finally cleared. Panic started to grip her. She wanted to retract her actions and words, but it was too late.

Sabrina was holding on to the injury on her head, which was bleeding profusely. In the next moment, she fell unconscious with a loud thud.

“Ms. Hayes!”

“Hurry! Inform Old Mr. Jadeson and the doctor! Hurry!”

The garden was plunged into chaos in a few short seconds.

Sabrina had already been moved when Jonathan arrived at the scene. All he could see was some bloodstains left on the ground with the remnants of the broken flower pot.

He was breathing so raggedly that his beard was quivering. His tightly clenched fists indicated his suppressed rage.

Jasmine, who was still there, felt her knees weaken when she saw his reaction.

“Dad, I-”

“What are you doing? How dare you come to my house and create such a ruckus? Both you and your husband are the same. Useless! Are you trying to kill me by pissing me off? Are you two trying to get yourselves kicked out of the Jadeson residence?”

Red, hot anger rolled through him. He even spoke of not letting Jasmine and Stephen stay at the Jadeson residence.

Hearing that, Stephen's heart dropped.

"No! That is not our intention!" He denied it immediately.

He turned to Jasmine beside him and saw that she was staring blankly, clearly shocked by Jonathan's words. Raw anger shot through him, and he pulled her to kneel with him before Jonathan.

"Hurry and tell dad why you did what you did! What has that Sabrina done to you that made you hit her with a flower pot?"

"It's her fault. She was targeting our son, so I c-came here to find her. She wanted to marry our son to become the future lady of the Jadesons."

Jasmine finally regained her rationale and started sobbing on Stephen's shoulders.

Before Stephen could say anything, Jonathan's temper spiked again. "Who told you that? Have you hit your head somewhere? I really don't understand how Stephen managed to marry such a stupid woman like you."

His harsh and cruel words struck a nerve.

They aligned with the remarks Sabrina had thrown at her earlier.

Jasmine was indeed useless. She didn't have a wealthy family, talent, or intelligence. After all, how else would Kira dare to use her if that was not the case?

In the end, Stephen dragged a sobbing Jasmine away.

Once those two had left, Jonathan went upstairs to check on Sabrina's condition.

"Old Mr. Jadeson, why are you here?"

With her injury bandaged, Sabrina was surprised by Jonathan's appearance in her room. She instantly struggled to sit up.

Jonathan gestured for her to lie down.

"How are you doing?"

"I'm fine." Sabrina was slightly embarrassed.

Nothing much can happen to me.

After all, I did not dodge Jasmine's flower pot on purpose. Naturally, I have taken some precautions to not get hit too hard.

Jonathan heaved a relieved sigh. "That's good to hear. I'm worried that brat will cause another scene when he gets back."

Sabrina chuckled. "He won't. It's only a minor injury."

"Really?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you dodge it? You could have with your reflexes," asked Jonathan calmly as he sat there.

Huh?

Sabrina's expression froze.

"Old Mr. Jadeson..."

"I know Jasmine is stupid most of the time, but this is the Oceanic Estate. Previously, she wouldn't have dared to cause a scene. So there must be a reason for her actions." Jonathan casually added.

His expression had turned colder with a hint of harshness in his gaze.

Sabrina's face paled.

She wasn't afraid of Jasmine, but even Sebastian needed to deal with Jonathan carefully. She was still in his grasp, so she didn't dare to underestimate him.

"Old Mr. Jadeson, Mrs. Jadeson has misunderstood. I have no feelings for Devin. I have no idea where she heard that from."

"Is that so? You can ignore it then. You're a smart girl. I know you won't do something that is forbidden. Since everyone will be affected if your brother got mad again."

For a brief moment, all Sabrina could do was stare at the slightly smiling Jonathan. Her throat felt as though something was stuck there.

She couldn't utter a single word.

Her fingers were icy cold.

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 818

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This was quite humiliating.

Actually, what Jasmine said to her in the garden was not even humiliating. At the very most, she merely seemed like a shrewish woman cursing away.

However, this old man was different. With the calmest expression, he spoke to her in the most courteous manner.

However, after listening to what he said, she felt so humiliated that it was like someone was trampling all over her.

What does he mean when he said that I shouldn't touch him? Is he referring to his dignified grandson?

Does he look down on me just like his daughter-in-law? All he feels is disdain toward my family background, right?

Sabrina could not remember when that he left.

All she knew was that after she regained consciousness, Tony had already come upstairs.

"Ms. Hayes, Old Mr. Jadeson has instructed me to book the plane ticket for you. It's a flight scheduled for seven o'clock tonight."

He passed a plane ticket to her.

When Sabrina saw it, she was stunned for a few seconds before a mocking smile formed on her pale lips.

"Alright, but I don't need the plane ticket. I can take my private jet back."

After a while, Tony kept the plane ticket awkwardly.

At times, rich people were really annoying.

Sabrina asked, "Where's my brother? When are they arriving?"

"They'll only arrive tomorrow. Don't worry! After they've arrived, we'll definitely inform you." Tony assured her kindly.

To be honest, Sebastian and the rest were arriving at eight o'clock that night, not the next day. Tony only said that because he did not want Sabrina to meet him.

Sabrina did not continue staying. Following the arrangements made by the rest, she packed her luggage and prepared to leave.

When the news got round to the Woods Residence, Kira was overjoyed.

She had not been disappointed this time.

Whipping out her phone, she sent a message to Devin.

"Devin, I'm visiting the White family this afternoon. Can you accompany me there?"

"The White family? Which one?"

As Devin was probably using his phone at that moment, he replied immediately.

Kira sent a scared emoji to him.

"It's Alfred's nephew's place. He said that a club is opening and insisted that I visit him. However, I don't dare to go..."

She spammed a few more crying emojis, making it clear what she was trying to say.

Alfred's nephew had been clinging on to her persistently. However, he was not a decent man—he was lustful, greedy, and useless.

Hence, Kira hated him.

When Devin read the message, he agreed.

"Okay, I'll head there after coming back."

"Alright!"

Kira was delighted.

If she managed to hold him back for now, Sabrina would not have had any opportunities to meet him.

Delighted, she dug out her prettiest dress.

Back in Oceanic Estate, Sabrina wanted to contact Devin before leaving.

However, when she took out her phone in the bedroom, she eventually placed it down again.

Why should I contact him? It's impossible between us, right?

Hence, she dragged her luggage out of the room gloomily.

"Hello? I heard that you're leaving Oceanic Estate, Ms. Sabrina!"

Having received this information, Karl suddenly called her.

Sabrina nodded. "Yeah. Sasha's coming back, so I should leave."

She did not want to admit that she had been chased out.

Unexpectedly, Karl suddenly said, "What a coincidence! Why don't you go to this newly opened club in the northern part of the city? I heard that Calvin will be there."

"Really?"

When Sabrina heard that, her gloominess disappeared and her eyes lit up immediately.

After leaving Oceanic Estate, she and Karl headed to the club. Apparently, it was owned by someone from an extremely rich and influential background.

They were determined to find Calvin.

Especially since she had mentioned him to Jonathan, they needed to find Calvin before the other twin appeared.

To their surprise, they actually found Calvin when they got there.

However, he had already become a plaything, imprisoned in a cage and forced to entertain others.

“See this? He’s a new plaything that I’ve trained for a long time. He’ll do whatever I want him to do!”

In the oppressive and dark bar, the lights dimmed and a strong beam of light shone on someone kneeling in the center. His hands were on the floor and there was an iron chain around his neck.

Immediately, everyone glanced over, including Sabrina and Karl who were hidden in the crowd.

When Sabrina saw that scene, her instinctive reaction was to turn her head away in disgust, unwilling to witness it.

Having spent some time outside before, she knew very well what being a plaything meant and what game they were playing.

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 819

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However, just when she was about to avert her gaze, the chained man suddenly raised his head. An extremely handsome face immediately entered her sight!

“Calvin! He’s Calvin!” exclaimed Sabrina.

Karl recognized him too. Gnashing his jaws together, his reaction was even more agitated than hers.

That man was none other than Calvin.

No other man could be as pretty as him. Ever since he was a child, he looked as delicate as a porcelain doll. Karl had witnessed Calvin grow up—he was the one who taught Calvin martial arts, shooting, and so on...

“Those b*stards! I’m going to kill them!”

Unable to hold himself back, he growled out loud and was about to rush forward and save Calvin.

However, Sabrina quickly pulled him back.

“Wait for a while and see what happens next.”

Both of them continued watching.

After Calvin was brought up to the stage, everyone was taken aback by his appearance. Although this was supposed to be a club, they started yelling out their prices eagerly.

It was like those prostitute auctions in ancient times.

Those b*stards deserve to burn in hell!

He is Calvin, the leader of the Hayes' SteelFort! If he is conscious, he would definitely kill everyone present immediately.

Fury surged through Sabrina as she watched what was happening.

However, Calvin did not react at all.

Someone in the crowd offered one million for him. When the staff tugged on the chain around Calvin's neck for the person to touch him, he actually crawled over obediently.

"Calvin!"

Upon witnessing that scene, Sabrina could not hold herself back anymore. She shoved the people around her aside and rushed to the front.

"Ten million! I'm offering ten million!"

She stood there with her hands crossed behind her back, looking like a goddess who had just descended from heaven. Staring at the crowd, she articulated every single word coldly.

"What?"

When the people in the bar heard such a high price, they glanced toward her.

It's a woman!

Magnus, who was planning to earn money through his plaything, laughed after taking a closer glimpse at this sudden buyer. "Miss, are you offering ten million to buy him? I'm sorry, but we haven't even announced the starting bid."

When he realized that he could make a profit, he changed his plan.

He wanted more.

When everyone else heard that, they followed suit and declared even higher bids than Sabrina's. Soon, the bidding price reached twenty million.

Is someone from the Hayes family only worth twenty million?

Sabrina waited for the rest to quieten down, with a mocking smirk played on her lips.

At that moment, Magnus turned around and glanced at her. "It's already twenty million. Are you going to continue bidding?"

Sabrina scoffed, "You're mistaken. Ten million is not my bidding price for him. It's just the price for a hand! Whoever touched him just now, I'll pay ten million for your hand!"

"What did you say?"

Her shocking words caused the entire bar to descend into an uproar.

The price to buy a hand? How is that possible? Is that woman out of her mind? She's buying someone's hand!

Although everyone was outraged, they stared at Calvin warily after listening to what Sabrina said. It was as if they would lose ten million if they were just slightly careless.

When Sabrina noticed that, a hint of ridicule crept into her smirk.

"Other than that, I'm offering twenty million for each leg. For each mouth that says something insulting to him, I'll offer thirty million. Oh, right! Most importantly, I'm offering a hundred million for each human life. Everyone, please go ahead."

She spoke leisurely, looking so calm that it was as if she was just having a normal chat.

Magnus was paralyzed to the spot.

The crowd in the bar went into an uproar before retreating backward. Within a second, they were shunning Calvin like he was a plague.

One hundred million? Is she joking?

Devin, who was upstairs, witnessed this scene. As he stared at Sabrina, an exasperated look crossed his face.

Meanwhile, Kira was furious.

Why is Sabrina everywhere?

The silence ensued for a few minutes before Magnus returned to his senses. Suddenly, he grabbed the iron chain and bellowed uncontrollably, "You mad woman! One hundred million? Where would you get that from? Do you think that money grows on trees? Who are you? One hundred million?"

"Alright, Magnus. Stop kicking up a fuss and release him! If your uncle hears about this, you might be in trouble."

Just when everyone was anticipating Sabrina's answer, a deep and masculine voice sounded from upstairs.

The moment he spoke, he criticized Magnus and asked him to release Calvin.

Devin?

When Sabrina heard that, her heart skipped a beat and she raised her head immediately.

It's Devin! But why is he staring at me like that? He looks like he's having a headache.

The intimidating aura around Sabrina disappeared in an instant...

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 820

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Magnus decided to release Calvin in the end.

Devin was the future heir of the Jadesons. Although Magnus was from the White family, he was merely Alfred's nephew. Hence, he did not dare to oppose someone who was the heir of a military family.

"No way, Devin! Are you helping her? Who is she? How can she make you, a rich heir who has never shown any interest in women, intervene?"

Although Magnus released Calvin, he was still unwilling to accept defeat.

After Devin came down, he glared at Sabrina furiously and asked. Casting everything else aside, he still did not believe that she could actually fork out that much money.

When Devin heard that, he scoffed coldly, "I'm helping her? No, I'm helping you! If you provoke her, she can tear this entire club down."

Magnus fell silent as he stared at Sabrina in a mixture of fear and fury.

When the lights brightened, he discovered that she was quite extraordinary.

For example, not any woman could afford to wear her outfit.

She also had an arrogant demeanor, as if she looked down on everyone else. This was not something a normal person would have.

Who is she?

"Mr. White, she's the daughter of the Hayes family. In other words, she's Mr. Sebastian's elder sister," interrupted Kira at that moment.

There was a tinge of jealousy and frustration in her voice as she explained Sabrina's identity.

Immediately after hearing that, Magnus widened his eyes.

Although no one in Jadeborough really knows about the Hayes family's eldest daughter, the woman mentioned Mr. Sebastian. Isn't he from the Hayes family?

Doesn't the Hayes family own the globally renowned corporation that is currently dominating the corporate world?

Crap! Looks like this woman is actually wealthy enough to trample me under her feet anytime.

Magnus was terrified now.

After a few minutes, he released Calvin from his chains, dressed him up neatly, and let Karl bring him away.

"We're done here, Ms. Sabrina. Let's go."

"Okay," said Sabrina before averting her gaze from the man opposite her.

She had been staring at him from the moment he appeared to her conversation with Magnus. Her gaze had never left him for a single second.

Unfortunately, other than the exasperated look he gave her when she first saw him, he did not look at her anymore.

Yeah, I should stop pursuing him.

Gazing at him, Sabrina remembered how she had been chased out of Oceanic Estate.

She clenched her fists behind her back and decided to leave.

“Where are you going, Sabrina? Wait for me! I’ll leave with you.”

To her surprise, Devin chased after her the moment she turned around.

Sabrina paused for a minute.

His sudden offer filled her with so much joy that she could not help but stop in her tracks.

“Wait for me, Devin. You can’t let her bring him to Oceanic Estate. If Old Mr. Jadeson finds out, he’ll be furious.”

Kira followed over as well.

She chased after Devin quickly, insisting that Sabrina was not allowed to bring Calvin to Oceanic Estate.

A cold glint flashed across Sabrina’s eyes.

Why would I go to Oceanic Estate? I’ve already been chased out.

Having regained her senses, Sabrina glanced at Devin, who was walking toward her. “I’m going home with Calvin.”

“What?”

Devin was stunned when he heard that.

“Home? Why are you going home? Even though you’re not allowed to bring him to Oceanic Estate, you can send him to another place first!” he blurted subconsciously, still oblivious to the truth.

When Kira heard that, a furious look crossed her face.

Luckily, Sabrina refused.

“It’s fine. I should bring him home. After all, you know his identity, right? It’s safer if he’s sent home. Also, Sasha’s coming back with my brother, so there’s no need for me to remain here.” She explained calmly.

Her nonchalance was completely different from when she kept clinging to him previously.

Devin was stunned.

He had always yearned for her to be like this because he hated it when she kept pestering him—there was no way to get rid of her.

However, now that she was acting like that, Devin realized that he was not as happy as he imagined himself to be.

“You should still go back and inform Grandpa.”

“I told him already and he agreed. Thank you for taking care of me, Devin. I’ll treat you to a meal when you come to Avenport.”

Sabrina finally smiled. She waved at Devin to bid him farewell, while enthusiastically inviting him over to her place in the future.

Devin frowned again.

Before he could say anything, Sabrina left with Karl and Calvin.