

# Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 841

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Jasmine started to get emotional. "No! It wasn't me! I didn't do it!"

"You didn't? Then who did it? Kira already confessed. Are you saying that she's trying to frame you?"

"Yes. That b\*\*\*\*! She's trying to frame me. I'll kill her when I get the chance. That a\*\*hole! I raised her all in vain these years."

Upon hearing Kira's name, not only did she not reflect upon her actions, but she started to curse at her niece.

Having heard that, Devin's last shred of hope vanished into thin air.

He knew his mother very well.

She had lots of utilitarian ideas, and valued power. How could someone like her not commit any crimes? He just kept silent about it in the past.

Not only that, his cousin Kira had been with Jasmine all these years, helping her with so many things. Who in the right mind would believe her when she denied it?

Devin's face instantly darkened, and the temperature around him seemed to drop.

"Alright. Never mind not admitting to it. You're just doing it for my position as the heir of the Jadesons, aren't you? I already told Grandpa that I don't want it."

"What?"

The news was a bolt out of the blue for her. Jasmine finally stopped cursing, and her eyes widened.

"Are you crazy? Why did you say no to it? That place belongs to you!"

"What are you talking about? Do you really think I deserve being the heir of the family when my own mother harmed the people of the family just for her own benefit?"

Devin's eyes were full of pure hatred as he glared at his mother.

It made Jasmine's heart sink with a thud.

No. These aren't my son's eyes.

Indeed, I don't want the children to be healthy. But I didn't harm them. I didn't do it. So why isn't my son worthy of being the heir?

The woman started to panic and blurted, "No, listen to me. I... I did indeed tell Kira to bring them to Warlock Church. But I didn't poison them."

"You didn't?"

"Yes, I didn't. I just... When I saw your Grandpa treating them so well when he doesn't even bat an eye at you when you were younger, I was just so upset. That's why I told Kira to bring them to Warlock Temple. There are lots of tombs there. They're still young... M-Maybe they might be affected by the negative energy there. Devin... I-I really haven't thought of poisoning them. I was just too upset that your Grandpa was babying them so much. Even if I wanted to do it, I didn't have the guts."

Jasmine finally told him everything. As she finished her sentence, tears streamed down her face and she started to sob.

Devin was so angered by what he heard that he nearly fainted from it.

He was too embarrassed to even call her his mother.

She really is the world's dumbest woman.

However, it was the only reason he could refute Jonathan's words and tell him that she didn't do it back at the Oceanic Estate.

He shut his eyes in anger.

Jasmine then grabbed hold of the bars of the window to look at Devin, her vision blurred by her tears. At that moment, she was feeling both indignant and nervous.

But things did not turn out her way.

"Don't worry. I'll tell Grandpa to let you out."

"Really?"

"Yes. But from now on, you have to follow me to Moranta. Dad too. We'll all live there and never return here anymore," Devin told her indifferently.

Jasmine was stunned.

We're going to live overseas?

What does he mean? Why should we live overseas? We're the Jadesons!

The woman had a bad feeling about it.

"No. I don't want to go overseas. I want to stay here. I was wrong, Devin. I won't stir up trouble again. Let's not leave, okay?"

Jasmine finally realized how serious of a mistake she had made and was starting to regret her decisions. She started to beg and hoped that her son would agree with her.

But that was impossible.

Over the past year, he had been living in the abyss of the crimes he committed. The reason why he held on for so long was entirely for the sake of atonement.

However, after Jonathan had accidentally yelled what he actually thought of him, his attachment to power seemed to be severed.

With that, Devin left Heron Hill.

Two days later, Jonathan received news that his oldest grandson had applied for a transfer order from the army to join the International Anti-Terrorist Group for the next ten years.

Ten years?

Is he crazy?

The old man smashed his phone in anger the moment he heard the news.

But that wasn't the last of it. A few moments later, news came from the Red Pavilion saying that they were laying off the housemaids and were moving the furniture out of the place.

"What is Mr. Jadeson doing? Why is he doing this?" Mark couldn't help but gasp at this.

Jonathan wasn't an exception.

He left furiously after that.

When Sasha heard of the news, her expression changed in an instant, and she quickly ran up to the third floor.

"Bad news, Mr. Hayes! I heard that something has happened to Mr. Devin."

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"What happened?"

Sebastian hadn't been up to much over the past few days and had stayed upstairs most of the time.

Upon hearing Sasha's words, his eyes narrowed and they shifted away from the notebook on his table.

"I didn't hear it very clearly, but I think Mr. Devin requested a transfer order or something. And I think they're moving?"

She wasn't too sure because she had been standing some distance away, and couldn't hear quite clearly.

Sebastian's eyes darkened at that.

His lips then pursed into a thin line.

He kept silent for two days, and I thought that someone as broad-minded and tolerant as him would just forget about it. So it seems like he had a big plan in mind after all.

His expression turned grim at the thought of it.

"Mr. Hayes?" Sasha called.

"Okay. You may leave now."

In a blink of an eye, the man went back to being emotionless. Then, he started to type away on his keyboard.

His response left Sasha at a loss for words.

No way. Does he not care about this?

He was so emotional when Devin left the other day. Things might have calmed down a little after two days, but isn't he going to do anything now that something has happened?

The woman was confused. She waited for a few more seconds. However, seeing that he wasn't going to move, she sighed.

Whatever. I should go look for Devin.

Sasha didn't want him to leave. Even though she wasn't able to completely let go and forget about the incident, she still hoped that he would be okay.

After all, after Calvin died, Devin and Karl were the only ones left beside them.

Soon, Sasha left the Oceanic Estate as well.

Jonathan headed for the military base immediately after he left.

He had no other choice but to do so. If he wanted to stop Devin from trying anything, the only thing he could do was prevent his request to transfer from going through.

Yet unexpectedly, someone from the base came looking for him when he arrived.

"Old Mr. Jadeson, does Devin have hemophobia?"

"What?"

Jonathan was dumbfounded at the sudden question.

Hemophobia?

Yes! My grandson has it!

He didn't know about it back then. It was when he sent Devin to the military base. During the latter's first time on the battlefield, he fainted instantly after seeing his enemy dying in front of him.

Jonathan was so livid that he was on the verge of bursting a blood vessel.

After that, Devin put in so much effort just to overcome this mental obstacle.

Even so, didn't I order someone to erase any information about this secretly? Why is this problem popping up so suddenly now?

Jonathan was shocked.

"It seems like he does based on your expression. If so, your grandson isn't suitable for the transfer, Old Mr. Jadeson. I'm sure you know that the International Anti-Terrorist Group is always on the front lines of war. The blood that they see won't be just a little."

For a short moment, Jonathan stood there and nodded. He couldn't get words out of his mouth.

That's great!

After he left the base, he went to Red Pavilion.

Everything seemed normal there, but there was indeed an absence of the housemaids. The furniture was also being moved out. Stephen was still around, looking like he was on the brink of tears.

"You're finally here, Dad. I don't know what's wrong with Devin. He suddenly said that he wanted to bring Jasmine and I to Moranta, and wouldn't listen no matter what we said. What are we supposed to do now?"

"Go, then. What do you mean 'what are we supposed to do?' He's all grown up now. Isn't that great?"

After receiving the news at the military base earlier, Jonathan seemed to be in better spirits, but he was still speaking angrily.

Stephen was even more anxious after hearing what the former said.

A few minutes later, whatever furniture that had been moved out was brought back, and Jasmine and Stephen's plane tickets were refunded. Moreover, to be on the safe side, Jonathan contacted the airline company to let them know that both of them were restricted from leaving the country for a year.

Stephen kept silent.

Seeing that everything was settled, Jonathan finally headed back to the Oceanic Estate.

Right before he left, he reminded his son, "Tell that b\*stard to come to find me."

With that, he left grouchily.

The old man had been in an irritable mood recently. Not only was there an unfilial son, who would wreak havoc at home, but there was also a normally obedient grandson causing trouble now.

How can I possibly be in a good mood?

He was still furious when he arrived at the estate.

"Daddy, did you make a wrong step here? From what I saw earlier, it shouldn't be here."

"Yes. I saw it too."

Surprisingly, when he stepped into the living room, he saw three children surrounding a young man by the couch. They were all engrossed in their game of chess.

Jonathan was so stunned at the sight of them that he stopped in his tracks.

It was something he had never seen before.

Ever since he brought them back to the estate, he was sure that two of them were Sebastian's children, because they looked so much like him.

However, Sebastian didn't remember them due to his multiple personality disorder.

That was why even though they were under the same roof, they rarely interacted with their father. At least, Jonathan had never seen them hang out with each other.

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Though he began to display a fatherly presence again by showing concern for them and having them well taken care of, it was still rare for him to spend time with them like he did at the moment.

"No, you can't undo the move you've made. Basic chess rules."

Though Sebastian spoke mildly, his stance did not waver in the face of the children's pleas.

Matteo and Vivian were rendered speechless as they were unaccustomed to their father's firmness. Only Ian frowned thoughtfully for a moment before reaching out tentatively and moving one of his black pieces.

The next instant, Sebastian's white piece dashed across the board to seal the fate of black's defeat.

The triplets sighed, crushed by the merciless blow.

What are we supposed to do? Daddy isn't the same as how he was before. He is not going to let us win.

To the children's surprise, Sebastian scooped Vivian up who was closest to him as he stood up.

"All right, let's get out for some fresh air. Would you like to fly a kite today, children?"

"Yes please, Daddy! I would love to!"

"Yes!"

"I want to blow bubbles, Uncle Sebastian. I want to blow big ones."

In the span of several seconds, the trauma of defeat was washed off their faces at the prospect of another activity with their father.

Jonathan watched Sebastian leading the children out and found his eyes moist for no apparent reason.

In fact, his anger mysteriously dissipated as well.

Jonathan headed for the study.

After half an hour, Devin called. "Did you tell them that I had hemophobia?" he demanded over the phone instead of coming to Oceanic Estate.

"What do you think?" Jonathan retorted, neither confirming nor denying it.

Incensed by that provocative answer, Devin felt the pressure of his suppressed emotions throughout the entire day erupting.

“What do I think? What exactly do you mean? Why did you prevent me from joining the International Anti-Terrorist Group? Isn’t my absence a good thing for you?”

“A good thing?” Jonathan repeated. The rage he had suppressed mere moments before reared its head again. “Why would you think that it’s a good thing for me? Tell me!”

Devin was about to retort but at the last minute swallowed his pride and bit his tongue, prompted by the strict upbringing he had.

Because the successor you have in mind for the Jadesons is not me. Because I am never good enough for you and your standards.

“This will be the last time we’re discussing this. Just know that this is my decision and also what I’ve planned for my own future. If you try and stop me, I will just volunteer myself as a civilian instead of a military man.”

At that final threat, Devin hung up.

Jonathan almost smashed the phone in his anger.

This good for nothing brat!

At that moment, Tony the butler appeared with a cup of tea and sighed at his master’s fury.

“Mr. Jadeson.” Tony cleared his throat. “If I may, I think that you have been a little too harsh on Mr. Devin. If you’ve said what you said to somebody less tolerant, it would have been a blow.”

“Can’t you see how angry the boy makes me?” Jonathan grumbled, though his scowl diminished while his rage disappeared almost entirely.

“Yes, and you have a right to be,” Tony continued patiently. “But you have no idea how hurtful your words are to so many people. Though Ms. Jasmine had done wrong, she is still Mr. Devin’s mother. How could he tolerate such awful things you said about her?”

Jonathan was unable to retort.

“Besides, Mr. Jadeson,” Tony pressed on. “Ever since Mr. Sebastian was found, you have been neglecting Mr. Devin. Even in your speech you frequently express your displeasure toward him. Have you not noticed?”

How brazen for Tony to speak up against me like that!

Jonathan froze, his temper about to act up and deny all the allegations made about him.

Upon second thought, he found that he was unable to refute Tony. Discontent, he sat where he was and fumed.

It is true. I have been taking it out on the brat of late.

At that moment, Sasha was waiting for Devin at Red Pavilion.

As she had not contacted him prior, she did not know where he was. Being unable to do much else, she showed up at his house.

Fortunately, he had yet to depart. She spotted him as he emerged.

“Mr. Devin, you’re finally back.”

When she caught sight of his car, Sasha waved as she heaved a sigh of relief. It had been a long wait outside of his villa.

Devin stared at her in annoyance as he was not in the mood for socializing in the wake of his argument with Jonathan.

However, he still descended the vehicle at the sight of her.

“Why are you here? Is there anything urgent?”

“Yes. I would like to discuss the incident that I caused, Mr. Devin. I behaved rashly as I was searching for the true culprit of the children’s poisoning, but it did not occur to me that it would cause you so much trouble. Mr. Devin, I-”

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Sasha was thinking of apologizing to appease him enough to stay.

Before she could finish, Devin interjected. “I want to ask you something. If something were to happen to your child that day, what would you do?”

“What?”

"I know that it wasn't my mother's doing. But the fact remains that your children were still poisoned. After that, you have nursed the children back to health fairly quickly. Forgive me for being presumptuous, but I can't help suspecting that you've concocted that story to set my mother up."

Sasha was stunned, not expecting him to have turned it around against her.

She stared at him with wide unblinking eyes, wondering if she had misheard him.

"What are you saying? What story?"

"Do you not understand? I sympathize with what you did, I really do. Charles and his family are gone. Connor is no longer here as well. The only person left to have caused your family to be broken up is me. Isn't dealing with me the next logical step for you?"

As he spoke, he reached a hand out toward her face.

Before Sasha could react, she felt two fingers beneath her chin preceding a forceful tug and a sudden chill. Her mask was peeled off so quickly that it took her completely by surprise.

"You—"

Her mind a blank, she stood glaring at him wordlessly.

Devin too was momentarily stunned, not expecting to actually peel off her face.

Another possible reason for his reaction was that it was the first time he was gazing upon the true face of the woman whose death he had almost caused.

After ten or so seconds, Sasha regained her composure.

She snatched back her face from his hand, stumbling backward as she did so.

"So you knew it was me. Very well, Devin! Under these circumstances, you could still think of me that way. Sebastian is very lucky to call you his brother."

Suppressing the torrent of emotions within her, she laughed jeeringly in an attempt to hide how she truly felt.

Devin turned pale. "I-I didn't do it on purpose."

"That's fine," Sasha said unexpectedly. "It's better this way for us to speak frankly with one another."

Devin felt slightly assured. "Okay. What would you like to talk about?"

"I think I should be asking you that question. What did you mean by what you said earlier? Why did you think I was luring your mother out? Do you think of me as an enemy?"

"Aren't you?" demanded Devin, his gaze darkening like never before.

Sasha was speechless with indignation. How could he say such a thing?

Upon further reflection, she could not blame him for thinking this way. Since the bloodline of Jared was extinct, his would be next in line.

Sasha clenched her fists.

"No, I am not thinking of avenging myself just yet."

His eyes brightened up considerably like an extinguished ember regaining an optimistic glow.

"It doesn't matter to me whether you choose to believe it or not. As I've said, I do not have the intention to avenge myself just yet. Aside from still recovering from having all the bones in my body broken, my face is still in ruins. The reason why I wear a face mask is so that my face could heal. Other than that, I could spare no energy thinking about anything else."

She did mean every word. Being a patient recuperating from severe injuries, she could not handle too much at the moment. Vengeance was something that would cost too much energy than she was physically able to spend.

Therefore, the most important thing to her at that juncture was that she could nurse Sebastian back to health.

With his greatest worry neutralized, Devin brightened up considerably.

To the couple, he was the villain.

When Devin had noticed that Jonathan changed his mind about Sebastian, he opted to back out and save himself the pain and embarrassment of competing with him.

To his immense relief, Sasha was confirming that she had no intention of avenging herself against him.

Devin suddenly felt that he found a glimmer of hope.

"I know now."

"What do you know?"

"While we're on the subject, my mother really wasn't the one to have poisoned the children. Your denial about your own involvement makes me certain that there are other things going on behind our backs. I will get to the bottom of this."

Frowning suddenly, his expression grew serious at the mention of that.

Sasha's face paled at the conviction of his testimony.

Was it really not the doing of his mother? Whose, then?

At the recollection of that horrifying incident, Sasha felt a cold creeping down her spine. Her limbs grew cold at the forceful reminder of the fear she felt that day.

Meanwhile, in the room of the hut, the man in the white shirt had been writing for a very long time. So long, in fact, that the other man outside felt his calves numbing from kneeling for that duration.

"Have you found out the truth? Was it that little sh\*t who have caused the death of Hubert and the rest?"

"That's right, but we have no evidence. After he had made a scene at the military base, he boarded a helicopter and headed for Norland in front of everybody. We were unable to apprehend him because that was his alibi."

The man who had been writing snorted coldly.

"He had planned for that in advance. Hubert was a fool to have provoked that mad dog out of all the other people. I'd heard that he had not only placed something in his brain. He mutilated him as well?"

"Y-Yes, he did," the man kneeling outside chimed in without thinking, his mind's eye suddenly filled with the grotesque scene he had witnessed.

The man inside the hut grew interested. "Then how did he die? I'm curious to find out how would the madman avenge his lackey."

"H-He lost his p-parts down there," the other man stammered. "His organs had been pulverized as well. When they found him, all of his insides had turned to mush. They suspect that he was pumped full of corrosive liquid."

The man who had been writing failed to suppress a shudder.

A madman indeed!

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For a while the man busied himself once more with his writing, not intending to resume the conversation.

After a final flourish of his pen, he placed it down and glanced through his masterpiece in admiration before pouring himself a cup of tea. "How is it going over at Oceanic Estate and Red Pavilion? Is the plan successful?"

"Yes, it is." The man who was kneeling on one knee outside the hut gazed up optimistically.

"Jasmine is not released yet. I've heard that Devin had volunteered as a member of the International Anti-Terrorist Group. Red Pavilion had dismissed their housemaid as well. That should be the first time he is rebelling against Jonathan."

"Mmm, not bad." The man inside the hut appeared satisfied with the outcome.

Devin was deemed by many to be a capable member of the Jadeson family. Since Jonathan's retirement, no one in the Jadeson family had managed to live up to Devin's potential.

Even Charles who was capable enough did not have the charisma and brains of Devin.

That was why it was an imperative part of their plan to draw him away from his family. Devin's absence would undoubtedly crumble the Jadesons' power by at least half. The next stage of subduing the madman and Jonathan would be much easier.

He took a sip of tea before picking up his pen again.

It is worth it to exchange three useless lives for the demise of the Jadesons.

When Sasha returned to the Oceanic Estate, Jonathan had already gone out again.

The Jadeson residence did not seem as peaceful as it had been in the past. It was as if the tension after Devin's actions was palpable in the air, shared even by the servants.

Sasha did not let on any clue that she was aware of what was going on. Instead, she headed straight for the garden to her children.

"Mommy, are you back?"

The triplets who were enjoying themselves in the garden ran over and surrounded their mother joyfully.

Sasha smiled and knelt before them. "What are you bunch doing? Look at you, all sweaty and sticky!"

To her surprise, she discovered that they were sweaty. In fact, her daughter's pigtails were drenched.

"We're flying kites today, Mommy," Vivian replied happily. "Daddy took us out to fly kites."

"Is that so?" Sasha exclaimed as she gazed affectionately at Vivian.

Matteo hugged his mother. "Of course it's true, Mommy. Daddy played chess with me and Ian today, too. We felt bored that you weren't here earlier, so we went to look for him instead. He'd actually agreed to spend time with us."

Ian said nothing, though his usually reserved expression betrayed a hint of happiness.

Sasha felt her nose twinge. She reached out to pull all three into her arms.

It is a difficult change, yet it happened.

Though Sebastian had accepted them as his own children, he had lost all memories of fatherhood with them. As a result, Sebastian interacted with them as though he was learning how to be a father for the first time.

Up until recently, the children have been devastated to have been treated with such coldness by their father.

It's much better now that he is willing to spend time with them.

Sasha held them as tears of gratitude ran down her face, unaware that at that moment Jonathan had returned to the mansion. He led a group of people behind him as they crossed the hallway.

"Mr. Jadeson, Dr. West is..."

On their way through the garden, Tony paused to stare at Sasha embracing the three children.

Jonathan did not notice as his mind was still buzzing with his interaction with Devin.

When Jonathan sought him out earlier, he was expecting the former to start another violent quarrel with him.

Unexpectedly, Devin admitted to his mistakes the moment he saw Jonathan and guaranteed that he would remain at the Jadeson residence.

It is a transformation filled with suspicious motives, to say the least.

Jonathan started and turned to Tony. "What did you just say?"

"Look over there." Tony pointed at Sasha and her three children sharing a warm embrace.

It was only then that Jonathan finally noticed them.

The sight did nothing to relax his furrowed brows. In fact, his gaze became darker.

"Why are the two children so intimate with her? I am their great-grandfather and they don't even hug me like that. How does an outsider like her do it?"

His outburst conveyed his displeasure plainly.

Tony too felt mystified. He had seen the two children being close to her and seemed to appear very happy every time they saw her.

Looking at Sasha's smile in her children's embrace, he couldn't help but feel jealous.

"Mr. Jadeson, do you think that there's something strange going on with that doctor?"

“What is strange about her?”

“Haven’t you noticed? She seems extra attentive to the boys. In regards to the poisoning incident, she did put in the groundwork, but how could she have known that Kira would take them out and cause them harm?”

Jonathan became rooted to the spot, a new suspicion forming in his mind.

He gazed over at Sasha with a dangerous glint in his eye.

“Find out about her movements over the past couple of days,” he ordered. “Confirm her identity. When Grayson sent her over the first time, he had vouched for her. We should have conducted a background check on her. Send someone to find out everything there is to know about her.”