

# Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 876

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Devin clenched his fists. This was the first time he realized how useless and weak he looked in front of Sebastian.

“What are you thinking about, Devin?” Sasha asked him out of concern when she noticed that there was something off about him.

He was stunned before he recovered and replied, “Nothing. It’s just that I’m more relaxed now that you’ve said that. However, if he really is behind this, we won’t have smooth-sailing days ahead.”

Then, he took the initiative to help her analyze the upcoming situation for the Jadesons.

Worry was written all over Sasha’s face when she heard that.

“What should we do? Will he be all right?”

“He’ll be fine, so don’t worry. No matter what happens, we still have Grandpa. Otherwise, Sebastian wouldn’t have returned to the army.”

This was rather strange.

It was as if he had returned to the army not for training, but as a hiding spot after getting into trouble. After that, he left a mess for the old man to pick up after him.

Sigh!

Sasha did not know what to say now about her man’s behavior.

“If there’s nothing else, I’ll take my leave first. It’s best that you don’t go anywhere for the time being. It’s not very peaceful out there, so you should just stay put here at Oceanic Estate.”

“Okay,” Sasha agreed.

Then, he left.

...

There was some sense to Devin's reminder.

It was all doom and gloom in the White House since Baylor was brought back. The murderous air that blanketed the building was enough to suffocate anyone.

"Officer Stevens, is Mr. Baylor not out yet?"

"Not yet."

The police officer that was guarding the door shook his head solemnly when he saw Elizabeth coming again.

When she saw him shaking his head, huge tears began falling from her bloodshot eyes. She had not slept for an entire night.

"How long does he want to shut him up for? He's still ill! He won't be able to withstand this for much longer," she cried.

Nobody paid her any attention.

At this very moment, even the police officer that had spoken to her earlier began to ignore her with a frown on his face.

illness? Who cares about his illness now?

She ran away sobbing.

A few minutes later, a bespectacled middle-aged man walked up to them. He looked very elegant.

"Good morning, Mr. Clint!"

When the police officer saw him, he immediately gave the latter a proper military salute.

Horton nodded and asked, "How is he? Did he finally speak?"

The police officer's face immediately fell. "No, he didn't. Sir, are we really keeping him locked up? I'm afraid that he's physically too weak for this. He's already fainted twice last night."

This officer had served the White House for a long time. Hence, he did care for Baylor.

However, Horton merely sighed.

“What can we do? He’s already messed things up so badly at the White House. Don’t you see the fights going on with the Cabinet Council? If there’s no proper explanation for this matter, our president will not be able to justify himself.”

Clearly, he was referring to Alfred White, the president of this palace.

The officer had no choice but to fall silent.

Horton opened the door, only to be met with a chaotic room. His eyes soon fell on the man who was curled up in a fetal position on the floor.

While he looked completely fine, his eyes that were staring blankly out of the windows looked completely dead.

“Baylor, you must be hungry. Here, I’ve brought you some breakfast.”

Horton walked over and handed him the bread and milk in his hands.

He was ignored.

After being tortured for an entire night, it was as if Baylor could not hear nor see anything anymore.

Horton was silent before he sighed.

He had no choice but to put the things aside before pulling up the chair and sitting in front of the prone man.

“Baylor, it’s no use for you to keep quiet. It’s so messy out there that even the regular folk have come to protest in front of the White House. What can you solve by keeping quiet?”

“What do I say?”

He did not expect to elicit a response from the young man with those words.

However, there was a deep sense of sarcasm in his husky voice.

Horton was taken aback. “Of course, you should be talking about the microchips that you implanted in people. How many of these spies have you made? And who did you place these people with? You have to tell us all these things!”

“And after that?”

“After that, you will need to get rid of them quickly, of course. Baylor, do you still not realize the gravity of the situation? If your father is unable to calm down the others, more dirt on him will be uncovered. He could even get sued! Do you get it?”

Horton was so worried that he brought up the serious consequences of the matter. He hoped that Baylor could understand what he was trying to say and do something about it.

However, all Baylor did was laugh.

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His head was bowed as he laughed, his husky chortles sounding as sharp as a knife.

“So, he’s just protecting himself after all?”

“You...”

“Horton Clint, listen up. If he really wants to know everything, he should come and see me personally. Not like now, when all he does is send a few dogs like you to come and tempt or force me. You get me?”

Baylor had clearly lost all patience, his disdain and disinterest obvious in his eyes.

Horton immediately turned stony-faced.

How dare this kid call me a dog?

He shot up and snapped, “Baylor, watch your words! I’m just here to offer you a word of advice since I watched you grow up. How dare you say those things to me? Do you know what it means if your father were to come here?”

Baylor sniggered but offered no response.

What would it mean?

Death, of course!

However, he keeps sending these watchdogs to talk to me. Does that mean I won't have to die if I confess?

This was all a huge joke to Baylor.

Horton eventually left angrily. Two hours later, due to the commotion both in and out of the White House, Alfred had no choice but to make a personal appearance.

He looked very cultured and noble indeed.

However, his domineering aura was clear for all to see under his pleasant smile. This sent shivers down everyone's backs, even as respect for the man welled up.

This was the air of a leader!

"I'm here now. Spill it."

He walked in and immediately glared coldly at his son, who was still huddled in a corner.

Baylor moved slightly and slowly opened his eyes.

In truth, he was approaching his physical limits. He was already terminally ill, so how could he endure a whole night of torture?

He took a good look at his father who had finally appeared. With a slight twitch of his lips, he mustered every bit of his energy to prop himself up.

"Finally, you've relented and decided to come here?"

There was a hint of displeasure in his eyes which infuriated Alfred further.

"Stop stalling and start talking!"

Baylor laughed. However, he did not sustain that for long because doing so irritated that injured organ within him.

He closed his eyes and forced the bitter feeling back down his throat.

"All right, let me tell you the truth. All that I have done was in accordance with your intentions."

"What are you talking about? My intentions?"

“Oh yes, have you forgotten? I’m the pawn that you arranged secretly in order to reduce the power of the Jadesons. From the forceful cut of their power to the microchips today, aren’t all these your ideas?”

As if he were possessed, he sat staring at his father and suddenly laughed as he said those blood-curdling words.

Alfred felt like he had been struck by lightning.

This was his best-kept secret. In his bid to get rid of the Jadesons, he had never brought this up to anybody all these years. He had thought that this was the perfect plan with no loopholes at all.

However, he did not expect Baylor to tell him that he was the one who had completed all the tasks that he had set out all these years.

Alfred could not believe what he had heard.

“I don’t understand what you’re talking about.”

“You don’t understand me? Fine, I’ll explain it to you again.”

Baylor was not angry at all. His father’s disbelief led him to explain everything from the beginning again.

“The person you always look for is in a bistro. While it looks like a bistro, it’s actually a location where you carry out your plans. He likes to wear white shirts and paint while drinking coffee. In his leisure, he analyzes the relationships between the Jadesons. Am I right?”

He continued, “He has completed many tasks on your behalf, and the people that have helped him complete these tasks are men in black that have never revealed their faces. When they come to see him, they merely await his instructions behind a curtain, right? However, he never knew that the supposed men in black were just one person at the end of the day.”

Suddenly, he showed his father his hand.

Alfred was taken aback once again when he saw those pale and slender fingers.

Suddenly, Baylor touched his left pinky with his right hand.

Before Alfred could even react, he heard a crack. Baylor had broken his own pinky finger.

“What are you doing? Are you mad?”

His face changed as he dashed toward his son in surprise and anger.

“Don’t worry, this is fake. My finger was cut off at the bistro a long time ago for failing a mission.”

The pale-faced Baylor finally smiled.

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Even he did not know if he was smiling because he saw that hint of worry on his father’s face or because he had managed to prank somebody.

The smile stayed on his lips while his amber eyes were filled with amusement.

Alfred’s face fell.

He stared at the finger while a storm brewed within his chest. There was no way he would admit that he was trembling as his chest heaved wildly.

A wide chasm yawned between the father and son.

From the moment he stepped into this career, and when his son contracted the terminal illness, their relationship had already begun to deteriorate.

“I know that you’ve been secretly providing for my half-brother all this time. He is healthy and is also very intelligent. I also know that my mother has been very cruel and has done many wrong things. However, can you make sure my mother is well taken care of after my death? After all, I’ve already done so much for you.”

This was all that Baylor asked of his father right before he fell to the ground.

Alfred dashed to him.

He was practically on his knees as he hugged Baylor in his arms with reddened eyes. “Don’t talk anymore! I’ll bring you to the doctor immediately.”

At last, he was feeling regret as he picked his son up in a bid to look for a doctor.

However, it was already too late.

Baylor's vision was already blurry when he mumbled softly, "I-I followed your instruction to make only one microchip person. However, it was that idiot Hubert who made a mistake... Sebastian... it was all his fault. You have to watch out for him. If you want to take down the Jadesons, you have to... get rid of him first..."

Those were his last words to Alfred.

Then, his hand went limp as his head fell into Alfred's arms. It was as if he was a little boy falling asleep in his father's arms again.

Alfred trembled violently.

This was not the ending that he had expected at all.

He had never quite liked this son since he was born. This was because he was unhappy in his marriage and also because of Baylor's mother's excessive love for him.

For Baylor, he had nothing but stern words and icy glares.

Therefore, his first reaction was to assume a father's role no matter the situation.

He would save his son if he was about to die.

He would teach him a lesson if he caused trouble. On top of that, he expected his son to bear the consequences as well.

However, he had never expected his child to have done so much for him despite his disregard for him. His son had done so much to the extent of injuring himself and even losing his life.

Alfred tightened his embrace around Baylor.

Horton heard silence in the room when he came by again. Gleefully, he thought that the matter was already settled, so he immediately pushed the door open.

"Sir..."

Before any more words could leave his lips, he suddenly saw Alfred on his knees while hugging Baylor tightly.

His face fell and he could not utter another word.

A brief moment later, a ray of sunlight shone into the room and fell on the father and son.

"Tell them that my son has already committed suicide out of guilt."

"Yes, sir."

"Also, investigate Jonathan's bastard grandson. From now on, we won't do things from the shadows anymore. The White House's first target is to ensure that the Jadesons are completely wiped out from Jadeborough!"

"Yes, sir!"

Horton was delighted as he agreed. He then went off to make the announcement immediately.

Many people disliked the Jadesons here at Jadeborough. They had hogged the position as the top family for way too long. It was time for some changes.

Everyone seemed to sense this as well.

...

Sasha had been obedient and remained at Oceanic Estate the whole time.

When Jonathan returned in the afternoon, she saw that he looked grim and could sense his gloom even from a distance away.

What happened?

She was reading a medical book in the garden while having an online discussion with the psychology professor from Jetroina.

When she noticed Jonathan's countenance, she closed her book.

However, the two men did not stop at the garden. Instead, they headed directly to Jonathan's study.

Sasha did not call out for them. After sitting there for a while, she picked up her book and headed upstairs to rest.

A few minutes later, she sat comfortably on the couch to send out some text messages.

Sasha: Darling, what are you doing? Let me give you a little tip. If your training is tiring you out, you can lie down and stretch your limbs out in opposite directions. It's really quite comfortable.

She munched on her apple while recounting what she had learned from the medical book earlier.

However, she had not attempted that pose before.

Seeing that he had not replied to her yet, she put down her phone to grab a cup of coffee.

When she came back, she saw a reply from him.

Darling: What kind of nonsense are you reading again?

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Sasha was confused.

What nonsense? I read about this in a medical book!

Sasha immediately picked up the book and was about to take a picture to prove that she was not reading nonsense.

However...

Stretch your limbs out in the opposite direction?

She widened her eyes and realized that she had typed wrongly. Her face immediately burned with embarrassment.

Sasha: Oops, sorry Darling. What I meant was that you should stretch your right arm out when you place your right leg to your left.

Darling: ...

After that, he did not bother sending her any more messages.

Sasha could not help but smack her own head.

How could I be so dumb? All I had to do was copy it word for word!

She had no choice but to put down her phone and busy herself with something else.

However, another WhatsApp message popped up on her phone at that moment. It was a message from Devin.

Devin: Sasha, did you see the news? Baylor committed suicide.

Sasha: What are you talking about? Suicide?

She was utterly dumbstruck.

For the past few days, she had been awaiting the outcome of that matter and had even attempted to find out some information from the White House. She was so afraid to receive bad news about Sebastian.

However, this was not the outcome that she was waiting for.

It was only when she logged online that she finally realized that it was the truth. She had not been online at all recently, so she did not know that the huge commotion over the microchipped person had finally died down.

In its place was the scandal about the White House president's son committing suicide out of guilt!

This was such an explosive piece of news it nearly broke the Internet.

Devin: To commit suicide out of guilt is the best way for Alfred to handle this matter. His son's death marks the end of the matter, and his crisis is now over.

Baylor's face appeared in her mind, but she did not know what to say.

He still died in the end, and in the hands of his own father.

He has done so much for his father, only to be abandoned in the end. Did he think about that before he died?

Sasha fell silent for a long time before she began sending messages again.

Sasha: Will Alfred begin to target the Jadesons now?

Alfred: He will definitely not let this go easily. However, he must be greatly affected by this, so he should not be doing anything for now.

Sasha: That's good to know.

She heaved a long sigh of relief. They still had time to prepare as long as the White family did not fight back ferociously.

Sebastian should still be safe at the military base as well.

Instead of telling Sebastian about this, she contacted Karl first.

She decided to tell him about it so that he would come over immediately. After all, he was family, and they could do with some help from him.

“Madam, Old Mr. Jadeson would like to see you downstairs please.”

“Oh?”

Sasha was just about to send Karl a message when she looked up to see a servant speaking to her.

Jonathan is looking for me? What for? Could it be...

She suddenly thought of his stony face before she had come upstairs. Instantly, her heart clenched as she left her room.

“Okay, I’ll be right over.”

She then headed downstairs.

Indeed, when she went downstairs, Jonathan was already seated in the living room.

However, she saw another person next to him.

“Come here Sasha. I’ve something to say to you.”

Jonathan beckoned her over after he saw her.

Since she returned with her true identity, he had been quite good to her. He no longer treated her like an outsider.

Sasha walked up to him.

“This is your Aunt Janice. Since they heard of your return, the family would like to have a meal with you to get to know each other. Of course, this includes the children as well. What do you think?” Jonathan asked her opinion while pointing at the unfamiliar woman standing in front of her.

Oh?

Sasha was taken aback again.

Have a meal?

She had never thought about it. She had yet to consider the Jadesons as her family, and she believed that Sebastian felt the same way.

If so, why bother making an announcement?

Sasha smiled tactfully. "This may not be a good idea during a time like this. I'm not sure if you've heard but the news broke today about Baylor's suicide."

Jonathan's face fell. "You know about it?"

Sasha nodded. "Yes, Devin just told me about it. Therefore, I think it's better for us to keep a low profile for now."

"Sasha, this is where you're mistaken. This is just a family meal. It's not like we're boasting to the public. Don't worry about these."

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Before Jonathan even said anything, the woman who was standing beside him spoke up.

Having heard Janice Durant's voice, Sasha glanced at her.

Janice appeared to be around forty years old. She had porcelain skin and was dressed up elegantly. At that moment, she was looking at Sasha with a gentle smile on her face.

Sasha did not know what to say. Aunt Janice? When did such a person appear among the Jadesons? Also, she doesn't look like an arrogant person like Jasmine.

"Yes. Janice's right. It has nothing to do with the Jadesons. Don't worry about that. Just bring the children over tomorrow," Jonathan said.

He was insufferably arrogant as usual, as if other people did not exist.

Sasha knew that she could not reject them anymore. She could only leave with Janice.

"I heard that you were coming back. Everyone was delighted at the news. That's why they suggested holding a reception party for you, and I volunteered to help you."

When both of them left Oceanic Estate, Janice explained to Sasha in a gentle voice.

The latter glanced at her several times.

Ever since Sasha came back, she had met many women around Janice's age, including Jasmine, Candice, and also Yancy.

However, Sasha knew that all of them were scheming women. Although they looked friendly on the outside, they were secretly plotting to destroy her.

Yet, Janice seemed to be different.

After Sasha and Janice left Oceanic Estate, they went to the most bustling area of the city and found a high-end store that specialized in customized gowns.

"Niece-in-law, this is the best boutique in town. Which kind of design do you like?"

"Me?" Sasha was stunned.

She came to the realization that Janice had brought her there to customize a gown. Is this necessary? It's just a dinner party.

Sasha looked at all the dresses in the store and said, "I don't think this is necessary. We're just going to have dinner together."

"No, it's a must. Dad ordered me to do this. Just accept it with an open heart. After so many years, this is the first time I've seen him be so meticulous over something," Janice persuaded solemnly.

Sasha pursed her lips and kept quiet.

After buying a gown, Janice brought Sasha to buy some jewelry in a jewelry store. The older woman chose all the best ones for her. All the passersby were casting envious glances at Sasha, including Janice, who was coincidentally shopping there.

"Mrs. Jadeson, isn't that the branch descendant of the Jadesons? How did she suddenly become so rich? She's buying such expensive jewelry for that other woman."

"That's right. Mrs. Jadeson, you've never experienced that before, have you?"

All the wives of the various prominent families around Jasmine started asking her about Janice.

When Jasmine heard all their comments, her face darkened.

Some time ago, Devin had gotten her out of jail after the poisoning incident. Ever since then, she had obediently stayed in Red Pavilion and had not gone out in a while.

Today was the first time she mustered up the courage to go out with several wives of other wealthy families. Unfortunately, they had witnessed that scene.

Jasmine was staring at Janice and Sasha. Who's that young woman? She must be Sebastian's newly wedded wife. The news has spread widely among the Jadesons. Now, everyone knows that she's not dead. I can't believe she has returned here. But why is Janice Durant the one buying her jewelry and gown?

Jasmine was beyond jealous.

In her opinion, Janice was not qualified to greet and take care of the granddaughter-in-law of the Jadesons. I should be the one doing that!

"Mrs. Jadeson?"

"I've got something to do. All of you carry on. I'll go first."

Jasmine turned around and left, leaving all the other women befuddled.

In the jewelry store, Janice and Sasha had not seen Jasmine. They left the shopping mall after they were done with their purchases.

"Niece-in-law-"

"Just call me Sasha," Sasha interrupted Janice.

Janice was taken aback for a moment.

Shortly after, she smiled and said, "All right. Sasha, shall we go home now?"

Sasha shook her head and said, "No. It's time to pick the children up from school. I have to go now."

"Okay. I'll have to drop by Chartreuse Heritage Kitchen to order some dishes for tomorrow. Take care of yourself, Sasha," Janice reminded before she left.

As she nagged, she reminded Sasha of Wendy.

Later, Sasha drove toward Opal Garden Academy.

It was the first time she went to the school. Before that, although she knew that her sons were studying there, she had not dared to make an appearance because her identity had still been hidden.