

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 896

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At the same time, Sasha was sending messages to Sebastian, who was in the military base.

What made her even more incensed was that the parents in the WhatsApp group began to talk about the incident again.

Sasha: Darling, look at this! What kind of school is this? How could these parents say something like this?

Immediately after she sent the message, she took a screenshot of the group chat and sent it to him.

Grade 1 Class 4 Group Chat

Mikey's Mom: @Stanley's Dad, is your son okay? Did you bring him to the doctor?

Sally's Mom: Yeah, he was hurt so badly earlier. Why didn't the parents of those twins say anything? They just transferred here, and they're already beating others up like this. Will our children be in danger from now on?

Jayden's Dad: I'm so scared. Who are they? Why did they suddenly transfer to our school?

Sally's Mom: I heard that they transferred from Opal Garden Academy.

As soon as Opal Garden Academy was mentioned, it caused an uproar in the group chat.

That was because Opal Garden Academy was said to be the best school in Jadeborough, but they only cared about accepting students with good academic performance. Hence, not every student in it was from a rich family.

After Sasha read the messages of those parents that were full of disdain and contempt, she was filled with indignation.

Sasha: Do you see this? What kind of parents are these?

Darling: What's so strange about this? All of them are influential figures in this city.

Sasha: What did you say?

She looked at the reply in astonishment and froze on the spot.

Influential figures? Then, this school...

Darling: Opal Garden Academy is a public school, but the enrollment requirements are strict. The children born to these powerful figures are all good-for-nothings. Except for this school, where else can they go?

Sasha: Then, isn't this school worse? It's concentrated with all these second generations of officials.

Darling: What's so bad about that? Isn't your son the second generation of an official as well?

In an instant, she was rendered speechless while staring at Sebastian's reply.

No, they're not the second generation. They're the fourth generation! Wait, that isn't the main point. Most importantly, has he admitted that his descendants are the second generation of officials? Also, what does he mean by this? Knowing that it's full of second generations of officials, he still sent the children there? Isn't he afraid that with the temperament and IQ of his sons, they'll cause a lot of trouble? For instance, they'd already started today.

The more she thought about it, the more uneasy she felt.

Sasha: Darling, are you planning something again?

Darling: No.

There was another moment of silence.

After waiting for a long time, she was about to put down the phone. At that moment, he sent her a voice message.

"Let Mark settle this kind of thing in the future. You stay at home and tidy up the room. I'll be back in a few days."

Suddenly, he changed the topic.

He'll be back in a few days?

When Sasha heard his magnetic and deep voice, she instantly forgot everything and was so happy that she almost lost her sense of direction.

Sasha: Okay, Darling. I'll do it right away.

Then, she tossed the phone aside and ran to the third floor to clean up the room happily.

On the other hand, Sebastian was relieved after seeing the last message on the phone and turned around to continue training.

He was indeed planning something, and it was something big.

However, he did not want her to get involved.

Even Jonathan probably did not understand it.

In fact, Jonathan really could not comprehend why Sebastian would transfer the children from the best school in Jadeborough to such a terrible school.

A week later, someone told him that many students in that elementary school began to transfer to another school, especially those with parents who held important posts. In just a few days, they had gone through the transfer procedures for their children.

What happened?

Looking at Mark, who was in charge of picking up the children, he asked, "What's going on?"

A fine sheen of sweat covered Mark's forehead as he answered, "Mr. Ian and Mr. Matteo have been fighting almost every day in the school and beat them away."

"Beat them away?" Jonathan was in disbelief. "Why did they beat the others? Haven't they always been well-behaved?"

"Yes, they were well-behaved at first, but later, after the news about them transferring over from Opal Garden Academy was exposed, many students laughed at them and snatched their things. That was why Mr. Ian and Mr. Matteo started fighting with them."

Hearing that, Jonathan was at a loss for words.

"So, they ran away after getting beaten up?"

"Uh..."

Mark did not dare to say that a large part of the reason those students would leave was that after they were beaten up by Ian and Matteo, they found out that the twins were actually the great-grandsons of the Jadesons.

Then, they were scared away.

No one in Jadeborough had seen the Jadesons send their children to such a school for so many years.

The children of the Jadesons were so precious that they were usually treated with utmost care. With such an identity, why would they come to such a school?

Hence, the only explanation was that there had to be another purpose for them to transfer there.

Upon realizing that, those parents could not help but think of the White family, who had just fallen out with the Jadesons not long ago.

Everyone was afraid to get involved.

Thus, on that night, many people moved away with their families. When the White House heard of the news, more than half of the Cabinet Council were no longer in Jadeborough.

“Jonathan Jadeson!” Alfred furiously roared while reaching out to flip the table in front of him.

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In a war, if one wanted to increase one’s chances of winning, removing the opponent’s supports first was indeed the best way.

When Jonathan finally knew about it, he was shocked at first, but he felt ecstatic immediately afterward.

“It seems like Mr. Sebastian is helping you out now.”

“Yes.” Jonathan nodded, and his eyes were full of smiles.

At the same time, Mark also smiled. “If that truly is the case, that would be great as we don’t have to worry about things anymore. With Mr.

Sebastian's abilities, dealing with the White House is like a walk in the park."

Jonathan agreed with him as well.

He was well aware that if it were not for the powers he held in his hands, he would definitely not be able to fight against the White House all these years.

Even Baylor was able to maneuver such brilliant and covert schemes.

How could Jonathan be a match for that?

Because of that, he had been tense and dared not to relax at all over the years, not until he found the proud grandson that he once lost.

At that moment, he decided that he would personally pick Sebastian up on the day he came out.

In the meantime, Sasha was also waiting.

That day, she went to Sabrina's bar and told her about the good news. "Sebastian is coming back."

"Really?"

As expected, Sabrina, who was learning to mix cocktails with the bartender, widened her eyes in surprise.

"When he's back, bring him here to celebrate, won't you?"

"Okay. We can take this opportunity to call Devin out too," teased Sasha.

In an instant, Sabrina blushed with embarrassment. Then, she glared at Sasha angrily, turned around, and continued to mix drinks.

After staying for a while, Sasha went back to work.

"Shae, look, this is the bar I told you. How is it? Isn't the environment splendid?"

Just as Sasha was about to head over to the office for work, a large group of young men and women came into the bar.

The person who was at the head of the group was wearing a white dress, her long black hair hanging over her shoulders. At first glance, she looked surprisingly gorgeous.

Shanae Woods? Why is she here?

After Sasha caught a glimpse of the woman, she immediately recognized who she was.

“Not bad.”

However, Shanae did not notice Sasha. Standing among the group of people, she shot an arrogant look around the bar and nodded reluctantly.

When those people saw that, they instantly felt happy.

“Then, we’ll celebrate your birthday party here. Finn, hurry up and book a private room.”

“There’s no need to book a private room. Since it’s Shae’s birthday, of course we have to book the entire place!”

A man dressed in fancy clothes, who looked like an heir from a wealthy family, boldly exclaimed that he would book the entire bar.

Book the entire place? The daily revenue of the bar is at least three million. Since Sabrina is such a shrewd woman, this man will probably end up having to pay five million. Well, he seems to be extremely rich anyway.

Sasha did not bother about them and went to do her work.

Ten minutes later, Sabrina, who had come over, fiddled on the calculator on the bar counter. As Sasha expected, she quoted a price of five million.

“Five million!”

When those people heard that, all of them widened their eyes in shock.

As the man who said that he would book the entire place, Finn Quigley’s face fell as well.

“My daily turnover is more than four million. If you want to book the entire place, I will have to reject the business of some old customers. All those are losses, you know. Also, if you want to pursue a woman, you have to be generous. See, the woman of your dreams is not happy that you’re hesitating.”

Finally, Sabrina sat at the bar counter and reminded Finn while glancing at Shanae.

What a minx.

After being provoked, Finn finally gritted his teeth and agreed.

When the group of people behind him heard that, they all cheered, and Shanae lifted her head proudly with a smug expression on her face.

How could she feel upset when someone spent five million for her birthday?

Hence, the bar was booked by that group of people for that day. They invited a lot of people and cut the cake at the center of the dance floor.

That day, Shanae was adored and pampered by everyone present.

In the meantime, Sabrina hid in the room and secretly sent someone a message. Since someone had booked the entire bar, she did not have much work to do.

Sabrina: Devin, I'm free today. Should we go out for a meal?

Devin: No.

Sabrina: Why? Are you busy? I've been here for so many days. I don't mind that you didn't come to support me, but how can you reject my invitation for a meal too?

Devin: ...

Sabrina: Fine. I won't bother you anymore.

Shortly afterward, she put down her phone as a depressed look took over her face.

A few minutes later, Sasha, who was in the office auditing the accounts, saw a dejected woman standing at the door.

"You wanna have a meal together?"

"Huh? Now?" Sasha looked at the watch on her wrist.

Infuriated, Sabrina responded, "Yes! Only after eating can I have the strength to work!"

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Sasha had no idea where this woman's bountiful flirtatiousness stemmed from but since it was a lunch invitation, she decidedly tidied up and stepped out.

"Well, come on."

"Oh, all right..."

Sabrina was finally sufficiently satisfied. She snapped her fingers and the two of them prepared to set off.

It was at this moment that a server from the bar hustled over. "Boss, the gentleman who booked the entire place said that he wants us to help with the decoration. The flowers and balloons have already arrived. Should we go ahead with his request?"

Decoration? Does he think that this is his wedding venue?

The short-fused Sabrina reflexively thought about declining the request but Sasha held her back.

"Since you've accepted such a generous payment from him, surely it's not that big of a deal to lend a hand? It's not like you have to do it yourself."

Sabrina twitched her lips and grunted grudgingly.

Following that, she sent some people to move the delivered flowers, balloons, and the likes inside.

"Wow. This rich brat's quite the lavish spender, isn't he? Buying this many white roses must have cost a bomb."

"Of course, each and every stalk was directly air-flown from overseas."

"Damn... Air-flown, huh? Isn't it just a birthday celebration? Who's the girl that this wealthy scion is splashing out so much money for?"

Those assigned to the task started to speculate fervently amongst themselves because all of the flowers that were delivered were non-native and unavailable locally. Everyone became intrigued by Shanae.

Sasha was not around and Sabrina had no idea who Shanae was. She was scrutinizing the flowers in the workers' hands when she overheard their exchange.

Imported? Haha. That has got to be the lowest quality stuff.

Sabrina took it upon herself to direct the staff to move everything to the bar's main dance floor.

"Hey, pretty boy. Your stuff's here. How do you want them to be set up?"

"Go check with Shae."

Unexpectedly, that rich boy pointed his finger at the stage. Seated right in front of it was a girl in a white dress who was the center of everyone's attention.

Sabrina's sight, too, naturally fell upon her.

Truth be told, the high and mighty Sabrina Hayes had never served anyone before. For the sake of that five million, however, she decided to make an exception, just for today.

Sabrina thus strolled over. "Tell us how you want it done, sugar."

Shanae rolled her eye at Sabrina. "How will y'all be able to turn this dump into anything half-decent? Just go on ahead and do whatever."

The quietly seething Sabrina was that close to flipping the table and storming off.

What the hell? She was outraged by that slight.

Finn happened to be walking by. When he heard Shanae's words, he immediately started to pacify her. "What sort of decorations would you like, Shae? How about we all work together to get it done?"

"Yeah, Shae. Just say the word and we'll make it happen."

A minor commotion broke out below the stage when the people who had gathered there seconded his proposal.

Sabrina watched as that lass impassively turned her eyes skyward while she sat there. "The Dysonii. Do you guys know how to create that?"

"Why, yes! Of course we do!"

The group nodded agreeably before they rolled up their sleeves and got to work.

What the heck is a Dysonii?

Sabrina's brows furrowed. She had no clue as to the meaning of the term.

However, she felt a little more at ease once she saw how this group seemed able to execute their task without the involvement of her own people. Hence, she decided to pack it in and head out with Sasha as they had earlier planned.

"Say, who's this Shanae?"

"Don't you know she's the scion of the Woods family? That illustrious family of academics based in Jadeborough?"

Sabrina suddenly overheard someone discussing the girl's identity on her way out.

An illustrious family of academics?

Not exactly well-informed culturally, Sabrina was not able to grasp the significance of this girl's stature.

Regardless, she inferred from what she did manage to pick up that the girl must be someone rather important. With that understanding, she became less surprised as to why the girl had so many people fawning over her.

Sabrina was about to make her exit when she was stopped in her tracks.

"Um, why are you leaving, Boss? Aren't you going to stay and assist us?"

"What?" Sabrina turned back wide-eyed. She thought she might have misheard the question. "Assist you?"

"That's right. Don't you know how many bouquets we'll need to put together to form a Dysonii? We paid good money for this, so surely you're not expecting to be doing nothing."

One of the girls in the crowd immediately started to gripe when she saw that Sabrina still did not seem to get it. That displeasure quickly spread to the others in the group.

Most of their unhappiness seemed to be directed at the bar staff for not pulling their weight.

In spite of her own chagrin, Sabrina contained herself upon considering that the bar had only started operation recently. Subsequently, she recalled her staff and then proceeded to assist with the decoration effort.

It was at that point that she realized they were supposed to bunch up the roses into the shapes resembling a butterfly's wing, secure the creations with a string, and tack them onto the bar's wall.

Are you crazy? Is it necessary to go to such lengths?

When Sabrina saw the manner in which her staff was being pushed around, the habitually volatile woman decided that she had had enough.

"Hang on a second here. What's this for? To have this place looking like a butterfly? Is this approach even necessary? Can't you just arrange them directly? Why do you have to make it so troublesome?"

"Arrange them?"

Her comment prompted a sharp retort. "Do you think this is something you can simply clobber together? The arrangement you described can only be created by a skilled floral artist."

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"That's right. Would we need to mess around here if we were that good at it?"

"Forget it. There's no point explaining too much. She just runs a bar and probably doesn't have any understanding of something as sophisticated as floral art."

That last part was the straw that broke the camel's back.

Floral arrangement is the mark of sophistication?

Should that be the case, would someone like her, who cuts a stalk or two from her garden at home to fiddle with out of boredom, not be immersed in acts of sophistication day in, day out?

Sabrina found the comment terribly absurd.

She scrutinized all the scornful looks from those around her, including that of Shanae. Shanae's gaze was especially vile, as though she thought Sabrina was pathetic.

Me? Pathetic?

Sabrina bent down and gathered a few stalks of roses. She trimmed them up to their peduncles and then gently massaged the flower buds.

All those around her were astonished to see the closed buds starting to open up.

That was not all. After she was done with that step, she got someone from the bar to fetch her some steel wires.

The steel support was threaded through the peduncles and then maneuvered in such a way that fastened the flowers together. By doing so, she had created a cluster of blossoms that seemingly came straight from the gardens themselves. The crowd before her gawked.

This... This is simply incredible!

They had been painstakingly stringing the flowers, one by one, before grouping them together on the wall to form an ocean of blossoms. On the other hand, the proprietress of this bar managed to create the same effect with much less effort.

"This... is akin to the floral art from Thymion. This is no longer floral arrangement but a work of artisanal proficiency."

"Really?" Someone who knew a thing or two about the topic exclaimed when she saw this bouquet.

Everyone was in a state of stunned disbelief.

Shanae, too, looked thoroughly embarrassed when she saw that bouquet for herself.

How could this bar operator know how to do this?

According to what she heard, floral art from Thymion was much more arduous than the floral arrangement practiced locally. Only the wealthiest folks had the means to commission such works.

This woman knows how to do it. What does this imply?

Shanae then withdrew her own surprised gaze as resentment took over.

Conversely, Sabrina demonstrated magnanimity by introducing these yokels to a truly skilled floral arrangement. With a wave of her hand, she gestured to her staff to follow suit.

After ten minutes or so, the work was close to completion and Sabrina was ready to leave.

“Let’s have lunch, Sasha. Let’s go!” She beckoned to Sasha once again.

At this moment, a towering man decked out in an olive green military outfit suddenly showed up outside the bar’s entrance. Upon entering the premises, his keen eyes casually swept across the interior and landed on her.

“Sabrina?”

“Huh?” Sabrina, who was still barking out instructions, immediately turned around.

“Devin? You’re back!”

Letting out a cry of exhilaration, she stopped short of jumping for joy when she saw the handsome man coming toward her.

Devin acknowledged her with a nod. “Yeah. I was just passing through the area. What are you doing? Have you eaten yet?”

He seemed to be a little evasive—or perhaps his behavior could be better described as not as forthcoming as he had been before.

Not that Sabrina cared that much about the details, though. She was already over the moon when she learned that the man came by to ask her to dine together.

“Come on out, Sasha. Devin’s here to join us for lunch.” She raised her voice even louder.

Sasha did not hear her holler, however. Instead, Sabrina’s words caught the attention of Shanae who was being cheered on by the riotous masses to cut that three-tiered cake in the middle of the bar’s dance floor.

Devin?

She wondered if she heard it correctly. Why would anyone be calling that name here?

When she lifted her eyes, she chanced upon the unexpected sight of a bodacious woman throwing herself into the arms of a statuesque man near the bar counter.

Actually, Sabrina was merely grasping Devin's arm; she was not throwing herself into his embrace, per se.

That, however, was enough to infuriate Shanae, because the latter had come to recognize the tall and dashing man to be the very guy who she clamored for. Devin, the son of the Jadesons!

What is he doing here and what's the deal with that woman? Isn't she the owner of this bar? Why is she being so chummy with him?

Shanae's pretty face stiffened. No longer in the mood to cut the cake, she chucked the plastic knife aside, lifted the hem of her dress, and stormed over.

Tension filled the entire room. Even Finn, who was on one knee with a blue box in his hands, looked bewildered.

Oblivious to what was transpiring on the dance floor, Sabrina continued to cling onto the man's arm. "Where shall we go later?"

"Let go of me first!"

"What cuisine should we go for? Angladurn or Chanaean? I heard that there's a Chartreuse Heritage Kitchen here with an exceptional menu. Why don't we head over there and try it out?"

Sabrina paid no heed to the man's struggle.

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As before, she was being unabashedly clingy around him; she only tightened her tentacle-like grip on his arm when he tried to shake her off.

The veins on Devin's temples pulsed amidst his trepidation. That was when a white silhouette arrived at their side.

That figure stopped before them while they tussled away and pulled Sabrina away from the man without warning. She then sent one tight slap across Sabrina's face.

Slap!

Its crisp sound reverberated throughout the bar and turned it deathly silent.

Sabrina mentally blanked out from that backhand and stayed that way for a long time.

Even Devin was dumbstruck for a moment. His eyes then widened when he recognized who the newcomer was.

He had not had the opportunity to speak before that figure in white started to berate Sabrina. "Who gave you permission to pester my fiancé like that, you shameless slut? Who the hell do you think you are? How dare you consider yourself fit enough for him?"

Time seemingly came to a standstill for Sabrina. Upon hearing the woman's words, Sabrina turned and gave her a ferocious kick.

"Ah!" shrieked Shanae as she was ejected like a cannonball.

Everyone was dumbstruck by what unfolded before them. Devin, too, was so stunned that even his basic cognitive functions seemed to have deserted him.

Could that damned woman get any more violent than that?

"What did you just call me? Huh? I dare you to repeat that to my face!"

Upon seeing Shanae sprawling on the floor like a dead stray, the still-seething Sabrina went up to her and drove the heel of her stiletto right into Shanae's face.

"Ahhh!"

Not only did Shanae wail in anguish, but those who had come to throw a birthday bash for her also covered their mouths and gasped. Never before had they encountered such a belligerent woman!

"You ought to know that I have never in my life had anyone call me shameless or dared lay a hand on me. You really have the guts, huh?"

With eyes bloodshot, Sabrina drove her foot down forcefully.

To be honest, Sabrina genuinely had no qualms about killing anyone, but the man behind her suddenly strode over and reached out to grab hold of her. He was looking very stern.

“What do you think you’re doing, Sabrina? Get your foot off her.”

Sabrina then turned her head around to look at him.

In the midst of her rampage just now, she seemed to recall that Shanae spoke of Devin as her fiancé. That was also what seemed to have triggered her.

Fiancé? Since when did he have a fiancée?

Sabrina’s eyes narrowed in an instant. “Who is she? And what’s your relationship with her?”

That was greeted by silence from Devin.

“Devin Jadeson, you... Hurry up and get her off me. Know that I’m your fiancée. Should anything untoward happen to me today, my Grandpa won’t let you hear the end of it! You Jadesons are going to have a lot to answer to!”

At this pivotal moment, Shanae started to cry out whilst still trapped under Sabrina’s high heel.

The color drained from Sabrina’s face, and at the same time, she felt her own arm being pulled at so aggressively that she lost her balance and stumbled a few steps.

“That’s enough from you, Sabrina!”

“What did you just say?”

Sabrina lifted her head to look at the man who still had his hands on her. She was unable to wrap her own head around what she heard.

Not only did Devin drag her away and castigate her, but he also had a long face upon seeing Shanae on the floor.

He then relinquished his grip on Sabrina and went over to assist the other woman onto her feet.

In that instant, the remnant of the fire inside Sabrina was doused. She had lost all enthusiasm for everything pertaining to this man.

She realized that despair could come so easily.

Coincidentally, Sasha finally emerged. She reacted with dismay at the mess that transpired in the bar and immediately approached the ashen-faced Sabrina.

“What happened here?”

“...It’s nothing. Let’s go. I’m starving already,” Sabrina wistfully said with half of her face red and swollen.

Sasha clenched her fists.

Feeling a terrifying chill emanating from Sabrina, Sasha shot a look at the pair standing together not far away.

She held Sabrina and led her away.

After the two ladies left, the atmosphere in the bar became much more relaxed.

“How are you doing?”

Devin still had his hands around Shanae’s arms.

That kick from Sabrina packed quite a wallop, indeed, as she had been trained before—and especially when it was doled out in a fit of jealous fury. Thus, it was understandable for Shanae to be still reeling from the attack.

Never before been so humiliated, Shanae became agitated again when she heard Devin’s words.

“What do you think? Believe me when I say that I’m not going to just let this matter slide!”