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"Are you sure it's her? Do you have any proof?"

"Yes." Sasha took out the USB drive with her manuscripts in it and showed it to Sharon.

"This is the evidence. All the books I wrote and published are inside this USB. The manuscripts Xandra has are exactly the same, even the typos."

"How sure are you that no one else has seen this before?"

"I'm positive no one else has seen this before. I made a copy for Xenia and brought everything with me before I went abroad, so there's no way there's another person aside from her."

Sharon heaved a sigh and sat like a deflated balloon in front of her. Her face turned pale and the energetic glimmers that used to shine in her eyes were nowhere to be seen.

Sharon was a strong woman.

The Wand family was indebted to her. She was in no way related to the family, but because she married Jackson, she shouldered the burden and pulled the family through the hardest time.

She was a woman of pride and ambition.

For her whole life, she strived to perfect everything she laid her hands on, but everything was left in shreds because of her daughter.

Sasha suddenly felt a pang of guilt and remorse looking at the dispirited woman. She felt she should not have broken this news to her.

"I hope you understand why I'm here, Aunt Sharon. All this began with me, and I will end it."

After a long time, Sharon lifted her head and looked at Sasha. Her pale lips parted as she tried to find her words.

"What are you planning to do?"

Her broken voice tugged at Sasha's heartstrings.

She shifted her gaze and looked elsewhere. She could not bear to look at Sharon. "I won't take her life. I came today just to let you know in advance that if Xenia continues this, I will do everything I can to make her stop."

Everything you can?

Terror showed on Sharon's face. "What do you mean? She's your uncle's only daughter. Can't you just forgive her and give her a chance?"

Sharon ultimately sided with her own child in the end.

Shasha did not blame her for that. She was a mother herself, so she could totally understand.

"I did give her a chance. I called her before I came over, but she refuse to admit her fault. Aunt Sharon, you need to recognize the fact that Xenia will pay the price sooner or later. Sebastian and Mr. Hayes Sr. will still deal with her even if I don't act. They knew I'm the author of that book. Xandra was already in their hands. Do you think they will let Xenia go just like that?"

Sharon's silence was her concession. She knew what Sasha said was right.

She would rather her daughter end up in Sasha's hands rather than the Hayes'. She could still beg Sasha to keep it a secret, but not the Hayes.

Sharon closed her eyes as tears rolled down her cheeks.

"What are you gonna do to her? Send her away? Lock her up?"

"I won't. I'll just make her lose her memory about this incident," Sasha pronounced the sentence.

Sharon's eyes widened like two saucers. Never in her wildest imagination would she expect her niece to say that.

"Make her lose her memory? What does that mean?"

"Meaning I will make her forget about what happened completely. This is the only way I can make sure she will never do this again."

"Are you crazy?" Sharon yelled, springing from the chair. "Then, she'll forget everything else too!"

Sasha nodded. "But at least that will save her life."

Sharon glared at her in fury.

This was not the solution she was expecting from Sasha, but she was at a loss for words to reprimand her.

She would rather have Xenia lose her memory than lose her entirely. She could still make new memories with her child from scratch as long as she was alive.

Sharon slumped back in her chair at the thought.

This was not the Sasha she used to know. Back then, Sharon would readily ask her to go easy on Xenia, but not now.

She wanted to ask why Sasha could not just overlook this mistake just once, but she could not.

Sharon had never felt so helpless before.

"Alright. I will hand her over after new year."

Sasha nodded again and went downstairs.

She was miserable too.

They were like family to her, in fact, they were her only family. They were the last people on earth she wanted to harm.

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Unfortunately, Sasha did not have a choice.

She could not just let Xenia harm Sebastian nor let Sebastian go down with her.

Not on my watch!

Sasha got in the car and closed the door beside her. Hot incipient tears in her eyes rolled down her cheeks in streams.

"I'm sorry, Uncle Jackson and Aunt Sharon."

After some time, Sasha started the engine and got ready to drive off.

A thought came to her mind before she drove away. She wanted to see Dr. Rocke. She wanted to know how she managed to cure Sebastian.

There was also another thing Sasha could not understand. The doctor told her she was a ticking time bomb. What exactly does she mean by that?

Sasha set her GPS for the Rocke residence in Old Town. Just as she started driving, her phone rang.

"Yes?"

"Ms. Wand? Could you come home now? The Hayes sent Matteo home just now. He's not feeling well. It seems like he caught a cold yesterday."

"What? Matt fell sick?"

Sasha took a sharp U-turn and drove back to Frontier Bay.

When Karl saw this, he gave Sebastian a call. "Mr. Hayes, Ms. Wand is heading home."

Sebastian was still working at his immaculate office when he got the call. "What happened?"

"She stopped by her uncle's house for a while before coming out, but she stayed in her car for some time before leaving."

She stayed in her car? For what?

Don't tell me the two oldies scolded her because they wanted to save their daughter.

A hard look settled on Sebastian's face.

"Follow her closely for the next few days. Make sure to report back to me about every single detail. Keep a close eye on Xenia Blackwood too."

"Yes, Mr. Hayes."

Karl called his men and relayed the orders.

Sasha sped all the way back to Royal Court One. When she reached home, she was worried sick to see her son frail and pale.

"What happened, Matt? Why did you fall sick all of a sudden?" Sasha carried the boy over from Wendy's arms the moment she saw him.

She did not even greet Frederick when she saw him.

It was unusual for a healthy boy like Matteo to fall ill.

Matteo was a good baby growing up. Sasha had to take care of him and Vivian, so the boy saw to it that he never made his mother worry. He took good care of himself and was seldom sick, but he looked unusually weak today.

He did not even have the strength to call out to her when he saw her.

"I'm sorry, Mommy."

Ian came over and apologized when he saw Sasha's anxious face.

Sasha patted him on his head and comforted him. "It's not your fault, Ian. Don't beat yourself to it."

"Mommy, Matt fell sick after he went to grand-uncle's place. We won't go to his place ever again." Vivian came over and told Sasha.

Grand-uncle?

Sasha's brows furrowed and she finally remembered Frederick, who had been standing at the side all this while.

The old man held on to his walking stick and cleared his throat. "Everyone was over the moon when the kids came over. They all wanted to take the kids back with them, so I decided to just let them visit Roderick's place since he's the oldest among everyone else. They had a good time there but Matteo developed a fever at night. The doctor came over and did a check on him. He probably caught a cold when he was playing at the courtyard in the afternoon."

This was the first time Frederick talked to her privately after their last encounter. Xandra was around the last time they met, so they did not manage to talk.

After Frederick filled her in on what happened, Sasha nodded her head lightly and brought Matteo upstairs.

Wendy and Tim watched in horror as Sasha and the kids walked away.

They were appalled by her audacity.

Sasha brought Matteo to her room while the children went to get medication and warm water.

"Don't worry, Matt. I'm here. You'll be okay, Matt."

"Mommy..."

The playful boy was reduced to a sickly boy because of his fever.

It pained Sasha to watch him as he cuddled in her embrace.

She put the boy down in the bed and took his pulse. Much to her confusion, Matteo's pulse was weak. This was not how it used to be.

This is definitely not a cold. He must have eaten something.

Sasha frowned and took out her acupuncture medical kit so she could treat him.

After some time, Matteo looked better and he could speak again.

"Mommy, I'm hungry."

"I'll make you some corn soup." Sasha was relieved to see Matteo better.