# Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 507

Sasha arrived in Lostaria.

"Excuse me, may I know how to get to the Tsurka family residence?"

"Might you be asking about Jade Garden?" the Jetroinian girl bowed politely and inquired in return.

Jade Garden?

Sasha did not know too much about the Tsurkas, but nodded reflexively when she heard that name. "Yes."

"You should take a taxi and go about three miles in this direction, Miss. When you see a yard full of peonies, you'll know that you're in the right place," said the girl who went on to offer further details.

Sasha thanked her promptly before she flagged down a taxi and headed toward the place described.

Peonies?

Does Jetroina have peonies? And an entire garden of it?

That was the one question Sasha obsessed over the short ride.

After ten minutes or so, her eyes widened in astonishment when greeted with the sight of a sea of deep purple and brilliant red before she steadily alighted.

They really are peonies!

Not only that, the entire garden was intricately imbued with an old-world charm. The walls which enclosed this sea of blossoms were constructed using blue bricks and red tiles, with circular sectors hollowed out at intervals within its wave-like form.

At first impression, she felt like she have stepped into a Chanaean garden back home rather than any place in Jetroina.

Why would a Jetroinian family employ such an architectural style?

That did much to pique Sasha's curiosity, and when she came closer, she discovered a sweet voice emanating from the other side of that wall.

"He's being difficult."

"What's the matter? Has he upset you again?"

The discontent conveyed through that delicate voice was followed closely by the gentle inflection of a concerned older male.

The woman sounded mildly miffed, and it was not certain what she was doing before the splashing of water was heard.

"He's not being appreciative at all. The reason why I kept that lass around was because he couldn't seem to move on from her, and now he's cussing at me and even threatening to jump to his death? Is he mental?"

Sasha was slightly taken aback.

This voice, doesn't sound that lovely anymore.

After hearing how the demure voice from before had seemingly morphed into that of a mean-spirited and foul-mouthed shrew, Sasha could no longer refrain from peering inside through that fan-shaped opening.

There was, indeed, a woman and a man inside, but to Sasha's surprise, they were not in a yard, but a hot spring surrounded by peonies on all four sides.

At this moment, a bikini-clad woman with a wicked figure was canoodling with a pot-bellied elderly man.

"So, this is what it's about. There's no need to get all worked up over this. The kid cares a lot about his pride and surely won't make a move for as long as that girl remains Sebastian's wife. But worry not. With Frederick now dead, we'll just have to wait until we secure all of Hayes Corporation's shares. When the time comes, wouldn't it be easy for us to have her marry Solomon?"

Sasha was all thunderstruck and mouth agape as she listened in.

Is Frederick... dead?

However, this was not the worst of it. The more terrifying sight she picked up through her vantage point was when the woman was happily coaxed into facing around toward the elderly man.

Smack!

Sasha's mind blanked out when she glared at the woman, stupefied.

How could this be?

This woman... why does she resemble that person in the photograph Mom had always kept close to her?

Mom said she's called Yancy Young, her very best friend who, unfortunately, passed away when her child was only eight.

Shell-shocked to see the woman still alive and kicking, Sasha staggered backward and missed her footing.

Crash!

"Who's there?"

The man inside the hot spring turned around sharply with a murderous gaze.

Sasha brought a hand over her mouth to prevent herself from crying out, but she had no time to escape before several deft shadows rose from within the Jade Garden and pounced upon her.

"How disappointing. I've considered letting you off this once on your mother Heather's account, but you just have to show up here. Now, you've no one else to blame but yourself."

After Yancy got dressed, she walked over with arms akimbo and regarded the woman who had been subdued by the bodyguards.

Sasha jerked her head up and glared back. "So, it really is you. Why did you do it? Why did you lie to my mother?"

"Hmm..." The woman finally evoked some semblance of self-consciousness. "It was... a matter of expediency back then."

"A matter of expediency? My mother supported and raised your son like her own until he turned eighteen, and kept his identity a secret at your request. When you wanted to send him abroad at eighteen, she put in the money and effort to make arrangements. And now, you're turning around to casually dismiss it as a matter of expediency? How could you, Yancy Young?"

Recalling everything that her mother did for this woman made Sasha choke up when she confronted her.

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Yancy appeared to be rather bristled.

"What the heck do you know? I did it all for the sake of vengeance, and besides, didn't my son already repay you for everything that your mother had done? When you were forced out by the Hayes and cast adrift overseas, wasn't my son the one who has been constantly helping you?"

"You..."

"Enough of this. I'm done talking. Now that you found out about me, you can forget about going back."

With a wave of her hand, the woman motioned for the few attending bodyguards to have Sasha pulled onto her feet and taken away.

Upon sensing her intentions, Sasha started to put up a desperate struggle. "You won't get away with this, Yancy. You killed Frederick and deceived your best friend into raising your son for you. Sebastian will surely seek you out to avenge his father, and nothing good shall befall you!"

The woman's lips pursed tightly before she suddenly raised her hand and slapped her.

Sasha, who was being dragged along, felt her own face arched to one side with a resounding smite.

"Nothing good shall befall me? What have I done wrong to be deserving of such a fate? At twenty, I became pregnant with the child of a man who would rather abort his own child in order to safeguard one who wasn't of his own blood. What wrong was I guilty of then?"

All inside the yard, including Sasha, fell dead silent.

What did she mean by that?

Safeguarding one who wasn't of his own blood?

"Listen here, Sasha Wand. I've already cut him enough slack, and all I want is Hayes Corporation. If I were to tell the world about his inglorious past, would you believe that it'll completely destroy the Sebastian Hayes you've come to know?"

The woman loomed over Sasha with savagery and hatred in her eyes akin to that of a viper capable of ending her at any time.

Sasha was motionless, and as though struck by something from above, she was suddenly devoured by a boundless terror and darkness which made her scream.

No. It can't be...

Elsewhere.

Sebastian brought a delirious Sabrina back to the Wand residence.

It was uncertain what exactly she was put through, but she was both anxious and fearful. She would scream hysterically whenever anyone else came near.

To think that this used to be the insufferable young lady of the Hayes family.

"There are some wounds found on Ms. Sabrina's body, Mr. Hayes, which the doctor has ascertained were produced by beating. As for her hysteria... it could have been induced by shock, coupled with the injection of some form of substance."

Karl regarded the state of the young lady of the Hayes before he cautiously explained with his back turned to her.

When his voice trailed away, Sebastian, who had his eyes fixated upon his sister all this time, drove his fist violently into the wall.

While Karl held his silence in response, the mentally disturbed Sabrina thumped her knees into the floor with her hands raised protectively over her own head.

"Stop. Don't hit me anymore. I'll perform... I'll go perform for them..." the terror-stricken woman kept prostrating toward Sebastian while she muttered to herself.

Widening his eyes in shock and without regard for his own bleeding knuckles, Sebastian rushed forth and supported her by her arms to help her onto her feet.

"Look at me carefully, Sabrina. I'm your brother!" Even the voice with which he howled beside her ear was quivering.

Brother?

Perhaps the volume had been loud enough this time that it seemed to have yielded some semblance of a response from Sabrina.

My brother?

"That's right, your brother," Sebastian felt a lump in his throat and his eyes just reddened for no rhyme or reason.

The two siblings had never actually hailed each other as sister or brother before this.

Owing to their personalities and some things that happened over the course of their formative years, they usually either called each other by their full names or yelled at each other when things went south.

However, Sebastian told her straight up that he was her brother.

For a moment, Sabrina seemed to have calmed down, but her eyes then quickly glazed over. "Why didn't my brother come and rescue me? Does he blame me for losing his wife?"

The air in the room became stagnant to the point of suffocation.

"No, I didn't do it on purpose. Not on purpose..."

Then, she suddenly started to struggle violently, and with that, her face became awash with tears and overcome by pain and self-reproach.

By the time the thunderstruck Sebastian came to his senses, she had already slipped out of his hands and concealed herself elsewhere.

"Mr. Hayes?"

"What are you still standing there for? Didn't I send you to Jetroina to keep an eye on things? Go get on it. Once you've had her, kill them. Kill them all. Do you hear me?" Sebastian roared with such an intensity that the whole room seemed to be quaking.

What else could Karl have said except to see to the matter right away?

With a fury like this, he'd have bulldozed the whole of Jetroina had he not been waiting on news of Madam. There was no way he was going to let them off even if it meant taking it to them head-on.