

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 349

Sasha was stunned.

She had no idea how she ended up at the Blackwood residence. She clearly remembered that the man had planned to kill her back at the dog pound.

The woman stayed in bed upstairs for a long time before the old housemaid of the Blackwood family walked in.

"Mrs. Tabitha, do you know how I got here?"

"Huh? Didn't Mr. Blackwood tell you? He told Mr. Hayes to send you back here." Tabitha still addressed Sebastian as 'Mr. Hayes.' However, Sasha was surprised to hear what the former said.

She paused for a moment.

Uncle Jackson had told Sebastian to send me back here?

How can that be? How did he know that something has happened to me?

Besides, did that man really let me go just because Uncle Jackson said so? Before the accident happened, he didn't seem to have any intention of letting me go.

"Did someone tell him about this incident?"

"Of course, Mr. Matteo called. Only then did Mr. Blackwood go and look for Mr. Hayes. You were still in the hospital then. Both of them talked for a long while before Mr. Hayes agreed to let you go," Tabitha rambled.

Sasha listened intently and finally knew that it was because of her son and her uncle's persistence that she got to live on.

Her nose burned and she felt like crying.

She was grateful that she still had a family who loved her, especially her uncle. After all, he couldn't bear to see anything happen to her in the end.

Sasha was finally in a better mood and she stayed in the Blackwood residence for the rest of the day, even when her aunt's belittling insults could be heard from downstairs.

The next day.

Sasha finally felt better after a night's rest. So she got up and went downstairs.

She wondered about how her kids were doing after what happened yesterday.

Brandon got involved too. Would anything have happened to him?

Having thought that, Sasha decided to go take a look.

However, just as she was about to leave, Jackson asked, "What are you doing?"

"Uncle Jackson, I... I wanted to see how Matt and the others are doing," she stuttered.

Unexpectedly, he scolded, "What's there to see? Go get changed. I'll bring you to him myself."

Sasha was shocked to hear that.

Really? He's going to bring me to that man himself? Where did he find the courage to do so?

Sasha would never have thought of doing something like this no matter what.

Upon seeing that she wasn't moving, Jackson scolded again, "You useless brat! All you know is to sneak around like a rat. Do you owe him anything? Why are you so afraid of him?"

Once he was done speaking, he turned and left with a dark expression on his face.

Sasha was utterly speechless.

She swallowed and quickly followed after him.

"Uncle Jackson, you... Wait for me. I'm not afraid of him. It's just that... What if he doesn't want to see us if we just went like this?"

"I dare him!" Jackson spat stubbornly after getting into the car.

The former kept silent afterward.

Alright, I'll just let him have his way for now. When we're turned down later, I'll just persuade him to come home.

That was what she had planned.

Yet, she didn't expect what happened next. Upon arriving at a café at a mall, her uncle had given the man a call and the latter actually agreed to come.

Oh my God!

Sasha's eyes widened and wondered if she had heard wrongly.

"Uncle Jackson, did you... call his number?"

"Of course. Is there a problem?" Jackson said in disdain as he put down his old flip phone.

No problem at all.

It's just weird.

Twenty minutes later, a familiar black Bentley stopped outside the café and a tall man got down of the car.

Sasha's head was still wrapped in white bandages and she couldn't help but reach up to touch it.

"Welcome, sir. How many of you?"

"I'm meeting someone."

Sebastian stood at the entrance and noticed the uncle and niece duo after sweeping a glance throughout the café.

Jackson was calm as he took a sip of his glass of water. His niece, on the other hand, looked rather anxious.

She felt especially so when she saw Sebastian walking in and her eyes widened.

At the same time, her fingers that were holding a straw started to quiver.

Was he really that scary?

The man walked over, expressionless.

"Mr. Blackwood, why do you want to see me?"

"Have a seat. I won't take too much of your time, Mr. Hayes." Jackson skillfully changed the topic as he gestured for a waiter to get them another chair.

Sasha had remained quiet throughout their interaction.

Uncle Jackson' is looking for trouble!

Three of them were supposed to meet but he had chosen a table by the window with only two seats on purpose. Is he trying to put on a show of power?

She didn't dare to watch it anymore.

Strangely enough, the man hadn't lashed out this time. He immediately sat down after the waiter brought the chair.