

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 41

"Ms. Nancy, what do you think of my gloves? Do they look nice?"

"Yes, they are lovely!"

Sasha was carefully peeling off prawn shells with her head lowered. When her son asked for her opinion, she instinctively glanced at his little hands.

However, all it took was one glimpse to make her heart wrench in pain as she recalled the scene when she first stepped into the villa.

"This pair of gloves is from Ms. Xandra. She told me that she knitted it herself." Upon hearing his mommy's compliment, Matteo let her have a closer look at his gloves.

Sasha was at a loss for words.

She knitted the gloves by herself?

This pair of gloves doesn't look hand-knitted at all. It is impossible for the stitches of hand-knitted gloves to be so perfect without any variances. Besides, instead of having the colorful crystals added to the gloves with separate stitches, a person who knows how to knit will use the same wool to combine all the crystals so that the stitches will appear nicer and more natural.

How can this pair of gloves be hand-knitted?

Sasha was pretty sure that Xandra did not knit the gloves herself, so she sneered, "Obviously, these gloves are not hand-knitted. The knot of hand-knitted gloves should not look like this."

"Really?" The little boy raised his voice in confusion.

The dining room was blanketed with total silence almost instantly.

In a blink of an eye, Xandra's expression changed.

"What do you mean? How can you say that the gloves are not hand-knitted? Sasha Wand, do you know how to knit?"

Sebastian raised the question at once. For some unknown reason, he did not wish to see Sasha's words turn into reality.

Nonetheless, Sasha glanced at him with disdain and jeered, "Of course I do! I knit for... myself all the time. See? I knitted this top myself!"

Sasha purposely tugged at her knitted top in front of everyone.

Immediately, the dining room became silent again.

Is the show finally about to start?

As Sasha slowly sat down again, she caught a glimpse of everyone in the dining room. The changes in their facial expressions were just like the four seasons. Seeing Xandra's pale face, Sasha finally cheered up a little. She suddenly had the appetite to enjoy the food on the dining table.

"I don't want this pair of gloves anymore. Daddy, Ms. Xandra did not knit the gloves by herself. Take them back, you liar!"

Matteo also played his part well. Upon hearing his mommy's words, he immediately removed the gloves from his little hands and tossed them at the woman seated opposite them.

Xandra's face had turned as pale as a sheet by then.

"It's not like that, Sebastian. L-Let me explain, these gloves... I personally bought the wool and the colorful crystals, then asked someone to knit the gloves. I j-just didn't know how to knit, but the materials were all chosen by me!"

"Yet, you had the audacity to tell me that you knitted it yourself. You're a liar! I won't trust you anymore!" Matteo yelled again.

This time, he seemed even more infuriated. He flung the cutlery in his hands to the ground and was about to jump down from the chair.

Sasha stopped him at once and tried to pacify him, "Little Ian, don't be angry. Since she doesn't know how to knit, how about I do it instead? Just tell me what you like. I will knit for you, alright?"

"Really?"

Matteo lifted his head and looked at his mommy with teary eyes. He was obviously really upset and disappointed.

At the sight of his son's pitiful expression, Sasha's heart ached.

She hugged her son tightly and murmured into his ear, "I promise to knit for you. Trust me. I will get it done for you within two days."

Sebastian was speechless as his anger rose to a higher level.

He was about to lash out at Sasha again when Xandra lunged toward him abruptly. Thump! She knelt on the floor, wrapping her arms around his legs.

"Sebastian, please listen to me. I didn't do it on purpose. I really intended to knit the gloves myself in the beginning, but I've never learned this before. I tried doing it for a long time but to no avail. Look at my hands... All these tiny holes were poked by the needle! I love you so much, and Ian is your son... Why would I ever lie to you? Sebastian, I had no choice..."

She then showed the man her hands that were full of tiny holes as her eyes welled up with tears, arousing sympathy with her piteous look.

Sasha started to feel uneasy, as if she had a premonition that something bad was going to happen.

This woman was obviously good at playing mind games. She had probably come up with this backup plan earlier on and was prepared to use this tactic once her secret was exposed.

To Sasha's despair, the usually shrewd man did not realize that Xandra was putting up a show.

As he stared intently at Xandra's pair of hands, the burning rage in his eyes vanished almost immediately.

"Why did you have to do this to yourself?"

"Yes, you're right. I admit that I was asking for trouble, but I really felt like doing it. Ian is your son, so I'm trying my best to treat him like my flesh and blood too. Since Ms. Wand knows how to knit, can I learn from her? I promise that I'll put a lot of effort into this. When I know how to knit later on, I will knit for Ian every day. No matter what he likes, I can knit it for him."

She was imitating how Sasha talked to Little Ian just now.