

# Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 486

She followed the person in. To her surprise, it was still the same position as one year ago.

When Sasha finally met the old man, she realized that the room that he was staying in was the one from before. A sense of déjà vu washed over her as the old man was brewing tea at the very same spot.

“So you’re here already. Do you fancy a cup of tea?”

Rage burned inside her chest as her bloodshot eyes turned red as ruby.

How is he still so calm?

How can he act like nothing’s happened after hurting his very own son like that? Since when has he become so cold-blooded?

“Have a seat. I just brewed some tea, and it’s a black tea from your hometown. I think you’ll like it.”

Frederick did not take much notice of the girl’s expression. Noticing that she stood frozen in the spot, he patiently extended his invitation once again.

Sasha finally spoke up. “I’m not here to drink tea. I’m here to clarify something.”

She did not beat around the bush.

She’s here to clarify something?

Frederick looked impassively at her.

Only then did he notice the indignation on her face. Not only that, her tense little face even showed hints of heartache and disappointment.

She’s so young, and yet she has the audacity to show me that face?

Frederick shook his head, picked up the teapot with freshly brewed tea and poured her a cup.

“Fine. What are you trying to clarify?”

"The incident about me and your daughter sneaking into the memorial hall. It has nothing to do with Sebastian. He doesn't have a single clue about it!"

Sasha approached the old man and tried to explain herself.

Frederick merely chuckled and said, "Is that so?"

"Yes, I swear! If he has any idea about it, I'll be run over by a car!"

Desperate to clear Sebastian's name, she went to the extent of cursing herself.

Frederick finally knitted his brows as if he did not fancy her painting such a gruesome picture.

"Don't be hasty and curse yourself so. Believe me when I say that he knows about it. How else do you think the share transfer agreements by Peter could stay in your hands for so long?"

"What did you say?"

"I'm saying that he's seen through your little tricks. As for the ten billion, do you think that Andy can get you that much money in such a short time?"

He held the cup of tea and reminded her with a cold, hard tone.

Sasha was stumped.

She had not given it much thought.

Back then, Peter had shoved the share transfer agreements to her and soon, Sabrina came looking for her. There was no time for her to think it through.

All she could think about was how she could help him defend the assets that he had poured his heart and soul into building. She was reluctant to let his assets fall into other hands. Hence, there was no time to waste ruminating over the details.

So... what is he saying?

Does Sebastian know?

Am I the one in the dark all along?

Sasha dared not go down the rabbit hole further. Her petite face turned pale with each passing second.

Frederick noticed her demeanor and smiled thinly. "Can you remember? Shrewd as you are, it'd be a piece of cake for you to figure it out. When you were caught red-handed by me in the memorial hall, he came running the next second. What's that telling you?"

A pin-drop silence ensued as Sasha's mind went into overdrive.

She shuddered from the sheer volume of information she had to process.

No, that's not it!

He's not someone like that, that's impossible!

She finally lost it and dashed over to slam on his coffee table. "So what if he knows? Then, it's impossible for him to steal something that he doesn't even want!"

"No? So what exactly is he doing right now?"

"He's only doing it for me!"

Sasha finally found her anchor. "That's right. It was all because of me. I did not want him to give it up, and I wanted to safeguard what he had, so he was trying to fulfill my wish."

Frederick was rendered speechless.

He sat there as he stared at the hysterical girl. Frederick was at a loss for words.

She knows that b\*stard inside out.

That b\*stard is really lucky to have met a girl who is wholeheartedly devoted to him.

Frederick grew silent.

He put down the cup of tea in his hand, the corner of his crinkled lips curled into a thin smile. Sasha thought she spotted a hint of relief in the old man's muddy eyes.

"Are you sure you want to stay by his side? You've given up on everything because of him once. Are you sure you're not going to regret it if that happens again?"

"That's not what we're discussing right now," Sasha said dryly.

She was still agitated, and could not accept that the old man tried to steer the conversation in another direction. The pent-up fury in her chest was still burning.

The old man noticed her silence. He took something out and placed it on the coffee table.

"This is what you're looking for. If you've thought things through, you can take it away right now. However, I want you to think carefully before you make your decision."

He did not answer her question and merely pointed at the things on the coffee table calmly.