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Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 1446

Chapter 1446 Do You Have To Stoop So Low

Sasha's eyes were reddened.

However, this woman was caught napping and immediately put down the bowl in her hands hastily after seeing Sasha.

"It's not what you think, Nancy. I have eaten but was still hungry. Well, you know, pregnant women have a larger appetite."

Without saying a word, Sasha grazed her fingers against the side of the bowl, eyeing the dirty dishes piled up in the kitchen sink, and rushed out to the living room where Lyla and her husband, Philip and his wife were playing poker.

Meanwhile, their teenage kids blasted the TV volume and were playing video games.

Are you kidding?

It's New Year's Day. They're perfectly capable of doing these simple chores, yet they left it to a pregnant lady?

Sasha snarled, "What are you doing? Don't you feel ashamed eating food prepared by a heavily pregnant woman?"

"Huh?"

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Four of them turned in unison to look blankly at her.

“Sasha? Why are you here so early?” Surprise flashed across Lyla’s face as soon as she realized it was Sasha.

Am I early?

Did they actually make a guess as to when I will arrive?

Sasha was livid and questioned in anger, “I asked what are you guys doing? Didn’t you know there’s a pregnant woman who needs help in the kitchen?”

“Ah, that.” Lyla glanced in the direction of the kitchen.

“She volunteered to do it. It’s her first time visiting the Emmanuels, and she probably wanted to make a good impression. Last night she called dibs on making breakfast today, so we let her be.”

This woman is replying to me casually as if she is in the right.

Good impression?

Is she looking down her nose at Willow to say that about her?

If it was another typical family welcoming their daughter-in-law, they would be doting on her, instead of letting her work her fingers down to the bone in the kitchen, no matter what she said.

And this insolent woman has the nerve to be so disrespectful?

Sasha’s fury rose to explosive rage, and she sneered, “Oh, really? Now that I’m here, you should leave a good first impression on me, too. Maybe you’d be gifted a home if I was satisfied.”

“What did you say to me?” Lyla slanted her a dirty look.

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Her husband was a little unhappy and stood up. "Sasha, wasn't that a little too harsh? We're still your family. Your words were rather offensive."

"Offensive?" Sasha repeated in a near shriek.

"You understand the meaning of the word 'offensive,' then? Think of your wife's words. All of you agreed that Willow was only putting on a show to make a first impression, and I said I'd gift you a house if you managed to do it too. Tell me, how is that insulting?"

"You-"

"All right, all right. Everyone, take a breath and stop arguing. Walk it off, Sasha. We'll all help Willow." In the end, Philip compromised and took his wife's hand, leading her into the kitchen.

Though her brother had compromised, Lyla stood her ground and flung the cards in her hand on the table. "Whatever. I'm not going. I've never served anyone in my life."

Just as Sasha was about to erupt in fury again, Sebastian stepped through the door after parking his car.

He caught the last sentence as he entered, and his expression turned cold. In that instant, the temperature in the living room seemed to drop by a few degrees.

"S-Sebastian, you're here," Phillip stuttered in greeting. Coincidentally, he exited the kitchen and caught sight of Sebastian.

Sebastian just ignored him.

Instead, he came to a halt in the middle of the living room and quickly assessed the tense situation, taking in his wife who was flushed with anger, and asked, "What's going on?"

"Nothing. No one offered us a glass of water at our arrival, so I asked Ms. Emmanuel here to do it. It seems like she isn't too inclined."

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"That's not what happened!" Lyla immediately jumped to her feet as Sebastian's appearance had sent her into a near panic.

"No, it's not what happened, Sebastian. You are both our guests, so how would I ever give you the cold shoulder. I..." she explained frantically.

Before she could finish, Sebastian had brought his palm on the table, splintering the wood down the whole length of it.

Following the loud slam, the pile of cards scattered across the ground in a flurry. The air between them charged and grew thick with palpable tension.

It was too terrifying, and the Emmanuels were stunned into silence.

A visible tremor ran through Lyla's body. She immediately wrapped her hands around her head protectively as she took a few involuntary steps backward at the loud outburst.

"No? The evidence is littered at our feet now, and you're still denying it? Who would have the gall to sit down and have a card game while their guests have arrived on New Year's Day? Brandon, the Emmanuel family is screwed!"

Sebastian lifted his head slowly, his piercing gaze boring through his target at the landing of the staircase.

It was Brandon.

He had heard the commotion and was making his way down.

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Chapter 1447 Let Us Go And Take A Look

Brandon stilled, like a deer caught in headlights. Sebastian's words were like a slap to him, and his face went crimson, then paled.

"It's my fault, Sebastian. I overslept this morning."

Ha... overslept.

Sebastian barked a sardonic laugh at his response, his mood already soured before his day had barely begun.

What hope does this family have?

This is the first day of the year, and they have messed up. The home is a mess, and none of the adults are stepping up to the plate. There is nothing this bunch of loafing family members could achieve with such an attitude.

Turning his back, Sebastian said curtly to Sasha, "Let's go."

Sasha turned her head to look at Willow, who wore a blank expression and went forward to seize her hand. "Follow me home, Willow."

Willow's gaze flew to the man standing at the stairs, and she started to struggle out of Sasha's grip. "N-No... I'm not going. It's New Year's Day, Nancy. I think it's best if I stayed here."

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“But...” Sasha almost choked in indignation at her response.

Why would she stay? Does she think this cold and unsympathetic family constitutes a real home? Did she hit her head on something? Doesn't she realize the Emmanuels are mistreating her?

The blunt words slipped out of Sasha in a spark of agitation. “Willow, do you have to stoop so low? It's dangerous for you to stay here. You're jeopardizing the baby's health.”

All color leached out of Willow's face in an instant.

Stooping so low? Yeah, I guess I am demeaning myself.

Willow stood frozen without moving a muscle like a statue until Sebastian pulled her so-called best friend away and out of the house.

With Sebastian gone, Lyla promptly returned to her old self and spat venomously, “It is all your fault for ruining our morning, you b*tch!”

Her husband snorted coldly in agreement.

Willow's fingers tightened further into a fist.

“Enough! Everybody, get out of my house!” Brandon roared from the landing. The feast he had put so much effort into was botched by his family, and anger finally took over, leading him to kick everyone out.

Willow's head snapped up, and a ray of hope glimmered faintly in her eyes as she stared at him.

On their way to Hillside Villa, Sasha was fuming in anger over the incident with Willow. However, under the layer of anger was heartache and worry for her friend.

“Judging by the look of things now, I'm sure things would worsen after she gives birth to her baby. The Emmanuels are all pain in the ass! Brandon is ostentatious with no real

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substance. He's almost thirty, for God's sake, and he's acting like a thirteen-year-old. What will happen to her in the future?"

She repeated her laments a few times, and Sebastian's brows furrowed as his fingers gripped the wheel.

"There's no point in worrying. She's stubborn and wouldn't give up easily. She will never heed your words."

"But—"

"Well, she's a part of the Emmanuel family now, and you're only a stone's throw away from her. You could always visit her anytime you want," Sebastian assured her.

He would never give Willow, that foolish chit, a second thought if he were the man he used to be.

You reap what you sow!

Sasha blew out a relieved breath at his reassuring words. When they arrived at Hillside Villa, she informed Solomon not to head to the Emmanuel residence.

"What happened?" came his stunned reply.

Sasha ranted, disgruntled, "I don't even want to talk about it. Willow is getting on my nerves. She's seven months pregnant, but she was laboring in the kitchen like a servant. I asked her to come home with me, but she refused."

Her anger toward Willow renewed itself at his question.

Willow was their friend whom they had met in Clear.

Furthermore, when Solomon fell ill, Willow was the only one whom he allowed to take care of him. Hence, Sasha felt it was more suitable to discuss this predicament with him.

As expected, his eyes clouded, and his brows furrowed upon hearing her answer.

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"She's too headstrong. I've warned her about this before, and still, she ended up in this situation."

"She's a fool!" Sasha growled.

Sasha and Sebastian stayed for a bit at Hillside Villa before having to leave to catch a flight to Jadeborough in the afternoon.

Before they left, she urged Solomon, "Please keep tabs on Willow. The situation was really bad today. Besides, she's pregnant. Once you're free, could you visit her?"

"Sure, leave it to me," Solomon promised readily.

Only then did Sasha leave in peace.

Ichika had been keeping her ears open to their conversation. Once the guests left, and she had tidied up the house, she went to Solomon to clear up her confusion.

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 1448

Chapter 1448 Has She Missed Something

"Darling, who is this Willow you and Sha were talking about? Did something happen to her?"

"Yeah, we knew her from our time in Clear. She's currently expecting and is in the Emmanuel residence. Nancy went there this morning to check on her."

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Solomon didn't try to hide the truth, opting to tell her about Willow's relationship with them and her current situation.

What could be so bad, now that she's pregnant?

Bless Ichika's kind heart. Her face was instantly drawn with worry.

"Let's head there now, Darling. She's pregnant, and Sha said the Emmanuels are up to no good. What if something happens to her?"

This has nothing to do with her, yet she's concerned about Willow as if Willow is her family. Clutching a broom in his hand, Solomon felt his heart squeeze with a sweet ache as he gazed down at Ichika.

What a naive little girl.

After Sebastian and Sasha flew to Jadeborough, Solomon drove to the Emmanuel residence that night.

He never planned to step foot inside, so he only gave Willow a call so she could come out, and he would see for himself that she was okay.

Just as his car pulled to a stop, he heard a loud bang from inside the villa, followed by a woman sobbing.

Willow?

Solomon's face hardened, and he bolted out of the car, hearing an angry bellowing from the living room as he reached the front door. "You dare to cry when you ruined lunch today? Do you know how much effort it took for us to get Sebastian here? You have wrecked everything, and you're crying?"

It was an older woman's voice, and the weeping was very clearly coming from Willow.

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Solomon sprinted in and caught sight of a matronly woman in a wheelchair raising a cane in the air, about to bring it down on Willow's face, who was cradling her bulging midriff protectively.

He reached Willow in a flash and pulled her behind him, shielding her from the imminent blow.

Matilda demanded, "Who are you? Who let you in here?"

Instead of answering her, Solomon turned to ask the woman behind him, "Are you okay?"

Willow's entire body was stinging with red welts. His question triggered her dam of emotions, and she broke down, collapsing in his arms and wailing, "Solomon... t-They are all bullying me."

Her face was a mess of tears and snot, looking very much like a child.

Solomon remained stonily silent, taking a long moment to swallow the ball of rage in his throat.

Then, his hand reached out to pat Willow's back reassuringly.

Solomon?

Matilda perked up at that name, and her aggressive expression shifted while studying the young man in front of her.

"You're Solomon? My brother's son?"

"Yes."

"I see." In a blink, Matilda's mood turned amiable.

"Come, have a seat. What would you like? Water? Tea? I'll have someone get it for you."

She pivoted, about to call on a servant to serve him.

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However, Solomon had seen the heinous side of her and despised her.

Hence, he declined her offer curtly, "No need. I'm taking Willow with me tonight."

"What?"

Matilda was dumbfounded. "You're taking her away? Why? My son brought her back, and she's pregnant with a baby of the Emmanuel family's bloodline."

"Yeah? So why are you treating her like this? Matilda, you said she's carrying your son's child, but take a look at what you have done to her. Is that what a mother-in-law should do?"

Seething, he swept his hand in a wide arc, gesturing at the mess on the floor, and settled his gaze pointedly on the cane in Matilda's hand.

She turned beet red with outrage.

With a scowl on her face, she pinned Solomon with a stare, and her temper rose again. "That's because she's shameless and has loose virtue just like your mother."

"You-"

Solomon's pupils shrank, and a blast of violence unleashed from him, so vehement that Willow snapped to attention, and her hand shot out to grab him.

"Calm down, Solomon. Fine, I'll go with you right now. I'm not staying here anymore. Don't do anything rash."

A pregnant Willow had to then hauled him out of the villa.

Only then did Matilda realize her nephew was looking at her as if he wanted to tear her limb from limb, and that thought sent a cold chill down her spine.

Her face drained of all color.

It's over.

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Here's to saying goodbye to ever having a cordial relationship with the Hayes family, be it familial, power, or monetary connections... let alone favors.

That night, Willow was safely brought to Hillside Villa by Solomon.

"You should take a shower, Willow. I've prepared a room for you." Ichika scampered around the house, attending to her needs.

Fresh out of the shower, the sight that greeted Willow sent her reeling.

The man who had only shown affection to Sasha was tame and meek in the presence of the girl, and his gaze was warm and indulgent.

Willow froze in her tracks, pain lancing her heart.

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Chapter 1449 She Was Like His Sister

It was such a heartwarming scene.

Solomon, who had a bad time at the Emmanuels', was drinking wine downstairs. Ichika saw that and ran to his side.

"Darling, do you want to have some yogurt? I made it myself. It's delicious."

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"No, thanks."

Solomon was indeed in a foul mood, as he rejected her right away.

Ichika, however, ignored his response, ran into the kitchen, and took out the self-made yogurt from the fridge.

"Darling, let me tell you something. We will feel angry because our body secretes dopamine, and yogurt can regulate it. Especially yogurt made by your wife."

Upon saying that, she took a spoon and stirred the yogurt while approaching Solomon.

Willow, who was upstairs, froze.

She had never witnessed such a scene.

As far as she could remember, Solomon had been obsessed with Sasha. Thus, no other woman could get close to him all these years.

She had never thought she would witness what was happening right at this moment.

"Is it?"

She was left bewildered under the dim light when Solomon opened his mouth and ate the yogurt fed by Ichika.

And after he swallowed it, his lips curled into a satisfied smile.

Willow was thunderstruck.

She stood unmoving at the end of the stairs, holding a big towel in her hands until Ichika noticed her.

"Willow, are you done taking a shower? Do you want some yogurt? I'll get it for you."

A bright and passionate smile hung on Ichika's lips.

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Just then, Solomon shifted his gaze toward Willow as well.

He saw the latter standing there like a fool, with her protruding belly. He put down the cup in his hand and rose from his seat.

“Yeah, do you want to get something to eat? The weather is cold now. You should keep warm since you’re pregnant.” Solomon expressed his care when he noticed the thin bathrobe on her.

Willow was rendered speechless.

At that instance, she felt as though she was being stabbed in the heart with a knife. The pain felt so real that she covered her face and cradled her belly.

“Willow?” Ichika was startled.

Right then, Willow started bawling her eyes out.

She grabbed onto the handrail of the stairs and squatted there. Tears the size of beads rolled down her cheeks, and her heartbreaking cries echoed through the space.

Ichika was stunned by that.

She wanted to walk up to Willow, but Solomon grabbed her hand.

“Darling?”

“Leave her alone for a while. She’d been staying with that inhuman family all this time and must be having a hard time. Just give her some space to pour out her emotions,” Solomon explained to Ichika.

That was indeed his true thoughts.

When he first joined the Emmanuel family, he could not believe how terrible she was being treated.

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He could not even imagine how she managed to survive. Why would she do all that for a man who didn't love her?

In the end, Solomon did not disturb Willow.

The only thing he did was turn up the heater of the villa by a few degrees.

Eventually, Willow became exhausted from crying. She curled into a ball and slept on the floor. Only then did Solomon come out of his room.

"Darling, I'll go make her bed."

Ichika came out as well.

Upon hearing that, Solomon nodded slightly.

The couple carried Willow into the bedroom and tucked her into bed. Before leaving, Solomon cast a final glance at the latter, making sure she was all right.

Switching off the light, the two of them left the room.

Unbeknownst to them, the moment they closed the door, Willow, who was lying in bed, opened her eyes.

She stared at the ceiling in the darkness, her eyes still brimming with tears. If there were some light, one would notice that her face was utterly pale.

Her complexion was even more awful than when she was with the Emmanuel family.

What exactly am I doing? What did I miss all these years?

That night, Willow did not sleep at all.

The following day, Ichika went to the market early to buy some meat. As there was a pregnant woman at home, she planned to cook some healthy stew for Willow.

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Solomon woke up early too.

After freshening up, he glanced at his wristwatch and went to the bedroom on the second floor.

He treated Willow like his sister, as he did not have any close family members in Clear, and they had known each other for a long time.

Regardless of when he fell sick or when he was in Jetroina, he would always ask her to stay by his side.

It proved that he treated her like a family.

“Willow, are you awake?”

He knocked on her door gently.

“Mmm...”

A hoarse voice came from inside, followed by some noises. Then, with a click, the door opened, and out came Willow in her pajamas.

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 1450

Chapter 1450 Ridiculous

Solomon frowned the moment he saw her.

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“Didn’t sleep well last night?”

Willow kept silent.

She did not feel like answering that question at all.

She looked at Solomon despondently, her eyes red with exhaustion, then averted her eyes.

“Solomon, I want to go back.”

“What did you say?”

Solomon almost lost his calm when he heard such a cowardly statement from Willow.

“Go back? Willow, can you stop being a coward? Why would you want to go back to such a place? Do you want to let them torture you to death?”

Solomon seldom shouted at Willow, but this time was an exception.

The color drained from Willow’s face, but her gaze was extraordinarily firm.

“But my baby belongs to that family. The father of my baby is there. I should go back.”

“You...”

Solomon was beyond exasperated upon hearing that.

However, he did not have a choice, as he was only her friend. If she had made up her mind, he figured he had no right to stop her.

With that, Solomon walked out of the room.

After hearing about it, Ichika, who had come back from the market, hesitated for a moment while cooking in the kitchen before shifting her gaze toward Willow.

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“Willow, are you really going back there? I heard from Solomon that they mistreated you. Can you not go back?” she pleaded, as she was too worried.

Willow, who was beating the eggs, turned around and stared at her.

What a cute face. Even though she’s not exactly a real beauty, her moist eyes are like spring in the desert. Her gaze looks so pure and clean. So, it’s not that no woman can’t win his heart. It’s just that he didn’t meet the right one.

A moment later, Willow looked elsewhere

“Ichika, could you tell how did you win Solomon’s heart? He used to be a heartless man.”

“Huh?”

Ichika blushed upon hearing Willow mentioning that.

“I did nothing... I merely waited for him patiently.”

“Waited for him?”

Ichika nodded. “Yes, I know Solomon has been through a lot, which made him unable to trust anyone anymore and lock himself up in his lonely world. So I could only wait patiently. Fortunately, I was able to wait it out.”

Ichika did not hide anything from Willow probably because the latter was a close friend of her husband.

Willow was momentarily stunned.

She did not respond, as Ichika’s words kept playing in her mind.

He suffered so much that he lost his trust in others. How could I not notice this after being by his side for so many years? I used to think he wouldn’t fancy any other woman besides Sasha.

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With that, Willow went back to the Emmanuel residence.

The whole house was deadly quiet. After Sebastian had created a fuss, followed by Solomon's episode, the atmosphere was utterly solemn.

Willow wandered around the whole villa but did not see anyone.

"You're back? Madam was hospitalized last night and everyone had gone over."

Finally, she ran into a housemaid, but the latter seemed somewhat displeased to see her.

Hospitalized?

Willow's expression darkened. Without delay, she left the house, wanting to go to the hospital.

However, the housemaid opened her mouth again. "Ms. Fischer, Madam has given her instruction. If you come back, don't go to visit her at the hospital. She doesn't want to see you."

Willow stopped in her tracks.

In the end, she could only return to her bedroom.

She stayed inside her room for the whole day. Still, not one of the Emmanuels came back. She only ate a few biscuits when she was hungry.

"Willow, how are you doing? Did they bully you over there?" Ichika had called to check up on her.

"No," Willow replied while chewing on the biscuit.

In the evening, Brandon, who had gone to participate in a recording, finally came back. He had not had the chance to go to the hospital. After reaching home, he immediately rushed to the bedroom to get changed.

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At that instant, he spotted Willow sitting decadently on the bed, her hair extremely messy.

“Why are you still here? Are you not going to the hospital? My mom got ill because of you.”

Brandon flew into a rage.

He had been having a hard time recently. Because of the woman, he was feeling helpless and, at the same time, exhausted.

He had been suppressing a lot of wrath within him.

Willow simply stared at him.

He was in such a hurry that he did not even take off the accessories on him nor clean the hairspray on his hair.

He looked utterly miserable and disheveled.

At that moment, guilt and remorse slowly replaced the resignation and anticipation that used to fill her eyes.

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