

# Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

## Chapter 7

“Mr. Jackson, I heard you were looking for me?”

Sasha’s tone was icy cold. Her calm, indifferent gaze swept over the man in front of her as if she had never seen him before.

Sebastian narrowed his eyes.

His murderous impulses only grew stronger when the doctor, dressed in a white coat and wearing a mask, entered his field of vision.

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“Ah! Nancy, Mr. Hayes is the patient who came to look for you last night. Now that you’re here, can you take a look and diagnose him?”

“Mr. Jackson, I told you it was my mistake for accepting him as a patient yesterday. I do not have the means or medical knowledge to help him. Please ask another doctor to look at him. If there is nothing else, I will take my leave now.”

Sasha turned around and made to leave.

The medical director and Luke were both rendered speechless.

Just as they were still looking for words to diffuse the situation, a shadow slipped out from behind them. Before they realized what was happening, Sebastian had pounced onto Sasha and pinned her against the door.

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What the hell?

Tears blurred her vision as pain from the impact shot up her back.

Henry and Luke’s jaws dropped.

“Sasha Wand! Do you think this is a game? Fine! I’ll play along with you!”

Sebastian’s face contorted in rage. He glared at her with his bloodshot eyes, like a feral predator hunting down its prey. Within seconds, he had torn Sasha’s face mask away and wrapped his large hand around her neck, lifting her off the ground.

Her face was no longer the one he knew from five years ago. Back then, she was still innocent and adorable. Although her physical features hadn’t changed much, he couldn’t find a single trace of those qualities in her face anymore.

Even now, as Sebastian was choking her, he couldn’t see any fear or panic in her watery eyes.

All he saw was disdain and apathy.

“Go on... I dare you to... choke me to death... I’ve already died once anyway, I’m not afraid of dying a second time... I’m telling you now, Sebastian... Either you kill me again today... Or one day, I’ll... kill you myself!”

He saw red.

The veins on Sebastian’s arm bulged as he tightened his grip on her.

“Mr. Hayes, what are you doing? She’s your wife! Let go of her!”

Fortunately, Luke had regained his composure in time and rushed forward to pull at his boss’ arm, forcefully removing Sasha from Sebastian’s clutches.

Thump! She crumpled onto the floor, gasping for air like a fish on land.

He’s a monster.

It took a few minutes for everyone to calm down. Surprisingly, the atmosphere in the office became less frigid than it was before, possibly due to the sudden frightful incident that had taken place.

“Sasha, I’m giving you a chance to tell me honestly: what happened five years ago? Why are you still alive? What happened to the two kids? Where did you bring them? Are they living with you now? You’re not leaving until you answer every single one of my questions!”

The mood in the office was calmer, but the murderous aura was still emanating off of Sebastian.

As he towered over Sasha, his mind was filled with flashbacks of the incident from all those years ago, and how he had blamed and hated himself for what had happened.

He remembered how he vowed to do everything he could to make sure the sole surviving child would live a healthy life, and he would never have a relationship with another woman ever again.

Sebastian Hayes had never felt so humiliated before; he absolutely wanted to kill Sasha right there and then.

Yet the only reaction she gave him was a dry laugh.

“Why am I alive? Are you upset that I didn’t die? I’m really sorry about that, but it’s not like I owe you anything. If it isn’t your fault that I got married to you and gave birth to three of your children, then it certainly couldn’t have been mine.

“After all, it was just an arranged marriage; you kept emphasizing that you had the right to the freedom to love. Now what? I went through hell to give you a child, and now I’ve even lost the right to continue living?”

Her cruel words rendered Sebastian, who had been so worked up, speechless.

Sasha continued sarcastically, “Besides, weren’t you granted your wish of a perfect love story because I faked my death? You said you loved Xandra and wanted to marry her. I made you a widower so you could do as you please. It all worked out perfectly, no?”

Sebastian silently stared at her for a while, suddenly wondering if he was talking to a stranger.

Since when did she become so cynical? Every sentence that came out of her mouth dripped with venom. This was not the happy-go-lucky Sasha he once knew.

If he remembered correctly, she didn’t even dare to raise her chin and look him in the eye when they first met.

Sebastian’s expression turned stony.

