

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 8

“You still think you can talk your way out of this? Fine! Take her away!” Sebastian suddenly roared.

A group of his henchmen dressed in all-black appeared out of nowhere and grabbed Sasha’s arms.

Stunned, she shot back at him. “Where do you think you’re taking me? I’m warning you, I’m now a legal citizen of Moranta! Taking me anywhere against my will is kidnapping; it is illegal!”

“Illegal?” He scoffed. “I am the law here!”

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“Where are you taking me? Are you crazy? You desperately wanted me out of your life, but why are you dragging me back now? Are you trying to wash the blood off your hands? Or are you trying to show off what a liberal lover you are by being a polygamist? You’re insane! Let go of me right now!”

Her yells could still be heard from the third-floor office, even as she was dragged to the first floor.

Luke noticed a vein had popped in the corner of his boss’ forehead. I wish I was anywhere but here. The farther, the better.

This is terrifying.

This ex-wife of Sebastian’s was quite a force to be reckoned with. If she dared say anything similar to any of the Larsons, she would have been skinned alive by now.

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Nevertheless, Sasha was still taken against her will.

The chaotic hospital finally resumed its peace with her departure.

At a high-end apartment in town.

Willow had just picked up Matteo and his sister. As per Sasha's instructions, she brought them back to her own apartment instead of sending them home.

"Matteo, Vivian, I'm going to leave for a minute to open shop, okay? You can watch TV while you wait for me. I'll buy something yummy for you both to eat when I return."

"Yes, Ms. Fischer."

Vivian, being the ever-hungry child that she was, instantly agreed.

Matteo nodded as well, but deliberately waited until Willow had left before making a beeline for the house phone.

Vivian tottered after her brother while hugging a plushie. "Matt, what are you doing?"

Picking up the phone, he glanced at her. "I'm calling Mommy to see if she's at the hospital."

"Huh?"

Why would Mommy not be at the hospital? Didn't she say she went back to work?

The young girl watched Matteo. After a while, she grew bored and walked away to watch cartoons.

After what felt like a million rings, someone from the hospital finally answered the call.

"Hello?"

"Hello. I'd like to ask if Dr. Nancy is in today?"

"Dr. Nancy... I'm sorry, she isn't here today. If you're one of her patients, you may reschedule your appointment with her," the nurse said kindly, confirming his suspicions.

How is that possible?

If Mommy didn't go to the hospital, where else could she be?

Matteo didn't believe what the nurse said, but he knew it was useless to continue asking her. So he hung up the call and climbed down from the stool he'd used to reach the phone, hiding away in Willow's study.

In a few minutes, a computer screen in the study lit up with various angles of live security camera footages from Clear Hospital.

He scanned through the footage and very quickly found his mother. She had walked through the main halls, used the elevators, and then stood in the doorway to the director's office.

But why was Mommy being dragged by some men in black when she exited Mr. Jackson's office?

The young boy furrowed his eyebrows.

Meanwhile, at Hilton Hotel, Sasha hadn't stopped struggling for a single moment since she left the hospital.

However, no matter how she struggled, she was no match for the burly men in black. In the end, they still brought her to the penthouse suite and shoved inside.

"Give it up! I'm never going to diagnose you!"

That was the first thing that came out of her mouth when she was finally set free. Instead of admiring the luxurious interior of the suite, she rubbed her wrists sullenly.

Sebastian said nothing to her. From the opposite side of the ridiculously large living room, a small figure walked out.

"You're home? They canceled my orientation at the preschool today because you were thirty-eight minutes late!"

It was a child who looked eerily similar to Sebastian. With a stoic expression on his adolescent face, his chilly aura was a carbon copy of the latter's.

The strangest part was that even the way he talked sounded exactly like the a*shole who had just kidnapped her.

It robbed Sasha of her ability to think.

Sebastian ignored her and patiently told his son, "I was a little busy this morning, so there was a slight delay. I will make it up to you next time, okay?"

Ian gave him a deadpan look. "Do you always violate the terms when you sign contracts at work too?"

As both adults were rendered speechless, one out of anger and the other out of pure shock, Ian's gaze landed on Sasha.

"Who is she?"

Suddenly, her heart jumped into her throat. All she could hear was the blood rushing in her ears as her entire body trembled.