

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 153

Sebastian understood how Matteo was feeling. He did not compel his son to speak, but knelt down in front of him.

I'm sorry," Sebastian began. "I admit that I was violent and hot-tempered. But if I did not do what I did, your mother wouldn't have obeyed me."

Matteo shifted his beady little eyes to look his father in his face.

"You did all of that for Mommy to follow you?"

"That's right," Sebastian answered. "As you can see, your mother is stubborn. If I did not pressure her, she wouldn't have come with us. Forgive Daddy, will you?"

He was not lying to his son. That was indeed his motive.

Matteo's unclenched his fists, but he did not throw himself into his father's arms for a hug as he normally would. Instead, he remained by his sister's side and kept his distance from Sebastian.

"Mommy became like that because you were mean to her. Daddy, if Mommy displeases you so, why won't you just let her go? Wouldn't you both be so much happier if you went your separate ways?"

Matteo's eyes were tinged red as he choked on the words.

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Sebastian was startled. The boy was right.

Why didn't he let her go? Since he hated her so much, wouldn't it solve all of his problems if she were to disappear from his sight?

However, for reasons unknown to him, his heart ached at the thought of this woman living her life without him.

It was as though something that had belonged to him suddenly had nothing to do with him. It was a deeply unsatisfying idea.

Especially during the events in Raymond's manor. When he arrived at the banquet, all he could think to do was to drag her out of there, and keep her under lock and key. No one else could see her except him.

Sebastian felt as though he was losing his mind.

He drew himself to full height. "Because I want you brothers to grow up with both your parents. Ian does not want to lose your mother. How about you? Are you willing to lose your father?"

His words stung Matteo. Of course he wasn't willing.

Though sometimes his father can be despicable, Matteo loves him more than anyone in the world. Except for his mother, of course.

How could bear to leave his father behind?

Matteo fought back his tears and lowered his head.

He allowed himself to be led into the shower and for a fresh change of clothes, as did his sister. Sebastian cared for both children that night.

In the deep quiet of the night, they held a hushed meeting under cover of the quilt.

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“Matteo, I wouldn’t want to leave Daddy,” Vivian whispered. “Daddy is the only one who would stand up for us. If not for him tonight, Mommy would have been taken advantage of by Mr. Leonard.”

She was clearly still upset and angry at her mother’s treatment in his hands.

Matteo was fuming too at being reminded of that. At the same time, his respect and love for his father increased.

“But I think Mommy would definitely not forgive Daddy this time.”

“Huh?” Vivian, whose eyes were shining bright with optimism, dimmed in an instant.

If it were me, what would I do?

Sasha did not manage to sleep at all that night.

It could have been because she had over-exerted herself in the pursuit of the car. But she had been mentally on edge for the past two days, compounded with the sleeplessness the night before.

Though she lay motionless in bed, she remained painfully and exhaustedly awake.

When she felt the bright golden rays of the dawn of the following day warming her face, she opened her eyes slowly, lashes quivering as she did so.

“Finally awake, are you?” the dreadfully familiar voice called out.

She froze.

What is this?

Where is she? Why is this scum here? Didn’t he rob me of my children last night? The last thing she remembered is giving chase to the car. Oddly enough, she was actually catching up to it.

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Sasha's disoriented mind was still making sense of the fractured events of last night.

Before she had the whole story straightened out, a heavy set of footsteps approached. Turning towards it, a tall and thin shadow dominated her field of vision.

"Sebastian!" Sasha sat up in a flash.

There was no mistaking it. The abductor of her children was standing before her in the flesh.

The shock was too much for her. As soon as she cried out, she collapsed back into bed. Her brain tried to stay afloat to comprehend the insanity of it all.

"I'd advise you to remain calm," Sebastian said. "You'd need your strength if you still want to see your children."

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Sasha took several moments to compose herself. She turned to address Sebastian through bloodshot eyes. "What have you done with my kids? You monster, return them to me."

Her children were her life. Without them, life wasn't worth living. Even in her current state, all she cared about was their wellbeing.

Sebastian brought a chair next to her and sat down comfortably, propping his legs up on her bed.

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“Sasha, let us establish some ground rules. First of all, the kids are mine as well as yours. Secondly, if I really intended for you not to meet them, you will never be able to, make no mistake.”

She settled down. Eyes remained fixed upon him with distaste and distrust, she nevertheless allowed him to continue.

Fear, hopelessness, and grief flashed in her eyes. In spite of herself, she was trembling, with tears flowing freely down her cheeks.

She was at a loss.

Sebastian was disturbed at the effect he produced.

Before he could stop himself, he blurted, “I’m just saying. Don’t cry, I still haven’t decided what I will do.”

Sasha felt a trace of hope at that. Perhaps her children were not completely lost to her.

She felt completely powerless. To go against him would be akin to an ant struggling in vain to be stomped on.

Sasha regained her composure.

“So... what will you do?” She clutched her sheets tightly.

“I just want to talk to you, Sasha. Why can’t we coexist in peace?” Sebastian said, finally revealed his motive for waiting for her all morning. “The responsibility to raise our children is ours to share. Why can’t we do it together?”

All this time, they have been fighting each other like cats and dogs, in the name of the children.

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Watching one's parents fight like that is not something a child deserves. Is the fighting worth it if it deals irreparable damage to them? Shouldn't they reflect on it and be ashamed of their behavior?

Sebastian observed her thoughtfully.

After letting his guard down and displaying vulnerability, Sasha's jeering response was not what he expected.

"Coexist? Sebastian, are you toying with me?"

Sebastian stared at her, at a loss for words.

"Am I wrong? You are the high and mighty Mr. Hayes of Hayes Corporation. I am just a lowly ant, subjected to be crushed to death at the merest sign of your displeasure. How will we be able to coexist? What peace is there to be found? My life is delicate in your hands. Do you think it's fair for you to say that?"

Sasha did not hold back in her mockery.

She was still pale, appearing even more so by the redness in her eyes. But at this moment, her sarcasm was razor-sharp, and it hurt him.

Sebastian went from white to crimson in an instant.

This b*tch is tired of living!

His handsome features contorted in rage. Nobody has ever spoken to him like that. Even worse, nobody has spoken to him like that after he had chosen to speak to them like an equal.

It was difficult, but he managed to control his temper.

"The thing with my father," Sebastian said, trying to keep his voice even. "I know, I went over the line. But Sasha, it has already happened. There's no point in pursuing this matter. I am serious about coexisting with you. As a sign of my sincerity, I've decided that I will return your million to you."

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This time, Sasha was the one who was speechless.

This scumbag, did he wake up on the wrong side of the bed today?

It's already a miracle that he had admitted to being wrong. But to loosen his wallet and give her back what was hers? Something's wrong with him this morning.

After his speech, Sebastian stood up.

"I will give you a day to consider. My motive for all of this is for our children, whether you'd believe it or not. Do you think it'll make them happy if you took them away from me? Think about what you went through last night." He said before departing.

Sasha was still stunned. It was not until the ceiling fan stopped rotating that she came to. In a fit of anger, she grabbed the pillow behind her and threw it at the door through which Sebastian left.

"What about last night? I was having a good time. Men still find me attractive. There are plenty of men who would be willing to raise your kids as their own. Does that thought sicken you?" She yelled at the door.

On the other side, Luke heard her and froze. He was praying that Sebastian had not heard a word of it, though it was near impossible as he stood right next to him.

Strangely enough, Sebastian did not bat an eye, other than at the mention of "men who would be willing to raise your kids as their own", to which he staggered slightly. But otherwise gave no sign that what she said had bothered him.

He was getting immune. After all, he had heard this all before.

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