

# Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

## Chapter 229

Unbeknownst to her, she was currently being projected on the LED screen in the banquet hall. Suddenly, the sound system was abruptly increased in volume, overpowering the noisy chatter in the hall.

“Can you really help him?”

“Of course, as long as you tell me who he is and describe his symptoms to me. You know, schizophrenia caused by genetic mutation is the hardest disease to treat in the world right now, and I’ve put a lot of time and effort in studying it.”

On the screen, the young man who was standing in the garden by the lake spoke in a clear voice.

As soon as he finished speaking, Frederick’s expression changed drastically, and the cup in his hand fell to the table with a clang.

“Mr. Hayes, are you alright?” Xandra cried out and moved to check on him.

However, Frederick shoved her aside and bolted up from his seat, roaring angrily at the screen, “Who’s doing this? Turn it off! Turn it off now!”

He was so furious that the veins on his neck were bulging.

The banquet hall instantly spiraled into mayhem. Everyone looked at a hysterical Frederick with confusion sprawled across their faces, wondering what in the world was happening.

Matilda was as puzzled as everyone else.

Sebastian arrived right then. After alighting the car, he rushed to the banquet hall just in time to see this chaotic scene, and the video displayed on the LED screen.

“His symptoms... His symptoms are terrifying. When they act up, he’ll become very violent, as if he wants to destroy everything. He’ll also create a different personality for himself—a very rare manifestation—and he will use that personality to do whatever he wants, like...”

On the screen, Sasha finally trusted the man and was slowly disclosing the secret she had buried in her heart for over ten years.

As if someone had hit the pause button, the banquet hall abruptly fell into a pin-drop silence. Even the air particles seemed to have frozen in place.

In an instant, all the blood drained from Sebastian’s face. His eyes had gone wide as this scene unexpectedly jogged a memory which was filled with blood and violence.

His expression turned monstrous.

Sasha Wand!

“N-No. That’s not right. I remember now. I’ve never... never told Dr. Kaye about this. W-Who are you exactly?”

Just as the woman on the screen was going to tell the man everything, she stopped suddenly, looking like someone who was jolted awake and trapped in an internal struggle.

She’s refusing to continue speaking and is starting to question who I am?

The man was taken aback, probably stunned that she became clear-headed. Hence, he immediately stepped forward before she could react, making sure to capture her eyes with his own.

“Ms. Wand, perhaps you have too much on your mind and your memory is failing you. You said so yourself that back then, you asked Dr. Kaye about this matter, right?”

“I... I...”

Sasha backed away, feeling a terrifying force worming into mind to dig out the secrets hidden there.

Hypnosis!

This man is using hypnosis on me!

Being a doctor herself, Sasha realized what was happening. Suddenly, fear was born from what little consciousness she still possessed.

“S-Stay away from me! W-Who are you?”

“Be good now. This isn’t what we’re talking about. Tell me, who is that person? Who?”

Who?

Who? Who?

Imprisoned by his gaze, Sasha struggled hard to free herself from his influence. Like a devil whispering into her ear, his voice broke through her defenses and urged her to say the name.

No. I won’t say it!

I won’t, even if it costs me my life!

Sasha bit down hard on her tongue, the sudden sharp pain pulling her back to her senses ever so slightly. “Get away from me! Get away!”

She violently shoved him away and staggered to her feet, wanting to escape from that place even as her head screamed in protest.

When the man saw that she could still resist him, a sneer formed on his lips. In the next second, he caught up and grabbed her arm, dragging her back toward him.

Their eyes met once again.

But this time, he came so close to her that their eyes were mere inches apart.

“Not bad, Sasha. I guess being a doctor makes a difference, huh? But you’re no match for me. I told you I’m a psychologist. No one can fight against my hypnosis.”

Sasha felt her world spin. With the taste of blood in her mouth, her consciousness started to waver again.

It turns out that this is all a conspiracy.

Someone had already planned for my downfall today.

Using every shred of willpower she had, Sasha pulled off the hair accessory pinned to the crown of her head with a shaky hand. "Is... that... so? Then today... let's see if I win, or you lose!"

With that, she stabbed the sharp accessory into her forehead.

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All he saw was a splash of crimson. Before he could process what was going on, the woman in his grasp went limp and fell over.

He froze, unable to comprehend strength of such caliber.

Not only that, she was vicious, too. Sasha targeted an acupoint, which allowed her to break free of his hypnosis. However, unbeknownst to her, this acupoint was also her Achilles' heel.

"Sasha." Sebastian appeared as she collapsed.

He replayed the moment in shock. In a flurry of movement, he was on his knees, heaving Sasha up from the pool of her own blood.

"Sasha, can you hear me? Wake up!" Sebastian gasped, fighting his raggedy breath to form words. His greatest fear was becoming a reality. He called her name over and over again, with each passing repetition diminishing in hope.

Sasha was unresponsive to his pleading. She lay in his arms, blood still spewing unrestrainedly from the gash on her left temple.

"You will be fine." Sebastian fought back his tears. "Nothing will happen to you. Nothing!"

He carried her out of the door to head to a hospital. As she swayed in the motion of his stride, Sasha's delicate rhinestone hairpiece fell from her wound and shattered in the pool of blood.

In an instant, the metal which was tinged with blood stabbed him in the eye. He stumbled in shock. Broken images flashed before his mind's eye.

Sebastian gasped at the pain in his head, as though a long-forgotten memory was being forcefully reopened. He staggered and fell to his knees.

"It was you! The man she was referring to was you!"

The psychologist did not move. He stood paralyzed at the realization that his deception was no longer effective.

"It was a genetic defect that caused schizophrenia. Of course it would be different from him. The lie you told yourself about your split personality; didn't he do the same thing? Was it blood? A knife? Are you... a murderer?"

He was unafraid, having already given up all hope of escaping.

However, seeing Sebastian on his knees, he stepped forward slowly, with a joyous and maniacal glint in his eyes, like Columbus had when he beheld the New World for the first time.

As soon as he was close enough, Sebastian looked up to face him. The psychologist recoiled from the intensity of Sebastian's pain.

Before he had time to react, the latter reached out with a bloody hand and grabbed hold of his neck. A crack like a gunshot reverberated throughout the room and the man was dead before he hit the floor.

Oh, the horror was unspeakable!

The guests who witnessed the scene gasped in shock.

Only Frederick remained calm. He surveyed the scene for an instant before deciding to send Sasha to the hospital.

After dismissing the crowd, he ambled over to his son, who was still on his knees.

“Sebastian.”

Sebastian did not seem to hear his father’s voice. His handsome features were void of life as he stared at his hands caked in Sasha’s blood.

“It is already done. No one will ever discover your secret,” Frederick told his son.

It did more harm than good. Sebastian jumped at the mention of the word “secret” and glared at his father malevolently.

“No one will ever know?” Sebastian repeated. “Doesn’t the whole city know by now? I told you before. You should have killed me. What’s the good of keeping me in this world?”

“Sebastian, wake up!” Frederick was furious. “You’re not living for yourself. If you think of yourself as broken and guilty, perhaps you should carry on living for those who bore the transgressions of your sins. You owe it to them to live on! They traded their lives for yours!”

The harshness of his voice forced Sebastian to look his father full in the face. He was looking quite deranged; the paleness matched the shock of white hair.

His eyes, however, were bloodshot.

Yes, I’m tired of living. Everybody in this cursed household is.

They did everything they could to hide the truth so I could lead a normal life. Everybody in this house gave up their hearts and souls.

“I know that you’re in shock today because of the girl.” Frederick took a deep breath. “But have you thought about it? She gave her life to protect your secret. Why do you have to blame yourself? Shouldn’t you be trying even harder to protect her from now on?”

It had to be said, even if he knew his son did not want to hear it at this time.

True enough, it did the trick. Sebastian’s bloodshot eyes widened in comprehension, having renewed his purpose once again.