

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 221

"Huh?"

Sasha stared at her dumbly.

Wait, I agreed to go with Brandon?

I guess I did? I can't even remember. Alright then. Since he's helped me in the past, this is just me returning the favor.

Sasha nodded absent-mindedly. "Mm, Sebastian's father asked me to go as well."

"Ah, I see. I'll inform Mr. Hayes about this-"

"No, no, it's fine. I-I'll tell him myself. Don't worry and just go back to work." Sasha immediately turned the housemaid down, then got up from the ground and went back in.

Wendy was at a loss for words.

Forget it. Since Mr. Hayes Sr. asked her to go, then I guess I don't have to tell his son about this.

Wendy decided to just let it be.

...

It was slightly past nine when Sebastian returned from work.

Because it was year end, there were lots of matters to settle at the company. Hence, he had been coming back at this hour for quite a long time.

However, when he came home that night, the petite figure who would usually be huddled on the sofa watching TV in the living room was nowhere in sight. The first floor of the enormous villa returned to being desolate once again.

“Mr. Hayes, welcome back.”

“Mm, where are they?”

While changing his shoes, Sebastian asked the housemaid with a frown on his face.

Wendy hurriedly explained, “They should be asleep. After dinner tonight, Ms. Wand took the children upstairs very early. What would you like to eat, Mr. Hayes? I’ll make it for you.”

Mr. Hayes probably wants to eat something. Lately, when he comes home late every day and sees that Ms. Wand isn’t asleep yet, he’d ask her to make something for him to eat.

Yet he rejected Wendy’s offer.

“It’s fine. Go to sleep.”

With that, he climbed the stairs.

Wendy didn’t insist and went back to sleep.

Approximately twenty minutes later, Sebastian walked out of the master bedroom on the third floor after putting down his notebook and changing into a set of casual wear.

He strolled along the corridor and unclasped the watch encircling his wrist, stuffing it into the pocket of his pants. Then he languidly descended the dimly lit stairway.

He didn’t expect the children to sleep so early and wanted to see them before calling it a night.

Upon reaching the second floor, he went to Ian’s room first.

He opened the door and peeked in to see that the little figure on the bed was indeed sound asleep. Then he closed the door with a soft click.

After that, he went to check on Matteo and Vivian.

As usual, Matteo loved kicking his blanket away, which was befitting of his lively and mischievous temperament. Sebastian covered him with the blanket again and turned the temperature higher before going out.

As for Vivian, Sebastian didn't go into her room.

Instead, he bypassed it and went to the room furthest in the back—Sasha's room.

As soon as the door creaked open, a rustling noise could be heard coming from the bedroom. Sebastian's brows shot toward his hairline and he immediately spotted the woman frantically clicking off her phone screen.

Asleep, huh?

His lips curled up in amusement, and he reached out to flip on the light switch.

Sasha, who was about to pretend to sleep, was dumbfounded.

All she could do was watch the man walk in with wide eyes. Her cheeks were flushed with embarrassment as though she had been caught red-handed doing something indecent.

"Weren't you sleeping? Why were you looking at your phone in the dark? Are you avoiding me again?"

Sebastian casually stuffed his hands into his pockets, wearing a laid-back expression on his face.

However, his question caused Sasha's heart to lurch in her chest.

"No, I-I-I was about to sleep, but then I received a message on WhatsApp."

"Who's it from?"

Sasha gulped nervously before squeaking out a name. "Willow."

Willow?

Sebastian raised a brow and strode over.

What's he doing?

Taken aback, Sasha hurriedly scrambled up into a sitting position.

"What are you doing?"

"Give me your phone!"

"What?"

Before she could react, his hand shot out with lightning speed. With a start, she realized he had already snatched her phone out of her hand.

Sasha was at a loss.

"Password," Sebastian demanded.

Sasha's brows knitted into a frown.

What the hell is wrong with him? Is he seriously going to check my phone?

How dare he? Who does he think he is?

Though resentful and dissatisfied, she didn't dare to grab her phone back. In the end, her shoulders slumped with resignation as she recited her phone password, "182930."

"What kind of password is this?" he taunted while keying in the digits.

Sasha was already upset that he was checking her phone. The moment she heard the sarcasm in his tone, she retorted indignantly, "It's the triplet's time of birth. What do you know?"

It was Sebastian's turn to become speechless.

Finally, he clamped his mouth shut and started to look through her phone.

Soon, he discovered that there were quite a number of apps on this old phone of hers, but all of them were for the children's use. For example, Recipes for Children was often used for Ian's sake. Next was Himalaya Listening Book for Matteo, Children's Stories for Vivian and many more.

The apps almost filled the entire screen, and WhatsApp was the only app relevant to Sasha herself.

Does this woman live only for her children?

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Sebastian felt indescribable emotions surge in his chest. He had initially planned to interrogate her, but after seeing all these apps, he had completely lost the interest.

In the end, he tapped into her WhatsApp.

"Why did Willow text you? She's here already?"

"Huh?"

Sasha snapped her head up and stole a glance at her own phone. Seeing that he was looking at her conversation with Willow, she nodded. "Yeah. She's here."

“Why did she text you?”

“Oh, nothing much. We were just chatting.”

“Just chatting? Then what’s up with all the gowns? Where are you two going? Are you hiding something from me?”

He had actually scrolled through the whole conversation Sasha had with Willow. Upon reaching the top, he saw the photos of various custom-tailored gowns Willow had sent.

His handsome face instantly became several shades darker.

Indeed, two women coming together equals bad news. I should’ve thrown this Willow woman to the sharks that day and gotten rid of her once and for all!

Sasha’s heart pounded against her chest when she saw his expression.

This “Willow” was not Willow at all, but was in fact, Brandon. After he went back, he kept pestering her on her WhatsApp.

Hence, she had no choice but to reply him.

Fortunately, she had the foresight to save his name as “Willow” in her phone as a precaution against the man living under the same roof as her.

“N-No, I’m not. It’s just that she’s finally back, so s-she said she wants me to go to a p-party or something,” Sasha stammered out an explanation.

Sebastian became even more displeased by this. “A party? You’re a mother now. Stop mingling with promiscuous women like her.”

Sasha failed to formulate a response.

How is Willow a promiscuous woman? She’s a respectable lady, not to mention a top student who majored in Human Resource.

Sasha had the urge to defend her friend.

Luckily, Sebastian said nothing else besides that. He tapped on the screen twice, but before she could figure out what he was doing, he passed the phone back to her.

Sasha accepted it and glanced at the screen, but strangely found nothing out of the ordinary.

“Alright, it’s late now. Go to sleep.”

Sebastian prepared to leave.

Sasha put her phone down and hummed a response. “Why did you come downstairs? Are you hungry? Didn’t Wendy make supper for you?”

Abruptly thinking about this, she casually asked as she lay down in bed again.

But Sebastian stiffened at her question. “No. I came to check on the kids.”

“The kids?”

Sasha pulled the blanket over her and blinked in confusion. “But they’re not sleeping in here tonight. They’re in their own rooms.”

It was obvious they weren’t sleeping with her.

Because this room was carpeted, they would take off their shoes before coming in. Hence, if they were here, their shoes would be outside the door.

However, Sebastian seemed to have neglected this fact.

He swiveled around impatiently and strode toward the door.

Faced with his peculiar reaction, Sasha was speechless.

Something came over her suddenly, causing her mouth to have a mind of its own.

“Sebastian, will you be attending your aunt’s birthday party?”

“What?” Sebastian stopped just shy of the door. “The birthday party? Didn’t I already tell you I won’t be going?”

"You won't?"

Sasha was unnerved, torn between believing him and believing Brandon.

Sebastian turned around and perceived the despondent look on her face. His chiseled brows drew into a frown, but he held back his temper to ask, "Why? You wanna go?"

Sasha immediately shook her head. "No, I don't!"

Sebastian's expression eased slightly. "Mm, you better not join this kind of occasion. It's nothing special anyway. Rather than troubling yourself, it's better you stay home and take care of the kids."

Sebastian was speaking from his heart.

He didn't think it was a good idea for Sasha to attend the Emmanuel family's party. Their two families got into a conflict not too long ago and he knew his aunt well. She was a narrow-minded and unforgiving person. Sasha would only end up getting the short end of the stick if she attended.

Unbeknownst to him, Sasha interpreted his words differently.

Why is he so against me going? Is it because he doesn't want me to spoil things for him and his lover at the party?

Hah...

Sasha withdrew her gaze and didn't speak anymore.

It was a sleepless night for her.

A few days later, the Emmanuel family's party finally came.

Sasha was waiting in Royal Court One. After receiving a WhatsApp message from Brandon, she grabbed her bag and went to the kitchen. "Wendy, I'm going out to buy some New Year goods today."

Of course, Wendy did not suspect a thing.

She nodded readily. "Sure, sure. I'll take care of the children at home. It's about time you went out and relaxed for a bit."

"Thanks, Wendy."

Sasha smiled and swiftly left.

As soon as she left Frontier Bay, she spotted an ostentatious blue Lamborghini. Right then, the person inside the car was poking his head out and checking his surroundings.

"Sasha! You're finally here. Hurry up, hurry up! We gotta go now."

It was Brandon.

Upon seeing Sasha, he frantically waved her over.