Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 245

Just then, a tall young man with a woman thrown over his shoulder walked out of the set.

"Sebastian! Let go of me! Put me down, you scumbag!"

She was struggling to free herself from his hold. She pounded her hands on his back and kicked her legs wildly in her attempt to get rid of him.

However, her efforts were futile; he was simply too strong.

Ignoring her angry cries, he carried her out with a stony look on his face. In an effortless move, he shoved her into the black Bentley.

Everyone was stunned.

Who is this woman?

They had seen her accompany the hottest actor, Brandon Emmanuel in the morning, and by evening she was in the arms of a badass man.

This man, from his grandiose convoy to his handsome face, was obviously no ordinary man. And he was no less than Brandon Emmanuel.

Who in the world is this woman?

Who is she to make these two men go crazy over her?

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But she was not much of a looker.

The actresses on the set were losing their minds with jealousy.

Now that Sebastian had shoved her into the car, still furious, he glared at her fiercely.

"Listen to me carefully, Sasha. If you still don't tell me the truth, then I promise you won't see the children ever again."

And he closed the door with a loud slam.

As expected, Sasha stayed inside and sat still.

She glared at him with reddened eyes, and tears of anger welled in her eyes. But at that moment, she sat there obediently and remained motionless.

Finally, the large convoy left the set.

An hour later, at Frontier Bay.

When Sasha got out of the car, she was greeted by the sight of the dimly lit Royal Court One. There were only a few street lamps lighting the path in the huge garden.

She took a step forward and was about to go in by herself.

Right then, a large hand grabbed her back collar and pulled her back.

"What are you doing? Let go of me. I'm not going to run."

"Haha."

He responded to her with a sneering laugh.

Just like that, she was brought home by this scum like a pet that had gotten lost.

"Mommy! Mommy is back!"

Who would have thought that the children, who should have been asleep, had stayed up and were waiting for them to return?

When the light came on with a click on the switch, Sasha stood at the entrance and discovered her three children sitting quietly on the sofa.

Oh my God!

In that instant, she heard a childlike whimper, "Mommy, you're finally back."

The cry belonged to Vivian. She let out a loud sob and ran to her mother with her short and chubby legs.

Sasha's heart ached at the sight of her.

My precious daughter.

Sasha knelt down and hugged her little darling daughter. "Yes, I'm back. Did Vivi behave today?"

"I was a bad girl, Mommy. I wasn't a good girl at all today. Mommy, please don't leave Vivi. From now on, I will be a good girl, okay?"

The little girl cried and claimed that she had misbehaved.

In her mother's embrace, hot tears raced down her cheeks. She clung on tightly to Sasha with her small arms, as though she was afraid her mother would disappear again.

Sasha's eyes reddened, and she became even more upset.

She hugged the child so tightly to her chest. Right now, she wanted nothing more than to slap herself across the face.

What have I done?

Matteo and Ian approached her, too.

After seeing their mother holding their sister tightly in her arms, both boys had tears in their eyes as they cried out pitifully to her, "Mommy..."

Sasha felt even more awful.

What else could she say?

The only thing she could do now was to hold her three children tightly in her arms.

After about ten minutes, when mother and children had finally calmed down, Sebastian called for Wendy to bring the children to bed.

"Go on, sweeties. Wendy will tuck you in."

"What about you? Will you come up too?" Vivian still wouldn't let go of her.

Holding back her tears, Sasha caressed her daughter's head tenderly.

"I will come up soon."

"Alright."

The little girl finally agreed. When she went upstairs with Wendy, she kept turning around to look at Sasha.

After the three children were taken to bed, Sasha and Sebastian were left alone in the spacious living room.

Is it time to say it now?

He has finally captured her and brought her back to see the children. Now would be the time to hear my sentence.

Sasha's heart was so cold, and she had a smile that was not quite there.

"You've seen the children yourself. Are you happy to see them so miserable?"

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"What?"

Sasha slowly lifted her head and wondered if she had heard him wrongly.

Sebastian continued to mock her. "I said, what do you think of yourself now that you've seen the children? Haven't you been boasting about you being a good mother? Are you proud of what you did today?"

His words cut like a blade.

Sasha's face was ghastly white.

She couldn't answer his question. Indeed, she felt a sense of guilt towards her children. She felt even more sorry to them for the decision she had made.

No! They forced me to do it.

Sasha shut her eyes. For a moment, her skin was deathly pale.

"Do I have a choice? At least I would still have the chance to see them after I run away. But if I were to fall into your hands, I would be as good as dead. I wouldn't be able to see them if I'm dead, right?"

Her words pierced through Sebastian's heart like a sharp blade. He had no words as he sat there with a sting in his heart.

So that was why she ran away.

But why wouldn't she believe me? Does she really think that I'm my father?

The man grew frustrated.

All of a sudden, he recalled he had not done a single good deed for her ever since they got to know each other. As he thought of this, a ball of anger rose up in his heart.

It's no wonder she did not believe me at all.

He had been horrible to her and had never treated her well. He would do the same if he were to be in her shoes.

Sebastian stopped talking at once.

"What's the matter? Why did you stop talking? Am I right?"

Sasha's expression grew colder with his silence.

Sebastian was so frustrated that his veins popped out of his forehead.

Finally, he couldn't take it anymore and said, "You must be crazy. What do you mean by falling into my hands? You've always been in my hands, isn't that right?"

Sasha was rendered speechless.

Has he lost his mind?

The man seemed to have found a counterattack point. He got up from his seat and faced her.

"I caught you when you were in Clear. Didn't I let you see the children then? Even my own son, whom I've raised for five years, turned against me. What more do you want? Huh?"

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Sasha had no idea what he was talking about.

However, she couldn't deny that it was not the answer she had anticipated from him. And because of that, she breathed a sigh of relief inwardly.

"He's my son too!"

"That's right, he's your son. You can see him any time you want and take him wherever you want. But I've said this before, I won't divorce you, Sasha. We can be co-parents and raise the children together. So why are you still having such delusional thoughts? Are you really crazy?"

He really wanted to pry open her head to see what was inside.

How silly can this be?

Sasha was startled.

As though something had struck her on her head, she froze in her seat and stared at the man with wide eyes.

How could I forget?

They were not going to proceed with a divorce, and just like what he had just said, they were going to raise the children together as a wholesome family.

But why would he want to lock me up now?

Am I missing something?

Realization slowly dawned upon Sasha.

Once her head was cleared, she felt a sudden burst of happiness in her heart. All the coldness, sadness, and despair deep within her dissipated.

In just a few seconds, the light in her eyes returned.

Sebastian was silent.

He finally breathed a sigh of relief inwardly after seeing her eyes lit up with renewed hope.

However, he couldn't be honest with her. Yet.

The truth was that Frederick was bound to be involved again. By then, with her intelligence, she would find out the truth about being married into the Hayes. That would be a bigger blow to her.

Sebastian rubbed his throbbing temples. "Is there anything else you want to say? If there's nothing else, please go to bed."

Sasha took one look at the man and finally went to bed obediently.

She is just like a cat. If I treat her kindly and coax her, she is docile.

Sebastian had never noticed this side of her before.

Xandra witnessed how Sasha was being brought home by Sebastian.

At that moment, she was ecstatic because it meant that this woman wouldn't be going to Moranta ever again. It would also mean that she won't be able to find out about the psychologist's puppeteer and the book.

But shortly afterward, her spy at the villa in Frontier Bay reported that there wasn't much of a stir in Royal Court One after the woman's return.

Instantly, she became upset again.

That would mean that there was no conflict between those two.

What happened between them? Isn't Sebastian afraid of Sasha spilling his secret? With Frederick's involvement, is there really nothing I can do?

She became riled up with jealousy and hatred again.