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Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 277

“What’s the matter, Caite?”

While Sasha and Roxanne’s assistant were in a stalemate at the door, Roxanne was just done showering in the villa. Hearing the commotion outside, she hollered from upstairs.

Only then did the assistant snap back to her senses and hastened back into the house.

A few minutes later, Sasha, who had been waiting at the door, was finally led into the house.

“I’m really surprised that you would come to pick him up.”

When Sasha again saw Roxanne, the latter was only wearing a bathrobe, with her long and velvety chestnut hair casually draped over her shoulder. She sashayed over with two glasses of red wine before placing one of them before Sasha.

Then, she languidly savored the other glass herself.

Nevertheless, Sasha didn’t pick up the glass of wine. Ever since she entered the house, her gaze had been darting around in search of the man she was here for.

Alas, she saw no sign of him anywhere.

“Why are you surprised? Isn’t it normal for me to come and pick him up?”

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“Of course not. Firstly, the two of you aren’t truly husband and wife. And secondly, I’ll drive him back myself. Ms. Wand, my relationship with him is far more intimate than you think.”

Roxanne was exceedingly blunt. Not only did she immediately refute Sasha, but she even deliberately mentioned the word “intimate.”

All at once, Sasha’s face went pale.

What the hell? So, she actually knows that we’re not truly husband and wife? Also, why did she suddenly mention that word? Could it be that she spotted me on the third floor when she came over this morning?

Out of the blue, she recalled the rumor she heard during her childhood of Roxanne being a “prodigy.” As she locked gazes with the woman’s mocking eyes, she abruptly felt as though she had been stripped naked.

Utter mortification engulfed her.

“Are you spying on me?”

“You read too much into things. Why should I spy on you? Your emotions are written all over your face. Look, you’re not even really here to pick him up tonight. The truth is, you’re merely using that as an excuse to confront me, no?”

Stunned, Sasha said nothing to Roxanne’s psychoanalysis of her motives.

With a wine glass in her hand, Roxanne then continued languidly, “You want to ask me why I called you a ticking time bomb back then. Besides, you also want to know what exactly my relationship with him is. Is that not so?”

It was terrifying to the bone, yet she sounded as though she was casually making conversation at that moment.

By then, Sasha’s face had lost all color.

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She was a doctor herself, and she also had some knowledge of psychology. But after hearing everything the other woman said, a chill encased her, and the hair on the back of her neck stood up that very moment.

Oh my God, she doesn't even seem human! Instead, she's more of a demon that crawled out of hell, peering into the deepest part of my heart with her piercing eyes before peeling every single thought apart and putting them on the table one by one! How horrifying!

"What are you..."

"Calm down, and rest assured that I'll tell you everything you want to know. Your most pressing question is my relationship with him, yes? Okay, we'll start with that, then. Indeed, our relationship was one between a doctor and a patient in the beginning. But as I started treating him, he gradually developed a great attachment to me since we were always together and saw each other night and day. Later, our families proposed that we tie the knot, and he didn't object either."

What?

It was as though a bolt of lightning struck Sasha, and her eyes went wide with shock.

Tie the knot? They were actually going to get married?

Her mind went blank.

At her expression, the sneer tugging at Roxanne's lips deepened. "Are you shocked? Don't worry, for I didn't agree. I had no interest in marriage, so I took off after they proposed marriage."

Sasha was struck dumb upon hearing that.

An eternity seemingly passed as she stood there gaping at the woman blankly without twitching a muscle.

So, it turned out that she was the one who left between the two of them. In other words, if she hadn't left back then, she would have been his wife. Most importantly, he wanted to marry her. Is that it? Then, what am I to him? Is she the love of his life instead? Back when

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he was truly at his most tormented, she must have been the sum of his confidante and hope to hang on to life as his psychologist. Who can ever compare to someone that important to him?

Recalling the intimacy and familiarity of the scene she witnessed on the third floor that morning which had her so envious to the point of no return, a suffocating sense of distress assailed her. She could feel her heart that had just healed some time ago being ripped open bit by bit again, blood dripping from the wound that radiated crippling pain.

“Thus, I was really puzzled when you suddenly married him at that time. I didn’t understand why Frederick would do such a thing when he understood his son’s condition better than anyone else.”

This time, Sasha was entirely dumbstruck.

The implication was too horrifying that almost a lifetime passed before she heard herself asking, “W-What do you mean?”

Roxanne merely shrugged. “I don’t know, but I found it strange. After I took off, his mental condition was at an all-time low. As such, shouldn’t he have been stabilized first at that time? Why was he forced to marry you instead? Could it be that Frederick wanted to use such a method to keep you shackled?”

Her eyes suddenly glinted after saying that.

She’s an incredibly intelligent woman, yet she’s an idiot in some aspects!

Meanwhile, Sasha plunged into silence.

She felt as though someone had poured a bucket of cold water on her, drenching her from head to toe. All the light was extinguished from her life in the blink of an eye. She stood there like a puppet whose strings had been cut, and she almost stumbled on her feet.

That was probably the pinnacle of utter devastation and despair.

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Chapter 278

I thought Frederick was helping me at my lowest, but it turned out that he was taking advantage of my situation. And the debt of gratitude I thought I owed him had also turned into a pathetic joke in the end. How naive was I? Ultimately, he had never regarded me humanely. How ludicrous!

Sasha had no inkling how she left in the end. She only remembered dragging her feet that felt as though they were filled with lead. When she finally snapped back to reality, she found herself standing in front of the prison she had just visited that morning.

"I made a mistake, Dad. I shouldn't have done that. If I could ever turn back time, I'd never make the same choice."

She fell to her knees in front of the prison in the pitch-dark night.

And when I went in today, I even told him that I was living a good life and didn't regret my decision back then. How ironic!

She remained kneeling like an abandoned waif as time continued ticking by...

Meanwhile, it was an hour later when Sebastian was finally awakened.

When he blinked open his eyes, he was briefly dazed after having been under hypnosis for such a long time. A few minutes later, awareness gradually returned to him. When he saw that the lights were turned on in the room, his eyes narrowed, and he immediately shot up from the bed.

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“Roxanne Rocke! How long did you have me sleep?” His voice was steely, making his current mood known in uncertain terms.

Roxanne had been a tad uneasy ever since Sasha left in a stupor, so her expression turned even more apprehensive at his wrath.

“I just wanted to let you sleep. Look, you haven’t slept well in a long time.”

Sebastian didn’t even dignify that with a response.

Cutting her a glare, he got out of bed and stalked out after snagging his suit jacket by the chair.

Uh... He’s leaving? Should I tell him that Sasha Wand was here?

Roxanne hesitated for a moment.

But in the end, she still said nothing. Instead, she watched the man leave until his car disappeared into the dark night.

“Dr. Rocke, are we not telling Mr. Hayes that his wife was here? She looked very pale when she left. Would something happen to her?” her assistant couldn’t resist asking after having seen it all from behind her.

When Roxanne heard that, her expression instantly darkened.

“Why should we do so? She was here to look for me, not him! And I only granted her wish by telling her everything she wanted to know, so there’s no one to be blamed if she can’t accept the truth!”

Unexpectedly, she was incensed for the first time in her life.

In the past, such an emotion would never have manifested on her.

Sebastian drove back to Frontier Bay.

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He was about to enter the villa in search of Sasha to explain why he hadn't returned on time to accompany her to the prison visit when his cell phone rang without notice.

"Hello?"

"It's bad, Mr. Hayes! Xenia Blackwood is dead!"

It was Karl's voice. His declaration was akin to a deafening explosion in the cold and wintry night. Sebastian felt as though his ears were buzzing as those few words fell into his ears.

"Dead? I didn't ask you to kill her!"

"Indeed. I didn't make a move against her either, but she was found dead on the street just after she ran out of the house following a huge row with her parents. And the person standing next to her was affiliated with us," Karl explained hastily.

He seemed desperate to clarify that he had nothing to do with the incident, but his denial became extremely flimsy from the moment he said that someone affiliated with Hayes Corporation was at the scene.

A shiver ran down Sebastian's spine, and his expression turned grim in the dark night.

"Then, why are you tarrying now? Go and investigate this matter quickly!"

"It's being investigated now. But Mr. Hayes, Sharon Goldstein ran out and witnessed it, so I'm afraid that..."

Smash!

Karl's voice cut off. On the heels of that, the sound of the man smashing his cell phone to the ground in unadulterated rage rang out.

Even after he had done that, his fingers trembled slightly.

Xenia is dead, and someone affiliated with Hayes Corporation was at the scene. Worse still, all that happened to have been witnessed by Sharon!

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When Sebastian came back to his senses, the first thought that occurred to him was to quicken his pace. He sprinted into the villa to find that woman posthaste and explain the matter to her.

However, he couldn't find her anywhere in the villa.

"Where's my wife?"

"She went out to look for you. Didn't you see her, Mr. Hayes?"

When Wendy saw her employer looking frantic upon scurrying out of the children's room, bemusement swamped her.

Hearing that, Sebastian froze for a moment.

Huh? She went out to look for me? Where did she go in search of me?

All of a sudden, Roxanne's unusual nonchalance when he left her place earlier flashed across his mind. Surprisingly, she didn't cling to him as she was apt to do. In a trice, the sense of dread within him grew all the more intense.

"Mr. Hayes?"

Unbidden, unease started permeating Wendy when she abruptly noticed that the man's expression had turned awfully bleak.

Nonetheless, Sebastian didn't answer her.

Snatching up his keys, he only ordered her to take good care of the three children before pivoting and leaving in huge strides.

Wendy could vaguely sense that he had lost his usual calmness and unflappability.

Don't tell me something happened? Oh no, I really hope not! Dear Lord, it's hasn't been easy for them to get to this point, so won't You please have mercy on them?

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