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Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 319

Never did he imagine that the woman he so detested would commit such an earthshattering act.

Uncle Roderick tried to administer poison to my son? But why? So that his incompetent son can take over? The nerve of him. I can't believe he dared to mess with me, Sebastian Hayes. Plotting to get rid of my offspring then spread the word to the board of directors that I'm mentally ill, just so his own son can lawfully inherit Hayes Corporation.

Sebastian suddenly recalled what the shareholder had said to him that afternoon.

Creak! Out of the blue, the crisp sound of cracked bones came from the hand that was holding onto the lab report.

Oh God!

The horrifying scene left Sasha bereft of speech.

"You'd better stay at home and don't go anywhere!"

The incensed Sebastian ordered her to stay put before he swiftly changed and left the house.

Sasha stared blankly ahead, dumbfounded.

It took a long time for that murderous aura to dissipate before she snapped out of it. Her legs almost gave way as she leaned against the door and let out the breath of air she was unconsciously holding in.

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She was well aware of what the man had left to do.

It was exactly what she had hoped for.

Nonetheless, she still could not help but feel unsettled and wished she had gone along with him.

Sasha returned to her room, but she was unable to regain her composure. She took out the remains of the sweets and soaked them in a mug to take a better look at them.

Roxanne had already analyzed the toxicity of these sweets.

However, she had yet to determine its antidote. If the situation persisted, her son would have to suffer for an indefinite period of time.

Hence, she decided to take matters into her own hands.

“Ms. Wand, you haven’t had your dinner. It’s already so late, so you should come down for dinner.”

“Alright, Wendy.”

Sasha was deeply engrossed in her experiment and gave the housemaid an offhanded reply.

Wendy could only sigh and left the room quietly.

When Sebastian returned reeking of blood, the entire villa was pitch dark save for that room on the second level.

She’s still awake?

In long strides, Sebastian entered the villa.

Just as he was about to head upstairs, he lowered his head to look at his hands. In the end, he decided to wash up in the bathroom on the ground level before going upstairs.

Even though spring had just begun, the weather was still chilly. A thin layer of mist could be seen forming whenever someone exhaled.

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It's rather cold tonight. Why hasn't she slept?

Sebastian arrived at the room where a warm, orange light was spilling out from the crack of the door.

He raised his hand and was about to knock when he realized the door was open. From the crevice, he could see Sasha on her knees in the room. There were papers on the floor. What the heck is she doing?

"Sasha?"

"Hm?"

The woman's head shot up and immediately turned towards the door.

He's back?

An elated Sasha instantly got up, totally forgetting about what she was working on. She made a beeline for the door and opened it, saying, "Sebastian, you're back?"

As the man stood at the door watching her run toward him in an animated manner, his breath momentarily stopped.

"Yes, I'm back. What are you doing?"

"I'm trying to find a remedy for Matt... Roxanne has yet to find the cure, so I thought of trying other methods. But... it's been a whole night of experimenting and I'm still nowhere close. The remnants of the dessert are way too microscopic, and I don't have much left to work with..."

Her sentence trailed off as she looked increasingly distressed.

Sebastian silently observed her while she explained herself. Despite constantly reminding himself to lose all hope in her, he could not help but soften at her actions.

"It's fine. He's already fessed up."

"What? Really? Did he confess to everything? Did he really admit that he attempted to poison our son?"

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When she heard his response, she grew agitated and gripped Sebastian's wrist tightly.

Sebastian shot a quick glance at her hand. The corners of his lips faintly turned upwards as he continued, "Yes, he owned up to everything. I've already killed him."

Such horrid words seemed to roll off his tongue casually.

At that, Sasha's eyes widened in shock.

Killed? So fast? Oh god.

Dumbfounded, she was rendered completely speechless. In an instant, fear gripped her as she cowered slightly, feeling chills travel down her spine.

Her reaction didn't go unnoticed by Sebastian. His face instantaneously hardened as he questioned, "Why? Are you unhappy about what I've done?"

"Huh?"

The woman regained her senses and rapidly waved her hands. "No, no, that's not it... I'm just... I... You took his life so quickly... Won't your father have anything to say about that?"

Sebastian snickered, "I doubt so. He was out to end his grandson's life. You think my father would have any qualms?"

His response left Sasha at a loss for words.

There was some truth in his words.

Still, Sasha could not help but find the whole situation difficult to accept.

It wasn't because that heartless monster didn't deserve to die, but because Sebastian was so indifferent about murder. His impassive face gave her the impression that homicide was nothing out of the ordinary.

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Chapter 320

"Since everything's settled now, go to bed."

Sebastian didn't think anything was abnormal. After the woman had nothing else to add, he casually wished her goodnight before preparing to leave.

Sasha nodded and bent down to pick up the pieces of paper strewn all over the floor. Unfortunately, she accidentally triggered her injury and soon felt a sharp pang in her body. She immediately cried out in pain.

"What's wrong?"

Sebastian's head whipped at the sound of her cry.

Her expression drastically changed as she pretended to be fine. "Nothing! I'm just going to put aside these pieces of paper. You go ahead and sleep. You still have work tomorrow."

She couldn't let him find out she was injured. Else, given his ill-natured temper, he was sure to reprimand her for being useless.

To her surprise, he didn't move an inch. He just stood there and narrowed his eyes suspiciously. "You sure you're fine?"

"Huh?" Sasha arched her brows in confusion.

In a split second, her mind went into a state of hysteria.

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Huh? Did I say something wrong? Wait! I've been staying here under the guise of being injured. If I say I'm alright now, that's digging my own grave. Oh, god. Somebody help me.

Luckily, she was astute enough to react without delay. She quickly changed her stance and replied, "No. No, I'm not doing fine. I haven't... Um... I haven't recovered yet."

"So, you haven't regained your health?"

"Yes! Look. My belly is covered with bruises."

His menacing stare utterly frightened her. She hurriedly lifted her shirt to show him her wound.

Damn it! Is this considered a blessing in disguise? I finally have an injury that's suitable to parade.

Sebastian shifted his ominous gaze to the area she had just exposed to him. At the sight of her large bruise, his eyes filled with a murderous glint, and he emanated an air of viciousness.

He wasn't oblivious to the fact that she had been feigning her illness.

He only answered that way so that it would pressurize her to reveal her injury.

That must be from Roderick. That son of a b*tch.

With a grim look on his face, he reached out and pushed her hand aside.

Sasha was taken aback by his action. "Huh-"

Her doe-like eyes turned watery as she eyed him apprehensively.

"What... What are you doing? I'm being serious. I'm still injured..."

"What about it?"

"Huh?" In a state of frenzy, Sasha found it difficult to keep up with him. All she could do was gape at him with trepidation.

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He coldly swept his gaze over her and bent down. Without any warning, he took her by surprise and scooped her into his arms.

Oh my god!

Sasha's mind immediately turned blank.

Am I dreaming?

Meanwhile, Sebastian's countenance remained composed. With a motionless Sasha in his arms, he made his way to his own room and gently laid her on the bed. Then, he left to grab the first aid kit.

The-The bed...

Sasha's heart started racing.

At the same time, Sebastian strode in with the first aid kit in hand. He took one quick look at the woman, who was still transfixed by what had just happened. "Take off your clothes!" he demanded.

"Huh?" An appalled Sasha looked up to scrutinize the man. "Why do I have to? I'm not going to..."

"If you don't, how am I supposed to apply medication for you? Why don't you get out of my house in this state and find someone else to do it for you?"

His callous tone hinted that there was no room for negotiation.

Tsk. Why is she acting all pure and innocent? It's not like we haven't done anything together before.

Fortunately, his threat proved to be useful. To avoid having to leave, Sasha peeled off her clothes with red-rimmed eyes.

It was at this moment that Sebastian realized she wasn't wearing a bra. All she had on was a small tank top, probably something casual she slipped on after bathing.

Damn it!

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Instantly, he felt the heat rise in his body, particularly his abdomen area. With much effort, he reluctantly tore his eyes away and focused his eyes on her wound instead.

It was an enormous bruise, especially so when contrasted with her fair complexion. One look at it was enough to tell that it was grave.

“Did it not cross your mind that he’d kill you?”

“What?”

His abrupt question prompted her to turn her reddened face around to face him. At that moment, her eyes unexpectedly met his deep-set orbs.

His cavernous eyes were largely inscrutable, but she could clearly detect the rage and agony in them.

Sasha felt her heart skip a beat at that moment.

“I... I didn’t think that far. All I wanted was... To find the cause of Matteo’s illness,” she explained as she averted her gaze. Her nervousness made her heart beat faster by the minute.

Sebastian was stunned by her response for a moment.

If she really were someone who could sacrifice her life for the sake of her children, then why did she tell them she didn’t want them anymore?

His gaze darkened further before he regained his composure. He silently took out a bottle of ointment and rubbed it in his palms before placing them on her pale, tender skin.

“Ouch!”

Sasha immediately yelped.

The excruciating pain from her wound, coupled with the searing sensation from his warm palms, gave her an odd tingle.

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