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Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 311

“Mr. Hayes!”

Sebastian uttered a response as he got out of the car, his face impenetrable. He had worn a dark grey suit, which complemented his near-perfect physique and accentuated his distinguished air.

Sasha was feeling dazed as she subconsciously held her breath.

“Sebastian...”

Without sparing a glance at her, the man ordered coldly, “Take the kids away.”

His words knocked Sasha sideways.

No way! They can’t take my kids away from me!

She hugged the kids tightly in her arms. Her ashen face, the fear in her eyes, and the bloodstain on her forehead made a dreadful sight.

“No! Please, don’t! Sebastian, can’t we talk about this?”

The kids began crying out loud, “No! I don’t want to leave Mommy! I want Mommy!”

Seeing that the bodyguards hesitated to do as he said, the cold-hearted Sebastian went over to snatch the kids from Sasha.

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Sasha had lost her cool. Disregarding her injury, she lurched forward to grab the man's arm and pleaded, "No! Sebastian, please don't take them away from me! I admit I was wrong, and I shouldn't have said something like that. I'll take it back! Please..."

Yet, Sebastian was unmoved. Ignoring Sasha's pleading, he stuffed the kids into the car. Soon, the bodyguards got into the car and drove off.

Sasha could do nothing but watch as the car sped off into a distance.

At that instant, the feeling of despair descended on her. She experienced a temporary blackout of vision and was about to collapse onto the ground.

Suddenly, Sebastian pulled her into his arms and encircled her. With his bloodshot eyes boring into hers, the man uttered harshly, "Oh, drop the act, will you? Don't you remember how nonchalant you were when you said you didn't want the kids? You've lived a carefree life without caring about them. So, there's no need to act pitiful now."

Sasha's mind was buzzing. Those words had pierced through her heart, tearing it into smithereens.

"No... I... I didn't act pitiful. If I could travel back in time, I would never say something like that."

Hearing her words, Sebastian hit the roof, and he retorted sarcastically, "Do you think you deserve forgiveness just because you regret your actions? Does that mean you can forgive what my dad had done to you if he regrets it? And that you'll treat Xenia's death like it has never happened before?"

"Look, you can't even do it yourself! Then, how can you ask for someone else's forgiveness? Don't you think it's funny?"

The man thought the problems between them were irreconcilable. Slowly, he loosened his grip around her.

There was not a trace of emotions in his eyes as the feeling of hopelessness, anger, and disappointment dissipated.

As for Sasha, the man's cutting words hit her hard.

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She wanted to tell him that what she did was totally different from what Frederick had done to her, yet she eventually swallowed her words.

After all, the man was telling the truth. It was too late for regrets.

Be it the hurtful words that she said, or the things the Hayes family did, what was done could not be undone.

When she herself couldn't forgive them, how could she, a woman who abandoned her kids, ask for Sebastian's forgiveness?

Sasha's heart wrenched in pain while her ears buzzed. She could taste a metallic taste in her mouth.

Without bothering to talk to her anymore, Sebastian turned away and got into his car.

Just as he started the engine, he saw the petite figure staggering to her feet from the corner of his eyes. The woman had supported herself against the flowerbed by the roadside, staring blankly at her palm.

The next second, she fainted.

When she collapsed onto the ground, he could clearly see blood on her palm from the rearview mirror.

Sasha was dreaming again.

In her dream, she was a little girl. Her parents had brought her to Avenport. Yet, she didn't get to see the little boy who was five years older than her again.

"Sasha, want to go to your Uncle Jackson's house? There's a girl about your age. She's your cousin."

"Sure!"

Then, her parents brought her to Jackson's house.

She was happy in the dream. It felt like she was brought back to her childhood, once again experiencing those lovely memories. All those problems and worries were gone, and all that was left were the Wand and Hayes family.

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How nice this is...

Meanwhile, Wendy was cleaning up the room when she saw Sasha shedding tears in her sleep. She couldn't help but sigh.

When she left the room, she saw that Sebastian's study was still brightly lit. Being a soft-hearted person, she entered the study to tell Sebastian about it. "Oh, Mr. Hayes, why would you take Madam's words to heart? I can tell that Madam is not a cold-hearted person. She only said those words out of anger."

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There was a pile of documents before Sebastian, but the man was smoking instead of working. The cigarette crackled amidst the silence, and the ashtray was loaded with cigarette butts.

"Out of anger?" He curled his lips into a sneer. "That woman doesn't even want her kids."

"How is that possible?" Wendy's eyes widened in disbelief.

"Madam loves the kids so much! Why would she abandon them? There's just too much going on in her life. She's shouldering too many burdens, so she probably wasn't in the right state of mind." Wendy had been taking care of Sebastian since he was a kid, so she wouldn't want to see him make any wrong decisions. Hence, she advised him earnestly, "Mr. Hayes, you need to give her some time. If you force her, it will only make the matter worse. If anything happens to her, what are you going to do with the kids? She's their mother, after all."

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In fact, Wendy could see through the matter better than Sebastian. She could tell Sasha's suffering and all her struggles. The latter's current mental state was no better than a person walking at the edge of a cliff, to say at least.

No one could tell if anything might happen to her if Sebastian continued to force her.

After Wendy left, the light in the study remained lit for a long time.

The next morning, Roxanne dropped by.

"Ms. Roche, you're here so early today!"

"Well, I have something I need to attend to later, so I've decided to come earlier to check on that woman. How is she now? Was she doing okay last night?"

Roxanne made herself at home. As soon as she entered the house, she grabbed an apple from the table before heading upstairs.

Wendy quickly followed suit.

"Everything was fine, and she was quiet last night. Does this mean she's alright now?"

"She only vomited a little blood after getting hit by the car. She'll be fine as long as she doesn't suffer any head injuries," Roxanne explained calmly while walking toward the guest room located on the second floor.

As soon as they opened the door, both of them jumped at the sight of Sasha standing by the window.

"Ms. Wand, you're awake? Why are you standing by the window? The wind is blowing hard outside. You should put on a jacket."

Wendy was badly frightened. It was eerie to see Sasha dressed only in her thin pajamas while standing still with her hair cascading down her back.

Roxanne, too, was so shocked that she had forgotten to swallow the apple in her mouth.

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Don't tell me this woman has suffered a brain injury and lost her mind!

Fortunately, when Wendy came back with a jacket, Sasha, who had been staring outside the window for a long time, finally returned to her senses.

"I'm fine. I was only looking at the sky to tell the time," she replied nonchalantly.

Then, she went back to sit on the bed with Wendy's help.

Gazing at her pale face, Roxanne swallowed the food in her mouth and then entered the room. "You scared the hell out of me! I thought you lost your mind. How do you feel?"

Standing by the bed, she reached out her hand to examine Sasha.

Yet, the latter, whose energy was being sapped by her injury, discreetly shunned away from her touch.

"I'm fine. There's no need to trouble you, Ms. Rocke."

Instantly, Roxanne's face fell. She turned and left the room, munching on the apple on her way out.

Seeing that, Wendy panicked. "Ms. Wand, why didn't you let Ms. Rocke examine you? She was the one who treated your injuries yesterday."

Sasha cast her eyes downward and reassured Wendy, "I'm fine. Besides, I'm a doctor as well. I know my condition well, so there's no need to worry about me."

"Oh, right! I forgot about that!"

Wendy eventually cast her worries away.

The two then chatted for a while in the room, and Wendy told Sasha about the things that happened after the latter fainted.

Wendy left the room after a while. It was not long before she came back with the three kids.

"Mommy, are you all right? You scared me yesterday. Let me have a look at your injury."

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"Vivi, Mommy hasn't recovered yet. Don't climb onto the bed, or you might hurt her."

"Be a good girl. Come down now."

Sasha had almost thought it was a dream to see the kids in the room, showing their care for her. "Why..."

Wendy explained apologetically, "Ms. Wand, I need to go to the supermarket to do groceries. Can you help look after the kids? Since I'm the only housemaid, I usually send the kids to Ms. Rocke's when I need to go shop for groceries."

Instantly, Sasha's eyes widened in surprise while her body trembled in excitement. Her desolated heart had once again come alive. Without a second thought, she nodded in agreement.

"You can definitely leave them in my care. There's no need to send them to Ms. Rocke's. I'll take good care of them."

"Alright then."

With that, Wendy smilingly left.

How could a nice lady like Sasha have bad intentions? She's just a mother who wishes to be with her children and a poor woman who needs to shoulder all those burdens in life.

That day, Sasha finally got the opportunity to spend time with the kids.

Though, she was worried that Sebastian might appear and kick her out. Hence, she pretended that her leg hadn't recovered and would occasionally fake headaches and dizziness.

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