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Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 363

Clearly, it was she who's mental!

Sasha seethed at that thought.

"That's enough, Ms. Wand. Her parents have already punished her for it, so perhaps you shouldn't continue to make things difficult for her here. She did not mean any harm."

"Did not mean any harm? Do you expect me to be able to brush it off so casually? Don't you know that she could have ruined Mr. Hayes?"

Sasha only grew more upset upon hearing Tim and started to voice her disapproval vociferously on the spot, to which Tim only responded with a dignified silence.

Just as he was about to try to calm Sasha, the woman whom she was so determined to intercept just a moment ago surprisingly pulled over with a resounding screech.

"Ruined him? Explain yourself, Sasha Wand. Who was the one who ruined him?" Roxanne stormed up to Sasha directly after she alighted.

With all the rage she had bottled up inside, Sasha held nothing back after seeing her counterpart step out of her own volition.

"Haven't I made it obvious enough for you? Aren't you aware of what you've done?"

"Yes. I know what I've done, but do you know why I did that? It was all because of you!" Roxanne's finger was almost upon Sasha's forehead as she railed.

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Roxanne's parents had also arrived at the scene and quickly hastened over with the intention of restraining their own daughter.

As she recalled how they distorted the truth during her last visit to the Rocke residence, Sasha started scoffing in a fury at the sight of this family.

"Of course. Hasn't it always been that way for the Rocke family? Was it not always someone else's fault? Since when were y'all ever wrong about anything?"

"Bullsh*t! You don't believe me, do you? Fine! Why don't I give it to you straight then? Were you not with him that night? Didn't he go in to rescue you?"

Sasha was dumbstruck, taken aback by the fact that the woman was even in the know about this.

However, that was beside the point as what came after proved to be even more shocking. "He pretended that I had his memory erased, but the truth is, he still remembered who you are, you blighted b*tch!" Roxanne hollered.

Everything came to a standstill when her voice trailed off.

Sasha, in particular, felt a humming in her own brain as her basic cognitive functions seemed to stall while she stared at that woman.

Pretended?

How could that be, considering how cold he has been to me? He even locked me up in the dog pound and threatened to put a chain around me...

"I've told him umpteenth times that you're a ticking time bomb who would sooner or later lead to his downfall, but he wouldn't listen. Six months ago, he even walked in the rain for three hours from the airport into the city after you broke up with him. His final words before he passed out were that you didn't want him anymore. Am I wrong about this, Sasha Wand? Huh?"

Roxanne choked up amidst her throaty and hysteric accusations, leaving no room for doubt at this moment that her heart bled for this man.

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Sasha started to become unsteady on her own feet.

He walked in the pouring rain for three hours straight that day?

She was under the impression that he would head home right after they parted ways at the airport. After all, he had never demonstrated his affections for her, be it on the night she left or when they were together in that little village

Tears welled up and rolled out of the corners of Sasha's eyes.

"He ran a high fever and was not able to sleep for several nights afterward. Did you know how worried I was for him? How could he be fine after suffering a blow like this? That was why I hypnotized him and helped him erase all his memories pertaining to you. Was I wrong to do that?"

Sasha had no means of retort.

"It was your refusal to be with him that led me to use this method, all to protect him from the harm that you caused. Was I wrong to do that? Am I wrong to intervene as his doctor now that you're back again to harass him? Answer me, Sasha Wand!"

Like a knife, her words stabbed into Sasha's heart so deeply that the latter could almost taste the blood in her mouth, and in the end, even her self-awareness almost deserted her.

That's right. When did she err?

What right had she, Sasha Wand, the true cause of everything, to chastise her?

Finally, Sasha turned around stiffly like the living dead and dragged her own desensitized feet away in despondence upon the realization of how ignorant she was.

At another time, in another place.

Sasha arrived back at the hotel, where she cooped herself in for the next three days.

Hiding under the sheets inside that room and neither eating nor drinking with regularity, she had even switched off her phone and hung up the receiver of the landline by the head of the bed.

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Her sole interaction was with the television, which she would turn on every day to keep tabs on developments specific to that piece of news.

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The television was unplugged outright when updates became far and few between, after which she reacquainted herself with the darkness which had been her constant companion in the room with all the curtains drawn.

Three days later, a thunderous thumping was finally heard upon the door.

“Open up, Sasha! Or else I’m going to bust my way in!”

Though the woman wrapped tightly in the comforter heard the man, she flipped herself around and pretended that she did not.

And so, the door was finally kicked open from the outside.

“Frigging hell!”

The bright blue sky outside delivered an instant contrast to the pitch-black interiors beyond the door, and that shocked him into a cold sweat.

Could something have happened to that silly woman?

Brandon burst in and shouted as he switched on all the lights, “Where are you, you idiot? Are you dead? Come on out!”

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However, Sasha remained hushed under the sheets.

“There you are. Damn it. You almost scared me to death!” Brandon dashed over in glee after he discovered the little mound on the bed.

The disinterested woman arched away and pulled up the blanket over herself. “Why are you here? Get out!”

Brandon was rendered speechless as he had never been treated so shabbily by this woman. Finally irked, he yanked the blanket off her in its entirety.

“Why am I here? You’ve gone and disappeared for three days straight. People were starting to think that you’ve been murdered and dismembered.”

“You’re insane!”

Mired in a state of desolation, Sasha clambered up with the intention of reclaiming possession of the comforter, which she had been robbed of.

But there was no way Brandon would return it to her.

With the blanket in hand, he ran straight for the window and started to pull back the curtains which had been left drawn in the past three days.

On the bed, Sasha reflexively raised both hands to shield her eyes when she felt the pain induced by the sudden burst of light which seeped in through the window.

“What are you doing, Brandon? Hurry up and close them.”

“Uh. Would you take a look at yourself? Getting all depressed over a little ticking off by that woman? Where has the old Sasha Wand disappeared off to?”

She fell silent as the old Sasha was already dead.

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An indeterminate amount of time transpired with Sasha sitting slumped on the bed. When she was finally able to adjust her eyes to the brightness, she lowered her hands and gazed at the light that she had not seen for some time.

“Why were you looking for me?”

“Why else? Sebastian’s awake, so I wanted to ask if you would like to go visit him.”

Awake?

Sasha sat up almost immediately upon hearing that, and the heart that had been deadened for three days throbbed, albeit for that brief instant, before the recollection of that woman’s words caused her to gradually slink back into her brooding.

“How’s he?”

“Alright, I guess. He’s already made a public appearance. Aren’t you going to see him? I heard that you’ve gotten into a row with Roxanne over this. Seeing how worried you are, wouldn’t it be better if you visited him for yourself since he’s already come to?”

While Brandon kept up with his efforts to persuade that woman, she pursed her lips before shaking her head steadily. “I won’t. And I’d also be keeping my distance from him from here on out.”

“Why?”

“It’s because... I want him to be able to live longer.”

That last sentence was meant for her own ears.

During the past three days, someone had indeed contacted her over the landline, which she subsequently unplugged. The individual called on that particular day to tell her about Sebastian taking ill in Frontier Bay, after which he also extended an apology.

“We’re really sorry about what happened at the Rocke residence, Ms. Wand. My wife and I were in the wrong. But with things being the way they are right now, I believe you wouldn’t want to see his downfall, and so I’ll be handling things myself. Do you understand?”

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It was said that Sebastian was still unconscious when that man called.

He decided that he was going to personally erase all of Sebastian's memories of Sasha in the hope that the latter would not be triggered by her in the future, which was important for ensuring his safety.

At that moment, Sasha suddenly found herself vehemently opposed to it.

"No, I don't know, and I don't need to know. I regret it now and no longer wish to leave him. I don't want you to erase any of his memories. I intend to be with him, so I forbid it".

Like a raving lunatic, she jumped off the bed and prepared to head out to stop him until Trevor said that it was too late.

When Sasha lowered her head to see the light which seeped in through the gaps between her fingers, the wall of tears which she had been holding back finally buckled under those piercing rays and fell onto the snowy white sheets.

"I regret it, Brandon. I should not have pushed him away at the airport, and now, I've no more chance to..."

Brandon did not know how to respond to that.

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