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Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 401

"Sebastian..."

This man looks so grim.

On his chiseled face, every line and curve contributed to his unnerving hostility. Between his brows were creased lines from frowning. A strong gust of murderous rage emanated from him, and not to forget, the horrifying look of his desire to skin Sasha alive and crush her into pieces was blasting from his eyes.

"You're getting bolder, huh?" Towering over her, he gave her a death stare for a good few seconds before spitting those words out.

Instantly, Sasha obediently admitted her fault. "Yeah, I'm at fault. I shouldn't have come here alone to discuss business with that kind of people. You know, no one has ever taught me anything. I've never worked in this industry, so I'm clueless. That's why I came when he asked me to."

What? Did I hear it wrong? No one taught her? What about those reminders I told her this morning?

Brandon, who was at a corner, was left speechless and wanted to serve her a tight slap so desperately.

Luckily, he knew Sebastian was not easy to be fooled with either.

"You're clueless? I see that you're having a great time drinking with him just now. It was such a great time that you almost sat on his lap!"

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“Huh?” Sasha, who was still teary-eyed, was shocked to hear that.

Just now? How would I remember when I’m drunk? But since he’s so angry about it, does that mean he’s jealous? He must be jealous, right?

Sasha was instantly ecstatic.

“I-I was forced to drink just now. He said he’d sign the contract with me if I drank five glasses. He’s the old client of the Wand family; I must clinch the deal.”

Sebastian did not say anything.

“Besides, I never sat on his lap, I swear. Look, I’ve prepared my needles. I’ll kill him if he ever tries to take advantage of me.”

Finishing her words, Sasha specifically fished out a long and thin needle from the pocket on her dress.

Brandon was dumbfounded with her action and at a loss of words because of how shameless Sasha was.

It’s a waste of talent that she didn’t become an actress!

Eventually, Sebastian did not continue arguing with Sasha. After all, he was an influential figure at a place with a mixture of people from all walks of life. It would do him no good if he stayed at such a place any longer.

Therefore, he left just like that; but of course, with Sasha along too.

Sasha heaved a huge breath of relief.

She had finally got him in her hands again. This time, she would never let go of him so easily again.

When the two were brought outside a five-star hotel, Sebastian stopped the car and immediately asked someone to pull Sasha out.

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“Send her back to Avenport.”

“Yes, Mr. Hayes.”

“Also, take him to Thymion. I don’t want to see him any time soon.”

He was radiating a chilly aura from head to toe as he pointed to the two and commanded immediate execution for his instructions.

What the heck. What is he up to?

Brandon protested against it at once. “I don’t want to go to Thymion. I’m still filming. Why must I go there?”

Sebastian let out a contemptuous smile. “Sure, you can. But I can guarantee you’ll disappear from showbiz within three days. Perhaps you can end up fishing at the beach with your brother. How about that? Sounds good?”

“You-”

Brandon was so infuriated that his face grimaced.

Nevertheless, there was no way he could go against the powerful Sebastian.

Sasha felt slightly sorry and wanted to go up to comfort him, only to get stared at by two sharp gazes. Immediately, she tucked her head in unwittingly and stayed quiet.

Oh gosh. I must have jinxed him again.

After Brandon was taken away, there was only Sasha left.

“Ms. Wand, please get in the car.”

“Nope, I won’t. I want to leave with him.” Like how Brandon did earlier, Sasha mustered up her courage and resisted following the instructions.

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At this point, Sebastian had already gone into the hotel. Karl, who was still there standing beside the car, smiled after hearing her words. "Mr. Hayes has already been nice to you, Ms. Wand. You should know when to quit and not take things too far."

Nice? Is that the way to describe him for causing me to be in this state?

Sasha shook her head. "No, Mr. Frost. Your boss has come here especially because of me. I can't just leave like that. I need to go back with him."

"What are you saying? Specially came over for you?" Hearing her words, Karl was surprised and let out an amused look.

"Ms. Wand, I'm afraid that's all your wishful thinking. Mr. Hayes has been here for two days. He came here for the sake of an appointment with a client."

"What? He's been here for two days already?"

"That's right. But Mr. Hayes indeed headed over to Golden Gate Club after hearing that you were there. The club's boss belongs to Mr. Hayes' friend. The boss recognizes you too; that's why he informed Mr. Hayes after seeing you there. But you can't really say that he did it for you. He won't be able to explain to Ian and Matteo if anything happens to you. Don't you agree?"

By the end of his tirade, anyone could tell that Karl's tone was full of sarcasm.

Sasha's face paled.

So it's not? But I thought...

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Sasha could only feel a lump in her throat, unable to continue any further. The warmth and joy that once filled her had seemingly all dissipated.

The harsh winds that gushed in were so cold that even her bones hurt.

“Ms. Wand?”

“I-I got it... But I still won't leave. I only want to leave with him. Go up and tell him that I'll be waiting for him here. I'll wait here till he comes and take me back, no matter if it's a day or two.”

Sasha's eyes turned red-rimmed as she put forth her words in an extremely firm manner.

Those words were the most wimpish and disgraceful that she had ever said in her whole life.

Sasha was once a lady with unyielding character. Years ago, when she left the Hayes Residence, she walked off without looking back despite her miserable state, even when her two babies were still crying for food.

But now, she was no different from a shameless person, standing by the hotel entrance, waiting for him.

All that she wanted was to get the man who left her back.

Sebastian, I'm back. Can we live happily from now on? You've mentioned before you don't wish to see our kids grow up in an incomplete family. If so, then shall we forget the past and start afresh?

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That night, Sasha had indeed spent it at the hotel lobby.

And as expected, Sebastian did not come down.

No one knew if Karl had called to inform him about it, or perhaps he just could not be bothered about it.

In any case, Sasha did not see him even after waking up from her sleep on the couch. And the trouble was, the few spots that she had injured herself previously were swelling up.

“Excuse me, may I know where the washroom is?”

“There.”

The receptionist at the hotel’s front desk did not have a good attitude toward her, perhaps because they could not chase her away, and yet, she did not want to book a room.

Sasha headed toward the direction of the washroom.

As she got in, she lifted her skirt to a dreadful sight—her knees were not only red and swollen but covered with abrasion wounds as well.

It seems like I’ll have to get them treated.

Sasha frowned. As a doctor, she knew she had to get some medicine to treat her wounds to prevent her from inflammation and restricted her mobility the next day.

With that, Sasha left the hotel.

Meanwhile, in the hotel’s penthouse suite, Sebastian did not sleep either. He was still busy with work matters.

Ring!

In the middle of the night, the phone on the table suddenly rang. It was loud and clear in comparison to the utter silence.

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He stopped his fingers that were hitting the keyboard buttons and grabbed his phone before unlocking it.

It was a message from Karl. Mr. Hayes, Ms. Wand has finally left.

Sebastian sneered and tossed his phone aside.

He had never believed her words. After knowing her for so long, he knew she was someone who would come up with all kinds of excuses and made them sound just.

Wait for me? Why? Did she forget she said that the Wand family and the Blackwood family had ended up that way because of me?

He remained cold and grim as he furrowed his brows and shoved that matter aside, disregarding it.

About an hour or so later, the doorbell to this penthouse suite suddenly rang.

Who is looking for me at this late hour?

He frowned as got up to open the door.

“Mr. Hayes, sorry to disturb you. Here’s a mushroom soup, as well as some pastries. The lady at the lobby has ordered them for you. She asked me to tell you that it’s late into the night, so have some and head to bed for a good rest.”

Seeing that Sebastian opened the door, the hotel server at the door hurriedly passed the items to him with a smile on her face.

Sebastian narrowed his gaze.

A lady? Could it be...?

Right at that moment, Karl called. Sebastian answered, “Yes?”

Karl continued, “Mr. Hayes, Ms. Wand is... she’s back again. I’m sorry I’ve made a mistake. I-I thought she’d left, but it turns out she only left to the pharmacy to get some medicine. Now, she’s back again.”

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He was stammering throughout his speech, possibly because he did not do his job well.

Sebastian's face darkened yet again.

Nonetheless, even he did not realize that his forbidding aura had toned down a lot at that moment.

"Go get her a room."

"Got it, Mr. Hayes." Karl hung up after getting the instructions.

As for the hotel server, she was chased off by Sebastian heartlessly.

I won't eat!

He doesn't want to eat?

When Sasha saw the server back at the lobby with the soup and pastries in her hands, she was instantly left disappointed.

Just then, she saw Karl coming in again.

"Get that lady a room, lest it affects the hotel's operations," Karl instructed the receptionist as he calmly shot a glance at Sasha, who had band-aids from head to toe.

Sasha looked at him, confused.

Get a room? Why get me one out of the blue? Is he doing that to prevent me from meeting Sebastian getting out of the hotel tomorrow?

At the thought of this, Sasha instantly declined the offer. "No, Mr. Frost. I don't need a room. I'm all good sitting there."

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Afraid that Karl would drag her to the room by force, Sasha immediately ran to the couch and sat on it as she stared at him with her guard up.

Karl was left speechless by her act.

Is that woman a fool? Isn't it a good thing that we're getting her a room to rest?

Karl head hurt a little. "Ms. Wand, this is Mr. Hayes's instructions."

"What?"

After hearing Karl's words, Sasha's bloodshot eyes widened. "That gives me more reasons to refuse. You can leave now. Don't be bothered about me. I'll just stay here."

With that, she lay down on the couch with her face facing inward and started ignoring Karl.

Karl, at his wits' ends, gnashed his teeth together.

He had wanted to take forceful measures to send that woman to the room, but on second thoughts, he did not dare to touch her. After all, he knew there was no need for Sebastian to personally deal with the business here, at least for now. Yet, he still did and still stayed for two days.

What a woman!

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In the end, Sasha still spent the whole night in the hotel lobby.

The next day, she was jolted awake by a horrible din.

Every day after sunrise at this hotel lobby, there would be a milling crowd of guests, creating an unavoidable amount of noise. It was especially so when they gossiped as they saw a young lady lying on the couch in the lobby.

Pulling herself up from her position, Sasha then headed to the washroom.

“Look, guys. She’s the woman who spends the night here. Who exactly is she? The dress she’s wearing is an expensive one; can’t she afford to get herself a room?”

“Who knows. Perhaps she got dumped?”

While facing the mirror and washing her face, all Sasha could hear were the whispers the strangers made.

Got dumped? Isn’t that true? I might get that treatment anytime soon.

Sasha sighed. She haphazardly packed her stuff and walked out of the washroom, heading toward the front desk.

“Good morning. May I know if Mr. Hayes in the penthouse suite has come down today?”

“Mr. Hayes? He has already left. He uses a private elevator that leads to the basement parking lot directly. Don’t you know about that?”

Never would she expect to receive such a piece of bad news from the receptionist early in the morning!

Bloody h*ll! He really left without saying anything?

After a whole night of torture, that piece of news was nothing but similar to a bucket of ice water thrown at Sasha. Her vision blackened, and she almost lost her foothold.

“Miss, are you alright?”

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The receptionist held out her hand and tried to help steady Sasha's footing.

Nevertheless, the latter waved her hand dismissively. As her face drained of all colors, it seemed like she was voided by her last bit of energy as well.

There was nothing she could do if Sebastian wanted to act that way.

Even if she mustered her courage and steeled her resolution, there would be no chance for her to get close to him if he was adamant about avoiding and cutting all ties with her.

Sasha headed back to the couch and sat down, utterly devastated.

Like a puppet, she gradually bent down and hugged onto her thighs as she an excruciating pain in her heart.

"Ms. Wand?"

"Huh?"

"What's wrong with you? We're leaving soon; do you want to come along?"

There was no reply.

After a few seconds, Sasha, who was still hugging her thighs, slowly straightened her back and lifted her head. Her face was as white as a sheet.

It turned out to be Karl!

Dumbfounded, Sasha was unable to tell if it was the reality or her imagination.

"What exactly is wrong with you? Why do you look so pale? Are you feeling unwell?" Karl finally realized that something was not right after seeing her complexion and immediately looked to the outside.

Following his reaction, Sasha also turned to look in the same direction, only to find that the stationary car at the hotel entrance was actually the familiar black Bentley.

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“M-My... belly hurts.”

“Your belly hurts? What happened? Is it because you were sleeping here last night? See, now you know the consequences of refusing my kindness to get you a room,” Karl grumbled.

He then headed out immediately and walked toward the black Bentley, not daring to waste another second.

Sasha, who looked slightly more spirited than before, watched Karl doing that while she was still on the couch inside. In the next second, she took out the needle she carried along with her and located the acupuncture point on her belly area before pricking it.

“Mmm...”

Beads of cold sweat broke out and rolled down her pale face.

A couple of minutes later, when Sebastian walked in and saw her in that condition, his expression instantly grew darker.

“What’s wrong with you?”

“I-I guess it’s too chilly here. After giving birth to the three kids, I’ll get fatigued easily and have iron deficiency. It’ll hurt when I get too cold.”

Sasha clutched her belly tightly as she explained to Sebastian. Her silky black hair was getting soaked in the cold sweat she was breaking out.

Initially, Sebastian did not believe her words.

However, hearing her words, the bloody scene of her giving birth to the three kids a couple of years back flashed before his eyes at once. Without saying anything more, he moved closer to her and carried her up.

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Chapter 404

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“Why are you still standing there? Get in the car and hurry to the hospital now!” Sebastian hollered, with his tone full of anxiousness.

Of course, Karl did not dare to waste any more time.

And so, the few of them who were preparing to head back to Avenport rushed toward the hospital instead.

An hour later, they arrived at the hospital.

“Madam, aren’t you just on your period? What’s the fuss all about?”

“What?”

Sasha, who still had her hand over her belly while sitting on the bed, widened her eyes in surprise.

Period cramps?

Is he a quack doctor? I’ve only used acupuncture to improve my blood circulation. Yet, he said I’m on my period?

When Sebastian heard the doctor say that, his face stiffened. What followed was a stern glare at Sasha.

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She then quickly explained, "It's not that. M-My period isn't here yet, so how is it possible that I'm having period cramps? He must have given a wrong diagnosis."

Sebastian was rendered speechless.

"Miss, you've stained our bedsheets. How could you still deny it? Shouldn't you know your body conditions the best?" The nurse aside pointed to the sheets and retorted unpleasantly.

Sasha could not catch what the nurse meant.

She lowered her head and looked over to find that the doctor was indeed right. There was a messy stain below her skirt, forming a stark contrast between the crisp white sheets.

Unable to formulate a response, Sasha grabbed the blanket and covered herself up, hiding from the others.

The veins on Sebastian's forehead throbbed and became visibly apparent.

However, there was nothing else he could do. All he could do was settle the matter on Sasha's behalf since things had gotten to that point.

"Since you've figured out the cause, then hurry up and treat her!"

"Sir, there's no treatment for menstrual cramps. You'll have to regularly ensure that she's kept warm and also give her more ginger tea."

"I didn't ask about regular care. I'm asking you for treatment now, be it a shot or some pills. Don't give me all sorts of excuses."

It was clear that Sebastian had lost his patience.

The doctor was intimidated by Sebastian's imposing aura and did not dare to talk anymore. He quickly prescribed some painkillers before asking the nurse to put Sasha on an intravenous drip.

How weird. All I did was pricking an acupuncture point. How did I manage to summon my period?

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Sasha was pretty frustrated about it.

As she did not dare to trouble Sebastian again, she pleaded in a low voice for help when the nurse was helping her with the drip. "Miss, can you help me go get a pack of that?"

The nurse stared at her. "Isn't your husband here? Where would I have the luxury of time to go buy it for you?"

The nurse then took the tray and walked away.

Sasha was speechless.

He isn't my husband. He's my ex-husband. What's more, he's that kind who doesn't listen to my commands.

She was in distress. She had thought of heading out to buy it herself, but she reckoned she would become the joke of if she went out with her blood-stained skirt.

"Mr. Hayes, since Ms. Wand is unwell, should we arrange for someone to take care of her? I just got a call from Mr. Scott, saying there's an important meeting in the morning. We have to rush back now."

After completing the paperwork outside the emergency unit, Karl glanced at the watch on his wrist and headed over to remind Sebastian.

Regardless, There was no response from him.

He was clear about work matters. Therefore, he was looking at Luke's message regarding those important schedules as Karl gave the reminder.

"Dr. Brown, what do you think is wrong with that lady with period cramps? She even asked me to help her get some sanitary pads. Isn't her husband over there?"

"I'm sure her husband is reluctant. Didn't you see how annoyed and furious he was when I told him it was just cramps? Oh well, she can only blame it on her tough life."

Just then, a conversation between two people sounded from the doctors' office.

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At the sound of that, the man outside the office, who was initially busy looking at his phone, instantly stopped whatever he was doing.

The chiseled, handsome face went beyond ghastly.

“Mr. Hayes?” Karl, who stood on the other side and did not hear the conversation, realized that something was off and immediately asked in concern.

Within a split second, he saw that Sebastian had lifted his head and cast his eyes toward the inside of the ward while looking extremely gloomy.

What exactly is happening?

Karl was confused as he shot a glance at Sasha, who was still inside.

“Wait for me here.” Sebastian finally pushed those words through his teeth.

With that said, he turned and left.

Karl was confused. He did not know what had happened.

After some time, at one of the most famous luxury boutique located in the most bustling part of the city, the female sales assistants in the store had their eyes shining in excitement when they saw a man walking in.

“Welcome, sir. Is there anything I can help you with?”

That man looked outstanding among the crowd. Besides a pair of cool shades, he was clad in a tailored black suit with the collar slightly open, revealing the crisp white shirt inside. He looked dashing in appearance. His facial features were beyond words to describe. They were sharp and looked enchanting, similar to the carved features on a sculpture. A single glance was enough to make anyone’s heart skip a beat, yet no one would be able to pull their gaze away from him.

Wow, this man... who exactly is he?

The sales assistants were all jumping in excitement, yearning to get near to him to serve him.

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Yet, his expression was cold as ice.

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His gaze swept across the shop and landed on an outfit worn by the mannequin.

“Do you have other colors for this outfit?”

“Yes. What color do you like, sir? Who are you buying clothes for? I can help you with your purchases.”

The salesperson took out every color available and laid them out in front of Sebastian.

Sebastian took one glance and picked out the white-colored outfit.

He had never bought any clothes for women before. Back then, both Xandra and Roxanne would pick their clothes themselves, and he would only have to pay for their purchases.

This was the very first time for him.

The salesperson was surprised to see him pick such a plain color. “Sir, just this? Do you want a scarf to go with the outfit? Or you can get a skirt in another color.”

The store was famous for its plain-colored outfits matched with various accessories, so the salesperson was naturally shocked to see this customer picking only a plain-colored outfit without matching it with other accessories.

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“No need,” Sebastian rejected her offer.

He didn't think that the garish accessories would suit her. This plain outfit would do the trick.

Sebastian paid for the outfit and went to a supermarket nearby.

It was his first time buying women's clothes, let alone feminine products.

As he was standing in front of the feminine care products silently, a promoter in the supermarket came to him and asked warmly, “Sir, are you here to buy these for your wife?”

Sebastian felt extremely awkward.

His expression froze. He had never flinched in front of formidable foes in the business world, but his ears were burning from embarrassment now.

“Yes...”

“Ah, that's nice. I rarely see men buying this for their wives. Do you need night or day pads?”

Sebastian fell silent. You're asking me?

As a crowd formed beside him, he felt like escaping from the scene.

Luckily, the promoter saw how embarrassed he was and quickly grabbed a few night and day pads for him.

“Alright, these will do. By the way, you can buy some herbal tea for her if she suffers from period cramps.”

The promoter then handed him a box of herbal tea.

Sebastian refused to stay here any longer. He took the box from her and threw it in his shopping basket.

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A few minutes later, he exited the supermarket with his teeth clenched.

Sasha Wand, just you wait. I'll make you pay for this!

Karl had been waiting in the hospital. Upon spotting Sebastian, he went to greet him. "Mr. Hayes—"

Before he could finish, a shopping bag was flung in his direction.

Karl immediately caught it.

What is this?

"Give this bag to her and say you bought these items for her. We shall leave after that," his employer gritted out between clenched teeth.

He came back an hour later in a foul mood. Did someone offend him?

Karl spun on his heels and head into the ward.

When Sasha poured out the contents of the shopping bag, both of them were astonished.

"Mr. Frost, you bought them?" Sasha was speechless.

Karl was shocked.

When he saw the women's clothes, feminine products, and herbal tea, he felt like dying on the spot.

Mr. Hayes, you are a genius!

"Mr. Frost, why did you buy these? Uh..."

"No, no. Ms. Wand, I bought these under Mr. Hayes' order. Don't get me wrong," Karl explained.

Oh, that man told him to buy these stuff.

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Sasha relaxed visibly. Yet, when it occurred to her that Sebastian told his subordinate to buy these personal items for her instead of doing it himself, her gaze dimmed.

Yes, he doesn't care. That's why he told someone else to do it, right?

"Ms. Wand, we need to go. Mr. Hayes needs to head back to work. Take care, and call me if you need anything," Kurt told her.

Sasha nodded. Finally, she no longer needed to trouble them.

What's the point? I'm lying in the hospital, and he didn't even bother to buy these personal items for me. It's useless to cling on to him.

Disappointed, Sasha lay down in her bed.

Meanwhile, after Karl left the ward, he found his boss in the car.

"Mr. Hayes, why did you ask me to say that? Ms. Wand was upset when she heard that."

For a long time, the man said nothing.

Karl sighed and started the engine to leave.

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