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Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 421

Sasha, despite having a bullet lodged within her body, stumbled forward to sink that needle in her hand deep into the deranged man's torso.

As soon as the needle found its mark, Sebastian slumped over unconscious as Karl caught him.

Heaving a huge sigh of relief, Karl and Sasha stared at Sebastian's limp figure across Karl's shoulders.

When Sasha entered the Tower, many ideas of how she would help Sebastian out of his state of mind ran through her mind but her knowledge of psychology was too limited to be of help.

As a result, this foolhardy way was her last resort.

"Take him back to Roxanne, he'll be safe under her care."

With her mission of incapacitating Sebastian complete, Sasha slid down and sank to the floor. The loss of blood had her feeling drained.

Karl watched her with a pang of guilt. "I'm sorry, Ms. Wand. I was the one to have told Mr. Hayes last night that you were with Solomon at the cafe."

"What?" Sasha looked up at Karl, startled.

So that was what happened.

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Did that necessitate Sebastian to lose his temper over something like that?

She recalled the events of the night before as she winced in pain. At once, tears of injustice fell down her face as she wept.

“Sebastian, you’re a sc*mbag,” she choked. “You’d torment me to such a degree over something this small, and still I’ve come to save your miserable life! You’re right. I have no self-respect for constantly coming back to you.”

Karl lowered his head as tears fell from his eyes as well.

“Ms. Wand, I... ” he began.

“Enough.” Sasha quelled him. “Leave quickly as Solomon’s men would be here soon. Take him away and look for Frederick. He’ll take care of everything.”

Karl felt a lump in his throat as he gazed down at Sasha. A split second later, he gritted his teeth determinedly as he held Sebastian upright. “Ms. Wand, hold on. I’ll come back for you soon.”

At that, he hurried away as fast as he could with Sebastian’s unconscious figure.

Sasha sat where she was with a weak sneer across her face.

Hold on?

She was unable to do that. It was not because of the injuries upon her body, but because somebody unbeknownst to Karl would come very soon to take her away.

Sebastian, if you really intended to forget about it, then do so. We won’t be seeing each other ever again.

Sebastian awoke three days later to find Frederick in his room.

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As soon as he saw his son open his eyes, Frederick brought the latter a glass of water. Hobbling over with his walking stick, he handed the glass to Sebastian and sat at the foot of his bed.

“How’re you feeling? Any better?”

“I’ve had worse.” Sebastian sounded slightly hoarse. It was evident that he had not fully recovered.

Frederick fell silent for a while before speaking again. “The matter has been dealt with. I’ve arranged for a few major media companies to cover up the incident at the summit. So far, nothing can be heard about it. Also...”

He suddenly paused. “Yancy and Tim were in it together. I did not think of that. The biggest mistake in my life was to trust that woman.”

“Is that so?” Frederick answered with indifference.

Frederick nodded. “I knew back then that your mother’s family had a history of mental illness. I did consider divorcing her at the time, and that was when I had met Yancy. However, as soon as you were born, I broke it off with her. I was very clear with her that I would not be marrying her, so she was free to live her own life.”

“Was she already pregnant at that time?”

“She was, but I paid for her to have an abortion on top of a sum of money to live comfortably. She was not yet married, thus her child would be known as a bast*rd. Since I did not marry her, how was she going to marry somebody else?”

Frederick had never been this frank with his son about the details of his past misdeeds.

As a man, it was wrong of him to have had extramarital relations with another woman. However, he had somewhat redeemed himself by attempting to right his wrongs.

Without ruining any more lives, the child was to be aborted.

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However, from Yancy's perspective, Frederick had somehow assumed the role of the child's biological father who intended to murder his unborn child. Because of this, she had told Heather to hide the child's true identity.

Sebastian fell silent.

His memory was cast back to when he was eleven. It was dusk, and the sky was the color of blood. His mother's act of coming to look for him was the one to have led to her perishing by his hand.

"Sebastian," she had told him on that fateful evening. "Your father's mistress did not have an abortion. On the contrary, the baby had been delivered and is a healthy boy. If you do not buck up and improve yourself, he will be coming to take everything from you."

It was the wrong thing to say to a mentally unstable child.

It had already taken a toll on Sebastian after being diagnosed that he was abnormal; then, shipped away and locked up.

The matter that was causing him anxiety every day in his childhood was the possibility of his family abandoning him.

Sebastian's tipping point came when his mother had cruelly dropped a bombshell on him when she visited.

Unable to bear the torment of his worst fears materializing, he had wanted nothing more than for her to stop mentioning the horrifying truth again. That was why he had slit her throat with a shard of glass, to ensure that she would never utter those words again.

Sebastian shut his pale sunken eyes as if he was in pain.

"Don't worry, I'll take care of everything. Though he is also my son, you remain the true heir of the Hayes family. There is nothing he can do to take anything that is rightfully yours." Frederick places a harsh emphasis on the last sentence.

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Chapter 422

Yancy had defied him and delivered the child, causing his carefully laid out plan to fall apart. Hence, Frederick was rather infuriated.

Frederick left. Not long after, Karl arrived.

“Mr. Hayes.”

“Where is she?” he demanded, the most pressing matter heavy on his mind.

Karl lowered his head slowly.

Sebastian felt something had ripped his chest open, leaving behind a massive hole where his heart used to be. He began coughing violently like he was exposed to a chilly gust of wind.

“Mr. Hayes, are you okay?” Karl asked urgently as Sebastian’s hacking coughs grew louder and more intense.

Bent double from pain, his veins throbbed in exertion as his handsome features were contorted in pain. Like a fish out of water, he gasped for air, being completely devoid of oxygen.

With a final cough, he spat blood and fell back onto the bed, and passed out.

Sebastian only recalled snatches of things when he was not himself. Once, he had remembered Roxanne performing hypnosis on him. He had hated it so much that he had an urge to drag her into the kitchen and savagely mutilate her with a knife.

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The memory of him opening fire at the woman who burst into the room swam across his mind.

“No... no!” Sebastian moaned in his sleep. “Sasha, I didn’t mean to do that. I... “

“Sebastian, wake up!” Roxanne attempted to rouse him out of his nightmare.

Sebastian threw open his eyes violently and sat upright. Grabbing her wrist roughly, he cried, “It was my fault, Sasha. I will never do that again...”

The tears that had fallen freely down his face blurred his vision.

Roxanne was stunned as it was the first time she had seen him cry after treating him for eight years.

Sebastian did not cry when she had jabbed, berated, or was rough with him. He did not even shed a tear when she had subjected him to her brutal hypnosis sessions.

At that moment, however, he held on to Roxanne’s wrist and sobbed like a child.

Her eyes flashed with pity. The sight of his miserable state had unnerved her.

“I’m not Sasha,” she said gently. “I’m Roxanne. Look closely, Sebastian. Sasha is dead.”

“What did you say?”

Sebastian’s crying ceased suddenly as if he was struck by lightning. Then, a darker, more horrifying emotion took its place.

“I said, Sasha is dead,” Roxanne repeated, hardening her heart. “When you were brought here, her body had been left behind. Karl had brought her back after you. He did not tell you because he was worried for you...”

Smack!

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Roxanne's sentence was interrupted by an abrupt slap across her face by Sebastian.

"Get out!" he commanded, glaring at her with bloodshot eyes, looking like a ghost condemned to perpetual pain.

Roxanne held her cheek as she stood motionless for a long time, suppressing the urge to retaliate. Nobody had ever dared lay a finger on her throughout her entire life.

For some unknown reason, she could not muster up the courage to hit him back, though the anger burned within her. Contenting herself with a fierce glare at Sebastian, she departed without another word, with one hand still holding her cheek.

Sasha is dead!

The following couple of days, Sebastian's door remained closed. The man inside was detached from the world. Nobody was successful in trying to rouse him out of his reverie.

Frederick was about to order the door to be broken down in his panic when the triplets appeared before him dressed in new clothes.

"Grandpa, let us try and talk to Daddy."

"Look, Grandpa. We are all wearing the clothes that Mommy bought for us. Daddy would love it." Vivian approached Frederick as she was clad in a pink skirt with butterfly wings on her back.

Frederick felt his heart breaking into pieces at the sight of their new clothes.

Karl was the one who had brought the clothes back from the city.

When they brought Sebastian back that day, Karl had returned to the hotel to pack up, he discover that the new clothes had been delivered along with some accessories. The hotel staff had ascertained that the bundle was sent over by a Ms. Wand.

Ms. Wand?

That would undoubtedly be Sasha.

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Barely able to contain his emotions, Karl hurriedly paid for the room and returned with Sasha's belongings.

There were also several sets of children's clothes, which were sent over by a taxi driver, he brought everything back in one go. These are the last of Madam's things. Mr. Hayes would be pleased to see them.

The triplets stood before Sebastian's door.

"Who's going to knock?" Vivian asked innocently as she gazed upon her brothers.

Ian would not be the one to as he was clumsy in offering words of comfort.

Matteo was therefore the best candidate for the task.

"Vivi, why don't you do it. Remember to cry a little bit and scream for Mommy. Daddy will definitely open the door when he hears that."

He was evidently the smartest one out of all his siblings to be able to concoct such a plan.

Sebastian had a soft spot in his heart for his daughter as compared to the two boys, just like most men.

Vivian raised her hand obediently and rapped on the door. "Daddy, come on out. I'm wearing the new skirt that Mommy bought. Come take a look!"

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