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Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 423

Despite her efforts, not a sound emerged from beyond the door.

Tears streamed down her large unblinking eyes as Vivian felt demoralized.

“Daddy doesn’t want me anymore,” she sobbed. “Mommy isn’t here and Daddy doesn’t want us anymore. We are abandoned children to be sent to the orphanage.”

Matteo and Ian exchanged startled glances at the sound of their sister’s crying.

Thankfully, her cries had compelled Sebastian to open the door at last.

“Daddy!” chorused the children.

However, they were saddened to see that their father, who once stood tall and proud, had descended into a state of depression. He looked so forlorn and disheveled that he was almost unrecognizable.

“Daddy, don’t be like this. We still have to search for Mommy. Please, pull yourself together for her sake.’

Vivian was the most upset out of all three. At the pathetic sight of her father, she reached out and hugged his thigh tenderly as she gazed up at him with teary eyes.

Sebastian closed his eyes as he slowly knelt down next to her.

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"Give Daddy a hug."

"Okay."

Vivian's smile returned. She stretched out her plump arms and threw herself into Sebastian's embrace with her head buried in his chest.

Ian and Matteo ambled over to join in.

Sebastian took the children into the room. Finally, Frederick and his men outside were relieved.

"Daddy, Mommy must still be alive. We will look for her and bring her home."

"Is that so? Why are you so sure about that?" Sebastian dropped his bloodshot eyes to Matteo.

It was the first time in many days since he had heard the possibility of Sasha still being alive.

"Yes, I'm sure. Because Mommy had once said that no matter what happens to her, she will never abandon us. Daddy, all three of us can feel her out there. She must still be alive!" Matteo gazed determinedly at his father.

Sebastian was just about to chastise his son for being naive when he had the sudden realization that his faith was so weak that it was not even comparable to a child's.

Why am I so quick to believe that she is dead?

There is no proof of her death. Why should the mangled corpse and the urn be sufficient evidence for me to believe that?

After a long week of agony, Sebastian finally saw a sliver of hope.

Standing up slowly, he strode over to the window that had been shut for an entire week.

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"Let's go find Mommy, shall we?" he said quietly, pulling the thick curtains apart. In a flash, the brilliant sunlight pierced his eyes, filling his beaten and aching body with hope and warmth.

The children were overwhelmed with joy at having their father back. Pouncing right into Sebastian's arms, their flushed cheeks mirrored Sebastian's determination.

We are going to find Mommy!

In fact, the triplets' intuition was correct. Sasha was not dead after all.

At that very moment, she was awake though her movements were limited. To her panic, she had lost the feeling in both her legs and was imprisoned.

"Ms. Nancy, here is your medicine for today. I must remind you to comply."

A well-dressed nurse brought a handful of pills in a bottle cap before her. There was a glass of warm water in her other hand.

Sasha ignored her.

She was not going to voluntarily consume the pills of unknown origin. As a doctor herself, she knew very well that her injuries did not warrant as many pills as she was being fed.

With a haughty air, she wheeled herself away from the nurse.

"Ms. Nancy, Mr. George had me warn you that if you do not take your medication on time, he will not rule out the possibility of sending you abroad for treatment."

"Are you threatening me?" Sasha whipped around and glared at the nurse.

However, the nurse did not show the slightest hint of fear. She made her way forward with the pills in one hand and the glass of water in the other, smiling pleasantly at Sasha as she did so.

"No, Ms. Nancy. I am merely reminding you. If you still wish to see the people you love, I'd advise you to take your pills as you are told. Otherwise, you will be sent away."

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The pleasant smile was looking increasingly like a leer.

The nurse's pupils that were fixed on Sasha looked as though the threat of a poisonous snake resided in the very corners of their unfathomable depth. Sasha could not repress a shudder when she looked into them.

Send me away?

What does that mean? Is her employer brazen enough to send me away without my consent?

Sasha bristled with anger. With a swipe of her arm, she sent the contents in the nurse's hand flying and scattered across the room.

"Fine. Call your boss over to speak to me. I want to see if he really dares to send me away as he promised."

"You-!" The nurse exclaimed, the smile vanished from her face, replaced by a furious glare.

However, she did not dare lay a finger on Sasha as Sasha was somebody who meant a great deal to her employer. The consequences of harming even a hair on Sasha were dire.

With great reluctance, the nurse departed without another word.

Sasha took the opportunity to attempt to stand up again. Not having the strength to, her legs wobbled violently as she did so.

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Chapter 424

However, she had barely left the wheelchair when her legs crumbled under her weight as she fell over.

“Solomon George!” Sasha panted as she pulled herself up by grabbing the wheelchair. Behind her moist eyes lay hatred like never before.

She was right; her captor was indeed Solomon.

When she was at the Empire State Tower the other day, the real reason for Sasha’s unexpected haste up to the storeroom and successful location of Sebastian was due to a deal she had made with Solomon.

Sasha had had the foresight of expecting such an outcome.

Having run out of the cafe after overhearing the conversation between the two women, she had come up with an idea on her way to Empire State Tower

The hostility Solomon had toward Sebastian was obvious.

And the matter went out of control after Solomon made the call.

That alone was enough to rouse Sasha’s suspicions,

However, she was not sure of the reason for Solomon’s hostility. Nevertheless, the video puzzled her as she could not figure out how Solomon obtained it.

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It became clear upon Sasha's arrival at Empire State Tower where she saw Solomon's car.

What an odd coincidence for his car to be here as well.

Sasha watched him from the guise of the crowd. She was shocked at how easily the police had changed directions and swarmed into the building after he had given them the order.

The extent of his influence is indeed frightening.

What is his true motive in all of this?

Sasha did not have time to ponder over it. The only way to stop him was for her to warn him. Thus, she gave him a call.

"Solomon, if anything happens to him, I will never forgive you for as long as I live!"

"Nancy, you- " Solomon was caught unaware at receiving an unexpected phone call from her. She watched him wind down the window and gazed around nervously at the crowd, from which she remained unseen.

She continued to stare at him from her vantage point. "I'm going up immediately. If you think you are that capable, have your men slaughter me too."

At that, she hung up and dashed into Empire State Tower as mentioned.

Before long, the Tower fell silent at her entrance. The cops who had seen her intrude were glaring at her in an unfriendly manner.

However, they did not dare raise a hand against her.

Soon after, she had arrived at the storeroom with the intention of searching for Sebastian.

Unfortunately despite her endless calculations and precautions, she had not foreseen that Sebastian would have had lost his mind when she had found him. The bullet he had fired at her struck her shoulder blade.

Therefore, it made no sense for the function of her legs to be impaired.

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Sasha fell back into the wheelchair, feeling as defeated as ever.

Solomon arrived two hours later.

With a look of gentle concern, he came straight to Sasha bearing fruits and pastry.

“Nancy, I’m back,” he announced. “I’ve bought some almonds which are your favorite along with some cake. Would you like some?”

Solomon was acting as if the incidents at Empire State Tower had never happened.

Sasha fixed her hollow gaze at the bamboo trees outside the window.

It was the beginning of fall where they were. The plants in the yard had begun to turn brown and wither, but the bamboo trees remained lush and green. The dense willowy leaves allowed thin rays of the afternoon sun to pass through, looking just like the bamboo tree at the Wand residence that Sasha had planted in her younger days.

“Nancy?” Solomon prompted.

“When did you begin planning all of these?” Sasha spoke, at last, her voice sounding cold and distant. She kept her eyes on the bamboo trees outside.

Solomon’s expression changed. “What’re you talking about? What plan?”

“That you are the one who had sabotaged the Hayes,” Sasha said quietly. “You’re Xenia’s mysterious benefactor, aren’t you? You’re the one who had instigated her to steal my manuscript and you have also planted Xandra around Sebastian, right?”

She did not feel shocked at the revelation of the truth as she had expected it. Perhaps, the most traumatic parts of the whole scheme was over.

Solomon grew grim at her accusations.

He had guessed that she already knew most of it but having it said out loud caused him to feel a twinge of guilt as well as the sensation of growing panic.

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"I did not expect you to have such a vivid imagination. Xenia had merely stumbled upon this as an accident."

"Is that so?"

"Yes. She was always showing off the items she got from you in school. In fact, I caught her with your manuscript one day. She had wanted to sell them off but I had managed to convince her to not do that, by staging this entire plane. She was a very foolish girl to have been reeled in so easily."

Solomon's face was contorted in disdain.

Sasha did not know that Xenia behaved like that behind her back. She had treated her like an older sister, sharing whatever she had with the latter.

However, all Xenia had always taken Sasha for a ride.

Sasha was unwilling to admit it but at that moment she felt a surge of pleasure.

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