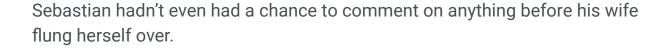
Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 555



"Idol? T-tell me w-who he is," asked Sasha to gossip. Sebastian thought, This stupid woman is actually behaving like an octopus and hugging onto my sister? Gosh.

Sabrina frowned immediately.

"No, I won't tell you."

"Come on, tell me. I-I can teach you how to, uhm, how to flirt with him if you do."

Sebastian didn't comment on that.

Drunk women truly are terrifying.

He couldn't bear to keep watching, so he got up and had a grouchy expression on as he pried the two of them apart.

"Wendy, please take my sister back to her room."

"Understood, Mr. Hayes."

Wendy couldn't bear to keep watching as well, so she was quick to go to Sabrina and take the latter away.

Sasha was still holding onto her bottle. When she saw Sabrina leaving, she panicked and demanded, "Come back, you're not allowed to leave. You haven't told me who the guy is, Sabrina... Hey!"

She hadn't finished her sentence before the man standing beside her suddenly carried her and walked away.

I will teach you a lesson, you annoying little thing.

A few minutes later, in the bedroom on the second floor.

Sasha, who was still muttering as she was being carried in, was tossed onto the bed harshly.

"Hmph, Sebby, you're bullying me. How can you throw me like this? I-I am your precious wifey, ya know?"

She was so drunk that she couldn't tell left from right anymore, and she was upset, so she staggered up and over. She wrapped her arms around the guy and started touching him.

Sebastian's eye twitched.

I think this is the first time I see her drunk. She has always behaved like a woman with traditional beliefs and was never drunk. Hell, she would blush whenever she does something even a little out of character, but now... she's even saying things like precious wifey?

A warm and fuzzy feeling spread out in the guy's heart. The anger he felt earlier had faded entirely.

"Okay, precious wifey. Shall I try setting you down again?" asked Sebastian through gritted teeth as he held her wandering hands.

The drunk lady nodded and replied, "Okay."

With her hands locked in, she started rubbing her body against his instead. Her beautiful, blushing face kept smiling right in front of him.

Her eyes suddenly became the most seductive things ever...

Sebastian felt like he wouldn't be a man if he could actually resist that.

His eyes burned with lust before he tackled her.

"Mmm..."

The drunk woman's words ended up being lost in the man's hot kisses.

No one knew how long that bed rattled, but the two of them stopped when they were exhausted. Sasha lay in the guy's arms weakly, like she had been drained, but she was more or less sober by then.

"You... assh*le. That was mean."

Her face was still a little flushed, and she felt so wronged that she kicked Sebastian a little.

He got what he wanted, so he had no choice but to coo his wife at that moment.

"Sorry, darling, but the way you looked earlier. I... just can't resist."

Sebastian was surprisingly honest.

Sasha was so angry that she scoffed and complained, "How different could I have been earlier? All I did was have a little drink. I didn't even seduce you. How could you not hold yourself back?"

Sebastian was speechless.

Did you call that a little drink? That was seductive as hell, okay?

Sebastian wanted to say what was on his mind, but he didn't dare to because he worried about being kicked out of bed.

He stared at his wife's irritated expression.

Well, my apologies aren't working, maybe I'll just do something for her instead.

He wanted to get up and carry her to the bathroom so she could wash up.

However, the woman in his arms suddenly pouted and complained, "I already felt bad because of what my dad said to me earlier today. I never thought that I still have to endure your lust after I get home."

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"What? Your dad scolded you? What did he say?" asked Sebastian, who got nervous immediately. He sat up and decided to get to the bottom of it all.

Is that why she drank tonight? Did Rufus scold her? Is it all because of what I did all those years ago?

Sebastian's heart sank. A bad feeling crept upon him.

Unfortunately, his wife refused to say anything more. She simply turned around and buried herself under the blanket.

"It's fine. You should go take a shower. I'm just going to lie down and rest for a while."

Sebastian was speechless.

There was no way Sebastian would let her just lie there, so he pulled the blanket away and forced her to look at him.

"Tell me what he said," demanded Sebastian in a non-negotiable tone.

Sasha had her head down. It took her a while before she complained grimly, "He wants me to let Solomon go and said that Frederick's death had nothing to do with Solomon."

Sebastian's irises narrowed.

Let Solomon go? But why? Why would my father-in-law suddenly be bothered about that j*rk's well-being?

Sebastian looked a little terrible when he asked, "How does your dad know that Solomon is innocent of that crime?"

"Uhm, maybe it's because my mom was the one who raised Solomon? Maybe he feels like he knows Solomon well and believes that the latter won't commit a crime that heinous?"

Sasha felt like her heart was beating so fast that it might jump out of her chest. She was quick to mumble and come up with an excuse.

That got the glow Sebastian's eyes to turn grimmer.

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He didn't really believe what she said. He knew all along about how Heather was the one who raised Solomon.

However, he never knew that the j*rk, Solomon, had a past with Sasha.

Sebastian met Sasha when he was five, and their fates were intertwined ever since. However, Solomon met Sasha around the same time, and that guy got to know Sasha too.

Hence, Sebastian would have to be insane to like Solomon.

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Thinking about that got him to seem even grouchier. He challenged, "How is your dad so certain? Your mom never had Solomon by her side when she raised him, so how would your dad know what Solomon is really like?"

Sasha couldn't answer that.

Hence, she stopped talking entirely. She broke free of him and buried herself back under the blanket.

That was probably the best option for her because the more she spoke, the more likely it was that she would make a mistake.

As suspected, Sebastian changed his stance when he saw her hiding away like that. He put his grouchy expression aside and suppressed his emotions.

"It's fine. Don't be sad. You can talk to your dad tomorrow and tell him that I won't hurt Solomon."

"Really?"

Sasha immediately popped her head out of the blanket. She stared at him in astonishment.

Sebastian saw that. The anger he had just suppressed came running again, and he complained, "You're that happy about me letting him go, huh?"

"N-no, that's not it. I'm only happy for my dad. The truth is, I think he's asking us to let Solomon go because of my mom."

"Your mom?"

"Yeah, he was cleaning the house when he suddenly mentioned my mom. He even stayed in the room they shared for a long while. When he finally left the room, he talked to me about Solomon. My guess is that my dad doesn't want Solomon to die because my mom was the one who raised him. That is why he wants to give Solomon a shot at redemption. He's doing it in honor of my mom," lied Sasha with a straight face on as her eyes turned teary.

She was the only one who knew just how nervous and guilty she felt when she uttered those words.

I'm sorry, Sebby. Please forgive me for lying like this. I don't want that woman to destroy your life, and I definitely don't want you to get hurt. Please forgive me.

Fortunately, Sebastian never suspected her as he believed every word she said.

"Okay, I'll let my people set him free tomorrow. Still, he has to pay for what he did or I won't be able to answer to my dad."

"Okay, I'll follow your lead, Sebby."

Sasha was instantly delighted.

She crawled back into his embrace and draped her arms around him. It was as if she wanted to melt into him.

That night, they both slept well.

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The next day.

Sasha was alone when she woke up on the following morning.

Sebastian had left for the office.

That reminded Sasha of what had happened on the previous night. She was still thinking about it and waited for updates on the matter after she woke up.

To her surprise, Sabrina, who was also pretty drunk the night before, suddenly came looking for her.

"Sasha, what did I tell you last night?"

"Huh?" asked Sasha in a dumbfounded tone, "I don't remember. Did you tell me anything?"

Sasha decided that she would keep everything a secret and take it to her grave. Sabrina is too scary. Who knows what she'll do if I tell her what secrets she told me last night?

Sabrina glared over evilly.

"Are you sure?"

"Yeah, I'm pretty sure. By the way, are you busy today? If you're free, do you mind taking your niece and nephews out?" asked Sasha all of a sudden.

Sabrina glared even more and asked, "You want me to babysit them? What will you do with that free time?"

Sasha pointed at Frieda, who was playing with the kids and replied, "I'm taking Mom to the hospital for her treatment. Sebastian said that it's a weekly checkup."

Sabrina didn't reply, but she looked extremely annoyed.

She deliberated for a while, but she never said a word before she approached the kids with a grouchy expression.

"Oy, I'm taking you kids out today. Where do you want to go?"

"Yay! Are you taking us out and playing with us? Aunt Sabrina, I want to go to the park and play on the slides."

Vivian was excited when she heard that her Aunt Sabrina, who rarely hung out with them, was taking them out.

Her tiny arms and legs swung as she ran to Sabrina.

The park? Playing on slides?

Hearing those words killed every bit of Sabrina's intention to leave the house. She asked, "Is there absolutely nothing else you kids do?"

"Of course, there is," answered Mateo. He raised his tiny hand and suggested, "We can play Kill the Werewolf, Aunt Sabrina."

Sabrina was speechless.

Kill the Werewolf? Are kids nowadays into violent shit like this?

Despite her thoughts, Sabrina liked that idea.

Hence, she brought the kids out.

Sasha left for the hospital with Frieda after Sabrina and the kids. She paid attention to Solomon's news on the way there.

Fortunately, when she reached the hospital, she saw an article on her phone.

"The second son of the Hayes family, who was accused of killing his father, was suddenly released. Did someone spend a fortune to bail him out?"