# Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 577

"Miss, are you still checking in or not?"

"That won't be necessary anymore! Thank you so much for your time!" Sasha stuffed her identity card into her bag and marched in the opposite direction of the entrance.

The receptionist was at a loss for words since Sasha had fled the scene before she could say anything else.

Similarly, the man, who had just alighted from the car, responded with a frown and rushed over to the fleeing woman's side.

"Darling, where do you think you're going? I'm here to take you home!"

What the heck? Is she the wife of this seemingly filthy rich tycoon?

The onlookers stared at the duo with their eyes gleaming.

Meanwhile, Sasha couldn't care less about the man and seemed to be irked by his presence since her face was scrunched up.

Seconds after she made it to the road, she tried to hail herself a cab, but someone wrapped his arms around her waist from behind, holding her in his arms against her will.

"Sasha, where are you going? Haven't you heard me?"

He asked in a callous tone, indicating he was equally irked by her response.

Sasha found his question hilarious and thought her upcoming plan had nothing to do with him.

She made up her mind and turned around to confront the man, glaring at him in the eyes.

"Where else am I supposed to go apart from heading back to the company to report to my boss?"

"What?"

Sebastian's heart skipped a beat since she had been acting aggressively.

"Haven't I made myself clear? I have sealed the deal with the person in charge of Wells International! In other words, I have carried out your instructions!"

The woman in his arms repeated herself as if she had no intention to waste her time with him anymore.

Sebastian's face turned pale and haggard when he caught a glimpse of the woman's bandaged forehead.

"Darling, I—"

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"No, Mr. Hayes! Stop addressing me in such an intimate manner! Take this with you since you're here! I'm glad I won't have to make my way to your office anymore!"

As soon as she finished her sentence, she stuffed the stack of agreements she had with her to the man.

Sebastian was about to say something to explain himself, but the woman started biting his hand with all her might since he refused to move away from her.

"Ouch!"

As a result, he shrieked in pain and unfastened his grip.

Sasha fled the scene without a second thought. By the time Sebastian returned to his senses, she had boarded a cab and disappeared in the middle of the bustling streets.

Oh no... Karl was completely speechless when he saw the conflicting duo running away from one another after a series of misunderstandings.

"Mr. Hayes, I'm afraid Mrs. Hayes is mad at you. What are we supposed to do next?"

The already infuriated man yelled at the man next to him, "Isn't it obvious? Hurry up and go get the car over at once!"

Prior to his departure, Karl mentioned, "The staff told me Mrs. Hayes' car was completely dented when she made her way to the hotel. They were afraid something bad might happen to her. They were just glad she was fine. Otherwise, I'm afraid it's over for you..."

Halfway through his orated speech, Karl brought himself to a halt since he had made himself clear Sebastian was very close to losing her forever.

Sebastian, who was well aware of the things that might be in store for him, responded with a frown.

That was precisely the reason he couldn't wait to alight from the car and rushed in her direction the moment he saw her in the lobby.

He felt a strong urge to beg her for forgiveness and bring her home with him, but she had fled the scene again.

Staring at the bite mark on his hand, he clenched his fists and gasped out his instruction, "Just get going!"

"Yes!"

Karl finally returned to the car and made his way to Sebastian's side.

On the other end of the city, Sasha had reached the train station.

She had no intention to sort things out with her so-called husband just yet. Truth be told, she could still feel her heart-wrenching due to the silent treatment over the past two days.

What does he mean he's here for me? Is he telling me he's not aware of the heavy snowstorm? If he doesn't want me dead, why hasn't he stopped me from leaving in the first place?

Overwhelmed by a sense of despair, Sasha showed the ticketing agent her identity card and requested, "Can you get me a train ticket to Avenport?"

The heavy snowstorm continued. It was a relatively desolate departure hall since there were merely a few guests due to the harsh weather.

Sasha made her way to the departure hall with her ticket and took a seat to take a short break.

# Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 578

"Hey, are you alone as well?"

"Huh?"

Sasha turned around and noticed there was a little girl, who was around the age of seven or eight, seated behind her.

The seemingly pitiable little girl looked at Sasha with an aggrieved look.

Sasha turned around and looked elsewhere to avoid eye contact with the little girl as she couldn't stand having another equally pathetic figure next to her.

"N-No!"

"You don't have to lie since there's no way you're here without others when you're injured if you're not alone."

Sasha gaped at the little girl's remark and thought the little girl was right. She wouldn't be there on her own without others if others truly cared about her.

I'm in the middle of nowhere without anyone to look after me when I have just gone through a minor accident and injured myself!

I guess Mr. Will is right! No one cares about me! It seems like I'm not as important as a trivial deal!

She felt a prickling sensation behind her eyes. A short while later, torrents of grief started streaming down her cheeks.

"H-Hey-"

"Yes! You're right! No one cares about me! That's precisely the reason I'm here without anyone else!"

Sasha finally let loose of her emotions. Sitting next to the little girl, she continued wailing since she couldn't pull herself together anymore.

The last straw had finally broken the camel's back.

The little girl was startled by Sasha's response since it was never her intention to bring the woman next to her to tears.

"It's not a big deal, isn't it? If no one cares about us, we'll just have to take good care of ourselves!"

"What?" Sasha sniffled and looked at the little girl in the eyes.

The little girl advised, "We'll just put ourselves ahead of others! See! I bought myself all kinds of snacks since they had the guts to leave me alone!"

Sasha continued weeping because of the things the little girl had gone through.

When Sebastian reached the duo, he saw the duo savoring ice cream on the bench next to one another when they were supposed to stay away from those during winter.

"Are you feeling better?"

"Nah, what about you?"

"Nah, shall we get another ice cream?"

"Sure!"

Sebastian couldn't believe Sasha had agreed to savor another cup of ice cream in the middle of a heavy snowstorm.

The little girl next to Sasha retrieved the ice cream she had in her bag and shared it with her.

Has she lost her mind? What does she think she's doing eating so much ice cream when it's freaking cold out there? She's supposed to stop the little girl instead of playing along with her!

He marched in their direction with the thought of snatching their cups of ice cream away from them in mind.

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Out of nowhere, the little girl asked, "Where are you going? Are you heading home?"

"Mmm."

Sasha responded with a nod and continued savoring her ice cream. In spite of the frigid sensation she felt, she couldn't be bothered.

The little girl turned around and advised, "If that's the case, you need to leave everything behind as soon as you finish your ice cream."

"Why?"

Sasha turned around and looked at the little girl with a confused look.

To her surprise, the little girl asked with a self-deprecating smirk, "Isn't it because they're the ones you care about the most? I mean, I'm against the idea of returning to them, but I'm not given much of a choice since I'm still a minor."

Sasha thought she had been hearing things because the little girl mentioned something none of her peers could understand.

Once they wrapped up their conversation, the little girl started packing her bag and walked in the direction of the ticketing station.

It was then Sasha found out she wasn't just another little girl—no ordinary little girl could get used to traveling alone.

She thought the little girl must have her fair share of ups and downs in life. Therefore, she had picked up the skills none of her peers was familiar with.

If that's the case, what am I supposed to do?

Staring at the little girl's departing back, Sasha reached for her phone seconds after she lost herself in a train of thought.

"Dad? Shall we go for a short getaway soon? What do you think?"

"A short getaway?"

Rufus, who had received the call out of the blue, was startled and confused at the same time because he couldn't fathom the reason she brought that up out of the blue.

On top of that, it was almost time for the festive season of the year. Thus, he was against the idea.

"Where do you want to go? It's almost time for the festive season, isn't it? Don't you have to work? Are you sure you have time for—"

"Dad, those aren't really any of your concerns. If you're not against the idea, I'll bring you and the children abroad for a short while. We'll make our way to a tropical country and spend some time there."