

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 203

“Ms. Wand resents Sebastian a lot for all that he has done to her. Hence, it’s reasonable for her to feel apprehensive when you suggested that she don’t divorce Sebastian. However, I don’t understand why you are doing this all of a sudden? Before this, didn’t you really wish for her to stay?”

The butler brazenly got the burning question off his chest.

Just as he spoke, Frederick, who had reached the car with his walking stick, stopped in his tracks.

Why?

Perhaps, she was more suited when she was obedient and could be controlled.

But now, the situation had changed. She was no longer the lady by his side. Instead, she had someone else by hers.

And that person, was someone that he couldn’t control.

The thought that he had a clueless daughter caused Frederick’s expression to darken. With that, he proceeded to leave.

That night, when Sebastian returned home, he could feel that the atmosphere was different.

“You’re back.”

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Under the bright lights of the dining room, Sasha was in her apron as she stood beside the table filled with food. Her hair was tied to the back in a ponytail, exposing the flawless complexion of her face. It also accentuated her exquisite features and it was a pretty sight to behold.

Today, he was especially mesmerized by her glistening eyes when she smiled, just like the sparkling waters of a spring in the desert.

“Hmm, where are the children?” he asked.

Realizing he was staring rudely, he averted his gaze and took out his laptop as a distraction.

Sasha came over and pulled out his chair for him. Also, she gave him a hot towel to clean his hands.

Sebastian was curious.

What is she doing?

“They already had dinner. Given how late it is now, they should likely be sleeping,” Sasha replied plainly as she filled Sebastian’s plate.

It was already past nine and indeed late for the children.

Sebastian didn’t say another word as he sat down and prepared to eat.

However, just when he wanted to dig in, he noticed that she didn’t walk away. Instead, she pulled up a chair and sat down. All she did was check her phone and didn’t interrupt him.

That itself was something out of the ordinary.

When he came home previously, she would never be there to serve him. But now that she was accompanying him for dinner, it was enough to arouse his suspicions.

Is there something on her mind?

Sebastian put down his cutlery and looked at her. “Do you have something you want to say?”

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"Huh?" Sasha who was just scrolling through social media looked up. "No, you should finish your dinner first. We'll talk when you're done."

As expected, she wouldn't be doing this unless she has an agenda!

Sebastian didn't continue with his meal. After drinking from the glass she had served him, he ordered, "Speak!"

Her fingers froze for a moment before she put down her phone and turned her attention toward him.

"It's nothing in particular... I just want to ask you if you're free to deal with the matter between us?"

"Which matter?" Sebastian didn't understand.

"The... divorce. You wanted me to go through it the other day." Sasha clenched her fist as she finally gathered the courage to say those words.

Silence fell upon the dining room as if everything was frozen in time.

At that moment, it was so quiet that one could hear a pin drop.

Now that I finally brought it up, is he glad?

After all, he is going to marry the love of his life.

Sasha suddenly felt like mocking herself when just two days ago, she wondered why he stopped talking about the divorce.

Now that she thought about it, she figured it was to protect her. If he brought it up and she couldn't take it, she would leave and end up being captured by Sabrina, which would be a disaster.

From that perspective, she felt grateful to him for tolerating her presence given how much he hated her.

Sasha tightened the grip of her fists.

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However, after a brief silence, Sebastian unexpectedly raised his eyebrows and look at her coldly.

"I don't want a divorce."

"What?" Sasha widened her eyes. "Don't want... a divorce?"

Sebastian nodded. "Do you think it's a good time to get divorced now? Think about the children, they're just five. Do you want them to continue living in a single-parent family? Or in other words, are you willing to give up custody of Matteo?"

"No! Definitely not!" Sasha protested immediately.

Achieving his objective, Sebastian smirked before picking up his cutlery again. "That's why my suggestion is that we shouldn't divorce for the next few years."

Stunned, Sasha felt as if she had been tossed a bomb.

Wait a minute, what does he mean? Why does he suddenly not want a divorce?

It's true that taking the children into account, a divorce will be bad for their growth. But, isn't he going to marry that lady? If we don't divorce, how is he going to do that?

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Sasha stared at him in shock as she was unable to digest the sudden change in the situation.

“What are you staring at me for? Do you still want a divorce? Did you fall for another man and desperately want to get married? Sasha, don’t forget that you have jinxed two husbands already.”

Sebastian suddenly made the harsh comments while eating leisurely.

Having heard him, Sasha’s earlier confusion cleared itself up as rage engulfed her.

“What did you say? Who jinxed two husbands?”

“Am I wrong? I was cursed by you to not have a good night’s sleep for the past five years. While you caused Vivian’s dad to die. So, can you stop bringing misfortune to other men?”

Bam!

Sasha slammed the table forcefully as she jumped to her feet in rage. “I hope you choke to death tonight. And both my husbands will then be dead!”

With that, she shook her fist at him and stormed upstairs.

How dare that idiot accuses me of being a jinx to my husband. I sure hope he dies tonight so that I can live up to my “name”.

Sasha returned to her room, fuming.

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Unknown to her, Sebastian smiled smugly the moment she left.

As the dining room returned to normality, he could still hear the sound of angry flip-flops. He then continued eating with a smug smile on his face.

What a fool.

After dinner, Sebastian went up to the third floor.

Just when he took off his jacket, the phone on his table rang. It was his personal line that he hardly checked. He answered, "Hello?"

"Sebastian, it's Xandra. Today... did you see the messages I have sent you earlier? My book is about to be published, and I will return in the next two days. Can you come to pick me up from the airport?"

It was Xandra on the line.

While putting her question across carefully, she made sure her voice was gentle and submissive so as to please Sebastian.

Unfortunately, it backfired when his expression darkened instead.

Without even saying a word, he ended the call.

At that moment, Xandra who was still overseas smashed her phone onto the ground.

Why?

Why is he treating me this way? Even if I had lied to him, I was still the one who wrote the letters over the last four years. Do the letters not have any meaning when compared to those from six years ago? Isn't it the thought that counts?

She was being driven hysterical.

When Kelly heard the commotion, she walked over. "What are you doing? Didn't I tell you not to call him?"

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Xandra was so emotional that she grimaced in rage. "Why can't I call him? I didn't do anything wrong, and I did write him the letters. Why does he only recognize the six years' worth of letters from her and not mine?" Xandra cried out in agony.

Unknown to her, Sebastian didn't recognize the six years' worth of letters that Sasha wrote too.

When he first knew about it, he was equally outraged and couldn't accept it. It simply intensified his hatred toward her. Or else, he wouldn't have wanted a divorce right away.

However, Sasha's major incident occurred after that.

He assumed he had hated her. But that night, when he heard about it and rushed over, he saw her corpse-like figure in the interrogation room.

At that very moment, he panicked.

It never crossed his mind that he would ever be frightened.

He couldn't wait for her to disappear. But yet, when that image flashed before his eyes, he felt as if she was a bubble in the air, which could disappear anytime from a momentary lapse of concentration.

He realized that it didn't bring him any joy.

All he felt was a growing sense of horror and panic. It was as if his heart was being torn from him. The thought that she would no longer be around caused his limbs to freeze and his soul to be lost.

Therefore, he was caught off guard by the fact that she had started to take root in his heart.

And all that had nothing to do with the letters.

Even if it did, it was what was behind the letters. Bit by bit, just like poison, the feelings permeated his bones.

It was something Xandra didn't have.

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Finally, Kelly had no choice but to give Frederick a call. Unexpectedly, his attitude toward her had changed.

“Since we’re going to have the wedding soon, why don’t we make it on his aunt’s birthday. Bring your niece and we will consider them as having met each other’s parents. Furthermore, I will not have any objections,” Frederick asserted over the phone despite sounding reluctant.

However, Frederick’s tone was the last thing Kelly was concerned about as she was already jumping with joy. “Alright, alright. Thank you, Mr. Hayes!”

Aunt?

Isn’t that Matilda?

Compared to the two men of the Hayes family, she is a lot easier to manipulate. All I need to do is to send her some expensive presents. Furthermore, I heard that her son is pursuing the mayor’s daughter. As long as I pull some strings, everything will be sorted out.

Kelly’s eyes finally lit up.

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