Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 870

He	knew	about	it!

"You-"

"This will be my last piece of advice to you, so listen well. There's no way that I'll let you escape that easily now that I've decided to bring you with me. If you still insist, then I'm not going to show you any mercy," said Baylor as he inched closer to Sasha.

At the same time, he even waved the two blue pills in his hand right in front of her.

Blood drained from Sasha's face at the sight of that.

Monster!

Finally, Sasha gave in. She sat in the VIP lounge hopelessly with her face as white as a sheet.

Suddenly, someone in the lounge pointed in their direction and shouted, "Look, it's Baylor White. That's Alfred White's son, Baylor White!"

Sasha immediately looked up when she heard that.

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She realized then that everybody was looking at them, and they seemed pissed.

She did not expect that they would be able to recognize Baylor just like that.

Did the news become worse online?

At that moment, Sasha saw a glimmer of hope. She knew that she would have a chance at escaping as long as the people had Baylor surrounded.

Thus, she shouted as loud as she could, "Yes! He's Baylor White! Hurry up and get him!"

At the sound of that, the people in the lounge swarmed toward Baylor all at once.

"Catch him! Hurry!"

"Yes! Catch that monster and send him to the White House. That way, we'll be able to remove his father too."

The crowd was furious as they shouted in rage. Some even swung their fists at Baylor as though they were going to kill him at any minute.

Perhaps they were even thinking of opening up his skull and putting in a microchip.

It was no doubt a terrifying thing to think about.

Meanwhile, Sasha was already getting ready to run.

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However, Baylor, who was surrounded, suddenly pulled out a gun.

Bang!

Then, a crisp and clear gunshot rang out.

Instantly, everyone crouched down with their hands covering their head.

Sasha was also stunned as she stared down at the barrel of his gun. She dared not even make a move.

"Go ahead. Weren't you planning on running?"

Baylor walked toward her and pressed his gun against her forehead as he grabbed her by the collar.

Sasha cried out in pain as she was held by the neck so suddenly.

However, that was not even the worst.

Baylor, who was clearly beyond twisted at that point, slapped Sasha on the face when she was once again captured.

Smack!

Along with the clear, crisp sound of the slap, Sasha lost her footing.

"Do you know how much courage it took me to decide to bring you away with me? I could've just saved myself. Yet, I'm in this mess all because of you."

At that moment, it seemed as though Baylor had turned into a completely different person.

He picked Sasha up from the ground furiously and gripped her tightly.

"Fine! Very well! Since you wish to die, I'll make it happen!"

Out of his mind, Baylor then dragged her out of the lounge.

Meanwhile, Sasha had no idea what Baylor was planning at all.

She only realized what was happening when she was tied on a chair at the waiting hall and forced to put on the fake mask she had on her earlier.

"Let go! Let go of me! Let me go!"

Sasha screamed at the top of her lungs as she struggled to break free.

However, her voice could no longer reach Baylor. At that point, he was consumed with rage because of the incident back in the lounge. Once Sasha was tied to the chair, he just stood in front of her and stared at her intently.

"You're right. I'm going to die soon. However, I'll be happy if I could take Sebastian with me before that. To be honest, I lied. He does care a lot about you. Do you know how I ended up being pursued by the entire city? He was the one behind it, and he did it to avenge you. He exposed everything I did to destroy me and the whole White family. Macy West, you have such a good eye. You've found a man who is head over heels for you."

As soon as he finished his sentence, Baylor bent down and caressed her face.

Specifically, the face that Sasha had just put on.

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At that moment, tears were rolling down Sasha's face endlessly.

Part of her was terrified about what was happening to her now, and the other part was horrified at the lunatic's words.

"I beg you. Just kill me."

"No, how could I? Macy, I'm just going to bring him to hell with me. You, on the other hand, should live a happy life. Be good and stay here. He's going to be here any minute," Baylor coaxed gently.

Then, he secured the rope on her and stuffed a piece of cloth into her mouth.

Sasha started struggling violently again and even cried through the piece of cloth in her mouth.

Then again, everything she did was useless. Soon, the person they were expecting finally arrived. A tall, slender figure in a black shirt showed up at the lounge's entrance.

Sasha froze and stopped struggling.

It only took her a moment to regain her senses. Then, she quickly bent over and rubbed her face against her knees to reveal her actual face.

He doesn't remember this face, so he won't come.