

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 222

Sebastian felt indescribable emotions surge in his chest. He had initially planned to interrogate her, but after seeing all these apps, he had completely lost the interest.

In the end, he tapped into her WhatsApp.

“Why did Willow text you? She’s here already?”

“Huh?”

Sasha snapped her head up and stole a glance at her own phone. Seeing that he was looking at her conversation with Willow, she nodded. “Yeah. She’s here.”

“Why did she text you?”

“Oh, nothing much. We were just chatting.”

“Just chatting? Then what’s up with all the gowns? Where are you two going? Are you hiding something from me?”

He had actually scrolled through the whole conversation Sasha had with Willow. Upon reaching the top, he saw the photos of various custom-tailored gowns Willow had sent.

His handsome face instantly became several shades darker.

Indeed, two women coming together equals bad news. I should’ve thrown this Willow woman to the sharks that day and gotten rid of her once and for all!

Sasha’s heart pounded against her chest when she saw his expression.

This “Willow” was not Willow at all, but was in fact, Brandon. After he went back, he kept pestering her on her WhatsApp.

Hence, she had no choice but to reply him.

Fortunately, she had the foresight to save his name as “Willow” in her phone as a precaution against the man living under the same roof as her.

“N-No, I’m not. It’s just that she’s finally back, so s-she said she wants me to go to a p-party or something,” Sasha stammered out an explanation.

Sebastian became even more displeased by this. “A party? You’re a mother now. Stop mingling with promiscuous women like her.”

Sasha failed to formulate a response.

How is Willow a promiscuous woman? She's a respectable lady, not to mention a top student who majored in Human Resource.

Sasha had the urge to defend her friend.

Luckily, Sebastian said nothing else besides that. He tapped on the screen twice, but before she could figure out what he was doing, he passed the phone back to her.

Sasha accepted it and glanced at the screen, but strangely found nothing out of the ordinary.

"Alright, it's late now. Go to sleep."

Sebastian prepared to leave.

Sasha put her phone down and hummed a response. "Why did you come downstairs? Are you hungry? Didn't Wendy make supper for you?"

Abruptly thinking about this, she casually asked as she lay down in bed again.

But Sebastian stiffened at her question. "No. I came to check on the kids."

"The kids?"

Sasha pulled the blanket over her and blinked in confusion. "But they're not sleeping in here tonight. They're in their own rooms."

It was obvious they weren't sleeping with her.

Because this room was carpeted, they would take off their shoes before coming in. Hence, if they were here, their shoes would be outside the door.

However, Sebastian seemed to have neglected this fact.

He swiveled around impatiently and strode toward the door.

Faced with his peculiar reaction, Sasha was speechless.

Something came over her suddenly, causing her mouth to have a mind of its own. "Sebastian, will you be attending your aunt's birthday party?"

"What?" Sebastian stopped just shy of the door. "The birthday party? Didn't I already tell you I won't be going?"

"You won't?"

Sasha was unnerved, torn between believing him and believing Brandon.

Sebastian turned around and perceived the despondent look on her face. His chiseled brows drew into a frown, but he held back his temper to ask, "Why? You wanna go?"

Sasha immediately shook her head. "No, I don't!"

Sebastian's expression eased slightly. "Mm, you better not join this kind of occasion. It's nothing special anyway. Rather than troubling yourself, it's better you stay home and take care of the kids."

Sebastian was speaking from his heart.

He didn't think it was a good idea for Sasha to attend the Emmanuel family's party. Their two families got into a conflict not too long ago and he knew his aunt well. She was a narrow-minded and unforgiving person. Sasha would only end up getting the short end of the stick if she attended.

Unbeknownst to him, Sasha interpreted his words differently.

Why is he so against me going? Is it because he doesn't want me to spoil things for him and his lover at the party?

Hah...

Sasha withdrew her gaze and didn't speak anymore.

It was a sleepless night for her.

A few days later, the Emmanuel family's party finally came.

Sasha was waiting in Royal Court One. After receiving a WhatsApp message from Brandon, she grabbed her bag and went to the kitchen. "Wendy, I'm going out to buy some New Year goods today."

Of course, Wendy did not suspect a thing.

She nodded readily. "Sure, sure. I'll take care of the children at home. It's about time you went out and relaxed for a bit."

"Thanks, Wendy."

Sasha smiled and swiftly left.

As soon as she left Frontier Bay, she spotted an ostentatious blue Lamborghini. Right then, the person inside the car was poking his head out and checking his surroundings.

"Sasha! You're finally here. Hurry up, hurry up! We gotta go now."

It was Brandon.

Upon seeing Sasha, he frantically waved her over.