

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 230

All he saw was a splash of crimson. Before he could process what was going on, the woman in his grasp went limp and fell over.

He froze, unable to comprehend strength of such caliber.

Not only that, she was vicious, too. Sasha targeted an acupoint, which allowed her to break free of his hypnosis. However, unbeknownst to her, this acupoint was also her Achilles' heel.

"Sasha." Sebastian appeared as she collapsed.

He replayed the moment in shock. In a flurry of movement, he was on his knees, heaving Sasha up from the pool of her own blood.

"Sasha, can you hear me? Wake up!" Sebastian gasped, fighting his raggedy breath to form words. His greatest fear was becoming a reality. He called her name over and over again, with each passing repetition diminishing in hope.

Sasha was unresponsive to his pleading. She lay in his arms, blood still spewing unrestrainedly from the gash on her left temple.

"You will be fine." Sebastian fought back his tears. "Nothing will happen to you. Nothing!"

He carried her out of the door to head to a hospital. As she swayed in the motion of his stride, Sasha's delicate rhinestone hairpiece fell from her wound and shattered in the pool of blood.

In an instant, the metal which was tinged with blood stabbed him in the eye. He stumbled in shock. Broken images flashed before his mind's eye.

Sebastian gasped at the pain in his head, as though a long-forgotten memory was being forcefully reopened. He staggered and fell to his knees.

"It was you! The man she was referring to was you!"

The psychologist did not move. He stood paralyzed at the realization that his deception was no longer effective.

"It was a genetic defect that caused schizophrenia. Of course it would be different from him. The lie you told yourself about your split personality; didn't he do the same thing? Was it blood? A knife? Are you... a murderer?"

He was unafraid, having already given up all hope of escaping.

However, seeing Sebastian on his knees, he stepped forward slowly, with a joyous and maniacal glint in his eyes, like Columbus had when he beheld the New World for the first time.

As soon as he was close enough, Sebastian looked up to face him. The psychologist recoiled from the intensity of Sebastian's pain.

Before he had time to react, the latter reached out with a bloody hand and grabbed hold of his neck. A crack like a gunshot reverberated throughout the room and the man was dead before he hit the floor.

Oh, the horror was unspeakable!

The guests who witnessed the scene gasped in shock.

Only Frederick remained calm. He surveyed the scene for an instant before deciding to send Sasha to the hospital.

After dismissing the crowd, he ambled over to his son, who was still on his knees.

"Sebastian."

Sebastian did not seem to hear his father's voice. His handsome features were void of life as he stared at his hands caked in Sasha's blood.

"It is already done. No one will ever discover your secret," Frederick told his son.

It did more harm than good. Sebastian jumped at the mention of the word "secret" and glared at his father malevolently.

"No one will ever know?" Sebastian repeated. "Doesn't the whole city know by now? I told you before. You should have killed me. What's the good of keeping me in this world?"

"Sebastian, wake up!" Frederick was furious. "You're not living for yourself. If you think of yourself as broken and guilty, perhaps you should carry on living for those who bore the transgressions of your sins. You owe it to them to live on! They traded their lives for yours!"

The harshness of his voice forced Sebastian to look his father full in the face. He was looking quite deranged; the paleness matched the shock of white hair.

His eyes, however, were bloodshot.

Yes, I'm tired of living. Everybody in this cursed household is.

They did everything they could to hide the truth so I could lead a normal life. Everybody in this house gave up their hearts and souls.

"I know that you're in shock today because of the girl." Frederick took a deep breath. "But have you thought about it? She gave her life to protect your secret. Why do you have to blame yourself? Shouldn't you be trying even harder to protect her from now on?"

It had to be said, even if he knew his son did not want to hear it at this time.

True enough, it did the trick. Sebastian's bloodshot eyes widened in comprehension, having renewed his purpose once again.