

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 277

“What’s the matter, Caite?”

While Sasha and Roxanne’s assistant were in a stalemate at the door, Roxanne was just done showering in the villa. Hearing the commotion outside, she hollered from upstairs.

Only then did the assistant snap back to her senses and hastened back into the house.

A few minutes later, Sasha, who had been waiting at the door, was finally led into the house.

“I’m really surprised that you would come to pick him up.”

When Sasha again saw Roxanne, the latter was only wearing a bathrobe, with her long and velvety chestnut hair casually draped over her shoulder. She sashayed over with two glasses of red wine before placing one of them before Sasha.

Then, she languid savored the other glass herself.

Nevertheless, Sasha didn’t pick up the glass of wine. Ever since she entered the house, her gaze had been darting around in search of the man she was here for.

Alas, she saw no sign of him anywhere.

“Why are you surprised? Isn’t it normal for me to come and pick him up?”

“Of course not. Firstly, the two of you aren’t truly husband and wife. And secondly, I’ll drive him back myself. Ms. Wand, my relationship with him is far more intimate than you think.”

Roxanne was exceedingly blunt. Not only did she immediately refute Sasha, but she even deliberately mentioned the word “intimate.”

All at once, Sasha’s face went pale.

What the hell? So, she actually knows that we’re not truly husband and wife? Also, why did she suddenly mention that word? Could it be that she spotted me on the third floor when she came over this morning?

Out of the blue, she recalled the rumor she heard during her childhood of Roxanne being a “prodigy.” As she locked gazes with the woman’s mocking eyes, she abruptly felt as though she had been stripped naked.

Utter mortification engulfed her.

“Are you spying on me?”

“You read too much into things. Why should I spy on you? Your emotions are written all over your face. Look, you’re not even really here to pick him up tonight. The truth is, you’re merely using that as an excuse to confront me, no?”

Stunned, Sasha said nothing to Roxanne’s psychoanalysis of her motives.

With a wine glass in her hand, Roxanne then continued languidly, “You want to ask me why I called you a ticking time bomb back then. Besides, you also want to know what exactly my relationship with him is. Is that not so?”

It was terrifying to the bone, yet she sounded as though she was casually making conversation at that moment.

By then, Sasha’s face had lost all color.

She was a doctor herself, and she also had some knowledge of psychology. But after hearing everything the other woman said, a chill encased her, and the hair on the back of her neck stood up that very moment.

Oh my God, she doesn’t even seem human! Instead, she’s more of a demon that crawled out of hell, peering into the deepest part of my heart with her piercing eyes before peeling every single thought apart and putting them on the table one by one! How horrifying!

“What are you...”

“Calm down, and rest assured that I’ll tell you everything you want to know. Your most pressing question is my relationship with him, yes? Okay, we’ll start with that, then. Indeed, our relationship was one between a doctor and a patient in the beginning. But as I started treating him, he gradually developed a great attachment to me since we were always together and saw each other night and day. Later, our families proposed that we tie the knot, and he didn’t object either.”

What?

It was as though a bolt of lightning struck Sasha, and her eyes went wide with shock.

Tie the knot? They were actually going to get married?

Her mind went blank.

At her expression, the sneer tugging at Roxanne’s lips deepened. “Are you shocked? Don’t worry, for I didn’t agree. I had no interest in marriage, so I took off after they proposed marriage.”

Sasha was struck dumb upon hearing that.

An eternity seemingly passed as she stood there gaping at the woman blankly without twitching a muscle.

So, it turned out that she was the one who left between the two of them. In other words, if she hadn't left back then, she would have been his wife. Most importantly, he wanted to marry her. Is that it? Then, what am I to him? Is she the love of his life instead? Back when he was truly at his most tormented, she must have been the sum of his confidante and hope to hang on to life as his psychologist. Who can ever compare to someone that important to him?

Recalling the intimacy and familiarity of the scene she witnessed on the third floor that morning which had her so envious to the point of no return, a suffocating sense of distress assailed her. She could feel her heart that had just healed some time ago being ripped open bit by bit again, blood dripping from the wound that radiated crippling pain.

"Thus, I was really puzzled when you suddenly married him at that time. I didn't understand why Frederick would do such a thing when he understood his son's condition better than anyone else."

This time, Sasha was entirely dumbstruck.

The implication was too horrifying that almost a lifetime passed before she heard herself asking, "W-What do you mean?"

Roxanne merely shrugged. "I don't know, but I found it strange. After I took off, his mental condition was at an all-time low. As such, shouldn't he have been stabilized first at that time? Why was he forced to marry you instead? Could it be that Frederick wanted to use such a method to keep you shackled?"

Her eyes suddenly glinted after saying that.

She's an incredibly intelligent woman, yet she's an idiot in some aspects!

Meanwhile, Sasha plunged into silence.

She felt as though someone had poured a bucket of cold water on her, drenching her from head to toe. All the light was extinguished from her life in the blink of an eye. She stood there like a puppet whose strings had been cut, and she almost stumbled on her feet.

That was probably the pinnacle of utter devastation and despair.