

# Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 279

Wendy was exceedingly worried, but little did she know that there were too many things between the two people whom she was praying for.

Many a time, it was something beyond their control in which they had absolutely no say.

Sasha only received news of Xenia's death when it was almost dawn. Disregarding her sorry state, she rushed over to the hospital right away.

But just after she arrived at the hospital, Sharon slapped her.

"Get out of here! Leave! I don't want to see you ever again, so get lost!"

It was the first time her aunt had ever said such callous words to her, and it was also the first time she had ever struck her.

Instantly, Sasha went cold.

Ignoring the smarting of her cheek and the metallic taste that trickled out the corner of her mouth, she grabbed Sharon's arm and dropped to her knees before her with a resounding thud.

"No, let me explain, Aunt Sharon! I really... I really never harbored any intention of killing Xenia."

"No?" Sharon shot daggers at her with eyes blazing scarlet. "If so, why did you have Sebastian's men keeping an eye on my house? Didn't you team up with him to deal with Xenia? You would've spared her if she assented to having her memories erased, but if otherwise, you would then kill her! Is that not so?"

"No, that's not true!"

"No? You're still trying to deny it at this time, Sasha Wand? I witnessed it with my own eyes! I saw her dying at the hands of someone affiliated with the Hayes family! Was I blind? Is that it, then?"

As Sharon roared at the top of her lungs, her usually indifferent face was contorted with fury and intense hatred at that moment. It was as though she wanted to rip Sasha into pieces.

Sasha fell into a trance.

At long last, she no longer said anything else. Tears gushed out of her eyes that were teeming with terror and despair.

Likewise, Jackson ignored her.

He was settling the procedures to have Xenia transferred to the funeral parlor, and he never spared her a single glance throughout it all.

True enough, Xenia was still their biological daughter despite her faults.

Sasha closed her eyes.

When she opened her eyes again a few minutes later, they had turned scarlet even as tears clung to the eyelashes. She stood up and promptly disappeared into the hospital.

Coincidentally, Sebastian had also rushed over at this time.

When he saw the familiar white Cayenne in the parking lot that was about to leave, he immediately sped over and blocked its path. He hemmed it in before it could leave the hospital.

"You're really here, Sasha! Do you know that I've been looking for you for a long time?"

When the man saw that the person in the car he blocked off was indeed the woman he was looking for, his heart that was lodged in his throat finally settled back into his chest. Alighting from the car, he strode toward her.

Right then, he was still relatively calm.

Such a trivial matter was truly nothing to the man who always had all situations under control in the business world, so he was wholly confident that he could resolve the problem.

But when he had gone over, he realized that the woman in the car was no longer the same.

"Sasha?"

"Were you the one who sent men to keep an eye on Blackwood residence?"

Sebastian was silent for a moment before he honestly admitted, "Yes." Then, he wanted to explain, saying, "I only kept an eye on her because..."

"So, it was you who had her killed."

"No!" Upon hearing the accusation he dreaded most, the man grew irate. "Her death has nothing to do with me. I didn't order them to kill her."

"And where's the proof? What evidence do you have to prove that it wasn't you?" Sasha sneered. "Sebastian Hayes, did you know from the very beginning that it was actually Xenia who stole my manuscript?"

At that, Sebastian went silent.

He couldn't deny that, for it was indeed the truth. Ever since Xandra told him that she didn't know who the mastermind was, he focused his attention on the woman before him.

Later, after asking Luke to investigate everything about Sasha's family before they went bankrupt and learning about Xenia's interaction with Sasha over those few years, he was pretty certain that it was indeed her.

"I thought you wouldn't pursue the matter anymore, so I was both surprised and moved. I wanted to resolve everything discreetly and tell Aunt Sharon that I would let Xenia off the hook as long as she allowed me to erase her memories. But what did you do, Sebastian?"

Sasha's gaze was hollow as she sat in the car. One side of her petite face was as white as a sheet, while the other side was marred with a red and swollen imprint that was distinctly visible once Sebastian leaned closer.

What the hell? She was slapped?

He ignored her words as his eyes narrowed and blazed with murder.

"Who hit you? Was it Jackson?"

"Do you truly care that I was hit, Mr. Hayes? It was all thanks to you, after all. Would I have been slapped if you hadn't killed her? It's already a miracle that I got out of there alive."

Sasha started cackling, the sound grating and maniacal.

At that, Sebastian's brows furrowed, and his patience finally snapped.

"How many times do you want me to repeat this? I didn't give any orders to kill her! Yes, I knew long ago that she was the one who gave the manuscript to Xandra, but I only had her followed to... protect you."

At long last, he revealed his motives to her.

While saying that, his voice was tinged with a hint of stiffness and awkwardness.

Regretfully, the woman before him didn't believe that. Or more accurately speaking, the series of events that transpired that night had already destroyed her, so she would never believe that such a wonderful thing would happen to her.