

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 362

She felt like she had to get to the bottom of this.

Half an hour later at Frontier Bay.

“What’s going on? Hasn’t Sebastian shown up yet?”

“Are you being serious? How could he possibly come out today? Can’t you see how many heavily armed bodyguards they’ve got behind that door?”

Shortly after, a series of soft steps approached.

Sasha was not expecting the perimeters of the Royal Court One to be clogged completely by vehicles and reporters who brought along their assortment of cameras, hoping to get in on this one big scoop.

Seeing what awaited her prompted Sasha to turn around, as being Sebastian’s ex-spouse meant that she would be someone of great interest to anyone within the ranks of the press who might recognize her, and should she be discovered, it would likely not bode well for that man.

She gritted her teeth and considered not going inside, but how was she to investigate the matter if she refrained from entering?

It was at that moment that she got the jitters and wondered if it was because someone inside the Royal Court One spotted her.

Suddenly, her cell phone rang.

“Hello?”

“It’s me, Mommy. Boo hoo...”

On the other end of the line, Matteo started to bawl the moment the call got through.

That served to compound Sasha’s trepidation. “Mommy’s right here, Matt. Tell me what’s happening in there. Where’s your daddy? And how about Ian? How are y’all doing?”

“Boo hoo... Daddy’s been taken by Mr. Frost. Ian and I are here... It’s horrible, Mommy. Daddy’s going to kill Ms. Rocke...”

The terrifying sight must have proved too traumatic for this five-year-old child to bear witness to as he continued to sob.

Sasha was practically in shock upon hearing his words.

Though she was dismissive of the rumors off the internet, she had no choice but to confront the truth conveyed from the lips of her own son—Sebastian was really going to kill Roxanne.

Why though?

Sasha's hands and feet were clammy, and it took her quite a while to settle her nerves before she was able to resume communications with the boy over the phone.

"Don't be afraid, Matteo. Daddy might be... unwell. Why don't you tell Mommy what happened? Don't worry, Mommy's a doctor, but I've to understand what happened in order to help him."

"Can you really?"

"Of course I can. Tell you what, why don't you get Ian to the phone?"

Sasha could infer from her younger son's inflection that he was already overwhelmed, and so she coaxed him into handing the phone over to her relatively more composed older son, Ian, who was able to calmly recount the events that transpired the previous night shortly after taking over.

"It was that woman, Mommy. She was the one responsible for Daddy becoming sick." The boy started to sob uncontrollably afterward and was unwavering in his certainty of Roxanne's guilt.

If that were true, then Roxanne's culpability in this is unforgivable!

After taking some time to console her two sons over the phone, Sasha immediately rode off in a hired car.

If Sebastian was taken away by Karl, she would have fewer concerns about his safety. She reckoned that Karl would surely have taken him to the Hayes residence to seek out Frederick.

That was where she directed the driver and where the familiar black Bentley was expectantly found upon her arrival.

However, she found herself stopped at the door.

"I'm only going in to see him."

"That won't be necessary, Ms. Wand. Mr. Hayes was explicit about not entertaining any guests during this time, and you should know that it wouldn't make a difference even if you went in, agreed?"

The person in her way was Frederick's long-serving butler, Tim.

Ever since Sasha learned the truth and broke off contact with the Hayes, Frederick had grown remorseful of his past deeds and softened his stance toward her.

Nonetheless, he did not allow her through at this time.

Left with no other options at her disposal, Sasha could only stand there briefly in silence before she turned away.

On the way out, she spotted an approaching white BMW, and out of the corner of her eye, she caught a glimpse of the person at the wheel.

Roxanne!

Her eyes narrowed instantly, and she was quick to get her driver to halt the vehicle.

"What do you think you are doing?" Displeased at this interruption, Roxanne promptly lowered the window on the driver's side and poked out her head to cuss.

Sasha darted in front of her when she saw that. "You. Get out of the car!"

Never before had she been this angry in her life. She deliberately enunciated every single word into that woman's ear while she reached for the handle of the latter's door and forcibly tried to open it.

That drove Roxanne into a panic.

"Are you out of your mind? How dare you behave in such a manner here? Go check yourself into a facility if you're mental!" she cussed as she stomped on the accelerator.

Sasha was caught off guard, but fortunately for her, Tim came out of nowhere upon witnessing the exchange and pulled her out of harm's way.

Had he not, she might have been run over by that woman.