

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 363

Clearly, it was she who's mental!

Sasha seethed at that thought.

"That's enough, Ms. Wand. Her parents have already punished her for it, so perhaps you shouldn't continue to make things difficult for her here. She did not mean any harm."

"Did not mean any harm? Do you expect me to be able to brush it off so casually? Don't you know that she could have ruined Mr. Hayes?"

Sasha only grew more upset upon hearing Tim and started to voice her disapproval vociferously on the spot, to which Tim only responded with a dignified silence.

Just as he was about to try to calm Sasha, the woman whom she was so determined to intercept just a moment ago surprisingly pulled over with a resounding screech.

"Ruined him? Explain yourself, Sasha Wand. Who was the one who ruined him?" Roxanne stormed up to Sasha directly after she alighted.

With all the rage she had bottled up inside, Sasha held nothing back after seeing her counterpart step out of her own volition.

"Haven't I made it obvious enough for you? Aren't you aware of what you've done?"

"Yes. I know what I've done, but do you know why I did that? It was all because of you!" Roxanne's finger was almost upon Sasha's forehead as she railed.

Roxanne's parents had also arrived at the scene and quickly hastened over with the intention of restraining their own daughter.

As she recalled how they distorted the truth during her last visit to the Rocke residence, Sasha started scoffing in a fury at the sight of this family.

"Of course. Hasn't it always been that way for the Rocke family? Was it not always someone else's fault? Since when were y'all ever wrong about anything?"

"Bullsh*t! You don't believe me, do you? Fine! Why don't I give it to you straight then? Were you not with him that night? Didn't he go in to rescue you?"

Sasha was dumbstruck, taken aback by the fact that the woman was even in the know about this.

However, that was beside the point as what came after proved to be even more shocking. "He pretended that I had his memory erased, but the truth is, he still remembered who you are, you blighted b*tch!" Roxanne hollered.

Everything came to a standstill when her voice trailed off.

Sasha, in particular, felt a humming in her own brain as her basic cognitive functions seemed to stall while she stared at that woman.

Pretended?

How could that be, considering how cold he has been to me? He even locked me up in the dog pound and threatened to put a chain around me...

"I've told him umpteenth times that you're a ticking time bomb who would sooner or later lead to his downfall, but he wouldn't listen. Six months ago, he even walked in the rain for three hours from the airport into the city after you broke up with him. His final words before he passed out were that you didn't want him anymore. Am I wrong about this, Sasha Wand? Huh?"

Roxanne choked up amidst her throaty and hysteric accusations, leaving no room for doubt at this moment that her heart bled for this man.

Sasha started to become unsteady on her own feet.

He walked in the pouring rain for three hours straight that day?

She was under the impression that he would head home right after they parted ways at the airport. After all, he had never demonstrated his affections for her, be it on the night she left or when they were together in that little village

Tears welled up and rolled out of the corners of Sasha's eyes.

"He ran a high fever and was not able to sleep for several nights afterward. Did you know how worried I was for him? How could he be fine after suffering a blow like this? That was why I hypnotized him and helped him erase all his memories pertaining to you. Was I wrong to do that?"

Sasha had no means of retort.

"It was your refusal to be with him that led me to use this method, all to protect him from the harm that you caused. Was I wrong to do that? Am I wrong to intervene as his doctor now that you're back again to harass him? Answer me, Sasha Wand!"

Like a knife, her words stabbed into Sasha's heart so deeply that the latter could almost taste the blood in her mouth, and in the end, even her self-awareness almost deserted her.

That's right. When did she err?

What right had she, Sasha Wand, the true cause of everything, to chastise her?

Finally, Sasha turned around stiffly like the living dead and dragged her own desensitized feet away in despondence upon the realization of how ignorant she was.

At another time, in another place.

Sasha arrived back at the hotel, where she cooped herself in for the next three days.

Hiding under the sheets inside that room and neither eating nor drinking with regularity, she had even switched off her phone and hung up the receiver of the landline by the head of the bed.

Her sole interaction was with the television, which she would turn on every day to keep tabs on developments specific to that piece of news.