

# Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 364

The television was unplugged outright when updates became far and few between, after which she reacquainted herself with the darkness which had been her constant companion in the room with all the curtains drawn.

Three days later, a thunderous thumping was finally heard upon the door.

“Open up, Sasha! Or else I’m going to bust my way in!”

Though the woman wrapped tightly in the comforter heard the man, she flipped herself around and pretended that she did not.

And so, the door was finally kicked open from the outside.

“Frigging hell!”

The bright blue sky outside delivered an instant contrast to the pitch-black interiors beyond the door, and that shocked him into a cold sweat.

Could something have happened to that silly woman?

Brandon burst in and shouted as he switched on all the lights, “Where are you, you idiot? Are you dead? Come on out!”

However, Sasha remained hushed under the sheets.

“There you are. Damn it. You almost scared me to death!” Brandon dashed over in glee after he discovered the little mound on the bed.

The disinterested woman arched away and pulled up the blanket over herself. “Why are you here? Get out!”

Brandon was rendered speechless as he had never been treated so shabbily by this woman. Finally irked, he yanked the blanket off her in its entirety.

“Why am I here? You’ve gone and disappeared for three days straight. People were starting to think that you’ve been murdered and dismembered.”

“You’re insane!”

Mired in a state of desolation, Sasha clambered up with the intention of reclaiming possession of the comforter, which she had been robbed of.

But there was no way Brandon would return it to her.

With the blanket in hand, he ran straight for the window and started to pull back the curtains which had been left drawn in the past three days.

On the bed, Sasha reflexively raised both hands to shield her eyes when she felt the pain induced by the sudden burst of light which seeped in through the window.

“What are you doing, Brandon? Hurry up and close them.”

“Uh. Would you take a look at yourself? Getting all depressed over a little ticking off by that woman? Where has the old Sasha Wand disappeared off to?”

She fell silent as the old Sasha was already dead.

An indeterminate amount of time transpired with Sasha sitting slumped on the bed. When she was finally able to adjust her eyes to the brightness, she lowered her hands and gazed at the light that she had not seen for some time.

“Why were you looking for me?”

“Why else? Sebastian’s awake, so I wanted to ask if you would like to go visit him.”

Awake?

Sasha sat up almost immediately upon hearing that, and the heart that had been deadened for three days throbbed, albeit for that brief instant, before the recollection of that woman’s words caused her to gradually slink back into her brooding.

“How’s he?”

“Alright, I guess. He’s already made a public appearance. Aren’t you going to see him? I heard that you’ve gotten into a row with Roxanne over this. Seeing how worried you are, wouldn’t it be better if you visited him for yourself since he’s already come to?”

While Brandon kept up with his efforts to persuade that woman, she pursed her lips before shaking her head steadily. “I won’t. And I’d also be keeping my distance from him from here on out.”

“Why?”

“It’s because... I want him to be able to live longer.”

That last sentence was meant for her own ears.

During the past three days, someone had indeed contacted her over the landline, which she subsequently unplugged. The individual called on that particular day to

tell her about Sebastian taking ill in Frontier Bay, after which he also extended an apology.

“We’re really sorry about what happened at the Rocke residence, Ms. Wand. My wife and I were in the wrong. But with things being the way they are right now, I believe you wouldn’t want to see his downfall, and so I’ll be handling things myself. Do you understand?”

It was said that Sebastian was still unconscious when that man called.

He decided that he was going to personally erase all of Sebastian’s memories of Sasha in the hope that the latter would not be triggered by her in the future, which was important for ensuring his safety.

At that moment, Sasha suddenly found herself vehemently opposed to it.

“No, I don’t know, and I don’t need to know. I regret it now and no longer wish to leave him. I don’t want you to erase any of his memories. I intend to be with him, so I forbid it”.

Like a raving lunatic, she jumped off the bed and prepared to head out to stop him until Trevor said that it was too late.

When Sasha lowered her head to see the light which seeped in through the gaps between her fingers, the wall of tears which she had been holding back finally buckled under those piercing rays and fell onto the snowy white sheets.

“I regret it, Brandon. I should not have pushed him away at the airport, and now, I’ve no more chance to...”

Brandon did not know how to respond to that.