

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 400

In the end, Sasha managed to help Travis in closing the deal with Frank.

And once the filthy rich Frank found out who she was, he even signed a contract with her worth over tens of millions.

It was an unexpected windfall.

Overcome with emotions, Sasha went over to the two men and raised her glass. "Mr. Wheatley, Mr. Lozano, here's to you!"

"All right, come on. Cheers!" the two men chorused.

With business out of the way, a beautiful lady before them, and the fact that they were there to have a good time, there was no reason to reject a toast. Therefore, they proceeded to drink to their heart's content.

When Sebastian kicked open the door to the private room, they were drinking merrily. As for Sasha, after a few glasses of wine, she had taken the initiative to sit down next to Frank.

The door flew open with a loud bang, and everyone in the private room turned to stare at Sebastian, wine glasses in hand.

What's going on? Why is he here? Sasha's mind went blank for a moment.

Brandon was also shocked. He stared at Sebastian in disbelief, suspecting that his eyes were playing tricks on him. What a coincidence! Is he here for business too?

It was deadly silent in the private room that one could hear a pin drop.

"Who is he? How did he barge in? Waiter! Is this how you do your job? Are you thinking of closing down by letting this sort of riff-raff in?" Frank demanded, launching into a tirade once he recovered from the shock.

Sasha jolted back to her senses, but it was too late. Sebastian had kicked open the door looking worried and anxious. However, the moment he laid eyes on the scene in the private room, his gaze darkened, and he saw red. Then, he turned on his heel and left.

No!

Without a second thought, Sasha tossed aside the glass in her hand and picked up her skirt. As she hurried after Sebastian, she called out, "Sebastian, wait! Sebastian!"

She ran as fast as she could, but he was even faster.

He strode away quickly as if he was escaping from something disgusting and detestable. His gaze was cold and filled with abhorrence. It did not take him long to go down to the second floor.

When Sasha saw that, she became frantic.

“Sebastian, listen to me. It’s not what you think it is.” She took off her shoes hastily, worried that she would not be able to catch up and that she would disappear before her very eyes.

She never would have guessed that this would happen.

The last time she saw him, he had brushed her off so coldly that all hope had vanished. That was why when she saw him kick open the door, she felt as though she had been struck by lightning.

Did he think that I was getting bullied? Is that why he showed up at that very moment? If that’s true, then does that mean despite his coldness, he has been secretly keeping an eye on me? It’s just like in Moranta when our relationship was falling apart. I said some very mean things, but he still arranged for someone to stay by my side.

Sasha saw Sebastian about to exit the nightclub. Anxious to catch up to him, she tried to take longer strides as she descended the stairs.

However, the dress that Brandon bought for her was much too long. And especially since she had taken off her heels.

As she took a step forward, she tripped over the hem of her skirt and lost her balance, tumbling down the stairs.

“Sasha!” Brandon’s voice shouted from behind her.

Is she crazy? He’s gone, so what’s the point of chasing after him? Doesn’t she remember how he treated her?

Brandon rushed toward her, his face pale with worry.

At the same time, the others in the club stopped what they were doing and turned to stare in surprise.

Once he was at her side, he helped her up. “How are you feeling? Are you okay? Did you hurt yourself?” he asked anxiously. Although she had made her way halfway down the flight of stairs before tripping, she had still fallen from a height and could well have gotten hurt.

However, what infuriated Brandon the most was even after helping her up and seeing the injuries on her palms and face, she did not pay the slightest attention

to them. Instead, she gazed at the doors to the club with tears in her eyes and said, "He's gone..."

Brandon was dumbstruck.

He was about to tell her off harshly when they saw a tall, slender figure pacing in front of the doors.

"Oh, look! Look, he's back! Sebastian, don't go. I can explain."

Although she had just been crying a second ago, she immediately brightened up and smiled. She tried to get up, but as soon as she made a slight movement, she flinched from the pain and sank back down to the floor.

"Ouch—" she groaned.

"Why are you trying to get up? Don't you know the state you're in?" Branded snapped.

Sasha was silent. She gazed at the figure by the doors with tear-filled eyes and a hurt expression. Finally, Sebastian strode over to her.