

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 401

"Sebastian..."

This man looks so grim.

On his chiseled face, every line and curve contributed to his unnerving hostility. Between his brows were creased lines from frowning. A strong gust of murderous rage emanated from him, and not to forget, the horrifying look of his desire to skin Sasha alive and crush her into pieces was blasting from his eyes.

"You're getting bolder, huh?" Towering over her, he gave her a death stare for a good few seconds before spitting those words out.

Instantly, Sasha obediently admitted her fault. "Yeah, I'm at fault. I shouldn't have come here alone to discuss business with that kind of people. You know, no one has ever taught me anything. I've never worked in this industry, so I'm clueless. That's why I came when he asked me to."

What? Did I hear it wrong? No one taught her? What about those reminders I told her this morning?

Brandon, who was at a corner, was left speechless and wanted to serve her a tight slap so desperately.

Luckily, he knew Sebastian was not easy to be fooled with either.

"You're clueless? I see that you're having a great time drinking with him just now. It was such a great time that you almost sat on his lap!"

"Huh?" Sasha, who was still teary-eyed, was shocked to hear that.

Just now? How would I remember when I'm drunk? But since he's so angry about it, does that mean he's jealous? He must be jealous, right?

Sasha was instantly ecstatic.

"I-I was forced to drink just now. He said he'd sign the contract with me if I drank five glasses. He's the old client of the Wand family; I must clinch the deal."

Sebastian did not say anything.

"Besides, I never sat on his lap, I swear. Look, I've prepared my needles. I'll kill him if he ever tries to take advantage of me."

Finishing her words, Sasha specifically fished out a long and thin needle from the pocket on her dress.

Brandon was dumbfounded with her action and at a loss of words because of how shameless Sasha was.

It's a waste of talent that she didn't become an actress!

Eventually, Sebastian did not continue arguing with Sasha. After all, he was an influential figure at a place with a mixture of people from all walks of life. It would do him no good if he stayed at such a place any longer.

Therefore, he left just like that; but of course, with Sasha along too.

Sasha heaved a huge breath of relief.

She had finally got him in her hands again. This time, she would never let go of him so easily again.

When the two were brought outside a five-star hotel, Sebastian stopped the car and immediately asked someone to pull Sasha out.

"Send her back to Avenport."

"Yes, Mr. Hayes."

"Also, take him to Thymion. I don't want to see him any time soon."

He was radiating a chilly aura from head to toe as he pointed to the two and commanded immediate execution for his instructions.

What the heck. What is he up to?

Brandon protested against it at once. "I don't want to go to Thymion. I'm still filming. Why must I go there?"

Sebastian let out a contemptuous smile. "Sure, you can. But I can guarantee you'll disappear from showbiz within three days. Perhaps you can end up fishing at the beach with your brother. How about that? Sounds good?"

"You--"

Brandon was so infuriated that his face grimaced.

Nevertheless, there was no way he could go against the powerful Sebastian.

Sasha felt slightly sorry and wanted to go up to comfort him, only to get stared at by two sharp gazes. Immediately, she tucked her head in unwittingly and stayed quiet.

Oh gosh. I must have jinxed him again.

After Brandon was taken away, there was only Sasha left.

"Ms. Wand, please get in the car."

"Nope, I won't. I want to leave with him." Like how Brandon did earlier, Sasha mustered up her courage and resisted following the instructions.

At this point, Sebastian had already gone into the hotel. Karl, who was still there standing beside the car, smiled after hearing her words. "Mr. Hayes has already been nice to you, Ms. Wand. You should know when to quit and not take things too far."

Nice? Is that the way to describe him for causing me to be in this state?

Sasha shook her head. "No, Mr. Frost. Your boss has come here especially because of me. I can't just leave like that. I need to go back with him."

"What are you saying? Specially came over for you?" Hearing her words, Karl was surprised and let out an amused look.

"Ms. Wand, I'm afraid that's all your wishful thinking. Mr. Hayes has been here for two days. He came here for the sake of an appointment with a client."

"What? He's been here for two days already?"

"That's right. But Mr. Hayes indeed headed over to Golden Gate Club after hearing that you were there. The club's boss belongs to Mr. Hayes' friend. The boss recognizes you too; that's why he informed Mr. Hayes after seeing you there. But you can't really say that he did it for you. He won't be able to explain to Ian and Matteo if anything happens to you. Don't you agree?"

By the end of his tirade, anyone could tell that Karl's tone was full of sarcasm.

Sasha's face paled.

So it's not? But I thought...

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