

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 417

Sasha was stunned by the bombshell Solomon had just dropped regarding his past. It seemed like something straight out of a drama; a chance encounter had reunited two long-lost friends once more.

The evidence he had shown her made it nigh impossible to deny his words.

Sasha took a sip of coffee to calm herself down.

Just then, the doors to the café were slammed open. Shocked, Sasha turned around.

She had not even figured out what was going on when she found herself dragged roughly from her seat by a man.

"Ah!" She screamed in pain.

Solomon, who was seated opposite her, stood up immediately and confronted the man. "Sebastian, what the h*ll are you doing?"

"Shut the f*ck up! I'll blow your brains out if you say one more word!"

Sebastian was the absolute picture of a madman. To the café-goers' shock, he pulled out a gun and aimed it at Solomon's head.

Everyone paled in fear, including Solomon, who stood stock-still, allowing Sebastian to lead Sasha away without further protest.

Well, other than Sasha herself. "What are you doing? Sebastian, let me go! You're hurting me!" She pleaded frightfully.

She had never seen him this unhinged.

Technically I've seen him like this twice, though we were kids back then. Her memory of his monstrous behavior back then only added to her fear, especially since he seemed to be taking it out on her this time.

What is he trying to do? Is he going to shoot me?

Sasha shuddered in fright as she begged, "Sebastian, d-don't freak out. Listen to me, things aren't what they seem. Won't you calm down, hmm?"

Sebastian seemed impervious to her pleas as he dragged her to his car. Opening the front passenger door, he pushed her inside and slammed the door.

Sasha winced as she fell into the car.

Has he gone mad? What on earth is he doing?

Crawling into a sitting position, she banged on the car windows and shouted, "Sebastian, what are you doing? Let me out!"

Instead, her captor boarded the car wordlessly and drove them away.

Sasha had a bad feeling about how things were about to turn out.

Barely a quarter of an hour later, the car stopped in front of their hotel. Sebastian dragged her out of the vehicle and took the lift to the top floor. Kicking open the door, he shoved her unceremoniously into the penthouse suite.

"Sebastian, p-please stop it. Just calm down, ok?" Sasha was near-tears when she eked out her plea.

Ignoring her, Sebastian grabbed her wrists and pulled her to the bedroom before tossing her onto the bed.

"Ah!" Sasha yelped, overcome with pain and nausea at the same time.

Still, the worst was yet to come.

She could only watch as Sebastian ripped off his shirt and tie, approaching the bed like a predator approaching its prey.

"You're a wild one, huh? Is fooling around with two men the only way you'll feel satisfied? Well, let's see how you feel about this!"

He pulled her closer by yanking on her blouse collar. His bloodshot eyes bored into Sasha, emanating a kaleidoscope of emotions ranging from lust to hatred.

Petrified by his actions, the words caught in her throat.

In the next instant, a near deranged Sebastian seized her lips in a biting kiss. The sensation felt like a beast was sinking its teeth into her.

Soon enough, Sasha tasted blood on her lips, which had begun throbbing with pain.

"Argh, S-Sebastian. L-let go of me. P-please."

Fat drops of tears trickled down her face. The pain and the fear were utterly unbearable. She struggled fiercely against Sebastian's restraint.

I don't want this at all. How can he treat me like this?

Despite her repeated attempts to dissuade him, Sebastian seemed to have lost his mind. Instead, he pinned her more firmly to the bed, his movements rough and cruel.

Suddenly, he had lifted her skirts without warning and plunged into her, not even bothering to undress her.

"Urgh."

After a prolonged celibacy, Sasha visibly recoiled at the pain of his invasion.

Her reaction did not induce Sebastian's sympathy. After sinking himself into her, he began plundering her ferociously and mindlessly.

It was not an exaggeration to say that she was nothing but a tool for him to vent his hatred.

Sasha had no recollection of how it eventually ended, having passed out sometime in the night.