

# Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 418

Day had broken by the time Sasha woke up.

Cracking open her eyes, Sasha was momentarily confused by the sunlight streaming in through the windows. Where am I?

The moment she tried to sit up in bed, pain shot through her entire body. Moaning, she collapsed back into the bed as memories of last night flooded her mind.

Last night was h\*ll.

Her eyes welled with tears as she lay down for a long time. Eventually, Sasha forced herself out of bed, gritting her teeth at the pain.

She entered the bathroom and assessed the damage.

It was worse than she had expected; there was a visible tear.

Does he hate me so much? Why else would he be so cruel to me for having a cup of coffee with Solomon?

Standing under the showerhead, she bit back the pain she felt as the water washed over her bruises and wounds. Much to her annoyance, tears began streaming down her face.

Ding!

Her phone began ringing outside the bathroom.

Sasha dried her tears hastily and exited the bathroom in a towel.

"Hello?"

"Nancy, I finally caught you. Are you ok? Did he do anything to you last night? I'm outside the hotel right now. Could I come up to see you?"

Solomon was calling her early in the morning again.

Already upset by last night's events, Solomon's call caused Sasha's anger to bubble over. "Solomon, can't you leave me alone? Do you know how much I hate you right now? Why are you always turning my life into a mess? Who gave you the right to do that, huh? Did you think you could do anything you liked just because my mom asked you to take care of me? Get lost! The further, the better! Don't you ever appear before me again. Understood?"

She was close to yelling by the time she ended her shelling.

Solomon was silent on the other end of the phone.

His face had turned as white as a sheet as he sat in his car.

In truth, he had been lurking near the hotel since last night, worried about Sasha.

Initially, he had kept a moderate distance from the hotel since Sebastian's men were still around. Only after spying Sebastian leaving at dawn with his men in tow did Solomon dare to park his car in front of the hotel.

She's asking me to get lost?

His fingers were clenched so tightly around his phone that the tips had turned white. The last bit of hope in his heart was extinguished, followed rapidly by anger and hatred.

"Sir, a-are we still heading up?"

"No. Where's Sebastian Hayes?"

"I saw his bodyguard heading to the pier; the rest of his men should be leaving today as well. I didn't see Sebastian, and I'm not sure if he'll be attending tonight's summit." Solomon's assistant, who had driven him here, explained carefully.

The anger on Solomon's face immediately morphed into a calm mask.

"It's time to pull out the big guns, then. Let's see how Sebastian is going to save himself this time. He's been arrogant for far too long; I want him to remember the kind of monster he truly is."

Solomon had said all this lazily, though it could not keep the eeriness in his tone from seeping into every syllable of this threat.

His assistant gulped in surprise before carrying out his orders.

Meanwhile, Sasha had been in the suite for two hours.

She had no idea what she should do next; the only wish on her mind was to go home.

However, she did not have her travel documents with her.

Having been brought here against her will, she had not managed to grab them. Without those, she could kiss her dreams of buying a plane ticket home goodbye.

What should I do now? Do I wait for him to come back and bring me home?

The questions replayed in Sasha's mind like a broken radio.

Finally, she decided to stay in that foreign land. A moment later, she boarded a cab to a locally-renowned shopping mall.

After some pondering, Sasha had decided to forgive Sebastian's transgressions last night, chalking them up to an unfortunate trigger to his already unstable condition.

Still, she had suffered immensely last night; she was not about to let him off the hook.

I'm going to empty your bank account, then wait for you to come back and grovel at my feet.

Once she reached the shopping mall, Sasha embarked on an extravagant shopping spree.

"Good afternoon, miss. These two sets will cost three hundred thousand. May I know which payment method you'd prefer?"

"Could you send this to the penthouse suite at the Hilton? Someone there will settle the bill."

"Of course, right away, miss."

Tossing out the name of the hotel had worked like a charm. The salesperson did not question her further and merely followed her instructions. Sasha's haul was packed up for delivery to the Hilton, while the lady herself sauntered over to another store.

All these years, Sasha had never shopped much. Her job and her kids kept her busy enough, though truth be told, she did not like shopping very much either.

That day, however, she spent a fortune.

She had not forgotten to get some clothes for her children as well.