

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 421

Sasha, despite having a bullet lodged within her body, stumbled forward to sink that needle in her hand deep into the deranged man's torso.

As soon as the needle found its mark, Sebastian slumped over unconscious as Karl caught him.

Heaving a huge sigh of relief, Karl and Sasha stared at Sebastian's limp figure across Karl's shoulders.

When Sasha entered the Tower, many ideas of how she would help Sebastian out of his state of mind ran through her mind but her knowledge of psychology was too limited to be of help.

As a result, this foolhardy way was her last resort.

"Take him back to Roxanne, he'll be safe under her care."

With her mission of incapacitating Sebastian complete, Sasha slid down and sank to the floor. The loss of blood had her feeling drained.

Karl watched her with a pang of guilt. "I'm sorry, Ms. Wand. I was the one to have told Mr. Hayes last night that you were with Solomon at the cafe."

"What?" Sasha looked up at Karl, startled.

So that was what happened.

Did that necessitate Sebastian to lose his temper over something like that?

She recalled the events of the night before as she winced in pain. At once, tears of injustice fell down her face as she wept.

"Sebastian, you're a sc*mbag," she choked. "You'd torment me to such a degree over something this small, and still I've come to save your miserable life! You're right. I have no self-respect for constantly coming back to you."

Karl lowered his head as tears fell from his eyes as well.

"Ms. Wand, I... " he began.

"Enough." Sasha quelled him. "Leave quickly as Solomon's men would be here soon. Take him away and look for Frederick. He'll take care of everything."

Karl felt a lump in his throat as he gazed down at Sasha. A split second later, he gritted his teeth determinedly as he held Sebastian upright. "Ms. Wand, hold on. I'll come back for you soon."

At that, he hurried away as fast as he could with Sebastian's unconscious figure.

Sasha sat where she was with a weak sneer across her face.

Hold on?

She was unable to do that. It was not because of the injuries upon her body, but because somebody unbeknownst to Karl would come very soon to take her away.

Sebastian, if you really intended to forget about it, then do so. We won't be seeing each other ever again.

Sebastian awoke three days later to find Frederick in his room.

As soon as he saw his son open his eyes, Frederick brought the latter a glass of water. Hopping over with his walking stick, he handed the glass to Sebastian and sat at the foot of his bed.

"How're you feeling? Any better?"

"I've had worse." Sebastian sounded slightly hoarse. It was evident that he had not fully recovered.

Frederick fell silent for a while before speaking again. "The matter has been dealt with. I've arranged for a few major media companies to cover up the incident at the summit. So far, nothing can be heard about it. Also..."

He suddenly paused. "Yancy and Tim were in it together. I did not think of that. The biggest mistake in my life was to trust that woman."

"Is that so?" Frederick answered with indifference.

Frederick nodded. "I knew back then that your mother's family had a history of mental illness. I did consider divorcing her at the time, and that was when I had met Yancy. However, as soon as you were born, I broke it off with her. I was very clear with her that I would not be marrying her, so she was free to live her own life."

"Was she already pregnant at that time?"

"She was, but I paid for her to have an abortion on top of a sum of money to live comfortably. She was not yet married, thus her child would be known as a bast*rd. Since I did not marry her, how was she going to marry somebody else?"

Frederick had never been this frank with his son about the details of his past misdeeds.

As a man, it was wrong of him to have had extramarital relations with another woman. However, he had somewhat redeemed himself by attempting to right his wrongs.

Without ruining any more lives, the child was to be aborted.

However, from Yancy's perspective, Frederick had somehow assumed the role of the child's biological father who intended to murder his unborn child. Because of this, she had told Heather to hide the child's true identity.

Sebastian fell silent.

His memory was cast back to when he was eleven. It was dusk, and the sky was the color of blood. His mother's act of coming to look for him was the one to have led to her perishing by his hand.

"Sebastian," she had told him on that fateful evening. "Your father's mistress did not have an abortion. On the contrary, the baby had been delivered and is a healthy boy. If you do not buck up and improve yourself, he will be coming to take everything from you."

It was the wrong thing to say to a mentally unstable child.

It had already taken a toll on Sebastian after being diagnosed that he was abnormal; then, shipped away and locked up.

The matter that was causing him anxiety every day in his childhood was the possibility of his family abandoning him.

Sebastian's tipping point came when his mother had cruelly dropped a bombshell on him when she visited.

Unable to bear the torment of his worst fears materializing, he had wanted nothing more than for her to stop mentioning the horrifying truth again. That was why he had slit her throat with a shard of glass, to ensure that she would never utter those words again.

Sebastian shut his pale sunken eyes as if he was in pain.

"Don't worry, I'll take care of everything. Though he is also my son, you remain the true heir of the Hayes family. There is nothing he can do to take anything that is rightfully yours." Frederick places a harsh emphasis on the last sentence.