

# Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 422

Yancy had defied him and delivered the child, causing his carefully laid out plan to fall apart. Hence, Frederick was rather infuriated.

Frederick left. Not long after, Karl arrived.

“Mr. Hayes.”

“Where is she?” he demanded, the most pressing matter heavy on his mind.

Karl lowered his head slowly.

Sebastian felt something had ripped his chest open, leaving behind a massive hole where his heart used to be. He began coughing violently like he was exposed to a chilly gust of wind.

“Mr. Hayes, are you okay?” Karl asked urgently as Sebastian’s hacking coughs grew louder and more intense.

Bent double from pain, his veins throbbed in exertion as his handsome features were contorted in pain. Like a fish out of water, he gasped for air, being completely devoid of oxygen.

With a final cough, he spat blood and fell back onto the bed, and passed out.

Sebastian only recalled snatches of things when he was not himself. Once, he had remembered Roxanne performing hypnosis on him. He had hated it so much that he had an urge to drag her into the kitchen and savagely mutilate her with a knife.

The memory of him opening fire at the woman who burst into the room swam across his mind.

“No... no!” Sebastian moaned in his sleep. “Sasha, I didn’t mean to do that. I... “

“Sebastian, wake up!” Roxanne attempted to rouse him out of his nightmare.

Sebastian threw open his eyes violently and sat upright. Grabbing her wrist roughly, he cried, “It was my fault, Sasha. I will never do that again...”

The tears that had fallen freely down his face blurred his vision.

Roxanne was stunned as it was the first time she had seen him cry after treating him for eight years.

Sebastian did not cry when she had jabbed, berated, or was rough with him. He did not even shed a tear when she had subjected him to her brutal hypnosis sessions.

At that moment, however, he held on to Roxanne's wrist and sobbed like a child.

Her eyes flashed with pity. The sight of his miserable state had unnerved her.

"I'm not Sasha," she said gently. "I'm Roxanne. Look closely, Sebastian. Sasha is dead."

"What did you say?"

Sebastian's crying ceased suddenly as if he was struck by lightning. Then, a darker, more horrifying emotion took its place.

"I said, Sasha is dead," Roxanne repeated, hardening her heart. "When you were brought here, her body had been left behind. Karl had brought her back after you. He did not tell you because he was worried for you..."

Smack!

Roxanne's sentence was interrupted by an abrupt slap across her face by Sebastian.

"Get out!" he commanded, glaring at her with bloodshot eyes, looking like a ghost condemned to perpetual pain.

Roxanne held her cheek as she stood motionless for a long time, suppressing the urge to retaliate. Nobody had ever dared lay a finger on her throughout her entire life.

For some unknown reason, she could not muster up the courage to hit him back, though the anger burned within her. Contenting herself with a fierce glare at Sebastian, she departed without another word, with one hand still holding her cheek.

Sasha is dead!

The following couple of days, Sebastian's door remained closed. The man inside was detached from the world. Nobody was successful in trying to rouse him out of his reverie.

Frederick was about to order the door to be broken down in his panic when the triplets appeared before him dressed in new clothes.

“Grandpa, let us try and talk to Daddy.”

“Look, Grandpa. We are all wearing the clothes that Mommy bought for us. Daddy would love it.” Vivian approached Frederick as she was clad in a pink skirt with butterfly wings on her back.

Frederick felt his heart breaking into pieces at the sight of their new clothes.

Karl was the one who had brought the clothes back from the city.

When they brought Sebastian back that day, Karl had returned to the hotel to pack up, he discover that the new clothes had been delivered along with some accessories. The hotel staff had ascertained that the bundle was sent over by a Ms. Wand.

Ms. Wand?

That would undoubtedly be Sasha.

Barely able to contain his emotions, Karl hurriedly paid for the room and returned with Sasha’s belongings.

There were also several sets of children’s clothes, which were sent over by a taxi driver, he brought everything back in one go. These are the last of Madam’s things. Mr. Hayes would be pleased to see them.

The triplets stood before Sebastian’s door.

“Who’s going to knock?” Vivian asked innocently as she gazed upon her brothers.

Ian would not be the one to as he was clumsy in offering words of comfort.

Matteo was therefore the best candidate for the task.

“Vivi, why don’t you do it. Remember to cry a little bit and scream for Mommy. Daddy will definitely open the door when he hears that.”

He was evidently the smartest one out of all his siblings to be able to concoct such a plan.

Sebastian had a soft spot in his heart for his daughter as compared to the two boys, just like most men.

Vivian raised her hand obediently and rapped on the door. “Daddy, come on out. I’m wearing the new skirt that Mommy bought. Come take a look!”

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