

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 577

“Miss, are you still checking in or not?”

“That won’t be necessary anymore! Thank you so much for your time!”
Sasha stuffed her identity card into her bag and marched in the opposite direction of the entrance.

The receptionist was at a loss for words since Sasha had fled the scene before she could say anything else.

Similarly, the man, who had just alighted from the car, responded with a frown and rushed over to the fleeing woman’s side.

“Darling, where do you think you’re going? I’m here to take you home!”

What the heck? Is she the wife of this seemingly filthy rich tycoon?

The onlookers stared at the duo with their eyes gleaming.

Meanwhile, Sasha couldn’t care less about the man and seemed to be irked by his presence since her face was scrunched up.

Seconds after she made it to the road, she tried to hail herself a cab, but someone wrapped his arms around her waist from behind, holding her in his arms against her will.

“Sasha, where are you going? Haven’t you heard me?”

He asked in a callous tone, indicating he was equally irked by her response.

Sasha found his question hilarious and thought her upcoming plan had nothing to do with him.

She made up her mind and turned around to confront the man, glaring at him in the eyes.

“Where else am I supposed to go apart from heading back to the company to report to my boss?”

“What?”

Sebastian's heart skipped a beat since she had been acting aggressively.

"Haven't I made myself clear? I have sealed the deal with the person in charge of Wells International! In other words, I have carried out your instructions!"

The woman in his arms repeated herself as if she had no intention to waste her time with him anymore.

Sebastian's face turned pale and haggard when he caught a glimpse of the woman's bandaged forehead.

"Darling, I—"

"No, Mr. Hayes! Stop addressing me in such an intimate manner! Take this with you since you're here! I'm glad I won't have to make my way to your office anymore!"

As soon as she finished her sentence, she stuffed the stack of agreements she had with her to the man.

Sebastian was about to say something to explain himself, but the woman started biting his hand with all her might since he refused to move away from her.

"Ouch!"

As a result, he shrieked in pain and unfastened his grip.

Sasha fled the scene without a second thought. By the time Sebastian returned to his senses, she had boarded a cab and disappeared in the middle of the bustling streets.

Oh no... Karl was completely speechless when he saw the conflicting duo running away from one another after a series of misunderstandings.

"Mr. Hayes, I'm afraid Mrs. Hayes is mad at you. What are we supposed to do next?"

The already infuriated man yelled at the man next to him, "Isn't it obvious? Hurry up and go get the car over at once!"

Prior to his departure, Karl mentioned, "The staff told me Mrs. Hayes' car was completely dented when she made her way to the hotel. They were afraid something bad might happen to her. They were just glad she was fine. Otherwise, I'm afraid it's over for you..."

Halfway through his orated speech, Karl brought himself to a halt since he had made himself clear Sebastian was very close to losing her forever.

Sebastian, who was well aware of the things that might be in store for him, responded with a frown.

That was precisely the reason he couldn't wait to alight from the car and rushed in her direction the moment he saw her in the lobby.

He felt a strong urge to beg her for forgiveness and bring her home with him, but she had fled the scene again.

Staring at the bite mark on his hand, he clenched his fists and gasped out his instruction, "Just get going!"

"Yes!"

Karl finally returned to the car and made his way to Sebastian's side.

On the other end of the city, Sasha had reached the train station.

She had no intention to sort things out with her so-called husband just yet. Truth be told, she could still feel her heart-wrenching due to the silent treatment over the past two days.

What does he mean he's here for me? Is he telling me he's not aware of the heavy snowstorm? If he doesn't want me dead, why hasn't he stopped me from leaving in the first place?

Overwhelmed by a sense of despair, Sasha showed the ticketing agent her identity card and requested, "Can you get me a train ticket to Avenport?"

The heavy snowstorm continued. It was a relatively desolate departure hall since there were merely a few guests due to the harsh weather.

Sasha made her way to the departure hall with her ticket and took a seat to take a short break.