

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 616

The housekeeper came to her senses and immediately summoned the bodyguards to search for the shooter. She helped Yancy to her feet and prepared to hide.

Right at this moment, Yancy's mobile phone rang.

"Hello?"

"What's your decision? Have you thought it over? You want to win the suit or lose your life?"

The girl's voice on the phone sounded so normal as if discussing an ordinary everyday occurrence at home.

The lady housekeeper understood immediately what was happening.

"Sasha? So, you are the one doing this?"

"Yes, so what do you think? Is the lady of your house, Mrs. Tsurka, all right? By the way, I forgot to mention that you have no place to hide. This time, I've hired ten snipers, not just one. You'd better think it over carefully."

No one thought that the docile little lamb would have such a terrible side.

She was like a monster. Her voice was the same, so sweet and soft but at this moment, every word that she said seemed to come from a demon from hell.

The housekeeper was too afraid to move even an inch.

"Mrs. Tsurka..."

"This bit*h"

Yancy began to realize what happened too. Covered with blood and lying there, she started cursing loudly.

Unfortunately, the cursing won't help. With snipers aiming at her from places she could not see, there was nothing she could do if she wanted to stay alive.

"Sasha, I will take revenge!" Her face looked hideous as she glared at the phone, speaking slowly and clearly.

Sasha laughed mockingly, seemingly unbothered at all.

"It's up to you, but now, you have to do as I say or else, you die."

With that, she hung up the phone.

A few minutes later, people from the legal department rushed out of the lounge.

"Madam, good news, they have already pleaded guilty with the judge. We don't have to fight this case anymore."

Sasha was speechless.

So, it could be said that some things were very simple.

Sasha went out carrying the bag without any untoward incident. Again, she met Solomon but this time, he did not seem pleased like the first time he saw her.

"What did you tell my mom?"

"Nothing out of the ordinary. I just told her that according to the law, a murderer must pay with his life and anyone who committed a crime would be punished.

Sasha looked at him coldly and articulated each word clearly.

As her words fell on his ears, the aggressive nature he showed at their first meeting disappeared. His arrogance was replaced by fear and his handsome face turned pale.

Indeed, he had killed someone.

Even though he did not do it with his own hands, someone had died because of him.

Ashen-faced, Solomon watched the woman leave.

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Sasha arrived at her office.

The first thing she wanted to do was to investigate Frieda's case as this was her main concern.

However, before she could telephone the agent whose services she engaged, Gregg suddenly came in to see her.

"Ms. Wand, you're back. Have you heard that Mr. Hayes is back?"

"Are you serious?"

She was so overjoyed that she just put down the phone she had picked up just now.

Gregg nodded. "Yes, I only heard this from someone else. Unfortunately, there was some incident and he's now in the hospital."

Sasha was speechless.

In an instant, she turned pale and left the office.

Hospital?

What could have happened to him in one day and one night that he has ended up in the hospital?

Sasha was worried sick.

All the way to the hospital, she floored the accelerator and when she stopped, she rushed immediately to the emergency department.

For this one day and one night, she really had no idea at all about Sebastian's whereabouts. She couldn't get through to his phone and he did not contact her to tell her where he had gone.

So, during this time, she was really tormented.

Especially when she learned that Frieda was likely involved in an accident. She felt even more tormented.

In her mind, she had gone through many versions of what condition Sebastian might be in. Yet, the scene that met her eyes was beyond what she had imagined. Sitting in the emergency ward was a man so thin that he was barely more than a skeleton.

And on the bed in front of him was a body with its face covered by a white sheet.

Sasha was at a loss for words.

Suddenly, there was a “thump” in her heart, followed by a very bad premonition arising from inside her.

Who is this?

Who... has passed away?

She walked in slowly and fearfully, standing behind him but not daring to address him for a long time.

“Sebby?”

There was an awkward silence.

Indeed, the man sat there as if oblivious of his surroundings.

Sasha’s premonition of something untoward happening became even stronger.

She went over and stood gingerly next to him.

Only then did she discover while his head was hanging down, his eyes were dull, his clothes could only be described as dirty, and she was not sure if it was her imagination. She seemed to see a dark red mark on it.

The mark was faint and it smelled of blood.