

# Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 618

Finally, Karl led Sasha out of the ward.

“Mrs. Hayes, Madam Frieda has just passed on and Mr. Hayes is very emotional. He doesn’t mean to hurt you. The incident this morning was very traumatic to him. Please do not take it to heart. Let him calm down.”

Karl led her out and then seeing her crying uncontrollably, tried to console her with some explanation.

She was trembling all over. Holding her handbag tight in her hands, her hands were so tightly clenched that her nails were digging into her palms, almost cutting into her flesh.

She had never been so frightened before.

Neither had she ever felt so sad.

However, after listening to this bodyguard’s words, she was somewhat comforted.

“I... I never meant to harm him or let his mother get harmed.”

“I know. It’s just that what happened last night was too traumatic for him. Madam Frieda was always mentally unsound. Perhaps, before this happened, Mr. Hayes and his mother did not bond very well.”

“Nevertheless, last night, on the train, when the Jadesons wanted to shoot Mr. Hayes, Frieda shielded him without hesitation. That was simply too much for him or even anyone to bear.”

When Karl came to this part, his voice was really solemn.

It was as if there was a heavy load upon him and he struggled to breathe.

Pitter patter. Sasha’s tears came splattering down again.

After some time, with tears in her voice, she asked, “So, does he know his own identity now?”

Karl nodded. "Not at first. Later, when he discovered that Madam Frieda was abducted by Devin's men, he caught up with the train and then he found out."

Sasha listened without interrupting.

Again she felt the agonizing pain as if being cut by a knife. She stood with her head lowered and had another emotional breakdown.

"I... I had no choice but to hide the truth from him. When I was imprisoned in Jetroina by Yancy, she told me this. Every day, she threatened to publicize his identity so that he would be despised as an illegitimate child. How could I tell him about that?"

Tearfully, she told the bodyguard the truth.

For so long she had kept this secret which was like a time bomb, threatening her every minute and every second, keeping her wary and exhausting the very life out of her.

So, when she talked about it, she felt a great relief.

Karl was astounded when he heard about it!

She knew about this so early?

It looks like she has been under extreme stress all this while. Furthermore, she cannot be blamed for Madam Frieda's death. Everything she did was for Mr. Hayes.

Karl returned to the ward.

After the explosive vent just now, the ward had become quiet again.

However, when Karl entered inside, he discovered that the man inside was in a worse condition than before. He sat there quietly, but he seemed to have cut off from the outside world.

Ashen-faced, he stared with empty eyes at the corpse on the bed, oblivious to his surroundings.

"Mr. Hayes..."

Karl's heart was pained at this sight.

He walked over to him and stood behind him. "Mrs. Hayes meant no harm. She did not know that not telling you would result in Madam Frieda's death. Please don't blame her."

He wanted to explain to him that it was not his wife's fault.

However, there was no reaction nor response from Sebastian.

He stared at the bed with his head lowered, like a lifeless machine in total silence. It was very frightening.

He had never been like this before.

It seemed that blood was thicker than water. At the time when Frederick died, he had not seen him this way.

There was nothing else that Karl could do, so he left the ward. He had to talk with the hospital authorities about handling the body.

At seven o'clock in the evening, Rufus heard the news and hurried there.

"Sebastian, I heard about your mother..."

When he came inside the ward and saw Frieda's body on the bed, he could no longer finish his sentence.

There was only sorrow and the tears that came tumbling down.

Sebastian's eyes flickered.

It was rather unexpected. After Frieda's body was brought back, he hardly moved for the whole afternoon. Except for the rant when Sasha was there, he had not said a word but now, his eyes came to life.

Karl who had not left his side noticed the change.

"Mr. Hayes?"

"Leave us for a moment..." Finally, the man who had sat unmoving for a whole afternoon, spoke in a hoarse voice, asking Karl to leave the ward.

Karl came out of the ward and closed the door behind him.

Rufus was wrapped up in the sad turn of events, so he did not notice these changes.

**“It’s my fault, I shouldn’t take you out, and I shouldn’t let others take pictures of you at will. Frieda, it’s all my fault.”**

**Rufus approached the bed slowly. He was someone who never cried, not even when he was in prison but at this moment, his tears fell like a child.**

**Sebastian did not say a word until he saw Rufus stretching out his trembling hand to lift the white cloth from Frieda’s face.**