

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 630

Sebastian caught her reaction. Distaste shone in his eyes once more, and he shouted impatiently, "Guards!"

"Mr. Hayes."

"Get her out of here, and in the future, do not let her set foot in here without my permission."

His symmetrical, handsome face oozed cruelty as he issued that order mercilessly. He sat there and never took another look at the woman.

His gaze remained ferocious.

Sasha stared numbly.

She remained in a daze even after they dragged her out of the office. At that moment, she didn't even know where she was anymore. It felt like she was dreaming.

He actually asked for a divorce, and he was so adamant about it that he would go to the courthouse to sue me if I refuse to sign the divorce papers.

Why? Didn't we just agree to start anew and live together happily as a family? How did things suddenly turn out like this?

Sasha stood in front of the elevator.

"Madam, where are you going? The operational department is that way," said the guy who dragged her away after he saw how she was standing still. He even pointed in the right direction for her.

Unfortunately, Sasha couldn't seem to hear him.

She stood there numbly for a while before she stepped forward and walked out of the office like a zombie.

"What's up with her? Did something actually happen?"

"Obviously. Did you see how shattered she looks? I heard that she barged into her husband's office just moments ago."

"I simply don't understand. She already has it all, so what was she thinking?"

The gossip around the office never ended, even though everyone saw how terrible she looked.

They're right. What the hell was I thinking?

Sasha left the office like she was a zombie and wondered where she should go. She scanned around while in a daze, then she turned right.

Ten minutes or so later, Luke barged into Sebastian's office and reported, "Something terrible happened, Mr. Hayes. Madam... She went to the metro station."

The guy working away at his desk did not take a pause, his hands kept swirling the tip of his pen against the paper as he asked, "So what? Do you feel like chasing after her?"

Luke was speechless.

What the hell does that mean? She's not my wife, so why would I chase after her? I only came to report my findings.

What Luke found to be strange, however, was that Sebastian would usually put his job aside whenever he heard about how Sasha was acting out of character.

Yet, at that moment, Sebastian behaved like he didn't even know who she was.

"Never talk about her again or I will fire you!"

Luke didn't respond.

Sebastian added, "Also, write up a notice and tell everyone in the company how she broke the rules. She is fired and will no longer be clocking in."

This man is actually doing something even more heartless and cruel?

Luke was stunned to his core.

Has he lost his mind? Why is he suddenly being so harsh?

Luke couldn't make heads or tails of what his employer was doing, but it didn't really matter. Luke was just the hired help, so he was not in a position to ask despite being confused.

That day, as Sasha stood numbly at the metro station, the company put out a notice about her heinous crimes.

The punishment for that, and the most heartbreaking part of her day, was that she got fired.

“Why are you eating ice cream? It’s cold today, and you’ll get sick if you eat it.”

There weren’t many people there, but surprisingly, another girl saw Sasha when she was eating her ice cream on the bench.

Sasha slowly turned to the girl. The former replied, “I’ll be fine. I was just thinking about something and will head home after I finish eating it.”

“Okay...”

The little girl nodded while still being somewhat confused.

Yeah, I can go home after I finish eating it. The same thing happened in the past, right? I had some ice cream while I was in Horington, and he came to take me home just as I finished it.

Thinking about that past prompted Sasha to scoop a huge chunk of ice cream from the cup and shove it into her mouth.

Maybe it was because she scooped too much ice cream or perhaps it was something else, but she suddenly felt so cold that she shivered. That chill emanated throughout her body.

She tilted her gaze down. Drip! A drop of warm tear fell into the cup.

I don’t have a home anymore. I am about to get a divorce, so my home no longer exists.

She suddenly felt a sting in her heart. It was as if someone had clawed something out of her chest and tore her muscles and nerves along with it. She was in living hell, and it hurt so much that she couldn’t finish eating. With her ice cream still with her, she brawled.

“Miss, are you okay? What’s wrong?”

A good Samaritan saw her and walked over to ask how she was doing.

Unfortunately, it seemed that Sasha couldn’t hear anything. She cried as overwhelming sorrow and unending pain threatened to drown her. Her ears could no longer take in any surrounding noise.

The good Samaritan had no choice but to sit at her side and keep her company while waiting patiently.

Sasha cried for about ten minutes or so before she slowly calmed down.

“Are you feeling better? Do you need a napkin?” asked the good Samaritan who kindly offered a piece of tissue.