

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 9

My son!

That's my other son!

Sasha was nearly in hysterics as she jumped at the chance to tell the boy the truth.

But at that moment, the piece of scum kneeling in front of Ian cut in, saying, "She's no one. If you don't want to go to preschool today, Luke can bring you downstairs to play and get a snack."

Ian immediately nodded at the mention of food.

Sasha could only watch helplessly as Luke brought the child away.

"Why did you tell him I'm no one? He's my son!"

"Oh, really? As far as I'm concerned, his mommy is dead. She has her own gravestone at the cemetery and everything."

Sebastian walked over to the wine cooler to pour a glass of red wine for himself, elegantly drinking from it as he sat on a sofa in the living room and ignored Sasha's presence.

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Although infuriated, she knew deep in her heart that what he said made sense.

He's right. From this son's point of view, I'm dead. How am I going to explain things to him if I ask him to call me "Mommy"? Am I going to tell him I was actually alive after abandoning him all those years ago?

All the blood drained from Sasha's face as she chewed on her bottom lip.

Sebastian noticed this and sneered at her, "Now do you get it? Do you still want me to tell him that you're his mommy?"

She clenched her fists so tightly that her knuckles turned white.

"Then what is it that you want? If you don't want our son to know I'm his mother, why did you bring me here? Do you still want me to diagnose you? I've told you before, I wouldn't check to see what was wrong with you, even if you were on your deathbed!" she growled through gritted teeth.

Sebastian shrugged, unperturbed. "You're thinking too deeply into it. You may be a jack of all trades, but you're a master of none. I'm not so dumb as to put my life in your hands."

Sasha had grown so furious that she quieted down.

"Then why did you bring me here?"

"You still haven't figured it out? Sasha, do you know the suffering you caused when you "died"? Do you know the pain that everyone who cared for you had to go through?"

By the end of his tirade, Sebastian's tone had grown fiercer than she'd ever heard it.

He stared at her through narrowed eyes, resisting the urge to rip her up into pieces even as he watched her stumble backwards.

How could I ever forget Frederick and Aunt Sharon?

Frederick Hayes had been endlessly kind to her all those years ago, even when his own son didn't like her and refused to acknowledge their marriage.

But besides that, he never really talked with her.

Then, there was Aunt Sharon and her family. When the Wands had become bankrupt and Sasha's mother passed away from the shock of her father being in jail, her aunt had taken up the responsibility of looking after what remained of the Wand family. Aunt Sharon had truly cared and worried for her.

Yet Sasha repaid her by faking her death.

Her eyes squeezed shut to block Sebastian's words out. "That was all because of you!"

"Because of me? Hah, way to push the blame onto others! Things have ended the way they did because you agreed to the marriage! Having to sleep with you was bearable if I used drugs, but no one forced you to marry me!"

This man is the devil!

She'd thought that after having grieved over her death for five years, he would at least show some mercy, but all he did was rip her old wounds apart and causing more pain with his mockery.

The gut-wrenching agony clawed at her from the inside, completely consuming her.

"You're right! No one forced me! I was an idiot for marrying you! Are you satisfied now? I gave up my whole life for nothing and deteriorated into the mess that I am now because of me! Is that enough for you? Just go away..."

Losing all sense of rationality, she grabbed anything within her reach and chucked it at Sebastian. Her bloodshot eyes filled with tears.

For a second, her reaction shocked him.

He probably never expected Sasha to lose control like this.

Is she mad?

She can curse at me, but I'm not allowed to retaliate?

He quickly ducked the object that came flying his way.

"Are you out of your mind? I'm telling you, don't go all psycho here! Even if you actually lose your mind, I'm still going to drag you home and let everyone take a good look at your face!"

Red in the face with fury, Sebastian spat out the ultimatum and left the room.

Seeing this, Sasha instantly made a break for the door.

She barely took five steps from where she'd been standing when the men in black reappeared out of nowhere and silently pulled out a handgun, aiming it at her head.

"Sebastian, you scumbag; you demon; you a*shole! Come back! Let me out..."