

# Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

## Chapter 221

“Huh?”

Sasha stared at her dumbly.

Wait, I agreed to go with Brandon?

I guess I did? I can't even remember. Alright then. Since he's helped me in the past, this is just me returning the favor.

Sasha nodded absent-mindedly. “Mm, Sebastian's father asked me to go as well.”

“Ah, I see. I'll inform Mr. Hayes about this-”

“No, no, it's fine. I-I-I'll tell him myself. Don't worry and just go back to work.” Sasha immediately turned the housemaid down, then got up from the ground and went back in.

Wendy was at a loss for words.

Forget it. Since Mr. Hayes Sr. asked her to go, then I guess I don't have to tell his son about this.

Wendy decided to just let it be.

...

It was slightly past nine when Sebastian returned from work.

Because it was year end, there were lots of matters to settle at the company. Hence, he had been coming back at this hour for quite a long time.

However, when he came home that night, the petite figure who would usually be huddled on the sofa watching TV in the living room was nowhere in sight. The first floor of the enormous villa returned to being desolate once again.

“Mr. Hayes, welcome back.”

“Mm, where are they?”

While changing his shoes, Sebastian asked the housemaid with a frown on his face.

Wendy hurriedly explained, “They should be asleep. After dinner tonight, Ms. Wand took the children upstairs very early. What would you like to eat, Mr. Hayes? I'll make it for you.”

Mr. Hayes probably wants to eat something. Lately, when he comes home late every day and sees that Ms. Wand isn't asleep yet, he'd ask her to make something for him to eat.

Yet he rejected Wendy's offer.

"It's fine. Go to sleep."

With that, he climbed the stairs.

Wendy didn't insist and went back to sleep.

Approximately twenty minutes later, Sebastian walked out of the master bedroom on the third floor after putting down his notebook and changing into a set of casual wear.

He strolled along the corridor and unclasped the watch encircling his wrist, stuffing it into the pocket of his pants. Then he languidly descended the dimly lit stairway.

He didn't expect the children to sleep so early and wanted to see them before calling it a night.

Upon reaching the second floor, he went to Ian's room first.

He opened the door and peeked in to see that the little figure on the bed was indeed sound asleep. Then he closed the door with a soft click.

After that, he went to check on Matteo and Vivian.

As usual, Matteo loved kicking his blanket away, which was befitting of his lively and mischievous temperament. Sebastian covered him with the blanket again and turned the temperature higher before going out.

As for Vivian, Sebastian didn't go into her room.

Instead, he bypassed it and went to the room furthest in the back—Sasha's room.

As soon as the door creaked open, a rustling noise could be heard coming from the bedroom. Sebastian's brows shot toward his hairline and he immediately spotted the woman frantically clicking off her phone screen.

Asleep, huh?

His lips curled up in amusement, and he reached out to flip on the light switch.

Sasha, who was about to pretend to sleep, was dumbfounded.

All she could do was watch the man walk in with wide eyes. Her cheeks were flushed with embarrassment as though she had been caught red-handed doing something indecent.

"Weren't you sleeping? Why were you looking at your phone in the dark? Are you avoiding me again?"

Sebastian casually stuffed his hands into his pockets, wearing a laid-back expression on his face.

However, his question caused Sasha's heart to lurch in her chest.

"No, I-I-I was about to sleep, but then I received a message on WhatsApp."

"Who's it from?"

Sasha gulped nervously before squeaking out a name. "Willow."

Willow?

Sebastian raised a brow and strode over.

What's he doing?

Taken aback, Sasha hurriedly scrambled up into a sitting position.

"What are you doing?"

"Give me your phone!"

"What?"

Before she could react, his hand shot out with lightning speed. With a start, she realized he had already snatched her phone out of her hand.

Sasha was at a loss.

"Password," Sebastian demanded.

Sasha's brows knitted into a frown.

What the hell is wrong with him? Is he seriously going to check my phone?

How dare he? Who does he think he is?

Though resentful and dissatisfied, she didn't dare to grab her phone back. In the end, her shoulders slumped with resignation as she recited her phone password, "182930."

"What kind of password is this?" he taunted while keying in the digits.

Sasha was already upset that he was checking her phone. The moment she heard the sarcasm in his tone, she retorted indignantly, "It's the triplet's time of birth. What do you know?"

It was Sebastian's turn to become speechless.

Finally, he clamped his mouth shut and started to look through her phone.

Soon, he discovered that there were quite a number of apps on this old phone of hers, but all of them were for the children's use. For example, Recipes for Children was often used for Ian's sake. Next was Himalaya Listening Book for Matteo, Children's Stories for Vivian and many more.

The apps almost filled the entire screen, and WhatsApp was the only app relevant to Sasha herself.

Does this woman live only for her children?