

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 232

Did Luke take them?

He pulled a chair and sat in it, turning his attention to the report clutched in his hand.

Sebastian spent the past two days in the hospital without returning to his office. He attributed the uneasy feeling that was haunting him to fear of Sasha's death.

He squinted at the report.

As a doctor, Sasha had struck her head with such precision using the hairpiece without killing herself. However, there were damages to the nerves in her brain. She might not be the same when she wakes up.

May not be the same, in what sense?

Will she lose her mind? Her sight?

He balled up the report in his fist. His mind was cast back to the day at the hotel.

Sasha was intense and passionate. It was something Sebastian had experienced on several occasions. First, she faked her death and left the country with her two newborns. On the yacht, she had stabbed herself just to expose Xandra. And that time when Matteo was in trouble, she went on a solo mission to rescue her son.

She wasn't afraid to die for her children.

He did not expect the day to come when she would use her life to defend his secret for him.

Is she really that courageous in the face of death?

His fingers ached from the tension. Back at the hotel when she was about to expose his secret, a murderous intent leaped to his heart before he could stop it.

At that very second, he thought he was going to kill her.

However, she would rather sacrifice herself than expose his secret.

The irony was painful.

Sebastian ripped up the report in anger and threw it into the bin. He looked up with bloodshot eyes and cursed. "Serves you right for being stabbed. You saved a man who has been constantly a thorn by your side. Are you stupid?"

Insults and sarcasm were the only way he knew how to communicate with her.

Nevertheless, he couldn't bring himself to keep up the tirade. The lump in his throat was getting bigger, impeding his speech.

The buzzing of his phone spared Sebastian. "Hello?" he cleared his throat, looking out the window as he picked up.

"Mr. Hayes, we're on to something," his guard said. "The doctor who hypnotized Ms. Wand was not an acquaintance of Dr. Kaye. But we did a facial reconstruction on him. Turns out he's a student of psychology from Moranta."

"What else?" Sebastian demanded.

"We know Philip Emmanuel opened his bank account."

Upon piecing the information together, Sebastian was on his feet, with a terrible aura of cold fury about him that seemed to lower the temperature of the room.

His guard sensed it over the phone. "And what's more, Mr. Hayes," he concluded hastily. "the journalist has been interrogated. Someone wanted to find out about us. It's the Emmanuels."

This time, there was no mistaking the deafening roar of silent rage on the other side.

"Never mention the Eternal Group to me ever again," said Sebastian quietly.

"Yes, Mr. Hayes."

"Confiscate every asset belonging to the Emmanuels; send the evidence to the cops, and tell them that without my permission, no Emmanuel is allowed out. Especially. Mathilda. Emmanuel."

At the last sentence, Sebastian spat out each word with vehemence.

This is madness! They're over the line!

I will root out every single one of them and force their family name into extinction!

His uncontrollable rage might have something to do with his genetic deformity.

On the same day that afternoon, the Emmanuel family within the walls of their home in Imperial Garden was not expecting a calamity to befall their family.

Sasha woke up at night. She stared at the inviting warmth of the yellow bulb above her. The room was spinning as she worked hard to recall the events that had landed her in her present predicament.

She had used up all her leave for the month. If she didn't return to Clear Hospital soon, she wouldn't be entitled to her incentive.

With that notion, she attempted to get out of bed.

Before she could prop herself upright, a searing pain at the side of her head forced her eyes shut. It was so intense and sudden, she could not help but let out a cry before falling back down.

What is going on? Why did my head hurt so much?

Clenching her teeth to steady herself, she gingerly touched her head. A series of hurried footsteps and a familiar voice greeted her ears.

"You're awake? Don't move too much, you're still hurt." The voice was low and pleasant, tinged with panicked concern.

Sasha froze in surprise, not believing what she heard. Gazing upwards slowly, she saw the familiar broad frame and handsome features, like the magnum opus of a master artist, striding towards her.

It felt like a century ago that she had this déjà vu of him approaching her. She lay for a long time motionless, staring at him.

The blank, confused look in her beautiful eyes caused Sebastian's heart to sink