

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 295

He couldn't find the words to describe the feeling.

The woman's stubbornness had irked him in the past. However, without his realizing, she had also grown on him.

A tinge of regret bubbled in his heart. It took Sebastian twenty years to understand this.

Regardless if it was her own wishful thinking or the fact that she had barged into his life without his permission, he felt an immense guilt towards her.

I treated her like trash even after she made so many sacrifices for me without complaining. Instead of taking revenge on my father and me for the pain we caused her, she defended me like a fool. I'm such a...

In the heat of the moment, Sebastian fiercely kissed the woman before him.

He was very gentle the entire night. As much as he wanted to unleash his love through his actions, he held himself back and treated her with the utmost care.

Of course, there were pockets of exceptions there.

The next day, Solomon woke up early in the morning.

He had already worked things out with Andy so that Sasha could report directly to the other man. However, this meant that he might not be able to spend much time alone with her in the future.

Therefore, he postponed the appointment for a day and took her out to play instead.

Much to his surprise, when he went over to her place, he found Sasha's bedroom door tightly shut. Lance was standing outside like a statue for some unknown reason.

"Lance, what are you doing here? What's wrong with Sasha?" Solomon asked in concern.

Turning around to find Solomon there, his expression dimmed slightly, and he muttered, "Nothing..."

Despite what he said, the dark eye bags were a giveaway that he had not slept the entire night. He was also yawning constantly.

What has he been up to?

Puzzled, Solomon ignored him and reached out for Sasha's door to let himself in.

Yet Lance stopped him. "Don't go in. Last night, there was a lot of noise coming from her room."

Noise?

Solomon's expression changed. "Noise? What happened to Sasha?"

Letting out another yawn, Lance shrugged. "I don't know either. Her bed was creaking the entire night, and I could not get a moment of peace. She probably kept tossing and turning because she was not used to the bed."

Being the innocent person he was, Lance assumed that was the only plausible explanation.

On the other hand, Solomon went pale as soon as he heard that.

Not used to the bed?

How is that possible? She slept fitfully two nights ago, so why would she suddenly have trouble sleeping last night?

Besides, if her bed was creaking...

A series of images appeared in Solomon's head almost instantaneously as his face turned red. He was so close to kicking the door down.

Sebastian!

How dare you come all the way here to make trouble?

"Soloman, are you okay? You don't look well. Do you want to get some rest?" Lance offered, noticing the change in Solomon's demeanor.

"No need!" the latter snapped.

Shortly after, he glared at the door as though he had seen something disgusting. Then he left with a grim face.

Meanwhile, Lance quietly watched until the agitated man's silhouette vanished and he let out yet another yawn before heading back to his room to catch up on his sleep.

By the time the siblings got out of bed, it was almost two in the afternoon.

"Ouch..."

Sasha got out of bed and fell back promptly. She felt so sore that she could not stand straight.

Gosh, what is wrong with me?

She was so drunk last night that she could barely remember what had happened.

It was not until she saw the hickeys covering her body accompanied with a pain in a distinct area that she finally recalled some parts of the night.

Instantly, she exploded with rage.

"Sebastian, you are a bastard!"

"Sasha? What's wrong? Are you awake?"

Coincidentally, Lance had gotten out of his room not long ago and was knocking on her door.

She covered her mouth in embarrassment and went to her bathroom to wash up.

Minutes later, she emerged feeling more orientated than before.

"Lennie, what is it?"

"Andy called. He wants to meet up to discuss a good money-making opportunity."

Lance, who was standing outside the door, looked more radiant after having a good nap.

A pair of black-rimmed glasses perched on his nose, and his short black hair peeked out from under his khaki wool beanie. At a glance, many would be envious of his youthful looks.

Ah, it's good to be young.

Sasha scratched her head. "Okay, sure. I'll get changed." Then she turned back to Lance. "What about Soloman?"

"I don't know. He came over to look for you in the morning, but after I told him you were still asleep, he left. I haven't seen him since."

Soloman came to look for me this morning?

Slightly anxious, Sasha scrambled to ask, "Really? Did you tell him anything else?"

Her cousin thought before he responded, "Nothing much. I told him you had too much to drink last night and were still asleep. What's wrong? Should I have said otherwise?"

"No, of course not. There's nothing else to tell." Sasha was quick to deny. "I'll go get changed now!"

She slammed her door shut, leaving Lance standing staring at her door suspiciously. Deciding that it was nothing, he headed back to his room to get ready too.

He was about to strip out of his pyjamas when a new message flashed across the screen of his phone.

It was from Luke.

Mr. Hayes, if you don't come back now, the bunch of old geezers will destroy the company.