

# Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 403

Afraid that Karl would drag her to the room by force, Sasha immediately ran to the couch and sat on it as she stared at him with her guard up.

Karl was left speechless by her act.

Is that woman a fool? Isn't it a good thing that we're getting her a room to rest?

Karl head hurt a little. "Ms. Wand, this is Mr. Hayes's instructions."

"What?"

After hearing Karl's words, Sasha's bloodshot eyes widened. "That gives me more reasons to refuse. You can leave now. Don't be bothered about me. I'll just stay here."

With that, she lay down on the couch with her face facing inward and started ignoring Karl.

Karl, at his wits' ends, gnashed his teeth together.

He had wanted to take forceful measures to send that woman to the room, but on second thoughts, he did not dare to touch her. After all, he knew there was no need for Sebastian to personally deal with the business here, at least for now. Yet, he still did and still stayed for two days.

What a woman!

In the end, Sasha still spent the whole night in the hotel lobby.

The next day, she was jolted awake by a horrible din.

Every day after sunrise at this hotel lobby, there would be a milling crowd of guests, creating an unavoidable amount of noise. It was especially so when they gossiped as they saw a young lady lying on the couch in the lobby.

Pulling herself up from her position, Sasha then headed to the washroom.

"Look, guys. She's the woman who spends the night here. Who exactly is she? The dress she's wearing is an expensive one; can't she afford to get herself a room?"

"Who knows. Perhaps she got dumped?"

While facing the mirror and washing her face, all Sasha could hear were the whispers the strangers made.

Got dumped? Isn't that true? I might get that treatment anytime soon.

Sasha sighed. She haphazardly packed her stuff and walked out of the washroom, heading toward the front desk.

"Good morning. May I know if Mr. Hayes in the penthouse suite has come down today?"

"Mr. Hayes? He has already left. He uses a private elevator that leads to the basement parking lot directly. Don't you know about that?"

Never would she expect to receive such a piece of bad news from the receptionist early in the morning!

Bloody h\*ll! He really left without saying anything?

After a whole night of torture, that piece of news was nothing but similar to a bucket of ice water thrown at Sasha. Her vision blackened, and she almost lost her foothold.

"Miss, are you alright?"

The receptionist held out her hand and tried to help steady Sasha's footing.

Nevertheless, the latter waved her hand dismissively. As her face drained of all colors, it seemed like she was voided by her last bit of energy as well.

There was nothing she could do if Sebastian wanted to act that way.

Even if she mustered her courage and steeled her resolution, there would be no chance for her to get close to him if he was adamant about avoiding and cutting all ties with her.

Sasha headed back to the couch and sat down, utterly devastated.

Like a puppet, she gradually bent down and hugged onto her thighs as she an excruciating pain in her heart.

"Ms. Wand?"

"Huh?"

"What's wrong with you? We're leaving soon; do you want to come along?"

There was no reply.

After a few seconds, Sasha, who was still hugging her thighs, slowly straightened her back and lifted her head. Her face was as white as a sheet.

It turned out to be Karl!

Dumbfounded, Sasha was unable to tell if it was the reality or her imagination.

“What exactly is wrong with you? Why do you look so pale? Are you feeling unwell?” Karl finally realized that something was not right after seeing her complexion and immediately looked to the outside.

Following his reaction, Sasha also turned to look in the same direction, only to find that the stationary car at the hotel entrance was actually the familiar black Bentley.

“M-My... belly hurts.”

“Your belly hurts? What happened? Is it because you were sleeping here last night? See, now you know the consequences of refusing my kindness to get you a room,” Karl grumbled.

He then headed out immediately and walked toward the black Bentley, not daring to waste another second.

Sasha, who looked slightly more spirited than before, watched Karl doing that while she was still on the couch inside. In the next second, she took out the needle she carried along with her and located the acupuncture point on her belly area before pricking it.

“Mmm...”

Beads of cold sweat broke out and rolled down her pale face.

A couple of minutes later, when Sebastian walked in and saw her in that condition, his expression instantly grew darker.

“What’s wrong with you?”

“I-I guess it’s too chilly here. After giving birth to the three kids, I’ll get fatigued easily and have iron deficiency. It’ll hurt when I get too cold.”

Sasha clutched her belly tightly as she explained to Sebastian. Her silky black hair was getting soaked in the cold sweat she was breaking out.

Initially, Sebastian did not believe her words.

However, hearing her words, the bloody scene of her giving birth to the three kids a couple of years back flashed before his eyes at once. Without saying anything more, he moved closer to her and carried her up.

