

# Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 555

Sebastian hadn't even had a chance to comment on anything before his wife flung herself over.

"Idol? T-tell me w-who he is," asked Sasha to gossip. Sebastian thought, This stupid woman is actually behaving like an octopus and hugging onto my sister? Gosh.

Sabrina frowned immediately.

"No, I won't tell you."

"Come on, tell me. I-I can teach you how to, uhm, how to flirt with him if you do."

Sebastian didn't comment on that.

Drunk women truly are terrifying.

He couldn't bear to keep watching, so he got up and had a grouchy expression on as he pried the two of them apart.

"Wendy, please take my sister back to her room."

"Understood, Mr. Hayes."

Wendy couldn't bear to keep watching as well, so she was quick to go to Sabrina and take the latter away.

Sasha was still holding onto her bottle. When she saw Sabrina leaving, she panicked and demanded, "Come back, you're not allowed to leave. You haven't told me who the guy is, Sabrina... Hey!"

She hadn't finished her sentence before the man standing beside her suddenly carried her and walked away.

I will teach you a lesson, you annoying little thing.

A few minutes later, in the bedroom on the second floor.

Sasha, who was still muttering as she was being carried in, was tossed onto the bed harshly.

"Hmph, Sebby, you're bullying me. How can you throw me like this? I-I am your precious wifey, ya know?"

She was so drunk that she couldn't tell left from right anymore, and she was upset, so she staggered up and over. She wrapped her arms around the guy and started touching him.

Sebastian's eye twitched.

I think this is the first time I see her drunk. She has always behaved like a woman with traditional beliefs and was never drunk. Hell, she would blush whenever she does something even a little out of character, but now... she's even saying things like precious wifey?

A warm and fuzzy feeling spread out in the guy's heart. The anger he felt earlier had faded entirely.

"Okay, precious wifey. Shall I try setting you down again?" asked Sebastian through gritted teeth as he held her wandering hands.

The drunk lady nodded and replied, "Okay."

With her hands locked in, she started rubbing her body against his instead. Her beautiful, blushing face kept smiling right in front of him.

Her eyes suddenly became the most seductive things ever...

Sebastian felt like he wouldn't be a man if he could actually resist that.

His eyes burned with lust before he tackled her.

"Mmm..."

The drunk woman's words ended up being lost in the man's hot kisses.

No one knew how long that bed rattled, but the two of them stopped when they were exhausted. Sasha lay in the guy's arms weakly, like she had been drained, but she was more or less sober by then.

"You... ass\*le. That was mean."

Her face was still a little flushed, and she felt so wronged that she kicked Sebastian a little.

He got what he wanted, so he had no choice but to coo his wife at that moment.

“Sorry, darling, but the way you looked earlier. I... just can’t resist.”

Sebastian was surprisingly honest.

Sasha was so angry that she scoffed and complained, “How different could I have been earlier? All I did was have a little drink. I didn’t even seduce you. How could you not hold yourself back?”

Sebastian was speechless.

Did you call that a little drink? That was seductive as hell, okay?

Sebastian wanted to say what was on his mind, but he didn’t dare to because he worried about being kicked out of bed.

He stared at his wife’s irritated expression.

Well, my apologies aren’t working, maybe I’ll just do something for her instead.

He wanted to get up and carry her to the bathroom so she could wash up.

However, the woman in his arms suddenly pouted and complained, “I already felt bad because of what my dad said to me earlier today. I never thought that I still have to endure your lust after I get home.”

“What? Your dad scolded you? What did he say?” asked Sebastian, who got nervous immediately. He sat up and decided to get to the bottom of it all.

Is that why she drank tonight? Did Rufus scold her? Is it all because of what I did all those years ago?

Sebastian’s heart sank. A bad feeling crept upon him.

Unfortunately, his wife refused to say anything more. She simply turned around and buried herself under the blanket.

“It’s fine. You should go take a shower. I’m just going to lie down and rest for a while.”

Sebastian was speechless.

There was no way Sebastian would let her just lie there, so he pulled the blanket away and forced her to look at him.

“Tell me what he said,” demanded Sebastian in a non-negotiable tone.

Sasha had her head down. It took her a while before she complained grimly, "He wants me to let Solomon go and said that Frederick's death had nothing to do with Solomon."

Sebastian's irises narrowed.

Let Solomon go? But why? Why would my father-in-law suddenly be bothered about that j\*rk's well-being?

Sebastian looked a little terrible when he asked, "How does your dad know that Solomon is innocent of that crime?"

"Uhm, maybe it's because my mom was the one who raised Solomon? Maybe he feels like he knows Solomon well and believes that the latter won't commit a crime that heinous?"

Sasha felt like her heart was beating so fast that it might jump out of her chest. She was quick to mumble and come up with an excuse.

That got the glow Sebastian's eyes to turn grimmer.