

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 671

That b*stard! Why did he do that?

Sasha finally understood everything. Overwhelmed by rage, she grabbed whatever she could from the table and smashed them onto the floor.

Crash!

The loud noise that resulted shocked the housemaid.

“Why? Why did he need to do that? Did he think that I would be grateful to him? Huh?” Devastated by the truth, her hysterical screams filled the house.

So what if he just wants to protect me? Does he know that if something had happened to him, it would be no different from killing me? Does he want me to live in pain and suffering for the rest of my life? How can he be so selfish?

As tears rolled down her cheeks, she looked as if she had gone mad.

The housemaid couldn't help but worry. “Mrs. Hayes, are you all right? Don't be angry. Mr. Hayes did that only to protect you and the children-”

“I don't need that!”

Before the maid could finish, she was abruptly interrupted by Sasha's violent scream.

“I don't need him to protect me! What gives him the right?” Filled with pain, she held onto the table beside her for support. All she could feel was her heart being shattered into pieces.

It was no different from stabbing a knife into her heart and cutting through her flesh with it.

He really doesn't have the right. Even in the face of death, I want to be by his side.

Solomon was at the top floor of Hayes Corporation when he heard that Sasha had given his men the slip.

"Mr. Solomon, I'm sorry. Ms. Wand... she's too smart. She seemed to know that we were following her. Hence, by the time she returned to Frontier Bay, we had lost track of her."

The bodyguard who reported the news to him lowered his head in fear.

Suddenly, he could hear the sound of Solomon's knuckles cracking.

However, he didn't let his temper flare. After a brief silence, he instructed, "She must have gone to Jadeborough. Check all the routes and find her before she arrives!"

"Yes, Mr. Solomon!"

The bodyguards went off at once.

Given how good Sasha was at escaping, there was no way of keeping tabs on her. From the time she feigned death with her children until she returned to the country, she had already given Sebastian the slip many times.

Sebastian was infuriated under those circumstances. Hence, there was no reason why Solomon wouldn't be.

Solomon hardly slept the night. Standing by the window with his fists tightly clenched, he pursed his lips as he watched the light slowly piercing through the horizon.

Meanwhile, in a small town thirty kilometers away, Sasha arrived on a motorcycle from Avenport and bought a bus ticket to Marsingfill.

She was extremely smart. Knowing that she was being followed, she knew she couldn't depart directly from Avenport which was a big city. Instead, she borrowed the housemaid's motorcycle and rode it to the small town where there were hardly any cars or even large vehicles.

Even the bus she chose would travel on trunk roads instead of the highway.

Therefore, it was the perfect plan.

"Miss, where are you going? Aren't you cold in your thin outfit?"

"Huh?"

Just when she took a seat and stared blankly out the window, Sasha turned around when she heard someone speaking to her.

It was a lady who is in her forties. Dressed in a puffy jacket, she emitted an oily and smoky stench the moment she came up the bus.

"I don't feel cold as I'm wearing wool underneath." Sasha was a well-mannered person. Even though the lady stunk, she didn't display any disdain toward her.

Instead, she leaned back into her chair and turned her attention back out the window.

However, the lady chuckled. "Who are you kidding? The two layers you have on are definitely not enough. Miss, you had better not catch a cold. Besides, where are you going in this ungodly weather? It's even colder up north."

Sasha was speechless.

Despite the urge to ignore the lady, she subconsciously pulled her thin jacket together.

Her clothes were indeed too thin. When she rushed out the night before, she was consumed by emotions and forgot to put on a thicker jacket.

Suddenly, the lady took out a jacket for a high school girl from her bag. "Put this over yourself. It's my daughter's. She goes to school here, and I came to switch this with a thicker jacket for her."

Sasha's first response was to reject it. However, the lady had already covered her shoulders with the jacket.

Fine. I'll just return it to her before I get off.

Holding that thought, Sasha reluctantly accepted her kind gesture. Before she knew it, she slowly drifted to sleep by the window after having stayed up all night.