

# Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

## Chapter 227

Hence, he immediately opened the location, finally verifying his suspicions. The GPS showed the hotel under Hayes Corporation which was located in the city's east. And at that moment, the Emmanuels were hosting a birthday party there!

This damned woman. She wouldn't have gone there, would she?

His face darkened and he ended the call before standing up to leave.

"Mr. Hayes? Are you going out?" Luke had coincidentally come in with a document in hand. Surprise was written all over his face when he saw his boss leaving.

Sebastian couldn't be bothered explaining to him though.

He only pointed at the desk, motioning for Luke to leave the document there. Shrouded in a layer of frost, he grabbed his car keys and took large strides out of his office.

Luke was slightly baffled.

What's going on? Why did he leave all of a sudden?

And his vibe earlier gave me the chills.

Luke shuddered a little before placing the document on the desk and exiting the office.

As soon as he came out, he found that the employees outside had powered on their computers and were watching the recently announced news on the Emmanuel family's birthday party, which was currently the talk of the town.

“Wow! The Emmanuels are really something. They even invited the media to their party.”

“It’s not that surprising. The Emmanuels are associated with Hayes Corporation anyway. Even Mr. Hayes Sr. is at the party, so of course it’s big news. Just look, all the bigwigs are there.”

One of the employees pointed out, hitting the nail right on the head.

The others echoed their agreements and continued watching the live broadcast. Luke took a glimpse at one of their computer screens and said, “Seriously? Our president isn’t even there, so there’s nothing worth reporting.”

“True. Our president is the real deal. If he attended, he’d definitely be making the headlines every minute. Why is the media there anyway? What’s there to report about?”

“Maybe they thought Mr. Hayes would be attending? Hahaha!”

Joyous laughter reverberated through the office.

Indeed, the attendance of the city’s big figures at the Emmanuel family’s party alone would not be enough to invite the media over for a live broadcast, even if Frederick was there.

Oddly, after settling into their seats in the banquet hall, the guests found that the big LED screen was broadcasting the very party they were attending.

Matilda asked, “Who invited them? It’s just a party. Why were the media invited?”

“I’m not sure. Maybe it was Uncle Frederick? I mean, it’s your birthday, so it’s normal to get the media over,” Philip answered.

Completely oblivious to the truth, the Emmanuels gave all the credit to Frederick.

Since they assumed it to be Frederick’s doing, no one continued pursuing the matter. Hence, after the party began, the hall was filled with lively chatter and joyous laughter; it was a vibrant scene.

Sasha came back just then with her emotions already under control and went over to greet Frederick.

Just as she expected, although Frederick greeted her with his usual bright smile and waved her over to sit at his table, she noticed he did not ask Xandra, who was sitting beside him, to move aside.

Her fears had come true.

Thus, she endured the pain and sorrow in her heart. "It's alright. I'll sit at Brandon's table."

"What? No, this won't do. Sasha, come over and sit here, so that the two of you can have a good chat." Xandra hurriedly stood up.

Sasha couldn't deny that her acting skills were top-notch. Even at a time like this, she could put on such a gentle and virtuous facade.

Sasha forced a big-hearted smile onto her face as the Hayes and the Emmanuels at the main table showed displeasure.

"It's fine, sit. Take good care of Mr. Hayes. He can't eat many things at his current age, especially cold things as they can cause physical discomfort."

In response, Xandra feigned awkwardness.

Meanwhile, Frederick's expression changed subtly and his body turned stiff.

He noticed that the child who had called him Frederick all these years had changed her form of address to 'Mr. Hayes'.

Sasha and Brandon walked away to sit at the table furthest away from the main table.

"Do you wanna go home, Sasha?"

"What?"

Holding a fork with a dazed expression, she whipped her head up at his question.

Brandon became even more guilt-ridden just then.

He never thought that he would bring her so much pain today. Seeing her pale complexion and vacant eyes, he felt as though his heart had been pierced by a thousand needles.

"I'm sorry, I never should've brought you here." Brandon lowered his head, his handsome featured lined with regret.

Only then did Sasha understand where this was coming from. After recomposing herself, she forked up a large drumstick and placed it on his plate.

"It's okay. This was something I had to face eventually."

"But..."

Brandon was going to blame himself again, but glancing at the woman beside him, he decided to steer the topic away instead. "Then, do you wanna... go rest for a bit?"

"Rest?"

## Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 228

"Mm, the party isn't going to be over anytime soon. If you wanna wait until after Mr. Hayes leaves, I'm afraid there's still a long time to go, so you might as well go upstairs to rest."

Knowing that Sasha's pride wouldn't allow her to run away like a coward, Brandon was considerate enough to make this offer.

In the end, she agreed. "Okay."

Two minutes later, both of them left the banquet hall together.

Brandon was initially going to check into a room upstairs for Sasha to rest, but when they passed by the hotel's garden, she suddenly paused in her stride.

With a pallid complexion, she pointed at a bench near the lake, motioning that she wanted to sit there.

"It's really windy outside. Wait here while I get you a coat."

"Mm..."

Sasha nodded compliantly and allowed Brandon to guide her to the bench.

It really was windy.

However, she could hardly feel anything, let alone the wintry blasts on her skin. Only fatigue and emptiness were left, making her feel as though all someone had sucked the strength out of her and her soul had left her body.

Mom, why is life so tiring?

Sasha gazed up at the sky just as someone spotted her and called out, "Sasha Wand? Are you Sasha Wand?"

Huh?

Hearing someone call her name, Sasha subconsciously straightened and looked toward the source of the voice.

A young man in a black suit had come to the garden at some point. He walked over upon catching sight of Sasha, looking pleasantly surprised.

"Yes, I'm Sasha Wand. And you are?"

"Oh wow, Ms. Wand! Don't you remember me? I'm Dr. Kaye's student, and that makes you my senior." The man quickly took out a work ID and handed it to Sasha.

Dr. Kaye's student?

Sasha pondered for a moment as she tried to recall anything about this man.

But because her time with Dr. Kaye wasn't that long, she had no recollection of this self-proclaimed junior of hers. However, since he mentioned Dr. Kaye, she still offered him a polite nod.

"It's nice to meet you. Is there something you need?"

"Well, not exactly. Dr. Kaye passed this psychology book to me before she left. She said that I had to find you and give it to you no matter what."

The young man took out a book just then.

Sasha was taken aback.

"Before she left?" Her mind zoomed in on these three particular words and surprise was written on her face. "Dr. Kaye left? Where did she go?"

Sasha was quite emotionally attached to this doctor. First, she was her mother's good friend.

Second, she had helped Sasha a great deal previously, saving her and the triplets as well as arranging for her to flee abroad with two of her children while keeping it a secret.

Dr. Kaye was someone she would be forever indebted to.

Hence, the man's words brought a pang to her heart.

"Yes, she was transferred to another province, but she said that if you miss her, you can call or visit her any time."

"Really?"

"Of course. You've always been Dr. Kaye's beloved student. Otherwise, she wouldn't have asked me to give you this book. I've been looking everywhere for you, you know? Luckily, I attended this birthday party with my family today and chanced upon you."

The man had been strangely enthusiastic the moment he appeared. When he spoke about chancing upon Sasha, he became even more animated, revealing a row of white teeth as he grinned.

Seeing this, Sasha could only gratefully accept the book from his hand.

“Thank you. I really appreciate it.”

“It’s no problem at all. Dr. Kaye said that this book is very important. It contains the treatment for hereditary schizophrenia which you’ve been searching for. You read more about it in there.”

Silence ensued.

For a good few seconds, Sasha searched her mind, trying to remember whether she had told Dr. Kaye about this before.

Did I really ask her about the treatment for schizophrenia?

“Ms. Wand, may I ask? Who’s the patient with this disease?”

“What?”

“I mean, the patient with hereditary schizophrenia. Dr. Kaye said that it’s someone very important to you and that you’ve been searching for a cure all these years. Can you tell me who it is? I majored in psychology and even studied abroad before. This is a rare disease. Perhaps I may be of help to you.”

The man stated his question clearly this time and seemed to be genuinely concerned.

Sasha’s heart missed a beat.

He majored in psychology? And even studied abroad?

For some inexplicable reason, as she looked into the man’s eyes, the encouragement and concern swirling in them seemed to call to her like a siren’s song. All of sudden, she was hit with a strong impulse to reveal the secret she was burdened with for such a long time.

Perhaps it's really time I shared this secret with someone; this secret that has haunted me for so many years.

I dedicated the first half of my life in pursue of an answer, but I always hit a dead end. I really need someone to help me now.

Someone who's well-versed in this specific area. Yes, I need it.

Sasha parted her lips to speak.