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Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 255

"Tomorrow Karl will go with you."

"Huh?"

"And be back by three o'clock."

Sebastian's tone indicated that there was no room for negotiation. After dictating his terms, he turned his attention back to his computer.

Sasha wasn't sure if her intuition was right.

She felt he was more distant all of a sudden. Even his gaze, that was kind and warm a moment before, had turned gloomy and disagreeable.

"Alright, I'm leaving now."

She served the tea hurriedly and left as quickly as she can.

Could something be wrong at the office?

Fortunately, he made her a promise. Even if something went wrong, it wouldn't have anything to do with her.

Sasha returned to her bedroom and relayed the good news to Brandon over the phone. "He promised me I could go tomorrow, but I can't go alone, and I have to be back before three."

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Brandon stomped his feet in frustration. "Before three? The Sanders' wedding starts at three! What the hell are you going for?"

Him and his filthy mouth!

Sasha shrugged. "What choice do I have? It was hard enough getting him to agree to out. Do you think he will accommodate me more than that?"

Brandon did not answer.

We'll figure something out when the time comes.

It was possible for Kelly to arrive before the wedding began. She was a close family friend to the Sanders.

At last, the two of them came to an agreement.

The next day, as she was about to leave, Brandon called her with some disturbing news.

"Sasha, did you see? There's a rumor online claiming that Sebastian is mentally ill."

"W-What did y-you say?" Sasha stammered, almost dropping the comb in her hand.

Mental illness?

How is this possible? What happened?

She was distressed. Throwing down her comb, she scrambled for her iPad in her bedside drawer.

Brandon was still ranting on the phone. "Didn't you do online? Apparently a book has been circulating online. People are speculating that the character is Sebastian because of their close resemblance."

Sasha turned pale.

Ignoring Brandon, she launched her browsing app to see for herself.

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He was right. The major search engines were trending with this new piece of gossip. They all seemed to be revolving around a novel.

The Tattoo!

Sasha's hands shook with fear.

Filled with trepidation, she scrolled downwards slowly, her worst fears manifesting themselves. Someone actually put two and two together to deduce Sebastian's secret based on a fictional character.

When Sasha was working on the novel, she had based her character on Sebastian. She even included obvious traits like the mole on the corner of his eye.

His eyes were as beautiful as the stars amidst an ocean. The mole was like a shooting star, dashing across his cheek. It left behind a streak of memories. She was always worried that someone would make the connection, but she could not help herself. His features were mesmerizing.

Sasha was a great writer in her prime.

This sentence alone created a cult-like following in adoration of the male character.

They even made comic book adaptations, and the character was cosplayed frequently.

But today, Sebastian Hayes of Hayes Corporation had to endure an attack on his reputation.

Smack.

The iPad in Sasha's hand fell to the floor.

She was shaking all over. A terrifying fear threatened to consume her. The next moment, she had trouble standing upright.

"Sasha, what's going on? Are you alright?" Brandon was concerned with her extended silence.

This silly girl is in shock, isn't she?

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These are harmless theories. What is she afraid of?

Brandon quickly comforted Sasha. "Don't worry, these are baseless accusations. Do you really think Sebastian is mentally ill?"

Sasha said nothing.

"I think some people are too bored," Brandon continued. "You wait and see. When the Hayes catches wind of this, they will shut all of them down. Your ex-husband will bury them without mercy for daring to invent such rumors."

Brandon was completely unaware of the truth.

But the fact was, the rate at which this piece of gossip was traveling was rather slow.

It was started by a few insignificant accounts with a small following. Even if people were to take notice, it would only look like a marketing tactic.

Sasha stood motionless for several moments.

Suddenly, the weight of her guilt was too much for her. She bit her lip to refrain from crying out loud.

It was a good thing she did not cry in front of Brandon.

She got dressed immediately and left.

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Chapter 256

“Ms. Wand, are you going to visit your Uncle Jackson? Mr. Hayes has instructed me to wait for you here.”

As soon as she stepped foot out of Royal Court One, an extremely well-built young man greeted her. He introduced himself and opened the car door for her.

Sasha could not be bothered. Nodding wordlessly, she got into the car.

Though the rumor was not widely spread, she had to remain alert.

It was definitely not a good omen. Nobody must know that the character was based on an actual person with a reputation to maintain. But this was how things were looking at the moment.

What is going to happen?

If this ruined Sebastian’s reputation, it would be disastrous. He would never forgive her.

Throughout the journey, Sasha sat quietly as if she was encased in a layer of snow.

“Sasha, you’re here? Where are the kids?” Her uncle greeted her as she exited the vehicle. He was surprised at her arrival. He thought something had happened between her and Sebastian.

Sasha shook her head. Glancing at the bodyguard assigned to her by Sebastian, she led her uncle into the living room, out of sight. “Uncle Jackson, I’m going on a little trip.”

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“Trip? Where to?”

Sasha lowered her eyes to avoid his gaze. “To look for Brandon. He said that the birthday party was not arranged by the Emmanuels. There is another person who he wants me to meet.”

Sasha did not feel the need to lie to her uncle. He was well aware of the situation.

But then again, it is Brandon Emmanuel of all people!

Jackson was not pleased. “His name is Emmanuel. Why do you still trust him?”

“I believe he is not like his family,” Sasha replied stubbornly. She was confident in her evaluation of Brandon’s character.

He was more decent than most of his family.

Jackson could not persuade his niece otherwise, so he had no choice but to agree.

The guard outside had no idea that his charge had slipped out the back door to attend the Sanders’ wedding.

Unbeknownst to Sasha, Sebastian had eyes at the venue, too.

“Hold on a second. If you go like that and Kelly recognizes you, we won’t be able to proceed with our plan.” Brandon said.

Sasha did not foresee this problem becoming a reality.

After considering the matter, she was forced to agree with him.

“So what do we do now?”

“Wait here, let me speak to my makeup artist.” said Brandon, as he dialed her number.

The makeup artist did not turn Sasha into an attention-grabbing stunner again. This time, she was disguised as a woman in her forties.

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Sasha was speechless, hardly able to recognize herself.

Is this really necessary?

Brandon laughed. "This is good, you'll be much safer. You don't know Kelly. She's always jealous of all the women younger and more beautiful than her. If you look good, you will draw attention to yourself."

"Then what role am I playing today? Your mother?" Sasha was in disbelief.

Brandon was flabbergasted.

What is she talking about?

She could have gone as his housemaid!

Brandon and Sasha set off cheerfully. After ten minutes, the entrance to the Sanders villa came into view. Brandon, looking smart in his suit and leather shoes, handed his invitation to the receptionist, and the pair entered, looking dignified.

In Avenport, the Sanders were not considered a very powerful family. Which was why the wedding wasn't on a spectacular scale.

The ceremony took place in the garden. As it was not spacious enough, the guests remained in the villa.

"I'll go in and have a look."

Brandon left Sasha outside and sneaked into the villa.

She nodded and wandered towards the garden.

"What are you still doing here? Don't you have work to do?"

"Huh?"

Sasha turned and found a maid in front of her, with a puzzled expression on her face.

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The maid got even angrier at Sasha's confusion. She shoved the tray of champagne into the latter's hands. "Goodness knows where they found lousy maids like you."

Maid?

Even this maid treats me like a maid?

Sasha didn't know what to say.

At this moment, she caught sight of a familiar figure in the midst of a group of chattering middle-aged women. Seizing the opportunity, she carried the tray over to them.

"Let me introduce you. This here is my dear friend Mdm. Green, without whom this wedding would be impossible."

"Pleased to meet you, Mdm. Green."

At the praise the hostess had lavished onto Kelly, the other ladies began voicing their reverence.

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