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# Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

## Chapter 281

“Who do you think I meant? Don’t you know who you killed? Do believe that I’ll kill you right now since you love killing so much?”

After saying that, the man who had lost all sanity truly reached out and strangled his own father with both hands.

“No, Mr. Sebastian!”

Seeing that, Tim was so stricken that he hastily rushed over to stop him.

At that exact moment, Karl, who came with Sebastian, streaked over and hit him on the back of the head.

Finally, the living room went quiet once again.

A few minutes later, Frederick returned to the living room after having settled Sebastian in. He stared at Karl, who was still waiting there.

“What exactly happened? Why did he suddenly go crazy like that? Also, why would he think that I was the one who killed Xenia Blackwood?”

“Wasn’t it you, Mr. Hayes?” the bodyguard blurted, momentarily taken aback.

Hearing that, Tim’s temper flared. “What absolute nonsense! Would Mr. Hayes ask you such a question now if he was truly the one who did it?”

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Karl was instantly floored by the revelation.

What? It wasn't Mr. Hayes? Then, who could it be? I didn't make a move either, so how could it still be a bodyguard under Hayes Corporation who killed Xenia Blackwood?

He abruptly broke into a cold sweat.

"Mr. Hayes, she indeed died at the hands of a bodyguard from Hayes Corporation. Both Sharon Goldstein and I witnessed it. Mr. Hayes already gave orders not to make a move unless it was the last resort, so I am certain that my men didn't do it. But you're also now claiming..."

"I had no idea of this matter, so how could it have been me?"

This time, Frederick personally denied the allegation.

His voice was filled with indignant fury, and his weathered face was flushed bright red.

Once more, the living room plunged into silence.

Due to the clearing of the air between two parties, the matter was now brought to light, making the atmosphere exceedingly strange. At the same time, a sense of spine-tingling chill hung in the air.

Who was the real culprit if it was neither my men nor those from Hayes residence? Why did he masquerade as a bodyguard from Hayes Corporation? And what exactly is his motive?

"Mr. Hayes, could it be a competitor of Hayes Corporation?"

"Why would a competitor of Hayes Corporation involve the Blackwood family? The Blackwood family is already in tatters, so it wouldn't yield any benefit to do so. If anyone were to be affected, then it'd be Sasha and Sebastian."

Frederick was rather perceptive, so he could tell right away that the matter would ultimately affect Sebastian and Sasha's relationship.

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But then again, Xandra and her aunt, Kelly, who wanted to fragment their relationship, are now done for... So, who else could it be?

Frederick had no answer, so he could only heave a sigh in the end. "Alright, I'll go and explain things to her tomorrow. She's been a smart one since young, so she'll probably understand easily enough."

"She won't, Mr. Hayes," Karl unexpectedly refuted. "To tell you the truth, Mr. Sebastian actually went into such a frenzy because Ms. Wand said that she'll never again believe him."

"Why?"

"Um... Because she said her entire life had been a lie after her parents were gone—you tricked her into marriage with the Hayes family when she was eighteen, and she was toyed around by Mr. Sebastian when she later came back. She said... she said she doesn't want to see Mr. Sebastian anymore, never again for the rest of her life."

Karl articulated the conversation he heard at the hospital entrance back then.

Of course, he still kept some things to himself, afraid that Frederick wouldn't be able to take it if he were too blunt.

Unfortunately, he didn't realize that he had already revealed the most crucial part of it. Just as his words fell, Tim, who was standing at the side, noticed Frederick's face draining of color before he stumbled back several steps on his cane.

"A-Are you okay, Mr. Hayes?"

He hurried forward to steady Frederick, only to discover that the elderly man was now cold all over in mere seconds, and even the arm in his hand was trembling.

"Mr. Hayes..."

"She knows... she has finally found out the truth..." In the blink of an eye, Frederick's voice seemed to have grown decades older, and he seemed so frail that it was as though he had been drained of all energy.

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When it came to Sasha, Sebastian's remonstrations of him after the Emmanuel family's birthday party had actually struck his conscience.

In reality, he didn't really harbor zero guilt toward Sasha, nor was he totally unremorseful toward his best friend, Rufus.

That wasn't true at all, for it was the exact opposite.

However, when it involved the safety of his son, Sebastian, sanity still took second fiddle. As such, it led him to commit mistake after mistake.

It wasn't until the day when Sebastian charged in and mocked him did he finally realize his blunder.

Back then, Sebastian called him out for prioritizing her because she was his son when Rufus' daughter was likewise precious to her father. And so, there was no reason to sacrifice someone else's child for his own.

It was from then that he slowly let go of the resentment he held toward Sasha and started to accept her.

In fact, his visit to Frontier Bay that day was the best evidence.

Nonetheless, a past mistake couldn't be erased by all the kindness in the world. Sasha had lost too much because of him, and now, even the Blackwood family became part of the sacrifice.

No matter the identity of the real culprit behind the murder of Xenia Blackwood, this matter was still linked to the Hayes family at the end of the day.

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## Chapter 282

The sky was brightly lid when Sebastian woke up.

Where am I?

He was knocked out, so he was lost for a moment when he woke up and saw the carved vintage canopy above his head.

Shortly after, Frederick came in on his cane. When he saw that Sebastian was awake, he sat down at the head of the bed.

“You’re awake? Are you hungry? Should I have Tim bring you some breakfast?”

Sebastian said nothing as his consciousness gradually returned to him.

In the next moment, his terrifyingly dark eyes instantly turned cold. He flipped open the covers and sat up to leave.

Frederick merely observed him without making any move to stop him.

But when the man got off the bed and bent down to put on his shoes, he slowly spoke while staring at his young back. “Don’t worry, for I already have people out there looking for Sasha. Also, I really didn’t send anyone to kill Jackson Blackwood’s daughter. I’ve always been a person who dares to admit my actions throughout the years, and you know that full well.”

The moment his words fell, the young man who was bent over jolted.

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Truth be told, it appeared that he was contemplating the veracity of that statement.

Seeing that, Frederick took out the CD he brought with him and held it out.

"If you don't believe me, here's the record of the whereabouts of everyone under my command last night. I had Tim compile it overnight, so you can take it home and see for yourself."

Still, he was greeted by silence.

Sebastian cast a glance at the CD, but he didn't take it. Instead, he lowered his head and continued putting on his shoes.

Two minutes later, he was done wearing his socks and clothes. Only then did he turn around and look down at his father condescendingly with his usual handsome countenance.

"Who was it if not you?"

"I don't know, but I've already ordered someone to investigate the matter. I gave it a lot of thought last night, and I realized that while the culprit seemed intent on driving a wedge between you and Sasha, he's actually trying to damage my relationship with you. What do you think?"

Despite being regarded with such derision, Frederick didn't seem affected. His voice remained calm and gentle.

However, his final comment seemed to have an underlying meaning to it, and one could even sense a faint chill emanating from it.

Hah! Our relationship?

Sebastian's thin lips finally curved into a frosty arc.

He was very emotional last night, so he didn't consider that possibility. But it was a different story now that he was calm.

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On second thought, that's indeed true. However, the culprit was probably not vying for a physical or verbal conflict between us. Instead, it's probably strife and dissension.

"Was it those old shareholders again? Or was it those people from the Hayes family? Are they hoping to pull me down from the position of the heir of Hayes Corporation upon seeing that I'm relapsing again?"

"Shut up!" Frederick's veins throbbed at once. "I'll investigate this matter, so you don't have to worry about it anymore!"

He truly abhorred hearing that since he had expended tremendous effort back then to put him into that position, both in dealing with the protestors and Sebastian himself.

Subsequently, Sebastian started walking away.

"Where are you going? Don't go and look for Sasha, for I already have people looking for her. Go home. Wendy called this morning and said that the little girl fell sick after crying the entire night because she couldn't find her mother. She has been sent to the hospital."

"What? The little girl is sick?"

A trace of concern flashed across Sebastian's face, and he quickly left.

Vivian, on the other hand, was indeed sick.

Nonetheless, she didn't cry the entire night because she wanted her mother. Instead, it was because she was sick.

"Why are you now only sending her to the hospital when she's obviously been having an allergic reaction? Fortunately, it's not severe, or it might be fatal!" the doctor chastised in distress upon seeing the rashes littering Vivian's body when he was assigned to her case.

When Wendy heard that, guilt instantly flooded her.

Oh God, I didn't know she's been having an allergic reaction! Besides, I didn't give her anything weird last night. I just made some leek quiche which she ate. Does leek cause allergy?

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The doctor put Vivian on an IV drip. Finally, the child who had been wailing from the incessant itch fell asleep on the hospital bed from her exhaustion.

Half an hour later, Sebastian arrived at the hospital.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Hayes. I didn’t know that it was an allergic reaction. I thought she was bitten by mosquitoes, so I kept trying to keep them at bay. I’m really sorry for not sending her to the hospital right away.”

Brimming with self-recrimination and stark regret, Wendy apologized when she saw that her employer had arrived.

An allergic reaction?

Sebastian walked over to Vivian’s bed and took a gander. Upon seeing that her chubby face had grown much thinner within the span of a night, a wave of anguish inexorably swept over him.

“Why did she suffer an allergic reaction? What did she eat? And didn’t her mother tell you about it previously?”

“No, and she only ate a bit of leek quiche. The doctor confirmed that it was the cause. Mr. Hayes, is there actually someone who’s allergic to leek?”

Unbidden, Sebastian was immediately rooted to the spot, shellshocked at the mention of that word.

After all, he was also allergic to leek.

When he was young, his family once made calzone with leek. Finding it delicious, he ate a lot, and it ended up with him being sent to the hospital that day itself.

After that, leek never again appeared in his house, nor did he ever eat calzone again.

It was only after he had brought Sasha back from Clear that he finally started eating it once more since she always made it.

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