

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 61

Sebastian returned to his desk, lit a cigarette, and took a long puff. He then tapped on the desk with a slender finger, signaling the vice president to pass him the project document, which he proceeded to review then and there.

Several minutes later, he finished reading the report and tossed the document onto his desk.

“What’s the problem with what she said?”

“Pardon me, sir?”

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Sebastian’s reaction was so different from his own, so much so that the vice president became baffled in an instant.

Sebastian leveled an icy glare at him. “The chairman wants to sell his company, but then he wants to own it too. How is that different from a whore claiming that she’s still a virgin? Telling him to take his GDP to Wall Street is a relatively polite comeback, in my opinion. If I were the one who answered that call, I would have told him to set his bloody factory and himself on fire!”

The vice president was certainly not expecting that.

For a full five seconds, he stared blankly at the foul-mouthed president before him. He was so flummoxed that he had forgotten what he wanted to say.

Is it really that serious?

It was merely a matter of letting the old owner become the new shareholder. This had happened in other companies too. So why did it become such a major issue here?

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The vice president could not understand what was on Sebastian's mind.

But if he had a deeper understanding of finance, he might get the gist of it. Allowing such behavior would be akin to approving the other party's investment using alternate means. Due to their identity as the previous owner, according to the rules, they could have many rights as a shareholder after becoming one themselves. This was equivalent to putting old wine in a new bottle. Hence, what was the point of the acquisition in the first place?

The vice president eventually left in a fluster.

Luke came knocking after he heard about the incident. He was perplexed as to how such an employee existed in their company. Who is this haughty person who dared to bicker with a client so blatantly?

"Mr. Hayes, I've talked to the Marketing Department. It wasn't them, and they have no idea who it was either."

"Find that person. Whoever did it has a solid understanding of finance and could be helpful to the company," Sebastian instructed after listening to Luke's report. He then started burying himself in work.

He might have a bad temper, but he would never spare a good talent whenever he came across one.

Luke nodded and agreed to carry out the investigation. Just when he was about to leave, he incidentally spotted a piece of paper on his boss' desk. The message on it was written in another language.

"Oh. Mr. Hayes, what's this?"

Bewildered, he reached out and picked it up.

Sebastian looked toward Luke when he heard a stir.

Surprise crept up his face as well.

“Jetroinian? Mr. Hayes, I didn’t know you can write Jetroinian. At least, I haven’t seen you do it before. It looks neat! Wow, you’re really talented!”

Luke was stunned when he realized that it was Jetroinian written on the scrap paper. He regarded his boss in amazement, unable to believe what he was seeing.

Indeed, Sebastian had never written Jetroinian in the company.

As a matter of fact, he knew the language. He just did not write it much because there was little need for it. Moreover, few companies demanded the Hayes Corporation to communicate in their language.

So, exactly who scribbled these Jetroinian words on this piece of paper? More importantly, who had the guts to barge into my office?

Sebastian took in the note with solemn eyes, only to find that the words were beautifully written indeed. The handwriting was graceful yet unmistakably firm, as free-flowing as nature intended. Even the Jetroinian translator recruited by the company could not write the letters as neatly. As for its content...

“Nikkawa-Gen? Acquisition?”

“What? Mr. Hayes, what do you mean?”

Luke was instantly shocked when he heard those words.

Isn’t this what they were just talking about? It actually happened in Mr. Hayes’ office! In that case, does that mean the call was received and answered here? Oh God! Who could it be? I most certainly wouldn’t do such a thing, and Mr. Hayes just returned to the company with me. Who else would dare to enter this office?

This is the president’s office. Usually, other than Mr. Hayes and I, no one else would dare to enter without permission. Unless...

An utterly absurd idea suddenly emerged in his mind. He immediately turned to face the president and found that the man had the same reaction he had. Holding the note between his fingers, the president had stopped talking, but on his face hung a grave expression.

He examined the note in his hand before his eyes flitted to the sofa at the other end of the room, where several Lego blocks could be found. Things were becoming increasingly strange indeed.

How mortifying!

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Meanwhile, Sasha had taken Ian back to Frontier Bay.

Just as she expected, by the time she brought Ian back, Frederick was already long gone. Peace was once again restored to the villa. However, there was something odd about the place. Even the pesky housemaid Berta was nowhere to be seen.

"Oh, are you wondering about Berta? Mr. Hayes thought she was getting old and seemed to be slacking in her work, so he dismissed her. I'm the new housemaid. You can call me Wendy."

The new housemaid seemed nice. Wendy noticed the doubtful look on Sasha's face and actively explained the story behind her employment to Sasha.

Berta has been dismissed? Just as well, I don't like her very much.

Sasha felt a little better. She decided to stay here and accompany Ian until it was time to fetch Matteo and Vivian from preschool.

Although she hated this place and did not want to stay for a minute longer, Ian was her child, so as long as he was here, she would endure it no matter how uncomfortable she felt.

Sasha stayed until about four o'clock in the afternoon. Then, she was ready to head back.