## Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 563

#### Sasha's friend?

Sebastian did not mind her bringing the cakes along whatever her reasons were. He just casually asked, "Which friend is that? Have you met this friend before?"

"Yes, of course!" Frieda nodded vigorously. "We met at the hospital, but Sasha said we can't tell Sebby. So, be quiet about it, okay? You can't tell Sebby about it either."

She turned to Sebastian and solemnly put her finger to her lips.

Sebastian was speechless.

Doubt flashed across his eyes.

His mother suffered from a mental illness and her mind was often cloudy and unclear.

However, her mental illness has also caused her to be more child-like and straightforward in her words and actions.

Sebastian didn't let the matter drop.

He had intended to take his mother straight to the psychiatric department once they reached the hospital. However, Frieda had other ideas. She quickly took off with the little basket in her arms as soon as they stepped into the hospital.

"Where are you going? Don't run off!"

Frieda ignored his cries and hurried down to the corridor where she had seen Sasha last.

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When she reached her destination, she did not find the person who had been with Sasha the other day.

"Huh? Where is he? Where did he go?" Frieda looked around the empty corridor helplessly. Her already cloudy mind became even more of a mess.

Sebastian had chased her down and he could not help but feel a little annoyed as he asked, "What are you doing? Who are you looking for?"

Frieda blinked her eyes and looked at him, full of innocence. "Sasha's friend! He was here the other day! He didn't have anything to eat. So. he held onto her and wouldn't let her go!"

Frieda pointed down the corridor.

He held onto her?

Sebastian finally paid her words some attention. His face turned dark in an instant.

After that, they walked to the psychiatric department on the third floor of the hospital.

When Frieda's doctor saw that it was Sebastian himself who had brought his mother for her appointment, he was surprised. "Mr. Hayes! I'm surprised to see you here. Where's your wife?"

"She's busy!" Sebastian replied in a rather rude tone. His thoughts were still preoccupied with Frieda's words earlier.

When the doctor heard his tone, he did not dare to ask any further and immediately started attending to Frieda.

After he was done running tests on Frieda, the two of them walked out of the examination room to find Sebastian waiting outside. His expression was even grimmer than before. Seeing this, the doctor started feeling even more flustered and nervous.

"Mr. Hayes, so... the hypnosis treatment that we had carried out on your mother previously seems to be working well. May I also enquire regarding the matter that I had spoken to you about before? How is that going on?"

"We couldn't find him!" Sebastian uttered in a rather huffy tone.

He had not dealt with that matter yet.

I don't know what's going on either! He had asked Luke to look into it, but he could find no information about his biological father in this city.

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Although the Soprano family was not a prominent family, it was impossible that the second daughter of the Sopranos could get married and give birth to a son without leaving any trace.

Everything he knew was whatever tidbit of information that Frederick had told Wendy.

His biological father was not from this city. He had married Frieda after he settled down here. Unfortunately, he was met with a car accident and passed away, leaving behind his wife and a son. In the end, Sebastian was adopted by Frederick.

What a mess! The thought of the lack of information irritated Sebastian.

"Where is the security department of this hospital?"

"Huh?" The doctor was shocked by Sebastian's sudden question. "S-security department? Mr. Hayes, why are you asking about the security department?"

"It's none of your business! Just get me someone from the security department quick!" Sebastian retorted loudly. He was already at his limit. Frieda, who was standing next to him, jumped in fright and clutched her basket closer to her.

Sebby is angry! What should I do? Did I do something wrong?

Frieda fretted to herself.

Officers from the security department and even the medical director hurried over nervously as soon as they had heard that Sebastian wanted to see them.

However, what frightened them, even more, was the fact that Sebastian paid them no heed at all, and instead, he had immediately pulled the head of the security department into the consultation room.

Boom!

The door slammed shut behind them.

Everyone left outside exchanged worried looks.

It was not until a while later when they saw officers from the security department going into the consultation room with a large stack of the CCTV records that they began to understand what was going on.

Over at the company's offices, Sasha was having a rather busy day.

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She had been put in charge of the company's planning and operations department. There were so many things for her to look into and then, to plan and organize. It was impossible for her to not be busy.

"Ms. Wand, we've just received this hotel auction invitation. Should the company participate?"

"Hotel auction?"

Sasha, who had just finished sorting out the business plan of the company for the next three months, glanced at the proposal that her subordinate had laid down in front and felt her headache return.

Does the company really have so much money? Do we need to take part in everything? I should have a department meeting about this first.

"Listen, why don't we have a quick department meeting in ten minutes? Go and inform everyone."

"Sure, Ms. Wand," the employee answered as he picked up his proposal brief and went off to notify his colleagues.

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Ten minutes later, the entire investment planning department was gathered in a small meeting room.

"What do you guys think she's trying to do here? All the proposals that I have sent to her in the past two days have all been shot down!"

"Yeah! Mine too! Does she even know anything about investment? If she won't approve any investment projects, then how is the company going to make any profits?"

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"Shh! Keep your voice down! Don't forget she's the boss' wife!"

In that one little remark, the employee had summed up the entire reason for Sasha's presence in the company.

Nobody would believe that Sasha, the president's wife, had landed in such an important role on her own merits. Even Sasha herself would not have believed it.

Sasha entered the meeting room and saw the doubtful expression on her subordinates' faces. Geez, I am sure they have lots of fun bit\*hing about me.

However, she didn't seem to be affected at all.

"Everybody, I'm sorry to interrupt your work. I'm holding this short meeting today just to make one announcement. Going forward, please do not propose any more investment projects that will bring in less than one billion in profit to Hayes Corporation. I will not be accepting those," Sasha said simply as she stared unapologetically into the eyes of everyone in the room. This was the first rule that she had laid down after taking office.

Then, as if to emphasize her point, she unceremoniously tossed a stack of proposals that she had sorted out earlier into the wastepaper basket.

After she was done speaking, the meeting room burst into an uproar.

"At least one billion? Ms. Wand, you must be joking! Do you know how much money that is?"

"Yeah, Ms. Wand, d-don't you think you've set the bar too high? If that's your criteria, then we wouldn't dare to invest anymore! Who would dare to cooperate with us after if this is your requirement?"

"That's true. Ms. Wand, do you want to discuss this with the previous head of department first?"

Everyone in the department could not help voicing out their dissatisfaction.

They complained that Sasha's goal was too high and implied that she did not know what she was doing. Their faces were full of contempt and disdain towards her.

They even dared to suggest that she consult the previous head of department.

Sasha stared at them coldly.

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She waited until they were done speaking and the meeting room was silent again before saying, "Hayes Corporation has a total net asset of 800 billion after deducting all operating costs. The company must make at least 50 billion each year for it to be considered profitable. How can your investments with profits of a few million each make any kind of meaningful contribution to the company? Are the lot of you just playing around?"

The meeting room was deathly quiet after Sasha had spoken. Everyone was too embarrassed to say anything further.

Sasha smiled wryly and continued, "If you, as an employee of a company with 800 billion in assets, are unable to secure investment proposal, then I don't think you deserve to be here. You are not up to the company's standards. Please shape up or move to those companies that have lower expectations, okay?"

Sasha's tone was sharp and strict, leaving no space for any more arguments.

She was skilled at managing people.

Back when she was working in Andy's company at Wall Street, she was in charge of a team with dozens of people under her. Her team was all highly capable people. They only talked about investments in the billions.

And these useless bunch of people? They should be honored to be working under me!

Sasha stared around at her team's pale, fearful faces. Then, she flicked away the pen that she had been holding, stood up and returned to her office without saying another word.

For the rest of the morning, no one dared to disturb her peace with any more trivial projects.

At twelve o'clock, Sasha shut down her computer.

"Ms. Wand, are you going upstairs to cook lunch for the president now?"

"Yes."

Sasha was a little embarrassed to speak about her private life. She cast a quick glance at her assistant and hurried off.

For the past two days, Sasha had indeed been cooking at the penthouse suite on the top floor of the building.

It was too far for her to travel back to the Hayes residence from the company.

Further, Sebastian also rarely left work on time or had meetings and entertain clients. It was just more convenient for the two of them.

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So, Sasha had simply stocked the penthouse suite with groceries. The penthouse was equipped with a full set of kitchen equipment and items anyway.

Sasha stepped into the elevator.

"Mrs. Hayes, are you done with work?"

"Yes, where's the president? Is he back?" Sasha glanced around.

"He was back earlier but he left again. He should be meeting a client," the receptionist answered after glancing over at the meeting room.

Since Sebastian was busy, there was no need for Sasha to wait for him.

She went up to the top floor and began to cook.

She was done within half an hour, but Sebastian had not come up to the penthouse yet. She did not bother to go and get him. Instead, she started to clean up the suite so that he would feel more comfortable later when he came up.

However, even after she was done cleaning, Sebastian still had not appeared.

What's happening down there? He's still not done?

Sasha finally got impatient and decided to go down to check up on him.

"Josephine, where's the president? He's still in his meeting?"

"Huh?" The receptionist was surprised. "He's already done! He didn't go upstairs for lunch?"

Sasha immediately pulled out her phone and dialed his number.

He answered very quickly. "Hello?"

"Sebby, where are you? I've already prepared lunch. Are you not eating?" Sasha whined into the phone.

She was getting a little hungry waiting for him.