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Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 365

In the end, Sasha did not go out to see Sebastian. Instead, she had Brandon help her book a flight to Moranta and departed the same afternoon.

That dignified and distinguished man made a reappearance at the press conference Hayes Corporation hosted two days after, at which he stood with the same poise befitting of the king of this city under the focus of the spotlight.

Beside him in accompaniment was his lovely fiancée.

Although the ballyhoo surrounding Hayes Corporation was ultimately suppressed by Frederick, answers were needed to maintain order.

Hence, everyone bore witness as the president of Hayes Corporation announced the restructuring of the lineup to their board of directors.

A restructuring?

That roused a commotion amongst members of the press as a restructuring was no small matter, especially for such a sizeable company.

The President swiftly offered up a reasonable explanation, stating that the scandal surrounding him, which blew up on the internet, was the handiwork of a few members of the board of directors, who had since been arrested by the police.

This declaration sent shockwaves throughout the room again.

Following that, the young lady of the Rocke family, who was previously rumored to have been killed by the president of Hayes Corporation, went on to explain that the photographs

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captured that day were a mere depiction of some sexy games she and her fiancé indulged in.

It was a revelation that left the reporters deflated, and with that, the headline-grabbing fiasco was finally brought to a close.

After two days of intense grilling under duress in a basement somewhere, the board director by the name of Young finally admitted to being part of a conspiracy.

“I was working with Roderick who promised me more shares when his son Robert ascended to a position of power.”

“Roderick?”

The interrogator Karl appeared displeased because that was not the answer which he sought.

With Roderick dead and Robert still locked up at the Hayes residence after being beaten to a pulp by the President that night, a killer could not have been hired and sent out to Frontier Bay on such short notice.

Finding the whole situation highly unusual, Karl went to the office to find Sebastian after the questioning had been concluded.

“According to my analysis, Robert could not have been the killer from that night, so this bullet must have come from someone else.”

He fished out the bullet again and placed it on the desk before him.

Sebastian rested with his eyes closed as he was still a little out of sorts. There was a streak of wanness to his chiseled visage.

Several seconds passed before he slowly lifted his lids. “It wasn’t him, to begin with. A useless good-for-nothing like Robert could never have devised a plan as meticulous as this.”

“Which means to say?”

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“Comb through all the records available on that scumbag. Whoever he came into contact with and whatever he did, I want to know!”

“Yes, Mr. Hayes.”

There was a shift in Karl’s expression during his prompt affirmation as it would be truly terrifying if Robert was indeed someone else’s pawn as his boss suggested.

That had him wondering who the person who manipulated that father and son pair was, and more importantly, what was that person’s underlying motive for going against someone so formidable.

Karl suppressed his own astonishment while he made his way out of the office.

Upon his exit, he chanced upon a young woman coming toward the president’s office from the opposite direction. Decker out in a white blouse coupled with the most trendy skirt from a major label and a pair of Rhinestone encrusted heels underfoot, she looked unbelievably exquisite in her getup.

Karl promptly retreated to the side. “You’re back, Ms. Rocke.”

“Yes. Is your president inside?”

Roxanne lifted her gaze toward the office across from them with a thermal lunchbox in hand.

Karl nodded copiously. “Yes. Thank you for making the effort to prepare and deliver lunch for our president.”

“It’s nothing. He’s just recovered, so we need to be more attentive. Alright, don’t mind me. I have to get this soup to him while it’s still hot.”

Roxanne left him with that before she walked past him with the lunchbox.

Karl tracked her movements past the open doors to the office and noticed that the woman left the lunchbox directly on the sprawling desk before she skirted around to the other side.

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“How are you feeling, Sebastian? Are you feeling any sort of discomfort?” she said with a voice tender to a tee.

Through the slit in the still unlatched door, Karl also noted a fair hand being laid upon the forehead of the seated man inside in tandem with that voice, which the man made no attempt to dodge.

The former watched on without comment and thought that nothing really mattered so long as his boss was happy.

Elsewhere in Moranta.

Sasha swiftly immersed herself in her work the moment she returned.

She was trying to keep herself from falling to the wayside by keeping busy every waking hour, which seemed to help.

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“Sha, Andy asked if you would like to take on this project. But I do have to warn you, it’s kind of complicated despite having a huge budget to work with,” Lance told Sasha as soon as she arrived home after fetching her daughter.

It had been a month, and Sasha had her focus on her daughter all this while.

As for Andy, it seemed like he was doing pretty well on his own.

Wall Street titans like him enjoyed dealing with illegal businesses. Nevertheless, he recognized Sasha’s outstanding talent and ability.

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Thus, he would hand over legitimate projects to her.

Sasha placed her daughter on the sofa and headed toward the study to go through the so-called complex project.

“This is situated in a war zone?”

“Indeed. Andy mentioned that it is a legit business although it’s in a warzone. A well-known local oil company is interested in collaborating with a pharmaceutical partner. Apparently, they’re in urgent need of such resources,” Lance explained in detail.

Yup, this does sound like something Andy would have done. After all, there are things that you can’t obtain in some countries even if you have all the money in the world.

As for this company, it needed a briefcase company to make things work.

Coincidentally, Andy offers such services.

Sasha flipped through the documents and did some calculations in her head. To her surprise, she realized she would earn millions from this particular project, and her interest was piqued.

“I’ll do it. It says here that we don’t necessarily have to meet them on site. So, let’s arrange a meeting in a safer nearby city to discuss the details.”

“Alright, let me ask.” Lance quickly went to work.

Sasha, on the other hand, left the study and headed to the kitchen to prepare dinner.

“Sweetie, what would you like for dinner? Mommy will make whatever you want.”

“Hmm... Then can I have drumsticks for dinner? I would like a big one, okay, Mummy? I can eat a huge drumstick!” she answered sweetly.

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Vivian was sitting on the sofa, folding paper planes, when she heard Sasha's question.

Sasha chuckled.

I wonder why does she like drumsticks so much? She's always asking for the same thing.

Sasha grinned and went to the kitchen.

Little did Sasha know, Vivian quickly got off the sofa as soon she saw Sasha returning to the kitchen. She quietly snuck into the bedroom to make a call.

"Hello? Matt? Ian? It's me."

"Hello? Is that you, Vivian? Have you had dinner?"

Her brothers weren't surprised to receive her call. It seemed like they had figured out that Vivi would call at this hour.

Vivian smiled happily and answered, "Not yet. Mommy's making dinner now. Guess what? I'm having drumsticks tonight! What about you?"

Both Matteo and Ian hesitated to answer her as they were sad when they heard her words.

Vivi gets to eat Mommy's homemade drumsticks, but we can only eat that woman's cooking.

"Matt? Ian? Why aren't you saying anything? Has Daddy gotten better now? Has he thought of Mommy? When will he come and visit me?" Vivian asked once again.

It's been so long since I've last seen Daddy, Matt, and Ian.

Matteo's mood went sour at Vivian's questions. "Not yet. He's always at Ms. Rocke's place, and Daddy hasn't mentioned a word about Mommy."

"Huh? Does that mean he won't remember Mommy?"

Vivian's large eyes began to turn red as tears welled up in them.

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Ian heard Vivi's choked-up voice and quickly grabbed the smartwatch. "No, Vivi, don't worry. We'll help Daddy remember Mommy."

Vivian felt better and asked, "Really?"

Ian nodded in determination. "Yes. I promise!"

That's right. As the eldest child in the family, I won't allow Daddy and Mommy to be separated. So what if that woman erased his memory? I will help Daddy get his memory back.

Vivian was pleased when she heard her brother's promise. Hence, she had a good appetite during dinner. Sasha noticed that Vivian managed to finish both of the drumsticks she had made.

Was it that good? Sasha wondered as she smiled at the scene.

Then, the mother and daughter had a good night's sleep.

The next day, Sasha asked Lance to send Vivian to preschool before she headed to Wall Street.

"Good morning, is Mr. Rind here yet?"

"Not yet. A client was urgently looking for him last night. The client told him to undersell the stocks as soon as the stock market opens today," Andy's assistant explained.

Undersell everything? Wouldn't that lead to bankruptcy?

Sasha couldn't help but ask, "Who was it? Does this person not want his company anymore?"

The assistant answered, "I guess so. It's called... Prime Cloud Corporation, if I'm not mistaken."

Prime Cloud Corporation?

Sasha was stunned when she heard the name of the company.

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