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Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 416

A hush fell over the ballroom. Even Millie, who was about to lash out at Sebastian, kept quiet after seeing the thunderous look on the latter's face.

"So that's why she didn't want to attend the ball with me?" he muttered. The rising anger was like a blazing inferno that threatened to boil him from the inside out.

Karl silently agreed, but he did not dare to say that out loud. Instead, he gestured at Sebastian's hand, from which a piece of broken glass shard was protruding. "Mr. Hayes, are you all right...? You're bleeding."

His words fell on deaf ears as Sebastian stood. "Excuse me," he addressed the crowd, "I have some matters to attend. Enjoy the rest of your evening."

The rest watched him leave in stunned silence. None dared to question his abrupt departure, but the murderous look on his face had everyone speculating about what had happened.

Eager to write off the episode, Millie quickly found someone else as her beau for the night.

Meanwhile, Sasha and Solomon were sitting face to face at a cafe.

She had assumed it would take another two hours before Sebastian returned from the ball. By her calculations, there would be plenty of time for her to meet with Solomon and head back to the hotel with her roommate none the wiser.

Expressionless, she demanded, "Go on, what evidence do you have to prove that you are Yancy's son?"

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Yancy Young was the best friend of Sasha's mother, Heather.

Back in the day, Heather, Sharon, Matilda, and Yancy were the most well-known socialites in Avenport's upper class.

Coming from a long line of doctors and scholars respectively, Heather and Sharon were renowned for being as beautiful as they were accomplished.

Though somewhat lacking in the looks and talents department, Matilda was one of the wealthiest socialites in the city, thanks to the powerful Hayes family.

The Young family, too, was well endowed, having struck it rich from the real estate business. With riches abound and coupled with good looks, Yancy had never been short of suitors over the years.

Her parents had intended her to marry one who was well-matched in social and economic status. However, Yancy staunchly opposed to such an arrangement. After several fights with her parents, she left home for several months, only to return with a bun in her oven. To say that the rest of her family was displeased would be the understatement of the century.

The news had also sent the entire Avenport into upheaval. Speculations and rumors about the baby's father circulated wildly within the city for months on end.

Heather finally managed to see her best friend after the latter was disowned by her family and evicted from the Young residence.

Yancy told her that she did not regret becoming pregnant, but she had refused to divulge the identity of the baby's father. Not knowing how else to help, Heather had provided her friend with a hefty amount of money before Yancy vanished from the public.

When Sasha's mother received news about her again, it was when someone showed up at her doorstep with an eight-year-old boy. The person told Heather that Yancy had died, leaving behind her son who was now orphaned.

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Heather was shocked beyond words. A part of her had always believed that Yancy left to be with the man she loved, especially when she had said, in a firm tone, that she did not regret the pregnancy.

Even till her death, Sasha's mother never found out what had happened all those years ago and who was the child's father.

"I know my mom was sponsoring an orphan who's the child of one of her friends. But she didn't tell me it's someone around me. Why would she hide this from me if it's really you?" Frustrated at the situation, Sasha asked with an irked expression. Solomon said it himself that he attended the same elementary school as I did.

After a long moment of silence, the man sitting opposite her took out an envelope. "My mother told her not to say anything. When I was sent back to Avenport, your mom made arrangements to register my name under a welfare organization. You can take a look—all the documents are here."

Sasha took the envelope and pulled out the contents with shaking fingers.

She could recognize her mother's handwriting on the papers yellowed with age. There was even a photograph of her mother with a young boy.

It's all true then. The shaking had spread from her fingers to the rest of her body, while tears welled up in her eyes.

"Why didn't your mom want people to know who you are? What was she afraid of?"

"She was afraid that someone would try to kill me."

Sasha's eyes, still wet with tears, widened in shock. "What? Do you mean the Youngs would..."

Solomon shook his head. "No, not the Youngs. It's my father. He's a man who would kill his own flesh and blood if it meant covering up his past mistake."

A sardonic laughter burst forth from his throat. The mention of his father warped his expression into one of pure hatred and contempt.

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At that moment, he looked more like a vengeful spirit than anything else. It was the first time Sasha saw him like this. The hairs on the back of her neck stood up at the sight.

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Sasha was stunned by the bombshell Solomon had just dropped regarding his past. It seemed like something straight out of a drama; a chance encounter had reunited two long-lost friends once more.

The evidence he had shown her made it nigh impossible to deny his words.

Sasha took a sip of coffee to calm herself down.

Just then, the doors to the café were slammed open. Shocked, Sasha turned around.

She had not even figured out what was going on when she found herself dragged roughly from her seat by a man.

“Ah!” She screamed in pain.

Solomon, who was seated opposite her, stood up immediately and confronted the man. “Sebastian, what the h*ll are you doing?”

“Shut the f*ck up! I’ll blow your brains out if you say one more word!”

Sebastian was the absolute picture of a madman. To the café-goers’ shock, he pulled out a gun and aimed it at Solomon’s head.

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Everyone paled in fear, including Solomon, who stood stock-still, allowing Sebastian to lead Sasha away without further protest.

Well, other than Sasha herself. "What are you doing? Sebastian, let me go! You're hurting me!" She pleaded frightfully.

She had never seen him this unhinged.

Technically I've seen him like this twice, though we were kids back then. Her memory of his monstrous behavior back then only added to her fear, especially since he seemed to be taking it out on her this time.

What is he trying to do? Is he going to shoot me?

Sasha shuddered in fright as she begged, "Sebastian, d-don't freak out. Listen to me, things aren't what they seem. Won't you calm down, hmm?"

Sebastian seemed impervious to her pleas as he dragged her to his car. Opening the front passenger door, he pushed her inside and slammed the door.

Sasha winced as she fell into the car.

Has he gone mad? What on earth is he doing?

Crawling into a sitting position, she banged on the car windows and shouted, "Sebastian, what are you doing? Let me out!"

Instead, her captor boarded the car wordlessly and drove them away.

Sasha had a bad feeling about how things were about to turn out.

Barely a quarter of an hour later, the car stopped in front of their hotel. Sebastian dragged her out of the vehicle and took the lift to the top floor. Kicking open the door, he shoved her unceremoniously into the penthouse suite.

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“Sebastian, p-please stop it. Just calm down, ok?” Sasha was near-tears when she eked out her plea.

Ignoring her, Sebastian grabbed her wrists and pulled her to the bedroom before tossing her onto the bed.

“Ah!” Sasha yelped, overcome with pain and nausea at the same time.

Still, the worst was yet to come.

She could only watch as Sebastian ripped off his shirt and tie, approaching the bed like a predator approaching its prey.

“You’re a wild one, huh? Is fooling around with two men the only way you’ll feel satisfied? Well, let’s see how you feel about this!”

He pulled her closer by yanking on her blouse collar. His bloodshot eyes bored into Sasha, emanating a kaleidoscope of emotions ranging from lust to hatred.

Petrified by his actions, the words caught in her throat.

In the next instant, a near deranged Sebastian seized her lips in a biting kiss. The sensation felt like a beast was sinking its teeth into her.

Soon enough, Sasha tasted blood on her lips, which had begun throbbing with pain.

“Argh, S-Sebastian. L-let go of me. P-please.”

Fat drops of tears trickled down her face. The pain and the fear were utterly unbearable. She struggled fiercely against Sebastian’s restraint.

I don’t want this at all. How can he treat me like this?

Despite her repeated attempts to dissuade him, Sebastian seemed to have lost his mind. Instead, he pinned her more firmly to the bed, his movements rough and cruel.

Suddenly, he had lifted her skirts without warning and plunged into her, not even bothering to undress her.

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“Urgh.”

After a prolonged celibacy, Sasha visibly recoiled at the pain of his invasion.

Her reaction did not induce Sebastian’s sympathy. After sinking himself into her, he began plundering her ferociously and mindlessly.

It was not an exaggeration to say that she was nothing but a tool for him to vent his hatred.

Sasha had no recollection of how it eventually ended, having passed out sometime in the night.

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Day had broken by the time Sasha woke up.

Cracking open her eyes, Sasha was momentarily confused by the sunlight streaming in through the windows. Where am I?

The moment she tried to sit up in bed, pain shot through her entire body. Moaning, she collapsed back into the bed as memories of last night flooded her mind.

Last night was h*ll.

Her eyes welled with tears as she lay down for a long time. Eventually, Sasha forced herself out of bed, gritting her teeth at the pain.

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She entered the bathroom and assessed the damage.

It was worse than she had expected; there was a visible tear.

Does he hate me so much? Why else would he be so cruel to me for having a cup of coffee with Solomon?

Standing under the showerhead, she bit back the pain she felt as the water washed over her bruises and wounds. Much to her annoyance, tears began streaming down her face.

Ding!

Her phone began ringing outside the bathroom.

Sasha dried her tears hastily and exited the bathroom in a towel.

“Hello?”

“Nancy, I finally caught you. Are you ok? Did he do anything to you last night? I’m outside the hotel right now. Could I come up to see you?”

Solomon was calling her early in the morning again.

Already upset by last night’s events, Solomon’s call caused Sasha’s anger to bubble over. “Solomon, can’t you leave me alone? Do you know how much I hate you right now? Why are you always turning my life into a mess? Who gave you the right to do that, huh? Did you think you could do anything you liked just because my mom asked you to take care of me? Get lost! The further, the better! Don’t you ever appear before me again. Understood?”

She was close to yelling by the time she ended her shelling.

Solomon was silent on the other end of the phone.

His face had turned as white as a sheet as he sat in his car.

In truth, he had been lurking near the hotel since last night, worried about Sasha.

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Initially, he had kept a moderate distance from the hotel since Sebastian's men were still around. Only after spying Sebastian leaving at dawn with his men in tow did Solomon dare to park his car in front of the hotel.

She's asking me to get lost?

His fingers were clenched so tightly around his phone that the tips had turned white. The last bit of hope in his heart was extinguished, followed rapidly by anger and hatred.

"Sir, a-are we still heading up?"

"No. Where's Sebastian Hayes?"

"I saw his bodyguard heading to the pier; the rest of his men should be leaving today as well. I didn't see Sebastian, and I'm not sure if he'll be attending tonight's summit." Solomon's assistant, who had driven him here, explained carefully.

The anger on Solomon's face immediately morphed into a calm mask.

"It's time to pull out the big guns, then. Let's see how Sebastian is going to save himself this time. He's been arrogant for far too long; I want him to remember the kind of monster he truly is."

Solomon had said all this lazily, though it could not keep the eeriness in his tone from seeping into every syllable of this threat.

His assistant gulped in surprise before carrying out his orders.

Meanwhile, Sasha had been in the suite for two hours.

She had no idea what she should do next; the only wish on her mind was to go home.

However, she did not have her travel documents with her.

Having been brought here against her will, she had not managed to grab them. Without those, she could kiss her dreams of buying a plane ticket home goodbye.

What should I do now? Do I wait for him to come back and bring me home?

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The questions replayed in Sasha's mind like a broken radio.

Finally, she decided to stay in that foreign land. A moment later, she boarded a cab to a locally-renowned shopping mall.

After some pondering, Sasha had decided to forgive Sebastian's transgressions last night, chalking them up to an unfortunate trigger to his already unstable condition.

Still, she had suffered immensely last night; she was not about to let him off the hook.

I'm going to empty your bank account, then wait for you to come back and grovel at my feet.

Once she reached the shopping mall, Sasha embarked on an extravagant shopping spree.

"Good afternoon, miss. These two sets will cost three hundred thousand. May I know which payment method you'd prefer?"

"Could you send this to the penthouse suite at the Hilton? Someone there will settle the bill."

"Of course, right away, miss."

Tossing out the name of the hotel had worked like a charm. The salesperson did not question her further and merely followed her instructions. Sasha's haul was packed up for delivery to the Hilton, while the lady herself sauntered over to another store.

All these years, Sasha had never shopped much. Her job and her kids kept her busy enough, though truth be told, she did not like shopping very much either.

That day, however, she spent a fortune.

She had not forgotten to get some clothes for her children as well.

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Chapter 419

“Good day, miss. Taken by this princess’ frock? It’s a custom design by our boss.”

“Really?”

“Of course. Our store carries many original designs. Please come in and have a look.”

A promoter in the children’s apparel store that Sasha had been ogling came out to entice a prospective customer.

The pastel-pink dress that Sasha had been eyeing was gorgeous, featuring a pair of butterfly wings. It would instantly transform any young girl into a fairy princess.

Sasha imagined how her daughter would look in the dress. Excitedly, she entered the store.

About ten minutes later, she came out with the dress and two sets of boys’ apparel in the latest fashion.

These are their birthday presents then!

In a significantly greater mood, Sasha began to feel her stomach rumbling with hunger. She decided to grab a bite at a restaurant.

“What? This Astorian dude is the man who rejected you? What’s up with his taste? How could he scoff at the Benson family’s heiress?”

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“That’s enough. I just feel lucky that I never got involved with him.”

Sasha had picked a rather expensive restaurant. Once she sat down, she overheard two elegant and young foreign ladies gossiping to her right.

Gossip was not Sasha’s cup of tea. Instead, she looked through the menu and ordered immediately. “I’ll have these two, please. Thank you.”

“Alright. Please wait a moment, miss.”

The waiter left quickly with the menu.

Bored, Sasha whipped out her phone to check if she had received any calls or WhatsApp messages.

Before she could even unlock her screen, the two ladies to her right launched into another impassioned discussion.

“Yeah, you’re totally right. You could’ve been in trouble by association after what went down today. Still, isn’t the Hayes Corporation pretty huge? They wouldn’t be at this global summit otherwise, right? They seem pretty careless about how they choose their CEO.”

“Who knows? Maybe they’re digging their own grave.”

The Benson heiress cackled evilly after the words left her mouth.

Sasha’s fingers, on the other hand, paused.

The mention of Hayes Corporation was a shock.

Finally, she turned her gaze to the two ladies and asked, “Excuse me, did you mention the Hayes Corporation just now? What happened to it?”

The ladies turned to stare at her, looking rather displeased.

The taller lady explained, “Yes. The corporation’s CEO had an incident at the summit. Someone broke a scandal about him murdering his mother when he was young.”

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“What did you just say?” Dumbfounded, Sasha’s mind blanked.

No, no, this can’t be! It’s impossible! The only people who know about his secret will bring it to their graves! Why would anyone expose it at a global event?

Sasha was in complete disbelief.

“That’s a joke, right? How could that happen?”

“Hey, weirdo, you can read the news yourself if you don’t believe us. I’m sure the whole world knows by now!”

The two ladies began taunting Sasha for her naïve ignorance.

She felt a shudder run through her body at their mockery.

Sasha unlocked her phone in trepidation.

Before she even opened her browser, a headline notification had appeared on the screen.

Breaking News: CEO Of Astoria Corporate Giant Hayes Corporation Revealed To Be The Murderer Of His Mother At Global Commerce Summit.

The title of the article was as eye-catching as it was bone-chilling.

Still, a more horrifying sight awaited Sasha once she clicked into the article.

There was a video in the article, barely ten seconds long; watching it felt like taking a time machine to when she was six years old. Her brain pounded.

The traumatizing scene she had tried so hard to forget resurfaced in her mind.

What was Sebastian’s deepest, darkest secret?

It was indeed the fact that he had accidentally killed his mother. At Matilda’s birthday party, a psychologist had attempted to hypnotize Sasha into exposing this very secret as well.

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Everything happened when she was six years old.

Back then, after she confessed about Sebastian's atrocious dog-killing incident, the Hayes family finally noticed that something was amiss with Sebastian and sent him off to a hospital.

They hid him from the public and started him on a therapy regimen as well.

In the beginning, Sebastian refused to admit that something was wrong with him. He refused to take any medication or participate in any of the therapy programs suggested by the doctors. All this only worsened his condition.

Unwilling to see her son's decline, Margaret Hayes had snuck out to the hospital one day to advise him.

No one would ever know what she had told him. When Sasha decided to pop by for a secret visit later that day, all she saw was an unhinged Sebastian slashing his mom on the neck with a shard of glass from a broken cup on the floor.

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Oh, the scene... Sasha thought to herself, too horrified to revisit it in her memory.

It was too cruel for words. Despite being a doctor for so many years, the sight of blood splattered everywhere frightened her so much that she felt a wave of nausea just thinking of it.

Frederick, who arrived as soon as he heard the news promptly settled the matter.

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Around the same time, Sebastian was locked up, losing his freedom, and branded as one of the most dangerous men in the country. After six years, his uncle had appeared and with much effort, persuaded Frederick to allow him to bring Sebastian abroad.

All of these were kept secret back then.

These secrets were well sealed. The medical staff who had handled Margaret's body back then had been exterminated by Frederick to ensure their everlasting silence.

How was it possible for loose ends to still appear? Also, there was that broadcast of the incident from back then!

Sasha stood up without knowing what to do. Trembling from head to toe, she grasped clumsily at objects in her path to steady herself as she headed out.

She had made up her mind to see Sebastian.

Sasha was certain that he would undoubtedly have an adverse reaction when he finds out as this was his worst recurring nightmare and the darkest secret buried in his heart.

The exposure of his deeds would consume him like a rabid beast if she did not speak to him.

Finally deciding on a course of action, Sasha hailed a cab and made haste for Empire State Tower.

Things were chaotic at the Tower.

The reporters and police had arrived in droves, prompted by the short clip broadcasted from the press conference at the summit. In less than half an hour, Empire State Tower had been heavily surrounded.

They were waiting for the man who had just committed a murder at the summit of the building.

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He would be apprehended the minute he appeared. Even worse, he would be killed on sight.

They had waited for over half an hour without any sign of movement from within. On the other hand, the crowd that had gathered outside grew larger, including some from a nearby asylum.

“Mr. Hayes, please calm down. I’m begging you, calm down!”

In a storeroom at the middle level of the Tower, Karl had seen the crowd that had gathered down below from his vantage point at the window. In response, the strength he applied on Sebastian who appeared increasingly deranged increased.

Looking pale and distracted, his bloodshot eyes stared at Karl with hatred.

A sense of murder glinted malevolently in Sebastian’s eyes which grew more powerful with each passing minute until every bit of his rationality had been consumed in blind anger.

Karl was losing faith in his ability to keep his employer under control.

“Mr. Hayes, please think of Ian, will you? Or... Think of Ms. Wand! Remember her? Sasha?”

Sebastian gave a start at the sound of Sasha’s name.

Overjoyed, Karl took advantage of his distraction as he attempted to knock him out.

However, Sebastian slipped back into insanity a second later. At the slightest hint of Karl’s fingers loosening, Sebastian’s grip tightened powerfully.

Crack!

Karl’s wrist snapped with a sickening crunch. He gasped, feeling as if he was about to black out from the pain.

Despite the pain, he still did not loosen his grip on Sebastian. Barring his employer’s path with his body, he pleaded once more. “Mr. Hayes, don’t go...”

However, Sebastian had lost all control of his faculties from his earlier trauma, as evidenced by how he had snapped the wrist of his own bodyguard.

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"I know he intends to kill me."

"What?"

"The bast*rd. He has returned and wants to get rid of me to take back what he thinks is his."

Sebastian had regained his composure, though sounding strangely monotonous with cruel indifference on his face. The only thing of interest to him was the gun in his hand.

Karl felt his heart drop out of his stomach.

Despite doing all he can, he had no way of stopping Sebastian.

"Can we... can we talk about it? Let's wait for them to get here, shall we? Mr. Hayes, those are his men outside. We can't just go out."

"You think I will die by his hand?" Sebastian demanded, brutally pressing his gun against Karl's forehead as the latter was frightened into silence.

The only thing he could do was to gaze up hopelessly at his employer who had a gun to his head. Looking like a bloodthirsty wolf, he prowled out of the storeroom.

Thump!

At almost the same time, the door slammed open from the outside.

Instantaneously, Sebastian raised his gun.

"Don't shoot, Mr. Hayes! That is Ms. W-"

Bang!

Karl's shout was cut short by the gunshot.

In half a second, the world returned to silence as the intruder fell over. With his gun still raised, Sebastian stood motionless. For the first time, his mechanical gaze shifted ever so slightly, as though he second-guessed himself.

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“Ms. Wand, are you okay?” Karl rushed over and held Sasha up from a pool of her blood, the pain in his own broken wrist forgotten.

Sasha’s vision grew blurry.

With several deep breaths, she steadied herself and procured a silver needle, a sliver of blood trailing from the pointed end. “Help me up...” she murmured weakly. “I’ll deal with him. Get... get him out of here.”

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