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Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 425

“Fine, even if you did it for me back then, what about now? What is the meaning of keeping me locked up in here? And don’t tell me that the condition of my legs is caused by my gunshot wound.”

“It really is due to your injury,” insisted Solomon. “Though Sebastian had shot you in the shoulder blade, it had pressed on a nerve which had affected your ability to walk.”

“You think I’m going to believe you?” Sasha retorted. “Solomon, remember that I’m a doctor as well. I know how a human body works better than you.”

She was so angry that she attempted to stand up from her wheelchair again.

However, her legs failed her again. Being feeble and weakened, they were unable to support the weight of her body.

Solomon walked over and pressed her back down firmly against her wheelchair.

“If you don’t believe me, I can call a doctor over.”

“Whose doctor? Yours? I’m locked up here and forced to take your medicine, but you’re telling me that a doctor under your employ will alleviate my doubts.”

Sasha antagonized Solomon in a fit of rage.

Solomon’s expression hardened. The gentleness in him had dissipated in a flash.

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"Nancy, don't be unreasonable. I am not going to harm you."

"You won't harm me? You have me imprisoned, I beg to differ. Solomon, is this how you repay my mother? By locking her daughter up and crippling her to be kept by your side like a possession?"

Sasha's voice grew shrill with anger. Though she could not move away from him, she struggled with all her might in her wheelchair to avoid his touch.

Solomon lost his patience. He pressed her down again. "Nancy, what are you talking about?" he demanded. "All I did was to protect you."

"You're lying!" Sasha bellowed. "Protect me? Why do you Youngs like to delude yourselves? You're the same as how my mother used to be."

"What did you say?" Solomon's face contorted with rage.

At the moment, Sasha felt no fear at all. On the contrary, she felt a sense of satisfaction at her success in provoking his shame into a rage.

"Am I wrong? You told me that your mother forbade you to disclose your identity for fear of your father persecuting you. But by the looks of it, it's all a big lie!"

"Frederick had never wanted to take your life! It was possible that he had learned of your existence long ago. In your eagerness to get back at him and to take what your selfish heart desires, you've found a good excuse to make a move against his other son. This is a typical characteristic of the Youngs! You and your mother are the world's most untrustworthy and despicable people..."

Smack!

In a fit of rage, Solomon slapped Sasha across her face.

Aside from Solomon's furious panting and the reverberations of that resounding slap, the room fell deathly silent.

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Smiling derisively, Sasha licked the trickle of blood flowing out of the corner of her mouth as her cheek had begun to swell.

Solomon shook with rage as he stared at the woman whom he had just struck.

“Why must you hurt me in this manner? Is it because I have feelings for you?”

Sasha said nothing, not even deigning to look at him from where she sat.

As another trickle of blood flowed down, she took it up with her finger and smeared the blood below her eye. This gesture was more frightening and menacing than anything else she could have done.

Solomon felt his last shred of hope at reconciliation being destroyed.

Shaking violently, he recalled the time when his mother died when he was eight.

Sasha was not wrong. Everything that had happened was caused by both his mother and his nature of deluding themselves and others.

Frederick was a scu*bag, no doubt.

If he had flat out refused to acknowledge his kin, Yancy would have died by his hand earlier on. A man with such influence would undoubtedly be doomed if his extramarital affair was exposed.

However, Frederick did no such thing.

Yancy had run off and given birth to his child without his knowledge. She was born with a silver spoon in her mouth, rendering her unable to function and live a normal life without her family.

Yancy had endured countless hardships throughout Solomon’s childhood.

As the hardships became too much to bear, Yancy had often taken her anger out onto Solomon as she blamed all of her past mistakes on her child. She always thought that if it weren’t for Solomon, she wouldn’t be in the wretched state that she was in.

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As her resentment had reached the highest point, she sent Solomon away to Avenport in secret.

Her child was to avenge himself and her by claiming the birthright that he had been denied.

Solomon was an intelligent boy. Though he may not have understood things when he was young, he grew up living in the same city as his father. It would have been impossible for him to remain ignorant.

However, he stubbornly opted to follow through with his mother's plan.

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What are all of these for?

Though it sounded terrible, Solomon had to admit that Sasha was right. Those plans were formed out of the twisted whispers of his delusional heart.

Without a word, Solomon measured out another dose of medication to replace the one that Sasha had swept out of the nurse's hand earlier that day.

Turning pale, she was on the verge of wheeling herself out of the room.

I would leave this place if I were not in the state that I'm in.

However, at the first signs of movement, the ferocious man dragged the wheelchair back.

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"What are you doing? Let go of me!" Sasha began struggling in vain.

After Solomon had dragged her back, he grabbed her chin roughly and forced her mouth open. With one quick jerk of his hand, he had forced the pills down her throat.

Sasha coughed as she choked, her face turning bright red. Solomon responded by tipping some water into her mouth.

His voice had resumed its original gentleness. "Nancy, you were right. I was looking for excuses. However, do you know the reason why?"

Sasha spluttered.

"You are the reason. Did you know how upset I was when I heard that you were supposed to marry him when you were only eighteen?"

Sasha had finally subdued her cough when Solomon hugged her.

Holding her gently as if she was a precious jewel, he carried her from the wheelchair and placed her onto the bed before sitting himself down on the chair next to her.

Throughout the entire motion, his eyes had never left her face.

Sasha was eighteen back then, a blushing bride who was happy to be marrying into the Hayes family.

Little did she know that at that moment, a man across the ocean who was three years her senior was working hard on their future under oppressive circumstances.

Solomon had made up his mind. Even if the Wand family had collapsed, he would help them back on their feet.

Solomon would want Sasha to continue living a luxurious life in which she was accustomed to by giving her a home that was even grander than what her father had provided. It was meant to be a repayment of the financial aid they had provided to him over ten years.

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However, all of the careful planning had been destroyed the moment Frederick proposed for Sasha to marry into the Hayes family.

Lost in thought, Solomon remained seated for a long time.

The people on the other side of the door had begun to conclude that he was going to remain on guard as he did after Sasha's surgery a few nights ago. However, he suddenly emerged.

"Mr. George..." the nurse called out in concern.

Solomon did not even look at her. Instead, he summoned his butler.

"Did you find the person we'd discussed?"

"Yes, sir. But when the Wand family collapsed, she had returned to her village. It's pretty far from here, and she is not as young as she once was..." the butler answered hurriedly, anxious to deliver the news.

Solomon nodded in satisfaction.

The butler hesitated for a moment before blurting out, "Mr. George, the doctor had called today to inform to restrict Ms. Nancy's consumption of the medication. If she continued, she would..."

The butler trailed off, though his meaning was quite clear.

The thing that scared him the most was the indifference of his employer.

"Continue to make her take them. Without my order, she cannot stop. Are you clear?"

"Yes, sir. Crystal clear," the butler answered at once.

You would rather cripple her and force her to remain by your side. Mr. George, why would you do such a thing? He thought as Solomon departed.

At Hayes Corporation in Avenport, Sebastian had returned to work after half a month of absence, ready to regain control of his company.

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The employees gossiped a great deal regarding the nature of his extended leave, though nobody dared to openly display their displeasure or voice their opinions.

They were all aware that Frederick was capable of very cruel measures.

“Mr. Hayes, here is the report of the DNA test that you had asked for. Lance and the deceased are not related.”

On that morning when Sebastian arrived in his office, Luke had excitedly showed him a report and informed him of the results of the test he had asked for, which was negative.

A negative?

Doesn't that confirm that the ashes are not Sasha's?

Sebastian was filled with joy at the news. Momentarily losing control of his faculties, he swayed on the spot.

“Mr. Hayes, are you okay?” Luke hastened forward to hold his employer steady.

He shook his head. After a prolonged effort, he had managed to placate the fear in him. Then, he walked into his office slowly and sat down.

It was a clever ruse.

As the body had been mutilated by bullets, cremation was the only possible course. That ensured that obtaining a DNA sample to affirm the body's identity was impossible.

The people who had plotted this had thought it through. If it weren't for the hope that his children had given him, Sebastian would have accepted the ashes to be Sasha's and thought no more of it.

Sebastian had regained control of his life. Whipping out his phone, he called Karl who was out running his errands.

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“Mr. Hayes, there’s no sign of movement here on my end. Solomon has been very careful; during his stay at Jetroina he had been careful not to draw attention. It’s only him and an assistant of his who went back to the country recently.

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