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Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 485

“He’s leaving?”

Sabrina who had just been allowed to take some food back at the Hayes found herself losing appetite after listening to Sasha. “Where’s he going?”

“I don’t know. I saw someone introducing a pilot to him, telling him to contact the pilot any time he wants to leave.”

Sabrina was at a loss for words.

She knew that her brother’s condition was about the same as what the woman had described.

After the Hayes had regained power, their financial support had been cut off. Hence, Sabrina was not at all surprised when she heard Sasha saying that Sebastian was contemplating leaving.

“Didn’t you trying explaining to him?”

“I did, but he’s not listening. Besides, I tried your suggestion and sounded him out in the game but he was not walking his talk.”

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Sasha cried as she sat on the grass clutching onto her phone.

Sabrina was rendered speechless.

She tried to bite her tongue but to no avail. In the end, she decided to spill the beans and said, "Don't blame him, our father said some nasty things to him the other day."

"W-what?"

"My father thought that Sebastian was behind the idea of us stealing from the memorial hall and reprimanded him. He accused Sebastian of being a hypocrite, claiming that my brother was merely feigning disinterest. My father even challenged him to let him know straight away if he was indeed after it, chiding him for being a coward for hiding behind two women."

Sasha felt an epiphany hit her.

She stopped in her tracks right then and froze on the ground.

Did I hear her wrong?

How could a father say that to his own son? Did he know what it truly meant, and how deep his words could cut?

Sasha finally stopped crying.

She felt a chill down her spine as the pang of realization hit her. A sense of remorse and guilt washed over her.

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What have I done?

How could I let him suffer such indignation? And yet I have the audacity to wonder why he's still mad at me?

Sasha was on the brink of losing her mind.

Then, she dashed to the roadside and halted a cab. "To the Hayes Residence at Gold Street."

"Sure, Miss."

The cab sped toward her destination.

Upon reaching the place, she was rather disappointed to hear someone telling her that Frederick was not in.

"Sasha, why are you here? Do you think you haven't already caused enough trouble for Sebastian?"

The man who walked out of the Hayes Residence was Sebastian's cousin, Saul Hayes.

He was the eldest son of Ethan, and the man grimaced at the sight of Sasha.

Her eyes went red at his remark. "No, that's not it. Saul, I'm here to explain to Mr. Hayes that this has nothing to do with Sebastian."

Of course, Saul would not believe in her.

His face darkened before he turned around to head inside the house.

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Sasha started to get exasperated and dashed over to stop the man. "Saul, please believe me. I really want to explain it all to Mr. Hayes so that he can apologize to Sebastian. Otherwise, things are going to go out of hand."

Saul was stumped for a moment. He thought about Sebastian for a moment and decided to tell the woman.

"He went to the nursing home thanks to you guys."

Nursing home?

Is it the one that I've been to when I was still working at the hospital?

Sasha wasted no time and got the address. Then, she dashed for the nursing home right away.

She was adamant about meeting Frederick. Sasha could not stand idly by as Sebastian was being chided, for she knew that the man had always been a sensitive one. She could not even begin to imagine how traumatized he would be by his father's words.

Sasha sped through the traffic, eager to get there as soon as possible.

She almost could not pull herself together at the thought of the indignation and wrath that the man had endured because of her.

After about forty minutes, she finally reached the nursing home.

Sasha knew she reached the place just in time because the familiar Rolls-Royce was parked right at the driveway.

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Sasha got off the car and dashed into the home.

The home reminded her of her own unbecoming past.

She still remembered the day when the cold breeze blew past her face. It was the first time she had stepped into the place after she came back from the dead.

The old folks who recognized her were beyond excited at the sight of her.

However, things are different now.

Sasha braced against the cold wind with fury written all over her face as she was distraught with disappointment.

“Wait a minute. Who are you? Why are you here?”

“I’m looking for Frederick Hayes. Where is he?” Sasha snapped.

The woman was boiling over with rage that she enunciated his full name.

The nurse in charge turned pale.

Frederick Hayes?

Did she just utter the president’s full name? Who is she?

Just when she was about to ask someone to chase Sasha out, a silhouette appeared from behind the two women.

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“Let her in. She’s Mr. Hayes’s guest.”

“Oh... Okay.”

Sasha finally got what she wanted.

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She followed the person in. To her surprise, it was still the same position as one year ago.

When Sasha finally met the old man, she realized that the room that he was staying in was the one from before. A sense of déjà vu washed over her as the old man was brewing tea at the very same spot.

“So you’re here already. Do you fancy a cup of tea?”

Rage burned inside her chest as her bloodshot eyes turned red as ruby.

How is he still so calm?

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How can he act like nothing's happened after hurting his very own son like that? Since when has he become so cold-blooded?

"Have a seat. I just brewed some tea, and it's a black tea from your hometown. I think you'll like it."

Frederick did not take much notice of the girl's expression. Noticing that she stood frozen in the spot, he patiently extended his invitation once again.

Sasha finally spoke up. "I'm not here to drink tea. I'm here to clarify something."

She did not beat around the bush.

She's here to clarify something?

Frederick looked impassively at her.

Only then did he notice the indignation on her face. Not only that, her tense little face even showed hints of heartache and disappointment.

She's so young, and yet she has the audacity to show me that face?

Frederick shook his head, picked up the teapot with freshly brewed tea and poured her a cup.

"Fine. What are you trying to clarify?"

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“The incident about me and your daughter sneaking into the memorial hall. It has nothing to do with Sebastian. He doesn’t have a single clue about it!”

Sasha approached the old man and tried to explain herself.

Frederick merely chuckled and said, “Is that so?”

“Yes, I swear! If he has any idea about it, I’ll be run over by a car!”

Desperate to clear Sebastian’s name, she went to the extent of cursing herself.

Frederick finally knitted his brows as if he did not fancy her painting such a gruesome picture.

“Don’t be hasty and curse yourself so. Believe me when I say that he knows about it. How else do you think the share transfer agreements by Peter could stay in your hands for so long?”

“What did you say?”

“I’m saying that he’s seen through your little tricks. As for the ten billion, do you think that Andy can get you that much money in such a short time?”

He held the cup of tea and reminded her with a cold, hard tone.

Sasha was stumped.

She had not given it much thought.

Back then, Peter had shoved the share transfer agreements to her and soon, Sabrina came looking for her. There was no time for her to think it through.

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All she could think about was how she could help him defend the assets that he had poured his heart and soul into building. She was reluctant to let his assets fall into other hands. Hence, there was no time to waste ruminating over the details.

So... what is he saying?

Does Sebastian know?

Am I the one in the dark all along?

Sasha dared not go down the rabbit hole further. Her petite face turned pale with each passing second.

Frederick noticed her demeanor and smiled thinly. "Can you remember? Shrewd as you are, it'd be a piece of cake for you to figure it out. When you were caught red-handed by me in the memorial hall, he came running the next second. What's that telling you?"

A pin-drop silence ensued as Sasha's mind went into overdrive.

She shuddered from the sheer volume of information she had to process.

No, that's not it!

He's not someone like that, that's impossible!

She finally lost it and dashed over to slam on his coffee table. "So what if he knows? Then, it's impossible for him to steal something that he doesn't even want!"

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“No? So what exactly is he doing right now?”

“He’s only doing it for me!”

Sasha finally found her anchor. “That’s right. It was all because of me. I did not want him to give it up, and I wanted to safeguard what he had, so he was trying to fulfill my wish.”

Frederick was rendered speechless.

He sat there as he stared at the hysterical girl. Frederick was at a loss for words.

She knows that b*stard inside out.

That b*stard is really lucky to have met a girl who is wholeheartedly devoted to him.

Frederick grew silent.

He put down the cup of tea in his hand, the corner of his crinkled lips curled into a thin smile. Sasha thought she spotted a hint of relief in the old man’s muddy eyes.

“Are you sure you want to stay by his side? You’ve given up on everything because of him once. Are you sure you’re not going to regret it if that happens again?”

“That’s not what we’re discussing right now,” Sasha said dryly.

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She was still agitated, and could not accept that the old man tried to steer the conversation in another direction. The pent-up fury in her chest was still burning.

The old man noticed her silence. He took something out and placed it on the coffee table.

“This is what you’re looking for. If you’ve thought things through, you can take it away right now. However, I want you to think carefully before you make your decision.”

He did not answer her question and merely pointed at the things on the coffee table calmly.

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