

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 227

Hence, he immediately opened the location, finally verifying his suspicions. The GPS showed the hotel under Hayes Corporation which was located in the city's east. And at that moment, the Emmanuels were hosting a birthday party there!

This damned woman. She wouldn't have gone there, would she?

His face darkened and he ended the call before standing up to leave.

"Mr. Hayes? Are you going out?" Luke had coincidentally come in with a document in hand. Surprise was written all over his face when he saw his boss leaving.

Sebastian couldn't be bothered explaining to him though.

He only pointed at the desk, motioning for Luke to leave the document there. Shrouded in a layer of frost, he grabbed his car keys and took large strides out of his office.

Luke was slightly baffled.

What's going on? Why did he leave all of a sudden?

And his vibe earlier gave me the chills.

Luke shuddered a little before placing the document on the desk and exiting the office.

As soon as he came out, he found that the employees outside had powered on their computers and were watching the recently announced news on the Emmanuel family's birthday party, which was currently the talk of the town.

"Wow! The Emmanuels are really something. They even invited the media to their party."

"It's not that surprising. The Emmanuels are associated with Hayes Corporation anyway. Even Mr. Hayes Sr. is at the party, so of course it's big news. Just look, all the bigwigs are there."

One of the employees pointed out, hitting the nail right on the head.

The others echoed their agreements and continued watching the live broadcast. Luke took a glimpse at one of their computer screens and said, "Seriously? Our president isn't even there, so there's nothing worth reporting."

"True. Our president is the real deal. If he attended, he'd definitely be making the headlines every minute. Why is the media there anyway? What's there to report about?"

"Maybe they thought Mr. Hayes would be attending? Hahaha!"

Joyous laughter reverberated through the office.

Indeed, the attendance of the city's big figures at the Emmanuel family's party alone would not be enough to invite the media over for a live broadcast, even if Frederick was there.

Oddly, after settling into their seats in the banquet hall, the guests found that the big LED screen was broadcasting the very party they were attending.

Matilda asked, "Who invited them? It's just a party. Why were the media invited?"

"I'm not sure. Maybe it was Uncle Frederick? I mean, it's your birthday, so it's normal to get the media over," Philip answered.

Completely oblivious to the truth, the Emmanuels gave all the credit to Frederick.

Since they assumed it to be Frederick's doing, no one continued pursuing the matter. Hence, after the party began, the hall was filled with lively chatter and joyous laughter; it was a vibrant scene.

Sasha came back just then with her emotions already under control and went over to greet Frederick.

Just as she expected, although Frederick greeted her with his usual bright smile and waved her over to sit at his table, she noticed he did not ask Xandra, who was sitting beside him, to move aside.

Her fears had come true.

Thus, she endured the pain and sorrow in her heart. "It's alright. I'll sit at Brandon's table."

"What? No, this won't do. Sasha, come over and sit here, so that the two of you can have a good chat." Xandra hurriedly stood up.

Sasha couldn't deny that her acting skills were top-notch. Even at a time like this, she could put on such a gentle and virtuous facade.

Sasha forced a big-hearted smile onto her face as the Hayes and the Emmanuels at the main table showed displeasure.

"It's fine, sit. Take good care of Mr. Hayes. He can't eat many things at his current age, especially cold things as they can cause physical discomfort."

In response, Xandra feigned awkwardness.

Meanwhile, Frederick's expression changed subtly and his body turned stiff.

He noticed that the child who had called him Frederick all these years had changed her form of address to 'Mr. Hayes'.

Sasha and Brandon walked away to sit at the table furthest away from the main table.

“Do you wanna go home, Sasha?”

“What?”

Holding a fork with a dazed expression, she whipped her head up at his question.

Brandon became even more guilt-ridden just then.

He never thought that he would bring her so much pain today. Seeing her pale complexion and vacant eyes, he felt as though his heart had been pierced by a thousand needles.

“I’m sorry, I never should’ve brought you here.” Brandon lowered his head, his handsome featured lined with regret.

Only then did Sasha understand where this was coming from. After recomposing herself, she forked up a large drumstick and placed it on his plate.

“It’s okay. This was something I had to face eventually.”

“But...”

Brandon was going to blame himself again, but glancing at the woman beside him, he decided to steer the topic away instead. “Then, do you wanna... go rest for a bit?”

“Rest?”