

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 255

"Tomorrow Karl will go with you."

"Huh?"

"And be back by three o'clock."

Sebastian's tone indicated that there was no room for negotiation. After dictating his terms, he turned his attention back to his computer.

Sasha wasn't sure if her intuition was right.

She felt he was more distant all of a sudden. Even his gaze, that was kind and warm a moment before, had turned gloomy and disagreeable.

"Alright, I'm leaving now."

She served the tea hurriedly and left as quickly as she can.

Could something be wrong at the office?

Fortunately, he made her a promise. Even if something went wrong, it wouldn't have anything to do with her.

Sasha returned to her bedroom and relayed the good news to Brandon over the phone. "He promised me I could go tomorrow, but I can't go alone, and I have to be back before three."

Brandon stomped his feet in frustration. "Before three? The Sanders' wedding starts at three! What the hell are you going for?"

Him and his filthy mouth!

Sasha shrugged. "What choice do I have? It was hard enough getting him to agree to out. Do you think he will accommodate me more than that?"

Brandon did not answer.

We'll figure something out when the time comes.

It was possible for Kelly to arrive before the wedding began. She was a close family friend to the Sanders.

At last, the two of them came to an agreement.

The next day, as she was about to leave, Brandon called her with some disturbing news.

“Sasha, did you see? There’s a rumor online claiming that Sebastian is mentally ill.”

“W-What did y-you say?” Sasha stammered, almost dropping the comb in her hand.

Mental illness?

How is this possible? What happened?

She was distressed. Throwing down her comb, she scrambled for her iPad in her bedside drawer.

Brandon was still ranting on the phone. “Didn’t you do online? Apparently a book has been circulating online. People are speculating that the character is Sebastian because of their close resemblance.”

Sasha turned pale.

Ignoring Brandon, she launched her browsing app to see for herself.

He was right. The major search engines were trending with this new piece of gossip. They all seemed to be revolving around a novel.

The Tattoo!

Sasha’s hands shook with fear.

Filled with trepidation, she scrolled downwards slowly, her worst fears manifesting themselves. Someone actually put two and two together to deduce Sebastian’s secret based on a fictional character.

When Sasha was working on the novel, she had based her character on Sebastian. She even included obvious traits like the mole on the corner of his eye.

His eyes were as beautiful as the stars amidst an ocean. The mole was like a shooting star, dashing across his cheek. It left behind a streak of memories. She was always worried that someone would make the connection, but she could not help herself. His features were mesmerizing.

Sasha was a great writer in her prime.

This sentence alone created a cult-like following in adoration of the male character.

They even made comic book adaptations, and the character was cosplayed frequently.

But today, Sebastian Hayes of Hayes Corporation had to endure an attack on his reputation.

Smack.

The iPad in Sasha's hand fell to the floor.

She was shaking all over. A terrifying fear threatened to consume her. The next moment, she had trouble standing upright.

"Sasha, what's going on? Are you alright?" Brandon was concerned with her extended silence.

This silly girl is in shock, isn't she?

These are harmless theories. What is she afraid of?

Brandon quickly comforted Sasha. "Don't worry, these are baseless accusations. Do you really think Sebastian is mentally ill?"

Sasha said nothing.

"I think some people are too bored," Brandon continued. "You wait and see. When the Hayes catches wind of this, they will shut all of them down. Your ex-husband will bury them without mercy for daring to invent such rumors."

Brandon was completely unaware of the truth.

But the fact was, the rate at which this piece of gossip was traveling was rather slow.

It was started by a few insignificant accounts with a small following. Even if people were to take notice, it would only look like a marketing tactic.

Sasha stood motionless for several moments.

Suddenly, the weight of her guilt was too much for her. She bit her lip to refrain from crying out loud.

It was a good thing she did not cry in front of Brandon.

She got dressed immediately and left.