

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 282

The sky was brightly lid when Sebastian woke up.

Where am I?

He was knocked out, so he was lost for a moment when he woke up and saw the carved vintage canopy above his head.

Shortly after, Frederick came in on his cane. When he saw that Sebastian was awake, he sat down at the head of the bed.

“You’re awake? Are you hungry? Should I have Tim bring you some breakfast?”

Sebastian said nothing as his consciousness gradually returned to him.

In the next moment, his terrifyingly dark eyes instantly turned cold. He flipped open the covers and sat up to leave.

Frederick merely observed him without making any move to stop him.

But when the man got off the bed and bent down to put on his shoes, he slowly spoke while staring at his young back. “Don’t worry, for I already have people out there looking for Sasha. Also, I really didn’t send anyone to kill Jackson Blackwood’s daughter. I’ve always been a person who dares to admit my actions throughout the years, and you know that full well.”

The moment his words fell, the young man who was bent over jolted.

Truth be told, it appeared that he was contemplating the veracity of that statement.

Seeing that, Frederick took out the CD he brought with him and held it out.

“If you don’t believe me, here’s the record of the whereabouts of everyone under my command last night. I had Tim compile it overnight, so you can take it home and see for yourself.”

Still, he was greeted by silence.

Sebastian cast a glance at the CD, but he didn’t take it. Instead, he lowered his head and continued putting on his shoes.

Two minutes later, he was done wearing his socks and clothes. Only then did he turn around and look down at his father condescendingly with his usual handsome countenance.

“Who was it if not you?”

“I don’t know, but I’ve already ordered someone to investigate the matter. I gave it a lot of thought last night, and I realized that while the culprit seemed intent on driving a wedge between you and Sasha, he’s actually trying to damage my relationship with you. What do you think?”

Despite being regarded with such derision, Frederick didn’t seem affected. His voice remained calm and gentle.

However, his final comment seemed to have an underlying meaning to it, and one could even sense a faint chill emanating from it.

Hah! Our relationship?

Sebastian’s thin lips finally curved into a frosty arc.

He was very emotional last night, so he didn’t consider that possibility. But it was a different story now that he was calm.

On second thought, that’s indeed true. However, the culprit was probably not vying for a physical or verbal conflict between us. Instead, it’s probably strife and dissension.

“Was it those old shareholders again? Or was it those people from the Hayes family? Are they hoping to pull me down from the position of the heir of Hayes Corporation upon seeing that I’m relapsing again?”

“Shut up!” Frederick’s veins throbbed at once. “I’ll investigate this matter, so you don’t have to worry about it anymore!”

He truly abhorred hearing that since he had expended tremendous effort back then to put him into that position, both in dealing with the protestors and Sebastian himself.

Subsequently, Sebastian started walking away.

“Where are you going? Don’t go and look for Sasha, for I already have people looking for her. Go home. Wendy called this morning and said that the little girl fell sick after crying the entire night because she couldn’t find her mother. She has been sent to the hospital.”

“What? The little girl is sick?”

A trace of concern flashed across Sebastian’s face, and he quickly left.

Vivian, on the other hand, was indeed sick.

Nonetheless, she didn't cry the entire night because she wanted her mother. Instead, it was because she was sick.

"Why are you now only sending her to the hospital when she's obviously been having an allergic reaction? Fortunately, it's not severe, or it might be fatal!" the doctor chastised in distress upon seeing the rashes littering Vivian's body when he was assigned to her case.

When Wendy heard that, guilt instantly flooded her.

Oh God, I didn't know she's been having an allergic reaction! Besides, I didn't give her anything weird last night. I just made some leek quiche which she ate. Does leek cause allergy?

The doctor put Vivian on an IV drip. Finally, the child who had been wailing from the incessant itch fell asleep on the hospital bed from her exhaustion.

Half an hour later, Sebastian arrived at the hospital.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Hayes. I didn't know that it was an allergic reaction. I thought she was bitten by mosquitoes, so I kept trying to keep them at bay. I'm really sorry for not sending her to the hospital right away."

Brimming with self-recrimination and stark regret, Wendy apologized when she saw that her employer had arrived.

An allergic reaction?

Sebastian walked over to Vivian's bed and took a gander. Upon seeing that her chubby face had grown much thinner within the span of a night, a wave of anguish inexorably swept over him.

"Why did she suffer an allergic reaction? What did she eat? And didn't her mother tell you about it previously?"

"No, and she only ate a bit of leek quiche. The doctor confirmed that it was the cause. Mr. Hayes, is there actually someone who's allergic to leek?"

Unbidden, Sebastian was immediately rooted to the spot, shellshocked at the mention of that word.

After all, he was also allergic to leek.

When he was young, his family once made calzone with leek. Finding it delicious, he ate a lot, and it ended up with him being sent to the hospital that day itself.

After that, leek never again appeared in his house, nor did he ever eat calzone again.

It was only after he had brought Sasha back from Clear that he finally started eating it once more since she always made it.