

# Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 287

The assistant was speechless.

What could he say, anyway? His boss had always been smart and diligent, except when things involved a particular woman. That was when Solomon would act completely out of character.

The situation at the time, for example, was something the assistant simply couldn't understand. Why would he jump through so many hoops for that one woman?

"Is everything done? I have been gathering information lately, and it seems that Ms. Nancy is actually thinking about stepping back into the finance industry. The Leonard family, who she collaborated with previously, had fallen. It is likely that she will need someone who is even more powerful to rise back up to the top."

"Yeah, that's why I drank so much tonight," muttered the man before he smiled once more.

He had rarely been that happy. Although he grinned often and sounded cheery when he spoke to others, he rarely smiled genuinely.

The assistant stopped talking and started packing up to get ready and leave.

"By the way, is there any interesting place nearby? Make the necessary arrangements. I will take Nancy and some friends out tomorrow to hang out together."

"Understood."

The assistant turned around and took one look at Solomon before making a mental note of the matter.

He works so hard and so carefully to court this woman. If only he is as hardworking at his job...

The next morning soon rolled by and Solomon got the booking number for a country club. What no one expected was that when Solomon called Sasha to invite her out, she rejected him.

"Sorry, Solomon. Today is... Something came up, and I can't hang out anymore."

Sasha had a tough time rejecting Solomon's invitation at the time. If her action wouldn't get the blanket off of her naked body, Sasha would've truly wanted to kick the man beside her off of the bed.

Je\*k!

Hearing that response instantly got Solomon disappointed. He asked, "Can't you postpone that? It is rare that my friends gathered over today. Andy Rind, in particular, is usually busy because he plays a major role in Wall Street."

Sasha said nothing. She hesitated.

Before she got to say anything, a huge palm slipped to her side and caressed her before pulling her into a hug. Sasha's entire body instantly trembled, and she was affected so much that even her voice seemed off. "N-no," replied Sasha, "Let's meet up some other time..."

"Meet up? Where? And with who? It's so early in the morning. Are you heading out to flirt with that guy again? Did I not satisfy you last night?"

The sexy and deep voice of a man came from the other side of the line, and that got Solomon to clench his fist.

He hadn't had the chance to get to the bottom of the issue before Sasha hung up. Hence, Solomon gripped his phone as he stared at the scrumptious breakfast in front of him. He smashed the phone onto the floor at the very next second and got it to break in two.

"What's wrong?" asked the assistant, who hurried over after hearing the noise.

Solomon, however, never answered.

He stared ahead, and his gaze was murderous and wild, like a tsunami.

Sebastian Hayes!

Yep, he guessed right. The person who interrupted and cut the phone call short was none other than Sebastian.

However, justice was served. Sasha had already kicked the perpetrator off of the bed. After a night of intense love-making, she kicked the annoying man off the bed before he could act up again and demand more time together.

"Get the f\*ck out of here!"

Sebastian didn't respond.

After a night like that, any man would be in a good mood, and Sebastian was so delighted that he wasn't angry despite being kicked out of the bed.

"Fine, I'll f\*ck out of here, but... shouldn't you get me something to wear?"

"Excuse me?"

“Look! You tore my clothes off yesterday, and it’s in shreds now. You don’t expect me to walk out of here like this, do you? I don’t mind at all, but you’re renting this place, and who knows what the owner would think of you?”

That freaking pe\*vert! He actually stood up as he spoke and revealed himself completely in front of me.

When Sasha’s gaze swept past his exposed private part, her blood rushed right to her head and got her to blush hard. At that moment, she was tempted to gauge her eyes out and just live blindly!

“Sebastian Hayes, you freaking.... Ugh, just you wait, I will castrate you, you lunatic!”

After saying her piece, Sasha used the blanket to shield herself and fled.

The naked man remained standing there. His smile became brighter because his tease was successful.

Going against me? You’re bound to lose!

Sasha had no idea where she could go after she ran out of the house. She ended up going to Willow’s place.

Willow was still making breakfast when she suddenly saw a disheveled Sasha rushing in. That surprised Willow, and she blurted, “Nancy? What brought you here? Why were you running this early in the morning? Were you chased by a ghost or something?”

Sasha was speechless.

Ghost? Hell no, the thing that is after me is a monster that is much scarier than ghosts!

Sasha took some time to calm herself down before she entered the place while ignoring the discomfort on a certain part of her body.

“I’m fine. What are you cooking? Is Brandon up? He’s going to go pick Lance up today, so let’s not be late.”

“How would I know if he’s up? He locked himself in the room and played video games all night after he got back. Who knows when he went to bed?” replied Willow as she glared angrily at the second floor.

Willow let Brandon stay in her place because Sasha’s place was too cramped, and the buses didn’t go to that region.

Unfortunately, the second son of the Emmanuel family was like a kid who didn’t know how to behave. He was already in his twenties, but Matilda had been

spoiling him since he was a kid. Moreover, his uncle had been playing favorites with him whenever he visited, so he remained immature.

Despite being an adult, the guy still didn't understand responsibilities and discipline. He stubbornly played and messed around whenever he wanted.

Sasha shook her head. In the end, she had no choice but to walk up the stairs.