

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 413

Her brows furrowed. "I can say the same to you, Solomon. What are you doing here?"

The other smiled placatingly. "Sinch Enterprise recently hired me and they sent me here as a representative."

Sasha eyed him dubiously. Ever since she came to realize that he had lied to her time and again, she took his words with a grain of salt. Knowing that he took down Prime Cloud Corporation just so he could get close to her, she felt she could no longer trust him as before.

"I see. Well, we're leaving now. Have a good day," she said simply and turned to her companion with a beseeching expression. "Shall we go, Sebastian?" If we don't, I'm afraid you'll explode.

The business tycoon remained seated in the chair as if Sasha had not spoken. He thumbed the pages of the publication leisurely, but the air around him was frosty enough to make alarms ring in her mind.

"As far as I know, Sinch Enterprise in Jetroina is a family business leaning quite heavily toward nepotism. The senior management, including their legal team, is run by an oligarchy." He drilled Solomon with a penetrating gaze. "So pray tell, Mr. George, how did you manage this impressive feat of getting into the company?"

Solomon's expression chilled considerably as he levelled the other man with a meaningful look. "You think too highly of me, Mr. Hayes. I'm only an ordinary employee in the company."

"Oh, yeah?" Sebastian returned smoothly, a seemingly genuine smile of civility curling his lips. "For someone who was, and I quote, recently hired by Sinch Enterprise, you must be quite competent for them to send an ordinary employee to this summit."

His remarks were loaded with insinuation. The air between the two men tensed while Sasha gulped imperceptibly.

Solomon scowled, his pleasant countenance long gone. There was a moment when he appeared ready to toss out a retort. In the end, however, he merely glowered at Sebastian and turned to leave after giving Sasha a parting nod.

"What did you mean by that?" she asked. "Is Solomon somehow related to Sinch Enterprise?"

The cordial smile dropped off his face like it had never been there. "Who knows? Maybe he owns the company."

He narrowed his eyes at her darkly. "Why? Did that strike your fancy?" The tone of his voice was almost petulant, like a temperamental child who refused to be reasoned with.

"No way," Sasha was quick to deny. "Your Hayes Corporation didn't even strike my fancy back then. Why would Sinch Enterprise be any different?"

Oddly, that somehow seemed to have appeased him.

The two of them made their way out of the conference hall. It was not long before Sebastian probed again. "So you didn't fancy me back then?"

"I didn't!"

"Why did you marry me if that was the case?"

Sasha searched her brain for an answer but could only supply with, "I wonder that myself, sometimes."

As soon as those words left her lips, she found herself pressed against the wall of the elevator as Sebastian towered over her. "Say that again?"

The man's large hand gripped her shoulder as he leaned in close. His breath was so hot it was almost scorching.

What's he doing? Sasha blushed crimson, pulse pounding in her ears. "W-What are you doing? Let go. We're in public," she hissed and tried to push him away. It was like trying to push a brick wall.

"No. Tell me what made you marry me first," Sebastian demanded stubbornly.

His childishness was driving her crazy. She glanced at the display panel and was dismayed to see that they were almost at the lobby. "Okay! All right. It's because I love you, happy?" she said, closing her eyes in surrender.

Satisfied with the answer, Sebastian pushed away from the wall but did not release his grip on Sasha. Taking in the sight of her adorably pouty expression, he bent down instead and placed a quick peck on her lips.

Her eyes snapped open at the same time the elevator doors reached the ground floor.

The doors opened and a straight-faced Sebastian sauntered out like nothing had happened, leaving her behind to stare at his retreating figure disbelievingly. Ugh, that jerk!

As the summit would be held over three days, Sebastian made arrangements for them to stay in a hotel.

“Erm... Should I book a room for myself?” Sasha asked carefully when she followed him to the hotel and realized that he had booked the presidential suite.

The latter did not even dignify that with a response and headed straight inside.

He removed his tie, grabbed a bathrobe, and disappeared into the shower.

Not knowing what else to do, Sasha stepped in reluctantly.

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