

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 415

The phone disconnected after his proclamation.

Sasha was in a state of shock. Yancy's son? Solomon is Yancy's son? Impossible!

Meanwhile, the ball was in full swing at the Empire State Tower. To accentuate the summit, the organizers had spared no expense in making the ball into an extravagant affair, including inviting various prominent stars and socialites to attend as guests.

The sound of mingling murmurs and clinking of champagne flutes filled the ballroom. Inhibition lowered under the effect of alcohol as several of Sebastian's acquaintances were beginning to eye the socialites suggestively.

One of them nudged him. "Hayes, want to try your luck with any of the girls over there?"

The latter gave a perfunctory smile in response. "I'll pass," he said with an air of indifference.

Sensing his disinterest, the others left him alone and went to chat up the socialites.

There were two women in the ball who stood out among the rest. However, even the most brazen tycoons present were loath to hit on them.

One of them was an award-winning actress, while the other was the heiress of the Benson family that was practically royalty.

Almost every one of the business magnates had set their sights on the two women, but none of them had the guts to approach them, fearing rejection.

The two ladies cruised their gaze upon the crowd before settling on the lone figure lounging on the ballroom couch.

The said individual was browsing lazily on his phone, mile-long legs crossing over each other indolently. He seemed molded from a different cast as he appeared completely detached from the ball. However, the bored look on his face did nothing to hide his gorgeous features. With dark eyes and angular cheekbones carving downward to a flinty jaw, he was easily the best-looking man in the whole room.

"Who is that?" the heiress asked, her gaze glued on the figure.

One of the organizers caught the question and stepped forth. "Ms. Benson, he's Mr. Sebastian Hayes, one of the top business elites in Astoria."

She hummed by way of acknowledgement. Without further ado, she headed straight to where Sebastian was sitting.

"Hi, I'm Millie Benson." She smiled sweetly, extending a perfectly manicured hand at him. "May I invite you to a dance?"

The rest of the magnates were green with envy. They knew that having the Benson heiress' affection could only mean good things for one's business.

However, they were shocked to see that Sebastian continued looking at his phone as if she was invisible. It was a long moment later that he looked up, apparently finally realizing her presence. "You may not," he said with a hint of annoyance. "Invite someone else, please."

Millie's face fell. "Excuse me?" Her voice was sharp with disbelief. "Don't you know who I am?"

"I don't care," he said tersely. His patience with this woman was quickly running thin.

The organizer from earlier hurried over and tried to salvage the situation. "Mr. Hayes, Millie is the heiress to the famous Benson family."

"And?"

"A-And... It's a good opportunity...?" The man was flabbergasted. Doesn't he realize it's a golden opportunity for him to get the backing of the Bensons and have his business expand internationally?

Sebastian appeared enlightened. He took a leisure sip of champagne from the glass. "I see. You can have the opportunity then."

The crowd was in an uproar. From the way they were looking at Sebastian, one would think he was crazy.

Enraged at being belittled, Millie was ready to teach the Astorian man a lesson.

Before she could do so, however, Karl walked up to Sebastian with a message. "Mr. Hayes, Ms. Wand left the hotel."

"Where's she going?"

"Unclear, but she got into Solomon's car."

The stem of the champagne flute in Sebastian's hand cracked cleanly into half, spilling the liquid all over the luxurious carpet.

