

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 416

A hush fell over the ballroom. Even Millie, who was about to lash out at Sebastian, kept quiet after seeing the thunderous look on the latter's face.

"So that's why she didn't want to attend the ball with me?" he muttered. The rising anger was like a blazing inferno that threatened to boil him from the inside out.

Karl silently agreed, but he did not dare to say that out loud. Instead, he gestured at Sebastian's hand, from which a piece of broken glass shard was protruding. "Mr. Hayes, are you all right...? You're bleeding."

His words fell on deaf ears as Sebastian stood. "Excuse me," he addressed the crowd, "I have some matters to attend. Enjoy the rest of your evening."

The rest watched him leave in stunned silence. None dared to question his abrupt departure, but the murderous look on his face had everyone speculating about what had happened.

Eager to write off the episode, Millie quickly found someone else as her beau for the night.

Meanwhile, Sasha and Solomon were sitting face to face at a cafe.

She had assumed it would take another two hours before Sebastian returned from the ball. By her calculations, there would be plenty of time for her to meet with Solomon and head back to the hotel with her roommate none the wiser.

Expressionless, she demanded, "Go on, what evidence do you have to prove that you are Yancy's son?"

Yancy Young was the best friend of Sasha's mother, Heather.

Back in the day, Heather, Sharon, Matilda, and Yancy were the most well-known socialites in Avenport's upper class.

Coming from a long line of doctors and scholars respectively, Heather and Sharon were renowned for being as beautiful as they were accomplished.

Though somewhat lacking in the looks and talents department, Matilda was one of the wealthiest socialites in the city, thanks to the powerful Hayes family.

The Young family, too, was well endowed, having struck it rich from the real estate business. With riches abound and coupled with good looks, Yancy had never been short of suitors over the years.

Her parents had intended her to marry one who was well-matched in social and economic status. However, Yancy staunchly opposed to such an arrangement. After several fights with her parents, she left home for several months, only to return with a bun in her oven. To say that the rest of her family was displeased would be the understatement of the century.

The news had also sent the entire Avenport into upheaval. Speculations and rumors about the baby's father circulated wildly within the city for months on end.

Heather finally managed to see her best friend after the latter was disowned by her family and evicted from the Young residence.

Yancy told her that she did not regret becoming pregnant, but she had refused to divulge the identity of the baby's father. Not knowing how else to help, Heather had provided her friend with a hefty amount of money before Yancy vanished from the public.

When Sasha's mother received news about her again, it was when someone showed up at her doorstep with an eight-year-old boy. The person told Heather that Yancy had died, leaving behind her son who was now orphaned.

Heather was shocked beyond words. A part of her had always believed that Yancy left to be with the man she loved, especially when she had said, in a firm tone, that she did not regret the pregnancy.

Even till her death, Sasha's mother never found out what had happened all those years ago and who was the child's father.

"I know my mom was sponsoring an orphan who's the child of one of her friends. But she didn't tell me it's someone around me. Why would she hide this from me if it's really you?" Frustrated at the situation, Sasha asked with an irked expression. Solomon said it himself that he attended the same elementary school as I did.

After a long moment of silence, the man sitting opposite her took out an envelope. "My mother told her not to say anything. When I was sent back to Avenport, your mom made arrangements to register my name under a welfare organization. You can take a look—all the documents are here."

Sasha took the envelope and pulled out the contents with shaking fingers.

She could recognize her mother's handwriting on the papers yellowed with age. There was even a photograph of her mother with a young boy.

It's all true then. The shaking had spread from her fingers to the rest of her body, while tears welled up in her eyes.

"Why didn't your mom want people to know who you are? What was she afraid of?"

“She was afraid that someone would try to kill me.”

Sasha’s eyes, still wet with tears, widened in shock. “What? Do you mean the Youngs would...”

Solomon shook his head. “No, not the Youngs. It’s my father. He’s a man who would kill his own flesh and blood if it meant covering up his past mistake.”

A sardonic laughter burst forth from his throat. The mention of his father warped his expression into one of pure hatred and contempt.

At that moment, he looked more like a vengeful spirit than anything else. It was the first time Sasha saw him like this. The hairs on the back of her neck stood up at the sight.