

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 426

What are all of these for?

Though it sounded terrible, Solomon had to admit that Sasha was right. Those plans were formed out of the twisted whispers of his delusional heart.

Without a word, Solomon measured out another dose of medication to replace the one that Sasha had swept out of the nurse's hand earlier that day.

Turning pale, she was on the verge of wheeling herself out of the room.

I would leave this place if I were not in the state that I'm in.

However, at the first signs of movement, the ferocious man dragged the wheelchair back.

"What are you doing? Let go of me!" Sasha began struggling in vain.

After Solomon had dragged her back, he grabbed her chin roughly and forced her mouth open. With one quick jerk of his hand, he had forced the pills down her throat.

Sasha coughed as she choked, her face turning bright red. Solomon responded by tipping some water into her mouth.

His voice had resumed its original gentleness. "Nancy, you were right. I was looking for excuses. However, do you know the reason why?"

Sasha spluttered.

"You are the reason. Did you know how upset I was when I heard that you were supposed to marry him when you were only eighteen?"

Sasha had finally subdued her cough when Solomon hugged her.

Holding her gently as if she was a precious jewel, he carried her from the wheelchair and placed her onto the bed before sitting himself down on the chair next to her.

Throughout the entire motion, his eyes had never left her face.

Sasha was eighteen back then, a blushing bride who was happy to be marrying into the Hayes family.

Little did she know that at that moment, a man across the ocean who was three years her senior was working hard on their future under oppressive circumstances.

Solomon had made up his mind. Even if the Wand family had collapsed, he would help them back on their feet.

Solomon would want Sasha to continue living a luxurious life in which she was accustomed to by giving her a home that was even grander than what her father had provided. It was meant to be a repayment of the financial aid they had provided to him over ten years.

However, all of the careful planning had been destroyed the moment Frederick proposed for Sasha to marry into the Hayes family.

Lost in thought, Solomon remained seated for a long time.

The people on the other side of the door had begun to conclude that he was going to remain on guard as he did after Sasha's surgery a few nights ago. However, he suddenly emerged.

"Mr. George..." the nurse called out in concern.

Solomon did not even look at her. Instead, he summoned his butler.

"Did you find the person we'd discussed?"

"Yes, sir. But when the Wand family collapsed, she had returned to her village. It's pretty far from here, and she is not as young as she once was..." the butler answered hurriedly, anxious to deliver the news.

Solomon nodded in satisfaction.

The butler hesitated for a moment before blurting out, "Mr. George, the doctor had called today to inform to restrict Ms. Nancy's consumption of the medication. If she continued, she would..."

The butler trailed off, though his meaning was quite clear.

The thing that scared him the most was the indifference of his employer.

"Continue to make her take them. Without my order, she cannot stop. Are you clear?"

"Yes, sir. Crystal clear," the butler answered at once.

You would rather cripple her and force her to remain by your side. Mr. George, why would you do such a thing? He thought as Solomon departed.

At Hayes Corporation in Avenport, Sebastian had returned to work after half a month of absence, ready to regain control of his company.

The employees gossiped a great deal regarding the nature of his extended leave, though nobody dared to openly display their displeasure or voice their opinions.

They were all aware that Frederick was capable of very cruel measures.

“Mr. Hayes, here is the report of the DNA test that you had asked for. Lance and the deceased are not related.”

On that morning when Sebastian arrived in his office, Luke had excitedly showed him a report and informed him of the results of the test he had asked for, which was negative.

A negative?

Doesn't that confirm that the ashes are not Sasha's?

Sebastian was filled with joy at the news. Momentarily losing control of his faculties, he swayed on the spot.

“Mr. Hayes, are you okay?” Luke hastened forward to hold his employer steady.

He shook his head. After a prolonged effort, he had managed to placate the fear in him. Then, he walked into his office slowly and sat down.

It was a clever ruse.

As the body had been mutilated by bullets, cremation was the only possible course. That ensured that obtaining a DNA sample to affirm the body's identity was impossible.

The people who had plotted this had thought it through. If it weren't for the hope that his children had given him, Sebastian would have accepted the ashes to be Sasha's and thought no more of it.

Sebastian had regained control of his life. Whipping out his phone, he called Karl who was out running his errands.

“Mr. Hayes, there's no sign of movement here on my end. Solomon has been very careful; during his stay at Jetrouna he had been careful not to draw attention. It's only him and an assistant of his who went back to the country recently.