

# Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 444

Solomon went back to Avenport.

He moved back into the apartment that Prime Cloud Corporation gave him.

As it was located in the center of the city, he could gaze over the whole city at night.

Naturally, the most iconic building in the city—Hayes Corporation—stood out among the other buildings.

“Sir, I’ve checked. Sebastian has yet to return. Frederick and Sabrina are the ones currently managing Hayes Corporation.”

At that moment, his assistant entered his room. Seeing him gazing at Hayes Corporation, the assistant briefed the situation of that company to him.

Prime Cloud Corporation was actually situated near Hayes Corporation.

When Sasha first came to this company, she had noticed this.

What Sasha didn’t know was that the man who had been sponsored by her mother, and who told her that he was merely an employer at Prime Cloud Corporation, was actually the boss of Prime Cloud Corporation.

In fact, Prime Cloud Corporation was not founded by Solomon and several shareholders, but a secret investment project from Sinch Enterprise.

Most importantly, the primary purpose of the company was to spy on Hayes Corporation.

Solomon was still standing by the window.

He did not pay much attention to who was controlling Hayes Corporation, but he was concerned by the part that mentioned Sebastian had yet to come back.

He stared into the horizon, with his face devoid of expression.

“Has she not recovered yet?”

"No. She had just completed an operation yesterday. But I heard it's merely a start. No one knows if she could ever fully recover."

The assistant replied honestly.

Upon hearing that, Solomon lowered his head despondently as though he was in despair.

If one observed closely, one could even see his shoulders trembling slightly.

"Mr. George?"

"Do you think that I'm a bad person?"

After a long silence, Solomon asked the question with a trembling voice.

The assistant shook his head right away. "Not at all, sir. After all, you didn't mean it. You didn't know the drug would cause such a big effect on Ms. Nancy."

"I did it on purpose. I wanted to use the drug to control her and make her stay with me forever!"

Losing his calm, he turned around and yelled at the assistant with his eyes filled with exasperation.

The assistant paled in shock and took a few steps back.

"Mr. George, you..."

"Get out of my sight right now!" Trying hard to hold back his rage, Solomon pointed at the door with a look of fury.

The assistant immediately ran out of the room.

He was beyond frightened by his rage-stricken boss.

But little did he know that after he left, Solomon collapsed weakly to the floor.

Nancy, I didn't mean it.

Solomon sat on the floor despondently for the entire night.

The next morning, he was wakened up by his assistant's call.

“Mr. George, Trevor called just now. He asks where we should meet.”

“Let’s meet at the graveyard.”

After collecting himself, he uttered an address into the phone.

He was on the brink of giving up, and he needed a good reason to carry on. At the moment, the only thing that came to his mind was his mother’s grave.

Back in Lightspring, Sasha’s condition was no longer life-threatening, and she could finally go out to catch some fresh air.

The nurse in charge of taking care of her was still Anna.

“Ms. Wand, where would you like to go?”

“Let’s go to the front yard. A patient that lives on the same level as mine always goes over there. Maybe I’ll see her there.”

Sasha recalled the patient who used to chat with her.

But to her bewilderment, Anna told her that that particular patient had passed away two days ago.

She passed away?

Sitting in her wheelchair, Sasha fell into silence for quite a while.

As a doctor, matters regarding life and death were never a big deal for her.

But now that she had become a patient herself, her perception had changed a bit.

When she thought about how a lively human who was still talking to her enthusiastically just a few days back was now gone forever, it felt like a significant blow to her heart.

Besides, she herself was on the brink of death. As such, she could really feel the impact of her wardmate’s death.

“What’s wrong? I hear from Anna that you’ve been moody since you came back from your walk.”

Just as Sasha was sitting decadently in the ward, Dr. Moore entered and asked her the question in his usual hoarse voice.

Sasha was slightly baffled by the doctor's sudden change of behavior. What's with him? He's usually cold and indifferent toward me.

Raising her head, she glanced in the direction where the doctor's voice came from with her sightless eyes.

"Dr. Moore, how much of a chance do I have to live?"

"What?"

"I still need to go through many operations, don't I? What's the odds of me coming out from the operation alive? After cutting my blood vessels, how much probability do they have to function normally in the future?"

Sasha fired a barrage of questions at the doctor. Her eyes were filled with misery—the same misery back when she was having her first operation.