

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 414

Once inside, she could tell why Sebastian had not replied to her. The presidential suite had multiple rooms, including several bedrooms, living room, study, mini indoor gym, and even direct access to the rooftop pool. Hence, it would be redundant for her to book another room.

Sasha claimed one bedroom as her own and changed into a set of comfy lounge wear. Phew, finally able to relax a little.

Meanwhile, Karl arrived at the suite to fetch his boss. "Mr. Hayes, the organizers called. Tonight's ball is starting at seven. Would you like to leave now?"

"What time is it?"

"It's six-thirty now, sir."

The ball was an age-old tradition of the summit, to welcome the business elites and to act as a platform for networking.

Sebastian nodded and headed to his room to change, emerging shortly after in a different business suit. Clasp the watch on his wrist, he glanced sideways at the door to Sasha's room. "Go get her too," he told Karl.

The latter tried to hide his surprise. Does that woman have to go too? She's so green and inexperienced... What if she makes a fool of herself at the ball and ruins Hayes Corporation's reputation?

Since his boss had given him the order, however, Karl had to set his qualms aside. He went to knock on Sasha's door.

A muffled voice came from within. "Who is it?"

"Ms. Wand, Mr. Hayes sent me to ask if you would like to attend the ball tonight."

The door clicked open, revealing Sasha sprouting a messy hair bun and wearing a pair of nerdy, black-rimmed glasses that appeared to be too big for her face.

"Do I have to go?" She waved the notebook in her hand. "I want to go over the notes I've taken earlier today."

Karl cocked a brow in condescension. She wants to give the ball a miss? This woman really can't tell chalk from cheese, can she?

"Forget it, then," Sebastian said coolly. "Karl, we're leaving." He pocketed his phone and made for the door with his bodyguard in tow.

Happy to have some peace to herself, Sasha retreated to her room where she continued to pour over the notebook. The knowledge contained within was more important to her than anything else, much less the ball.

However, her train of thought was once again interrupted when the phone rang.

"Hello. Who's this?"

"Nancy, will you come down to the hotel lobby? I'd like to talk to you," Solomon said on the other end.

A frown marred her pretty features at the sound of his voice. "No, sorry, I'm busy."

Despite her outright rejection, Solomon was persistent. "I'll wait for you. You can take as long as you like."

Why can't he take no for an answer? Annoyed, she put aside the notebook. "Solomon George, what is it that you want? I've already told you we shouldn't meet again."

"But why? I don't understand. It isn't fair to me if you're breaking off relations with me just because I've lied to you."

"How is this not fair to you?" Sasha raised her voice incredulously.

"Sure, I did lie to you, but everything I've done is for your good. I helped and took care of you. What has Sebastian done? He treated you like trash and trampled all over your heart, yet you've forgiven him over and over again. This isn't fair!"

Self-absorbed, much? A frosty anger settled over her face. If there was one thing she hated, it was to have others butting their noses into her personal affairs. Whatever transpired between her and Sebastian, it was their problem and no one else's. Solomon had clearly crossed a line when he compared himself with Sebastian.

"You're wrong, Solomon," she replied bluntly, no longer caring if it would hurt his feelings. "Sebastian is my children's father. He's family. You, on the other hand, are nothing to me. Can you see the difference now?"

There was nothing except deathly silence from the phone after she finished speaking.

She was about to hang up when Solomon spoke up again. "Okay, so that's how it is. I'll get out of your hair for good once I return you your mom's stuff."

His words caused her heart to skip a beat. Sasha tightened her grip on the phone. "What do you mean? Why are you bringing up my mom all of a sudden? What does she have to do with anything!"

Solomon laughed coldly. "Because Yancy Young is my mother. I'm the orphan your mom sponsored for a decade!"