

# Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 485

“He’s leaving?”

Sabrina who had just been allowed to take some food back at the Hayes found herself losing appetite after listening to Sasha. “Where’s he going?”

“I don’t know. I saw someone introducing a pilot to him, telling him to contact the pilot any time he wants to leave.”

Sabrina was at a loss for words.

She knew that her brother’s condition was about the same as what the woman had described.

After the Hayes had regained power, their financial support had been cut off. Hence, Sabrina was not at all surprised when she heard Sasha saying that Sebastian was contemplating leaving.

“Didn’t you try explaining to him?”

“I did, but he’s not listening. Besides, I tried your suggestion and sounded him out in the game but he was not walking his talk.”

Sasha cried as she sat on the grass clutching onto her phone.

Sabrina was rendered speechless.

She tried to bite her tongue but to no avail. In the end, she decided to spill the beans and said, “Don’t blame him, our father said some nasty things to him the other day.”

“W-what?”

“My father thought that Sebastian was behind the idea of us stealing from the memorial hall and reprimanded him. He accused Sebastian of being a hypocrite, claiming that my brother was merely feigning disinterest. My father even challenged him to let him know straight away if he was indeed after it, chiding him for being a coward for hiding behind two women.”

Sasha felt an epiphany hit her.

She stopped in her tracks right then and froze on the ground.

Did I hear her wrong?

How could a father say that to his own son? Did he know what it truly meant, and how deep his words could cut?

Sasha finally stopped crying.

She felt a chill down her spine as the pang of realization hit her. A sense of remorse and guilt washed over her.

What have I done?

How could I let him suffer such indignation? And yet I have the audacity to wonder why he's still mad at me?

Sasha was on the brink of losing her mind.

Then, she dashed to the roadside and halted a cab. "To the Hayes Residence at Gold Street."

"Sure, Miss."

The cab sped toward her destination.

Upon reaching the place, she was rather disappointed to hear someone telling her that Frederick was not in.

"Sasha, why are you here? Do you think you haven't already caused enough trouble for Sebastian?"

The man who walked out of the Hayes Residence was Sebastian's cousin, Saul Hayes.

He was the eldest son of Ethan, and the man grimaced at the sight of Sasha.

Her eyes went red at his remark. "No, that's not it. Saul, I'm here to explain to Mr. Hayes that this has nothing to do with Sebastian."

Of course, Saul would not believe in her.

His face darkened before he turned around to head inside the house.

Sasha started to get exasperated and dashed over to stop the man. "Saul, please believe me. I really want to explain it all to Mr. Hayes so that he can apologize to Sebastian. Otherwise, things are going to go out of hand."

Saul was stumped for a moment. He thought about Sebastian for a moment and decided to tell the woman.

“He went to the nursing home thanks to you guys.”

Nursing home?

Is it the one that I’ve been to when I was still working at the hospital?

Sasha wasted no time and got the address. Then, she dashed for the nursing home right away.

She was adamant about meeting Frederick. Sasha could not stand idly by as Sebastian was being chided, for she knew that the man had always been a sensitive one. She could not even begin to imagine how traumatized he would be by his father’s words.

Sasha sped through the traffic, eager to get there as soon as possible.

She almost could not pull herself together at the thought of the indignation and wrath that the man had endured because of her.

After about forty minutes, she finally reached the nursing home.

Sasha knew she reached the place just in time because the familiar Rolls-Royce was parked right at the driveway.

Sasha got off the car and dashed into the home.

The home reminded her of her own unbecoming past.

She still remembered the day when the cold breeze blew past her face. It was the first time she had stepped into the place after she came back from the dead.

The old folks who recognized her were beyond excited at the sight of her.

However, things are different now.

Sasha braced against the cold wind with fury written all over her face as she was distraught with disappointment.

“Wait a minute. Who are you? Why are you here?”

“I’m looking for Frederick Hayes. Where is he?” Sasha snapped.

The woman was boiling over with rage that she enunciated his full name.

The nurse in charge turned pale.

Frederick Hayes?

Did she just utter the president's full name? Who is she?

Just when she was about to ask someone to chase Sasha out, a silhouette appeared from behind the two women.

"Let her in. She's Mr. Hayes's guest."

"Oh... Okay."

Sasha finally got what she wanted.