Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 536 - 540

There had been a restructuring among the shareholders of Hayes Corporation. The new president would also be declared.

The restructuring within the Hayes Corporation shook the entire business industry. Once the news was spread, the local, state-owned media and even some international news agencies had gathered there.

The entire press conference was crowded.

Yancy didn't enter the venue.

Instead, she gazed down from the penthouse suite, feeling satisfied with the spectacle below.

"Mrs. Tsurka, we just received news that Sebastian has departed."

"Excellent."

Yancy was getting excited.

She picked up her purse and left the hotel like a queen.

It was exactly nine in the morning when the representative from Hayes Corporation had finally arrived at the press conference.

"It really is a restructuring. I don't recognize a single person."

"Exactly. There were so many shareholders in the past. Yet now, there are only two up on the stage. What does this mean? Is a mega-corporation like Hayes Corporation left with only two shareholders?"

"No way. The total assets of Hayes Corporation had reached up to a couple trillion."

"Let's wait for Sebastian. There's still the uncertainty with Solomon. Not sure what is up with him. So it will be best to wait for Sebastian's announcement."

A few reporters started discussing as the representatives from Hayes Corporation arrived.

They merely saw two representatives up on the stage. One was Solomon, and the other was a representative from Sinch Enterprise.

Who would believe it was the restructuring of a mega-corporation with only two people up on the stage.

And so they habitually put their hope on the yet-to-arrive Sebastian. They still regarded him as the president of Hayes Corporation.

Yancy had arrived and was waiting in the lounge at the back.

She sneered furiously at the scene she saw from the security cameras.

"Sebastian? Good. Just wait then. I'll show all of you how your long-awaited Mr. Hayes will fall from his grace."

Every word she had spitted was layered with deep hatred and a twisted sense of revenge.

It was the same with Solomon.

He clenched his fists tightly at the ignorance of the reporters.

This is the difference between me and him.

I'm the actual son of Frederick's. But all these years, I was the one who was ignored and looked down on.

Even my own father didn't take me seriously.

Hence, my urgency to organize this press conference. I need it to regain my position. I need to make my identity known to all.

Solomon continued to wait silently.

However, he hadn't expected Sebastian to be late. The press conference had started half an hour ago, but Sebastian was still not there yet.

"What happened? Why isn't Sebastian here yet?"

"Is Sebastian planning on not showing up? Is Solomon making fun of us? He was the one who organized this press conference. I know he was only acknowledged by the Hayes recently."

The reporters started to lose their patience at Sebastian's absence.

Solomon's face darkened at their remarks.

"Hurry up and check what is wrong? Why isn't he here yet?" he instructed his assistant harshly.

His assistant broke out in a cold sweat.

How would I know about it? The information I received was they have departed, but I don't understand why he is still not here yet.

The assistant immediately took out his phone and was about to call to inquire about the situation.

Unexpectedly, before he could do that, a commotion broke out at the venue.

When he lifted his head to glimpse, he noted a few people had entered.

"It's Peter! He's the original shareholder of Hayes Corporation. They're here!"

"Right. The original shareholders are here. Does that mean the restructuring won't have much of a change?"

Instantly, all the reporters were pointing their cameras at those who entered.

The mood of those on stage and Yancy soured at their appearance.

Why are they here?

At that moment, Peter and others who had arrived started greeting the reporters enthusiastically.

"Hi, everyone. It has been a while."

"Mr. Miller, you're finally here. I really thought Hayes Corporation would undergo a major change from the restructuring."

Peter didn't reply to the reporter's comment instantly. He chuckled then led the others up toward the stage.

"My apologies for our tardiness, Mr. Solomon. I hope you won't mind."

Peter was a sly, old fox.

He merely cheerily greeted the glare from Solomon and the representative from Sinch Enterprise.

Solomon could merely endure and keep his anger in check at Peter's words.

"No, I don't. Please take a seat." He gestured to the seat beside him.

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 537

Solomon thought it was not a bad idea after all. He was not the least concerned that Sebastian and the others were coming to the press conference. The reporters could see for themselves how he was about to chase Sebastian out of Hayes Corporation. That would save Solomon the trouble of informing the media about it later on.

As Solomon expected, not long after Peter and his group arrived, Sebastian showed up. Their arrival sparked a commotion among the reporters.

"Mr. Hayes is here!"

"Finally..."

"We've been waiting for ages."

All cameras were pointed at them as Sebastian entered and clicks of shutters sounded in the whole room.

Sebastian took a deep breath and swept his gaze across the crowd confidently.

He walked right in with his head held high and his back straight. Sebastian took his time to survey the room after he got on the stage as if he was not at all perturbed by the number of cameras pointing toward him.

The way he responded showed he had no qualms about taking charge of the situation.

Solomon, who had been watching Sebastian the whole time, expressed his dismay at the sight.

"Ladies and gentlemen, sorry for the delay." Sebastian's voice sounded calm through the microphone. He pulled out a chair and sat down. "Shall we begin?"

He did not choose to sit in the middle because he knew it did not matter. All eyes would be on him regardless of where he sat.

Solomon's face turned pale knowing things would not turn out as he expected, but he clenched his jaw and took deep breaths, trying to get a grip on himself.

He could not afford to blunder at this point in time.

He turned aside and signaled at his men to bring the contract and the other documents. "Ladies and gentlemen, thanks for coming today. The press conference today is to announce the reshuffling of Hayes Corporation."

"As many are aware, we used to have many shareholders, but as many of them have aged over the years and as the need for further company expansion grows, we have consolidated our shares and we are only left with three shareholders now."

"What?"

"Just three shareholders?"

Everyone was dumbstruck.

Hayes Corporation was a company worth trillions in capital. They could not believe there would only be three shareholders. In fact, they were wondering if Solomon was pulling their legs.

Everyone cast their disbelieving gazes on Sebastian.

"Is this true, Mr. Hayes? Are there only three shareholders left now?"

"Yes," Sebastian admitted without holding back.

Everyone sucked a breath of cold air at his word.

Meanwhile, Yancy had been hawking at the scene from the lounge. When she heard Sebastian's answer, her heart leaped in joy.

Finally. It's time he crawls out of Hayes Corporation like a beggar. I will make sure he falls from the highest point into hell.

Likewise, a smirk curved on Solomon's mouth as he sensed victory was close.

He took out the share transfer agreement and pushed it toward Sebastian.

After Sebastian inherited Frederick's shares, there was no way Solomon could have his hands on the inheritance unless he asked Sebastian to transfer them to him out of his own accord.

If Sebastian were to sign this document, it would mean that he was relinquishing his rights over the thirty-five percent of shares he owned and this decision would be irreversible.

"Sign your name here, Sebastian." Solomon even softened his tone when he was talking to Sebastian. That was his way of showing pity on his enemy before he crushed him.

The room fell into an uproar when everyone saw the share transfer agreement.

Having the ex-president of the company sign this document meant that he could be offering the shares he owned to his younger brother on free will. What will happen to him then?

Everyone was stunned.

They had no idea what to make of what they saw. Everything struck them like a lightning and it seemed like the world they knew was taking a drastic change within just a few seconds.

Solomon, on the contrary, looked exceptionally pleased.

"Sebastian?" He called again, reminding him to sign the agreement.

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Sebastian shot him a quick look and took the document over.

"I have a question for you. I'll sign this immediately if you're able to answer me."

"Fire away."

"Did Dad die a natural death?" Sebastian asked nonchalantly in the presence of everyone.

Solomon was shocked.

What do you mean? Why are you asking this now?

"Why? I thought he died of a heart attack? Why did you ask out of a sudden?" Solomon blurted out.

"Really? I found out that he didn't die because of that."

Sebastian still looked unfazed. He spelled his doubts apathetically when he heard Solomon.

Everyone held their breaths while waiting for the next statement.

They knew things were about to get sensational. This was going to be something mind blowing.

Within just a few seconds, the room iced up and was completely quiet. Everyone waited in anticipation.

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 538

Solomon was getting fidgety at Sebastian's answer that there was something shady about Frederick's death, but he swallowed his nervousness and feigned anger.

"What do you mean, Sebastian Hayes? I know you're trying to divert attention just because you don't want to sign the document. I've clearly told you that it is up to you whether you want to hand over your shares. The company will still belong to both of us if you don't want to do that. Why do you have to make it sound like we're fighting over inheritance and that the company is having internal struggles?"

It was obvious that Solomon was a cunning man.

Even at this point in time, he made it sound as if Sebastian was trying to sneak his way out of the situation because he was unwilling to surrender his shares.

Not bad at all. For a moment, Sebastian saluted the old man in his heart for having brought up a nimble-witted son like Solomon.

Sebastian drummed his fingers on the desk slowly and smiled. "Don't get it the wrong way. I'm more than willing to transfer my shares over, but you'll have to tell me if you have anything to do with Dad's death," Sebastian reiterated his question.

He shot him the same question!

Solomon was at wit's end.

Just as he was busy concocting a plan to completely rid himself of this nuisance, the door was thrown opened and a handsome young man came in.

Behind him was another man in a white coat who was holding something in his hand.

"Who are they?" some of the reporters asked while looking at the two men.

Everyone was confused.

A sense of foreboding budded in Solomon and Yancy's hearts as they watched the two men enter.

"Sorry to disturb you guys. This is the attending physician of Mr. Hayes Sr. He is also serving at the General Hospital in Jadeborough. He has some important announcement to make."

Instead of introducing himself, the young man gestured at the man standing behind him.

"He's from the General Hospital in Jadeborough?"

The surprised crowd shifted their cameras as the doctor came forward, getting ready to make his announcement.

"Hi, I'm a surgeon at the General Hospital. I was the one who operated on the late Mr. Hayes Sr. when he was sent to the hospital."

"Did he die of a heart attack?" a hasty reporter asked.

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"Yes and no. He did die of myocardial infarction or heart attack, but it was drug-induced."

Speaking, he opened the portable refrigerator in his hand and took out a pathological sample of the deceased patient.

What the hell is this?

Everyone sensed things were taking an unexpected twist and scrambled to shift their camera focus, but just as they were doing so, the sample taken from the pathology test conducted on the patient had turned blue in color.

It was as if it was soaked in dye.

"What just happened? Is this really the sample?"

"It is weird, isn't it?" The doctor was quick to answer this question. He was still agitated after finding out the truth.

The reporters were horrified that they kept quiet.

Although they were not doctors, the sample was enough to show that there was more to Frederick's death. Thus, everyone was horrified.

A patient's sample could be a life-saving factor at times so it was usually a fresh specimen.

In short, many tests could still be run on the sample although the patient had died.

But why does the surgeon take it out and show us though?

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Is this really some kind of blue dye?

Everyone was waiting for an explanation from the doctor.

On the other side, Solomon and Yancy turned pale.

Yancy who was hiding in the lounge was petrified.

"We didn't believe a heart attack patient's sample will turn out like this at first. It wasn't until we did some rigorous testing on his bloodstain that we found out that there was a kind of unusual toxin in his blood."

"Unusual toxin?"

"Yes. I asked around among my friends serving in the army and found out that it's one of the latest drugs created by some international crime organizations called Phantasia. It is a highly-addictive drug that paralyzes the users' nervous system and brain."

It took a while for the fact to register. The crowd was overwhelmed with the information.

Solomon did not expect an interjection like this during the press conference.

For the first time in his life, he felt doom was encroaching upon him. His whole body stiffened as fear and fury welled up in his heart.

He was in utter despair.

Yancy looked equally crushed. The gloating expression on her face was nowhere to be seen.

She did not anticipate such a move on Sebastian's side. She did not expect him to find help from the General Hospital.

In fact, she was more taken aback by how she had been blindsided all this while.

She had already planted a spy beside him, but she was totally unaware of his plot. How did this happen?

Yancy was quivering in rage as she did not expect this. Her gaze wandered through the crowd desperately, looking for a familiar figure.

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 539

To her horror, Yancy realized she did not even notice the woman she had been looking for through the screen was actually right beside Sebastian. The woman had her head low all this while.

Why is she not looking down?

Wait...

It finally occurred to Yancy that ever since that woman came in with Sebastian, she had not moved.

The woman simply followed Sebastian quietly like a lifeless robot. Yancy was so preoccupied with Sebastian just now that she completely forgot about the woman.

"What a b*tch!" Yancy cried out in anger, grabbing the first thing she saw and slamming it against the floor.

When people from Sinch Enterprise saw that things were going out of hand, they rushed in toward Yancy.

"We should do something, Mrs. Tsurka. Things are out of our control now. It is time we pull the trump card."

"You mean... Sasha Wand?"

"Yes. She's still confined in Jade Garden," the man said, looking at his watch.

"It's almost time Ms. Sato acts. Why don't we take the chance and send him a few photos so we can shut him up."

Yancy reached for her phone immediately and made a call to Jetroina.

Little did Yancy know, the moment she landed in Avenport, Karl had already arrived at Jade Garden.

"How may I help you?" the maid asked the man.

"Mrs. Tsurka forgot to bring something important. I'm here to pick it up for her."

Karl was wearing a pair of sunglasses and he was dressed exactly the same as those guards working under Yamada. He spoke Jetroinian fluently and had his hands folded in front of his chest as he waited impatiently.

The maid fell for it and opened the gate for him.

"What does Mrs. Tsurka want? I'll get it for you."

"Her toiletries bag and a set of pajamas. She said it's all in a bag."

The maid hurried upstairs to Yancy's room to look for it.

Upon the maid's departure, Karl searched through the whole house at lightning speed, but to his chagrin, he could not find anything peculiar.

Dang! What does Mr. Hayes want me to look for?

Just as he was wracking his brain trying to figure out what Sebastian wanted him to look for, a car pulled up outside.

He sprang to a corner and hid.

A Jetroinian woman who had her hair combed immaculately came out of the car, bringing a doctor into the house.

"Ms. Sato, may I know how old is the woman who is doing a face transplant?"

"She's in her twenties. How long will the surgery take, and how long will it take before she recovers?"

The woman sounded testy from her tone.

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"The surgery won't take long, but if you want to keep her whole face intact, then it will take longer."

"Keep her whole face in one piece?"

"Yes. It will take a longer time if you want me to do that."

"What for?"

"You can use her face for something else. It is way better than artificial skin. It will also look better on the person who receives that face."

The Jetroinian woman paused and thought about the woman locked up in the basement.

She's really pretty.

No, she's very pretty. She has two men head over heels for her.

All of a sudden, the doctor's suggestion sounded tempting to Hanako.

"Keep her whole face then."

"Sure. It'll take longer but I won't disappoint you. Have you decided on which face she'll be receiving?"

"The ugliest one."

She answered without any hesitation.

Karl was appalled having overheard the conversation.

A face transplant?

That old witch sure is crazy! Who is this person getting a face transplant? The ugliest one too.

Karl shook his head thinking about the poor girl's face, but he did not dwell on the matter.

After all, he had received orders to come here to look for something, not to get involved in something else, so he went out.

After a few minutes, Hanako and the surgeon arrived at the secret room.

Creak!

When Sasha heard the piercing sound of the door opening, she instinctively moved to the corner, shivering in her bed.

There was nothing else she could do.

When the light was switched on, she saw Hanako and the doctor behind her.

"What... What are you doing? Let me go!" Sasha shrieked and shouted, trying to resist the two of them, but her struggle was futile.

There was no way she could break free. She was just a sheep waiting to be slaughtered, completely at their mercy.

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 540

It did not take Hanako much effort to subdue Sasha to the bed.

Hanako grabbed her face and turned it toward her forcefully.

"I'm so sorry you're gonna lose this pretty face of yours. I heard that Heather and Mrs. Tsurka were the most beautiful women in Avenport, but now that I take a closer look at you, it seems like your mom is way prettier."

Hanako showed no respect for Yancy in her absence.

What she said was true though. Heather looked way more dashing than Yancy.

Sasha knew Hanako was up to no good. Fear and abhorrence seized her and she started tearing up.

"Don't you even say my mom's name, you filthy b*tch!"

"Ha, well, who cares if I'm filthy. There's nothing you can do anyway. You'd better do as I say before I lose my patience. Who knows if I will rip your face into pieces?" Hanako whispered in Sasha's ears.

Sasha knew she had to do something. She mustered her courage and bit Hanako hard in the hand.

Hanako did not expect Sasha to still have the strength to retaliate.

"Ah!"

An agonizing scream followed as Sasha bit her fingers with all her might.

"D*mn you!" Hanako raised her hand and slapped Sasha relentlessly.

Blood splurted out of Sasha's mouth at the impact.

"What are you waiting for? Cut off her face! Scrape off her scalp too!"

Sasha gathered her remaining strength and struggled all she could, creating a ruckus in the secret room.

When the doctor heard Hanako, she scrambled to get ready for the operation.

Bang!

Just as she was about to anesthetize Sasha, someone flung the door open.

The lancet dropped from the doctor's hand as everyone was taken aback by the loud noise.

Hanako whipped her head around in indignation. "Who the hell is it? How dare you intrude?"

She thought it was the housemaid, but it was not.

A man in a black suit and sunglasses stood at the door. From the looks of it, he did not belong here.

"Who are you?"

"Madam!"

Karl totally disregarded Hanako. His astonished gaze was fixed on Sasha, who was at this point, on the verge of losing her mind.

His loud shout called her back to reality.

It had been a long time since someone called her "Madam".

"Ka... Karl?" Sasha muttered, trying to catch her breath.

She sounded so weak that her voice was very soft, but she managed to call out his name.

Karl was furious at the sight.

He finally understood why Sebastian asked him to rush over to Jade Garden overnight.

Imbeciles!

"How dare you!"

With a thunderous roar, the bodyguard charged forward and cut Hanako's throat.

Before she could even react, something cold slit through her throat, and warm liquid gushed out of her neck like a fountain.

It was a horrendous sight.

She stood no chance before a specially-trained guard.

"Please..."

The frightened doctor wrapped her hands around her neck and started begging for her life, but Karl did not even give her a chance.

In the next moment, he ran his bloody dagger through her body and she collapsed to the ground in a mellow thud just like Hanako.

Everything was quiet after that.

Hanako was still not dead yet. Her eyes opened wide as she breathed weakly, holding on to the last shreds of her life. She stared at Karl in resentment as life seeped away.

"What? Can't think of a reason why you are out of the game so early?"

Karl came over and squatted down in front of her.

Terror spread in Hanako's eyes.

Before she could stare any longer, Karl ran the dagger through her body over and over again.

He did not even spare her face.

Karl went berserk when he saw Sasha. He could not bring himself to imagine what could have happened if he had arrived a few seconds later.