

# Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

## Chapter 30

She actually knows what she's doing!

He had this particular thought in his mind seconds before falling into a deep slumber.

It had been ages since he last slept so soundly.

"He's finally asleep."

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Sasha let out a sigh of relief. For a second, she thought it wouldn't work because his symptoms were so severe that she doubted if she could administer the second needle to its precise acupoint.

Thankfully, everything went according to her plan.

She wanted to take a break, but the moment she pulled the needles away, Sebastian's head tilted and hung down limply.

Seeing that the man was finally deep asleep, she instinctively reached out to cut his head to prevent him from hurting himself.

Thankfully, she managed to stop him in time, but she could feel his cheek on her palm.

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However, the moment his cheek landed on her palm, Sasha felt a numbing yet warming sensation. Horrified, she jolted her hand away as though his head a hot potato.

She couldn't help but find it hilarious because she had warned herself to consider him a stranger in her life. Nevertheless, her reaction to such an unintentional act was beyond her comprehension.

Gone was the arrogant and egoistic man. In his deep slumber, Sasha noticed he seemed relaxed. The frown had vanished. He looked like the perfect gentle with flawless skin, ethereal features and a pair of deep-set eyes with thick eyelashes.

For a moment, she couldn't peel her eyes away. She was reminded of that young man sleeping under the magnolia tree a long time ago.

"Has he fallen asleep?"

"Huh?"

Sasha had the shock of her life when she heard the voice of the little boy behind her. Ian walked over nonchalantly and had his eyes glued to his father on the couch.

"Yes, he's asleep, Ian. Why are you here again? Aren't you supposed to be sleeping?"

Sasha pulled herself together and kept her medical kit.

The little boy paid no heed to her and made his way to his father's side.

Actually, Ian was concerned about his father's wellbeing, but he had always been a boy of few words because of the limited social interaction. Apart from his father, he had no one else to talk to.

"Ian, you don't have to worry about him. Since I'm here, he'll recover in no time."

"Really?"

"Of course! Don't you know, I'm a renowned doctor? I have cured every single patient who has visited me! A mere sleeping disorder isn't much of an issue at all!"

In order to get the little boy to open up to her, Sasha shared the experiences she had gone through as a doctor at Clear Hospital.

After she shared her tales of wonders with Ian, the little boy stopped frowning and felt at ease.

"Okay," Ian replied with a poker face. He was about to return to his room upstairs again.

The confused Sasha asked, "Ian, are you going upstairs again?"

"Uh-huh. It's time to sleep."

To Sasha's surprise, she received a reply when she thought her son would pay no heed to her query again. Perhaps he was grateful she treated his father's sleeping disorder that had been bothering him.

His positive response motivated her. Immediately, she went after her son and asked, "Can I walk back to your room? I'm sure you don't want to walk up the stairs on your own, do you?"

"Thanks, but no thanks!"

She regretted getting her hopes high a few seconds ago.

Nevertheless, she wasn't about to give up just yet. It was such a rare opportunity for her to meet her son in person. She was determined to make the most out of their session.

"Oh! I have brought along a few snacks for you! Are you hungry? I'll go get it for you immediately!"

She took out the brownies with waiting for him to reply.

She had personally baked the brownies when she was at her aunt's place in the afternoon. Initially, she had prepared it for Matteo and Vivian because they loved desserts.

Never would she expect she would have the chance to meet her eldest son in the evening, but when she received the unexpected call from Luke, she brought the last box of brownies with her.

After she retrieved the box of brownies, she handed it over to Ian. However, before he could respond, the housemaid, who had been around since Sasha's arrival, got ahead of Ian and said, "What is this? How can you hand over such filthy food to Ian?"

"I made these myself! Don't worry! Nothing can go wrong with these brownies!" Sasha started explaining when she heard the housemaid's doubts.

The housemaid had no intention of listening to Sasha's explanation at all.

“So what if you made them yourself? Do you know who Ian is? Do you really think he’s allowed to consume food from a suspicious woman like you? Ian, let’s ignore her and return to your bedroom!”

“Y-You...”

Sasha was utterly frustrated by the insult.

As the mother of the child, she wasn’t even allowed to hand over the food she had prepared for her son to him.

Staring at the little boy’s departing figure, Sasha’s eyes brimmed with tears. All of a sudden, she felt suffocated, overwhelmed by tidal waves of emotions. Eventually, she started weeping right by the staircase.