

# Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

## Chapter 141

Sasha arrived at the nursing home while wondering if the nurse came here often, considering her familiarity with the place.

The moment they alighted from the van, the nurse led her to the innermost building, much to her confusion. "Let's go there first, Dr. Nancy."

"Hm? What about the ones outside?" Sasha asked, glancing at the buildings near them in bewilderment.

The nurse seemed to panic a little as she explained, "Dr. Nancy, the ones staying in the innermost buildings are the most serious cases. I think you should take a look at them first."

"Alright then," Sasha said as she decided not to probe further.

However, she noticed how different the building looked from the others.

Besides being impeccably clean, the furniture there was visibly more luxurious, and the employees there seemed well trained and responsible.

Huh, this place looks pretty unique!

She walked into the first ward to check on the patient staying inside, but stopped abruptly when she noticed the nurse that had led her to the nursing home slipping away discreetly.

"What are you doing, Ms. Sullivan?" she asked.

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"Huh? Oh... nothing much... I'm just checking on the other patients!" the nurse said, hurrying back into the room.

Sasha glanced at her again, but she did not say anything else.

The two of them got to work, and they finished visiting every ward after about an hour. Sasha cleared up the documents in her hands and got up to go to another building.

However, the nurse started acting strange the moment they exited the building. She kept fidgeting and looking back, as though she did not want to leave it.

What's going on?

"Hey, Ms. Sullivan? Is everything alright?" Sasha asked.

"Huh?" the nurse exclaimed, whipping her head around to meet her eyes. She shook her head and answered, "I'm fine. I'm just a little tired."

She's just a little tired?

"Alright then," Sasha said, taking the documents the nurse had been holding on to. "Go back and take a break. I'll take over from here."

"Thank you, Dr. Nancy," the nurse said before disappearing out of the front entrance.

Sighing, Sasha had no choice but to get to work. She spent another hour going through the wards and checking on the patients while carrying her equipment and documents along.

When she was done, several employees at the nursing home rushed over immediately.

"Thank you, Dr. Nancy. Can I get you a cup of tea?"

"I'm alright. Thanks for the offer," Sasha said, glancing at her watch. "I have other matters to attend to."

"Alright then. See you, Dr. Nancy!" the employees chorused as they watched her exit the nursing home.

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The winter skies were bleak and grey, and Sasha wondered if a snowstorm was on its way. When she exited the building, she could not help but shiver violently as the cold wind cut across her skin.

"Hm? Where's the van?" she muttered to herself as she stared at the empty driveway in confusion.

Suddenly, a white van screeched to a halt in front of the entrance, almost making Sasha jump out of her skin in shock.

Before she could react, an old, frail man with a walking stick alighted from the van and met her eyes.

It was as though time had come to a stop as they stared at each other in disbelief and shock.

Why is he here?

Is this a coincidence?

Sasha felt as though her head had been split open by a lightning strike, and panic was the only thing left in her mind.

Frederick was no better, but he was more shocked than panicked.

He just couldn't believe what he saw.

He continued to stare at her with wide eyes as his hands began to tremble.

"S-Sasha?"

Sasha did not answer. Instead, she began to shuffle away at top speed.

Frederick called after her and stumbled forward on his walking stick. "Sasha! Wait!"

"Mr. Hayes, please watch your step!"

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“Tell her to come back! Can’t you tell? She’s my daughter-in-law!” the old man shouted as a tear escaped his eyes.

Sasha could hear his cries from afar, and she slowed to a halt immediately.

Why am I running?

I’ll have to face him sooner or later. He needs to know that I’m still alive, after all.

I can’t just hide from him forever!

She turned around to face the old man, who hobbled over to her as quickly as his trembling legs would allow.

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"I'm sorry, Frederick!"

With that, Sasha started crying.

Frederick slowed to a halt and stared at her while panting heavily, his eyes turning red immediately.

"You... you're still alive? Why didn't you... why didn't you tell me? Don't you know how depressed I was for the past few years?" he asked, his voice shaking uncontrollably.

As onlookers watched in much shock and disbelief, Frederick began to sob like a child, despite being over seventy years old.

Sasha's fingers dug into her palms painfully.

She looked up to meet his eyes pleadingly. "Yes, Frederick, it's all my fault. Please don't be too hard on yourself."

She offered him her hands, as though she was waiting for him to punish her.

Frederick simply stared at her wordlessly, the lump in his throat making it hard for him to say anything.

It reminded him of the older times, where she would stand before him and let him scold her as he wished whenever she made a mistake.

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He used to be decisive in his punishments, but as he stared at his long-lost daughter-in-law crying before him, he found himself hesitating.

He let his tears flow freely as he struggled to find words to expressed just how relieved he was to see her again.

A few minutes later, a nursing home employee appeared by his side and helped him into the building as Sasha followed them in silence.

She had spent countless hours pondering over what she should say in the event she met him, and she had been sure that a simple apology would be sufficient.

A lot of time had passed since then, and now she had kids to inform him about.

I'm going to tell Sebastian that he has a daughter too. Maybe I should just come clean with Frederick too?

"When did you come back? Where have you been the past few years? How were things there?" Frederick asked after he had a sip of tea to sooth his emotions.

Sasha looked up with a start. "I've been back for a while, Frederick. I thought you knew everything?"

"Of course I didn't! I just found out five minutes ago that you're still alive! How am I supposed to know where you went or when you came back?" Frederick exclaimed.

Sasha fell silent.

He didn't know about my return?

Didn't Sebastian bring me back just to meet him? Why doesn't he know anything?

Something smelled fishy to Sasha, and Frederick's bewildered expression resurfaced in her mind all of a sudden.

He looked like he really didn't know that I am alive...

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What did he say? 'You're still alive?'

Did that guy hide the truth from his own father?

Why would he do that?

Just... why?

Her heart sank further into her stomach the more she thought about it.

"What's wrong, Sasha? You don't have to talk about it if you don't want to," Frederick said with a wave of his hand upon noticing how uncomfortable she looked.

However, he froze when Sasha's made eye contact with him all of a sudden.

"Frederick... Sebastian brought me back."

"What? Sebastian?"

"Yeah. He found me in Clear, and he told me that he's going to bring me back to meet you. Didn't he tell you that, Frederick?"

Her voice grew softer as she spoke, and Frederick could only stare at her in disbelief.

He was indeed kept in the dark by Sebastian, but something seemed off about Sasha, and he decided to tell a white lie. "He did tell me, but I didn't take him seriously... "

"Stop lying, Frederick. You always look to the left and clench your fists whenever you do that. Why didn't he tell you?"

Frederick fell silent.

His speculation as Sebastian's father was that his son wanted to cut off all the ties Sasha had with the Hayes family before he knew of her return.

"Everything's alright, Sasha. I'll protect you no matter what happens," Frederick said gently.

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"Haha!"

Much to his surprise, Sasha threw her head back and started to chuckle.

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