Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 233

\sim 1	1 /.	•	_
C.D.O.	docent	racaniza	mar
vol i e	UUESIII	recognize	11100
0		.0009	

Can she remember me? Am I losing my mind?

Sebastian steadied himself and approached her cautiously. "Sasha?"

Sasha gazed back at him unblinkingly, through wide and tear-streaked eyes.

However, he saw the recognition in her gaze. It almost seemed as if she was waiting for something.

Sebastian was unable to restrain himself any longer. He took another step towards her. Sasha shrank away from him immediately.

"What are you doing? You are still hurt! Don't move!" He grabbed hold of her.

His touch seemed to agitate Sasha. Distrust became horror as she screamed and twisted herself free from him

"Let go! Let go of me!"

Distraught and afraid of hurting her, Sebastian let her go.

He watched as Sasha cower on her bed like a cornered deer. She buried her head under the blanket and began chastising herself.

Has she really lost her mind?

Sebastian stood by the bed. His limbs and face felt unnaturally cold. He did not know what or how to feel.

Thump.

Under the cover of her guilt, Sasha's thin wrist appeared stealthily.

She was like a thief, feeling her way around the cabinet by her bed, and knocked over a glass bottle.

What is she doing?

Sebastian went towards it, intending on cleaning up the shattered glass.

Sasha watched him through a crack in her quilt and waited for her chance. He was kneeling over the broken glass and caught sight of her staring at him through the bottom of the bed.

"Argh! Why won't you leave me alone? Are you an evil spirit or something? Why am I always dreaming about a scum like you?" Sasha yelled in frustration.

She remained huddled under her quilt, exposing only her angry eyes to glare at Sebastian.

He froze, still on the floor.

In her dreams? Scum?

"Am I missing my son so much that I'm dreaming of the scum?" Sasha furrowed her brows in confusion as she continued to mumble to herself out loud.

It was true that she did not think of Sebastian much or dreamed of him for the past five years.

During her time in Moranta, she had worked incessantly to set up a new life. Besides, she had to sever all ties with her past connections when she faked her death.

Now he stood before Sasha, as clear as day. Just like the same old domineering and stubborn Sebastian that she remembered.

I must be dreaming. Sasha concluded.

She decided to go back to sleep, but before she could, her bare arm outside of the blanket was met with a sudden warmth. It surprised her to see a muscular hand closing over hers.

"Is it true?"

"What?"

"Can you feel me touching you?" The man kneeling before her sounded hoarse. He could wrap her thin wrists in one palm.

All she could feel was her hand being caressed with a gentleness that was shocking to her. Sasha's eyes widened.

How could this be?

Am I still dreaming? He feels so real.

It scared her. Sasha felt overwhelmed by emotions and her throbbing temple. She moaned quietly.

"What's wrong? Are you in pain?" Sebastian asked, panicking slightly.

Several memories surfaced in Sasha's mind. She pictured the man holding her and struggled to form the words from her quivering lips.

"Matteo is missing. Please... find him."

With that, she passed out.

At this moment, the doctors burst in upon the immediate cessation of noise.

After order had been restored, Sebastian heard the doctor's verdict.

"There's nothing wrong with her," he said. "You mentioned she was confused. That may just be a lingering side effect of trauma. Thankfully, Mr. Hayes, she did not lose her sight, or her mind. She is a superb doctor."

The doctor could not help but marvel at Sasha's medical skills.

Sebastian was beyond relieved. His twenty-eight years of life had not been as torturous as the ten minutes it took to wait for the doctor's examination. The suffering was akin to a visit to hell.

He was unwilling to admit it, but it had been the darkest point in his life.

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 234

"That memory disorder of hers, will she recover from it?"

"She will. Didn't you say that while she passed out, her consciousness was in another time period? That tells us that that part of the brain was affected. With some rest, she'll be back to normal in no time."

The doctor gave Sebastian some final reassurance.

Truth be told, Sasha's situation was exactly like what the doctor said. When she woke up the next day, Sebastian noticed that she had remembered everything, including the things that happened before she fainted.

Having said that, Sasha would occasionally be slow to react to things around her.

"Sasha?"

"Huh?" It took some time before she responded as she sat on the bed. Her tiny face turned, looking at Sebastian with a blank stare.

Seeing that she responded, Sebastian picked up the glass of warm water he poured in advance; and the medicine that was left on the side. "Take your medicine. The water's going cold."

She looked tired and took a while to react. "Okay... "

Sasha proceeded to pick up the pills from Sebastian's hand with her cold fingers and stuffed them in her mouth, swallowing them just like that.

Sebastian did not say anything.

He kept his temper at bay and held up the water, directly to her lips this time.

His action astonished Sasha.

Even though her reaction time was a bit slow, she still remembered the things that happened between them. Especially what happened before she blacked out.

Did this man's personality change? Why is he treating me like this? Is it because I'm injured?

As a matter of fact, that was certainly not the case. Even if Sasha was injured, she was injured because she did not want to expose his secrets. Sebastian was oblivious as he thought that Sasha only saw him violently snap a dog's neck when he was five. He did not know that she also saw him do something even more terrifying and violent when he was eleven.

The thought sent shivers down Sasha's back, and she immediately shut her mouth tight.

Her action caused Sebastian to knit his eyebrows.

What's this woman doing? The doctor did tell me she'd be a little slow, but there was nothing about her not listening to me. Truth be told, to him, it looked like Sasha was afraid of him.

Sebastian felt uncomfortable with how she swallowed the pills, worried that she might choke herself. So, he raised an eyebrow before squeezing her chin in his hand.

"Open up!"

Sasha stayed quiet as her eyes widened, staring at him.

Is he... Forcing me to drink? What's he trying to do? Murder?

Her face instantly paled. Looking at him, a layer of moisture formed within her eyes, expressing the fear and shock she was feeling at the moment.

Sebastian was rendered speechless by her reaction.

What's she crying about? I'm just feeding her some water because she might choke herself! But she's crying?

Sebastian's temper was rising as he scolded, "What are you crying for? Do you think I'm going to poison you? Just drink the water, you dumb fool. What's gotten into your head?"

Sasha was stunned. He just wants me to drink? Nothing else?

She was stumped as she looked at him for quite a while before confirming that the man in front of her had no other intentions. Thus, she lowered her gaze and opened her mouth to take a few sips of water.

To her surprise, it was actually just water, and it made Sasha feel a bit awkward.

"Alright, you get some rest. I'll be back after work."

Sebastian, on the other hand, did not notice her unusual behavior. To him, those were all normal because Sasha injured her head.

He picked up his coat and headed towards the door, about to go back to the company.

Sasha remained silent.

However, when Sebastian reached the door, it was like Sasha just heard what he said. So, she immediately stopped him. "You don't have to come. I can take care of myself."

"What did you just say?" Sebastian stopped in place. He was most likely still getting used to how slow Sasha was, so he did not hear her properly.

"I don't think my injury is that serious. I should be discharged soon. Can you send Matteo and Vivian to my apartment? I'll be back in the afternoon," she told him.

Does she actually want to leave? More than that, she's asking me to send her children to her apartment?

Once Sebastian caught on, his expression immediately darkened. "Are you disobeying me again? Maybe I should lock you up."

"Huh?" Sasha was dumbfounded and her expression bleached.

Lock me up?

Sebastian was quiet as he calmed himself down.

Eventually, he softened his tone, "You've not fully recovered yet, so you need to stay here for a few more days. I'll let you go back once you're healed. Can you please listen to me?"

The last part of his sentence was spoken very mannerly, as though he was coaxing a child.

That being said, Sasha was still pretty much afraid of what Sebastian said in his previous statement.

Indeed, she had not fully recovered. That was why her reactions were all very slow. And all she could think about now was what Sebastian said prior because of the shock it gave her.

Does he actually want to lock me up? He's afraid that I would run away. Now that he knows I saw what happened that year, he's trying to keep me by his side at all times; so I don't spill his secret.

For Sasha, locking her up seemed to make sense.

What then? Imprison me forever? Or... He might just execute me!

That idea sent chills down her spine. It felt like she got stabbed as a sharp pain came pulsing from her heart, making it hard for her to breathe.