

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 67

“Huh? The kid? Do you mean Ian? He’s asleep, why?”

Wendy was busy looking for a dry towel, having noticed Sasha’s soaked hair and clothes and afraid that she was going to catch a cold.

Sasha blinked owlshly.

Ian is asleep?

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Then, why is Wendy still waiting up for me...?

“Found it! Dr. Wand, please dry yourself off with this first. I’ll make some chicken soup for you before you go off to the third floor.”

“The third floor?”

“Yes. You came here to do acupuncture on Mr. Hayes, didn’t you? I think he’s still awake, although I haven’t seen him come out of the study since he first went in. You should hurry up and see him before he goes to sleep, and then you can go home early too,” Wendy explained as she handed Sasha the towel, ushering her up the stairs.

Sasha just remained quiet.

Wendy had merely made her own choice to wait up for her. Maybe it was Berta who, before leaving, had told her that Sasha would come over every night to provide medical care for that scum.

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Should I go up?

Sasha didn't want to budge an inch, feeling especially drained when she recalled how they'd fought in his office that morning.

Other than disgust, she realized that she could find no word to describe her emotions towards him.

"Dr. Wand?"

"Okay," Sasha sighed.

After all, she had promised her son that she would help to treat his Daddy.

Sasha trudged up the stairs with heavy footsteps.

On the third floor.

in fact, Sebastian was still awake and currently having a video conference with some of the higher-ups from his company.

It was the middle of the night. If Sebastian chose to have this kind of video conference at this ungodly hour while he was still sick, his colleagues would understand. After all, he had to share the pain of not being able to sleep at night with someone, even if it meant torturing his subordinates.

But he was apparently receiving treatment for his illness, and the treatment was effective!

So why is he still doing this?

Doesn't he think that he's being too unreasonable?

"Uh... Mr. Hayes, my son is crying, may I go feed him?"

Having had to sit through the meeting for two hours straight, one of the higher-ups finally couldn't take it anymore and bravely raised a hand up in front of the camera.

The meeting instantly went quiet.

On the other side of the computer, Sebastian's expression darkened.

"You're not a woman. Why do you need to feed your child?"

"It's not that, Mr. Hayes. My wife has been carrying my son and trying to get him to feed him for two hours, but she has not eaten anything. So nothing is coming out and I need to try and feed him some formula milk."

There was a full five seconds of silence before Sebastian growled out, "Scram!"

The new father happily left the meeting as ordered.

Almost instantly, everyone else started following suit, their eyes sparkled with hope as they started to speak up. "Mr. Hayes, may I go take a shower?"

"Mr. Hayes, I'd like to leave for a second. My wife has been calling for me and complaining that she's cold. Can I go warm the bed for her?"

Just as everyone thought their boss was going to start breathing fire through the screen like a dragon, they heard a knock through Sebastian's video camera.

"Sebastian Hayes? Are you there?"

What?

"Sebastian Hayes"?

Who dares talk to Mr. Hayes like that? And to call him by his full name, too? Who is that? Not even the boss' future wife, Xandra is that casual with him.

So who could it be...?

Everyone's eyes widened, completely forgetting the racket they had caused.

Unfortunately for them, Sebastian immediately slammed the laptop shut in the next second.

Sasha, standing outside his door, had planned on knocking once and then leaving if there was no immediate response from him.

It was already hard enough for her to come this far.

But she didn't expect to instantly hear the sound of a chair being scraped against the floor, followed by the door opening from the inside.

A warm light illuminated Sebastian from behind, and she could see cream-colored walls and wooden furniture when she looked past him. The study was clearly designed with a warm-toned palette in mind, completely different from the rest of the house.

He was also wearing comfortable, casual clothing that contrasted starkly with his usual cold and stern demeanor.

"I'm here to help with your acupuncture treatments. Since you're not asleep yet, we should get it over with as soon as possible."

Sasha avoided looking at him, her tone was cold and hollow as if talking to a stranger. She was just doing her job as a doctor, and he was just her patient.

Sebastian's mood worsened at the sight of her expression.

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"What happened to you?"

Sebastian's gaze swept over her wet hair and rumpled clothes.

Sasha was still wearing the same clothes from when she went to his office in the afternoon. They weren't particularly special clothes, but at the very least they were clean and dry.

Was she robbed or something? Why does she look like this?

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And what's wrong with her face?

Sebastian looked at her closely with a more critical gaze. Her appearance was rather presentable. Although she wasn't as pretty as Xandra, her features were still fairly attractive in their own right. Her eyes stood out especially, looking bright and clear like jewels sparkling under the moonlight.

But now, those eyes were swollen and red. What happened?

"It's nothing. The wind was really strong when I was coming in," Sasha explained curtly.

She didn't stop to consider if his question was out of concern for her. After all, why would he be? What a joke! He was probably just scared that she might lose control of her emotions again and disturb his work, or something else along those lines.

Brushing a stray lock of hair aside, she asked impatiently, "Have you decided where you want to be while you I perform the procedure on you?"

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He felt a flash of anger at the woman's ignorance but decided to show no sign of it as he left the study without another word.

Sasha following behind him.

Two minutes later, they arrived at a large bedroom decorated entirely in monochrome colors. As they walked in, Sebastian picked up a remote control and turned on the heater.

Sasha suddenly did a double take.

Is this his bedroom?

She instantly grew uneasy and disgusted, remembering that another woman used to sleep in this very room.

But what puzzled her was that when Sebastian went to the closet to take a blanket, Sasha only saw rows of men's shirts and suits. She didn't seem to spot a single piece of female clothing.

Huh?

As she tried to take another look, a white towel was suddenly flung in her direction.

"I don't have any women's clothes, so dry your hair off with this." Pausing for a moment, Sebastian seemed to realize that his gesture seemed a little too caring for his taste. "Don't fall sick and pass it on to the kids!"

Sasha stood unmoving for a moment before finally placing the towel over her head, and slowly drying her hair.

She knew that people were more prone to fall sick after standing in the rain, especially during this time of the year. Even though she escaped death a few years ago, she had given birth to three premature babies at once. As a result, her health was already severely compromised, and her body might not be able to handle a simple illness.

So, she wasn't really in a position to refuse him.

With the rising temperature in the room and her hair finally dried, Sasha felt much more comfortable. She picked up her medical kit and walked towards Sebastian, who was lying on the sofa.

"Have you slept today?"

"No."

"What about your medication?"

"I have taken it..."

Just like a normal conversation between a doctor and a patient.

Holding her hand out, Sasha said, "Your arm, please. I need to check your pulse."

He turned his head slightly to stare at her outstretched hand. Her slim, pale fingers were slightly red at the joints. After a long while, he finally stretched his arm out.

This was a very strange feeling.

He still saw her as the nineteen-year-old girl he married several years ago. Back then, as soon as she first set eyes on him, she'd stumbled all over herself and was too shy to even look him in the eye.

Since when did she become so... cold?

As she gripped his arm, Sebastian couldn't sense a single trace of the fear and nervousness she once had.

"When did you learn to do all this?"

"What?"

Sasha's eyes darted towards him, still focused on taking his pulse.

"Do you mean this?"

"Yes. I remember that you didn't study medicine. How do you know how to do all this?"

Sebastian's gaze fell on his wrist. There was still a hint of leftover coolness on his skin from where Sasha had taken his pulse. It wasn't a large area nor very cold, but there was a little sensation on the small spot of flesh.

"Have you forgotten that I come from a family of doctors? My mom studied under my grandfather ever since she was young. Then, she inherited his legacy after she grew up. If she hadn't married my father, she would likely be set to inherit the Blackwood family business right now," Sasha told him, her tone slightly sour as she pulled out a long needle from her kit.

Sebastian coughed awkwardly.

He had, indeed, forgotten that her Uncle Jackson and his family were running a healthcare business.