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# Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

## Chapter 383

Sasha finally booked flight tickets to depart tonight.

She thought she had to leave as soon as possible because the place was unsafe.

After booking the flight tickets, Sasha began to pack her things.

However, it was inconvenient because she could only stand with one leg. Hence, she went to the next room to ask Lance to pack their belongings together

“Lennie, what are you doing now? Can you help pack the luggage for me?”

Sasha hopped on a single leg to the next room and knocked on the door twice, yet no one responded.

It appeared that no one was in the room.

That’s wired. Where is he?

Sasha turned around and hopped back to her room to get the room card.

In fact, Sasha and Lance always gave a spare room card to each other whenever they were outside.

When Sasha opened the door, she was shocked to see that the room was pitch dark. Although it was bright outside, Lance deliberately pulled the curtains to block out any light.

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"Lennie, what are you doing? Why did you pull the curtains?" Sasha fumbled her way in and wanted to open the curtains.

"Don't do it. I want to sleep. My head hurts!" Lance finally responded.

However, Sasha could hear that Lance's throat was tightened, probably because he wasn't feeling well.

Ah? Headache?

Sasha recalled that Lance's forehead was injured. As such, she stopped opening the curtains and came up to Lance.

Sasha's eyes had gradually adapted to the darkness because she had been in the room for some time. At present, she could vaguely see where Lance was and his face.

"Is your forehead hurt? I asked you to let a doctor check up on you, but you didn't listen. See, you have a headache now,"

Sasha came up to the bed and said to Lance caringly, but he ignored her completely.

Annoyed by her nagging, Lance turned around and had his back on Sasha.

What a rascal!

As Sasha was a little anxious, she pulled his blanket away and said, "Lance, turn around and let me see!"

With that, she wanted to turn on the light next to the bed.

All of a sudden, Lance lifted his hand to grab Sasha's slender wrist. Then, he mustered up his strength to pull Sasha onto his bed.

"Ah..."

"You're noisy. Didn't you hear me saying that I'm fine?"

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Lance pinned Sasha on the bed and nearly pressed against her with his body entirely. Although there was a blanket in between them, she could feel his heat.

At that moment, Sasha's mind went blank.

"Lennie, you..."

"Keep quiet. My hurt hurts now," Lance added impatiently but slightly loosened his grip.

Sasha heaved a sigh of relief but dared not move, for she felt that Lance was still grabbing her arm.

Lance was either worried that Sasha would annoy him if he let go of her or feeling extremely unwell.

Sasha felt silent while maintaining the weird posture on the bed. She intended to wait until Lance fell asleep to leave the bed.

Unexpectedly, she fell asleep ten minutes later.

After all, she had gone through a terrifying incident today and was also tired because dusk had fallen.

As Sasha breathed steadily, the man, who lay by her side, lifted the blanket and opened his eyes.

He wasn't Lance but someone who looked graceful and handsome.

However, there was a glint in his eyes.

Shortly afterward, Sasha unknowingly snuggled up to the man like a kitten.

The man fluttered his eyelashes, turned around, and took Sasha into his arms.

"Mmm..."

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Perhaps due to the familiar warmth, Sasha, who was sleeping soundly, couldn't help but snuggle up to him closer.

Instantly, the man's eyes darkened.

This damned woman!

He hugged her tighter and buried his face in her neck to indulge himself in her scent. Eventually, both of them slept soundly on the bed.

Roxanne, who was in Avenport, felt that something was off after Sebastian left on a business trip for the third day.

"Wendy, is Mr. Hayes not back yet?"

"Not yet. What's wrong, Ms. Roche?"

At that moment, Wendy was cleaning the second floor. She felt a little bewildered, for Roxanne came out from the study with two bottles of medicine in her hands.

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Why did she get the pills early in the morning?

Meanwhile, Roxanne's expression darkened upon seeing the two bottles of medicine that she prescribed for Sebastian.

Although Sebastian was okay throughout the month, he still had to take medicine for the time being. After all, mental illness wouldn't go away entirely but only subside until the patients' bodies could produce certain hormones at a normal rate.

Therefore, Roxanne had been prescribing medicine for Sebastian throughout the month.

Roxanne grabbed the two bottles of medicines and went to Hayes Corporation.

She arrived at the penthouse suite of Hayes Corporation half an hour later.

"Mr. Scott, please be honest with me—where is he now? He said he would leave for only two days. Now that it's already the third day, why hasn't he come back? Do you know he has to take his medicine every day?"

"Ah?"

Cold sweat was dripping down Luke's forehead.

Although Luke was aware of Sebastian's schedule, he couldn't control the turn of events—Sebastian couldn't return as planned due to some emergencies.

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Luke tried his best to explain, "Ms. Rocke, Mr. Hayes has indeed planned to go on a business trip for two days. However, he has to delay his plan because something untoward happened."

Luke didn't lie, for Sebastian told him so before he left.

Initially, the business trip wasn't on Sebastian's schedule at all.

Sebastian decided to leave at the last minute only after someone from Moranta met him specifically. Besides, it was supposed to be a short trip, for Sebastian planned to come back once he finished dealing with the matter.

Nonetheless, no one expected something untoward from happening.

Roxanne stared at Luke doubtfully. "Is there anything more important than Sebastian's health? Do you know the consequences that he stops taking medicine? Is this how you be his secretary?"

Anger clouded Roxanne's face, and she couldn't help but scold Luke right away.

Luke was scared to death. After quite some time, he asked feebly, "In that case... what should we do?"

"What should we do? We've to ask him to come back as soon as possible! You can also tell me where he is now, and I'll try to send the medicine over to him," Roxanne proposed angrily.

Luke instantly chose the first option. "Alright, I'll ask Mr. Hayes right away to come back as soon as possible."

Well, how can I possibly let her send the medicine?

I'll be as good as dead as I do it!

Sasha finally woke up after the sound sleep.

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The room was lit with orange light. Besides, Sasha was dazed by the twinkling lights of the city at night from the window.

Not long afterward, she saw a man sitting at a table next to the window.

The man wore a blue hoodie and a pair of black-rimmed glasses. At that time, he lowered his gaze and frowned as he stared at the phone.

Oh my goodness! My flight!

When the thought flashed through her mind, Sasha instantly got up and yelled, "My god! What time is it now? Did I miss my flight?"

Lance, who was about to reply to a text message, said, "You're awake."

"Yes, Lennie. What time is it now? Please check it for me. I've already booked flight tickets for tonight."

Sasha forgot that one of her legs was injured when she jumped from the bed. As such, she gasped in pain the moment she landed.

Lance's lips twitched upon seeing it.

Nevertheless, he still looked at his watch on his wrist and replied, "It's 9.15 p.m. now. What time is the flight?"

"What? 9.15 p.m.? Why didn't you wake me up? I booked tickets for 8 p.m., and the flight has certainly left. What should we do?"

Sasha was on the verge of total breakdown.

It was extremely difficult to book a flight ticket these days. After all, many people wished to escape the city due to a series of terrorist attacks.

Hence, Sasha waited patiently for quite some time in the afternoon to grab the tickets.

On the contrary, Lance seemed rather composed.

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"It's okay. We can book the flights for tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?" Sasha whined, "Don't you know how dangerous it is now? The longer we stay, the more likely we are in danger."

"In that case, do you think we'll be safe on the plane tonight? Everyone has the same mindset as yours in the warzone. Also, since everyone desperately wants to escape, those who fail to do so might trigger riots," Lance stared at Sasha coldly and rebutted in disdain.

Sasha finally went silent.

Is that so?

My goodness. Fortunately, we didn't go to the airport tonight. I can't imagine what we could do if something happens there.

At that time, Sasha's anger and disappointment faded away.

"Okay then. I'll book tickets again tomorrow. By the way, have you had dinner? We..."

Sasha was about to suggest to have dinner.

As a thought flashed through her mind suddenly, Sasha turned around and realized that the room was different from hers. She finally recalled what happened before she fell asleep.

My god! What did I do in the evening?

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