# Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 443

The next day, when Sasha woke up, she got a whiff of fresh air that came with the new dawn.
I'm alive?
I made it!
She was so elated that she wanted to laugh aloud.
However, she quickly realized that darkness was still all she could see. Immediately, her heart was plunged into despair once again.
"Doctor? Doctor?"
"The patient is awake"
Sasha heard the nurse's gentle voice as the latter quickly made her way to the bed.
Waving her hands around, she uttered, "Nurse, my eyes why am I still not able to see with my eyes?"
"Well"
Before the nurse could continue, a hoarse voice sounded. "It won't be that fast. This time, our surgery is done mainly to clear the blockage from the vessels in your spine area that

lead to the whole body. This is the key to solving your life-threatening condition. Once this is solved, your body will recover, and everything else will be fine."

Dr. Moore had entered the ward, and after seeing Sasha's panicked state, he gave her an explanation.

Now I understand.

Sasha heaved a sigh of relief, and her expression softened.

"Thank you, Dr. Moore."

"Don't mention it. Anna, please watch over her carefully. If there is any problem, call me."

Dr. Moore left soon after, presumably to take care of other matters.

Laying on the hospital bed, Sasha sensed that the nurse had come over to remove her peripheral venous catheter. Suddenly, she was overcome with the desire to tell all her loved ones the good news.

"Nurse, can you bring me my mobile phone? I would like to make some calls."

"Of course."

The nurse agreed willingly and brought her mobile phone to her.

As Sasha held it in her hand, she was so overwhelmed with emotions that her hands trembled.

Finally, she had hope to go on living.

She could let go of her worry of leaving her loved ones.

The first person she asked the nurse to help her call was Uncle Jackson.

"Hello, Uncle Jackson. It's me, Sasha."

"Where the hell have you been, you brat? You haven't called for so long!"

The moment the line was connected, Jackson's thunderous voice came from the other end.

However, by the end of his scolding, Sasha could hear the man sobbing.

Sasha had not called Jackson ever since she got into trouble. Every piece of news he got about Sasha came from the Hayes.

Unable to contain her emotions, Sasha's tears streamed down her face uncontrollably. "Uncle Jackson, I'm sorry. I'm fine, and I'll be home soon..."

"Really?" Jackson asked in disbelief.

With eyes that were brimming with tears, Sasha nodded.

Now that she had hope, she did not want to lie to her loved ones anymore. She wanted to tell him the good news so that he would stop worrying about her.

Unbeknownst to Sasha, just as she was talking to her uncle, Aunt Sharon, who had always been cold toward her, seemed to have a change of heart as she pretended to prune plants but was actually eavesdropping on them.

After that, Sasha gave a call to Lance before finally calling her children.

The children had already heard the truth from Sabrina about what was going on.

Despite so, they continued to play along even when Sasha was lying to them.

Finally, when Sasha was about to hang up, the children told her to come home soon in unison.

"Mommy, Daddy is working really hard at the office. Would you like to give him a call?"

Being the clever kid that he was, Matteo did not forget to remind his mother at the end.

Sasha could not help but clench her fist when she heard that.

Do I want to call him?

Well, of course I do!

However, she did not have the courage to do so. After all, this was only the start on her path to recovery. The doctor could not guarantee that the subsequent surgeries will all go well without a hitch.

Sitting on her hospital bed, Sasha clutched the phone in her hand and struggled with herself for a long time.

Unbeknownst to her, a man in a white coat was watching her intently.

He watched on as she called one person after another.

However, after she hung up the last call, she sat unmoving, clutching the mobile phone tightly and showing no intention of making more calls.

The light in the man's eyes dimmed.

Just like a full moon that had been obscured by a passing cloud, his eyes were so full of gloom that one could not bear to look at them.

She remembered everyone.

Yet, she left me out.

The man left the room with a heart full of disappointment.

After ten minutes or so, he was sitting in the doctor's office, smoking, when he received his sister's call.

"Hey, what happened? Your wife called me just now. Aren't you at the hospital?"

"I am. Did she tell you something?"

"She asked me to inform you to take care of your health. Apart from that, she also said that the timing right now isn't the best for both you and the children. So you should wait for a while before you marry Roxanne.

Cough.

Hearing that nearly choked the life out of him.

The timing isn't right?

Is she trying to approach the situation in a roundabout way?

She did not call me directly but instead called Sabrina to ask me to delay my marriage.

Sebastian was exasperated.

However, he had to admit that the gloom in his heart had all but dissipated upon hearing the woman's words.

With some difficulty, he calmed himself and rubbed his teary eyes. He wanted to say something, but in the end, he only managed to croak out, "She's mad!"

# Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 444

Solomon went back to Avenport.

He moved back into the apartment that Prime Cloud Corporation gave him.

As it was located in the center of the city, he could gaze over the whole city at night.

CLICK HERE TO JOIN OUR TELEGRAM CHANNEL FOR FAST UPDATES

<a href="https://t.me/NovelsFuns">https://t.me/NovelsFuns</a>

Naturally, the most iconic building in the city—Hayes Corporation—stood out among the other buildings.

"Sir, I've checked. Sebastian has yet to return. Frederick and Sabrina are the ones currently managing Hayes Corporation."

At that moment, his assistant entered his room. Seeing him gazing at Hayes Corporation, the assistant briefed the situation of that company to him.

Prime Cloud Corporation was actually situated near Hayes Corporation.

When Sasha first came to this company, she had noticed this.

What Sasha didn't know was that the man who had been sponsored by her mother, and who told her that he was merely an employer at Prime Cloud Corporation, was actually the boss of Prime Cloud Corporation.

In fact, Prime Cloud Corporation was not founded by Solomon and several shareholders, but a secret investment project from Sinch Enterprise.

Most importantly, the primary purpose of the company was to spy on Hayes Corporation.

Solomon was still standing by the window.

He did not pay much attention to who was controlling Hayes Corporation, but he was concerned by the part that mentioned Sebastian had yet to come back.

He stared into the horizon, with his face devoid of expression.

"Has she not recovered yet?"

"No. She had just completed an operation yesterday. But I heard it's merely a start. No one knows if she could ever fully recover."

The assistant replied honestly.

Upon hearing that, Solomon lowered his head despondently as though he was in despair.

If one observed closely, one could even see his shoulders trembling slightly.

"Mr. George?"

"Do you think that I'm a bad person?"

After a long silence, Solomon asked the question with a trembling voice.

The assistant shook his head right away. "Not at all, sir. After all, you didn't mean it. You didn't know the drug would cause such a big effect on Ms. Nancy."

"I did it on purpose. I wanted to use the drug to control her and make her stay with me forever!"

Losing his calm, he turned around and yelled at the assistant with his eyes filled with exasperation.

The assistant paled in shock and took a few steps back.

"Mr. George, you..."

"Get out of my sight right now!" Trying hard to hold back his rage, Solomon pointed at the door with a look of fury.

The assistant immediately ran out of the room.

He was beyond frightened by his rage-stricken boss.

But little did he know that after he left, Solomon collapsed weakly to the floor.

Nancy, I didn't mean it.

Solomon sat on the floor despondently for the entire night.

The next morning, he was wakened up by his assistant's call.

"Mr. George, Trevor called just now. He asks where we should meet."

"Let's meet at the graveyard."

After collecting himself, he uttered an address into the phone.

He was on the brink of giving up, and he needed a good reason to carry on. At the moment, the only thing that came to his mind was his mother's grave.

Back in Lightspring, Sasha's condition was no longer life-threatening, and she could finally go out to catch some fresh air.

The nurse in charge of taking care of her was still Anna.

"Ms. Wand, where would you like to go?"

"Let's go to the front yard. A patient that lives on the same level as mine always goes over there. Maybe I'll see her there."

Sasha recalled the patient who used to chat with her.

But to her bewilderment, Anna told her that that particular patient had passed away two days ago.

She passed away?

Sitting in her wheelchair, Sasha fell into silence for quite a while.

As a doctor, matters regarding life and death were never a big deal for her.

But now that she had become a patient herself, her perception had changed a bit.

When she thought about how a lively human who was still talking to her enthusiastically just a few days back was now gone forever, it felt like a significant blow to her heart.

Besides, she herself was on the brink of death. As such, she could really feel the impact of her wardmate's death.

"What's wrong? I hear from Anna that you've been moody since you came back from your walk."

Just as Sasha was sitting decadently in the ward, Dr. Moore entered and asked her the question in his usual hoarse voice.

Sasha was slightly baffled by the doctor's sudden change of behavior. What's with him? He's usually cold and indifferent toward me.

Raising her head, she glanced in the direction where the doctor's voice came from with her sightless eyes.

"Dr. Moore, how much of a chance do I have to live?"

"What?"

"I still need to go through many operations, don't I? What's the odds of me coming out from the operation alive? After cutting my blood vessels, how much probability do they have to function normally in the future?"

Sasha fired a barrage of questions at the doctor. Her eyes were filled with misery—the same misery back when she was having her first operation.