Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 581

Sasha was startled	by his	suggestion.
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It finally dawned on her what that was about.

He was gone for such a long time, and that was to find a more comfortable spot for himself? And there I was...

Rage started to simmer in Sasha's chest once more.

"Suit yourself. But I'm not going!" She flung away Sebastian's hand and resumed her seat with a stern expression on her face.

Sebastian's face was as white as sheet.

The man continued to stand there for a few seconds before he decided to sit down next to her without another word.

The carriage finally quietened down.

After staring out the window for a while, Sasha grew tired and was about to lean back on her seat when she sensed a chill coming from her right side.

What's this?

She turned to her right and realized that the chill came from Sebastian.

He was sitting still with his eyes closed. However, cold sweat was breaking out from his forehead all the way to his neck, looking to soak through his shirt underneath his down jacket.

"Sebastian, are you okay?" Blood drained from Sasha's face as she tried to shake him.

However, Sebastian seemed to be losing his consciousness.

He slowly opened his eyes. When his blurry vision recognized Sasha in front of him, he panicked and grabbed onto her arm abruptly. "Darling, don't...leave...me."

Urgh! This idiot is still hung up on that.

Sasha was on the brink of tears.

She helped him up from the seat and cried for help, "Please, can someone help me? My husband is not feeling well. I need to move him to the dining carriage."

Soon, a few people came over to offer assistance. Together, they helped move Sebastian to the dining carriage.

Some people who suffered from a severe case of mysophobia would experience such panic-attack-like symptoms.

Like those who were diagnosed with claustrophobia, once they were forced into a place that triggered their phobia, their bodies would react to the surroundings negatively like a distress signal going off.

If these signals were ignored and the person prolonged his exposure to the surroundings, he would inevitably lose his consciousness and end up passing out altogether.

Sasha spent ten minutes using her acupuncture needles on the man before he finally regained his consciousness.

"He's finally awake. Thank goodness. Madam, would you like me to fetch him some hot chocolate?" One of the train service staff heaved a sigh of relief and thought Sebastian could use some drink to keep his fluid up and boost his energy.

No! He deserves this. Let him suffer!

Sasha was still mad at him. Now that the man had awakened, her anger resurfaced.

Nevertheless, Sasha nodded to the service staff and said, "Sure. That would be great. Thanks."

The staff quickly turned around to get that drink.

Sebastian heard the last words said by his wife the moment he woke up. "Thanks, Darling."

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Frustration continued to brew in her chest. But since the man was in no condition to stand up against her, Sasha begrudgingly suppressed her emotions.

"Sit up and see how you're feeling overall," the woman ordered.

"Okay." Sebastian complied dutifully. Despite still feeling weak, the man was still over six foot two. So when he sat right next to Sasha, he still overshadowed her by a lot.

"Lower your head and let me see your tongue," she said impatiently.

So he is tall. Big deal! Such a bully.

Sasha still had a long face. Her frustration made her chest feel tight.

Sebastian, who was supposed to stick his tongue out, suddenly pulled her into his arms and held her tightly.

"Darling, I'm sorry. I really am. I shouldn't have raised my voice with you and given you the silent treatment. Can you please forgive me?" Sebastian buried his head in her shoulder.

Sasha was stunned by his action. His voice was...croaky.

After a long while, still being held tightly in his arms, Sasha said with a choked voice, "Then, why did you do that to me? What have I done wrong?"

The air froze for a few moments following her question.

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The atmosphere that was warming up between the couple suddenly dropped to sub-zero once more following the man's silence.

Does this mean he's still not prepared to tell me what happened?

Sasha's expression darkened instantly and she started to wriggle out from his embrace.

"Because... I saw Solomon looking for you at the hospital," Sebastian said as he frantically grabbed onto her arm.

The man finally confessed what had been tormenting him and keeping him up for the past two nights.

Sebastian was very reluctant to let on his true feelings. For one, he did not want his wife to think any less of him for being jealous of another man. Besides, he was worried that Sasha would not believe him, which would make matters worse. However, the more he tried to suppress his feelings and keep them under the lid, the more he was losing control of his mind over it.

Finally, he slowly explained what he saw in the hospital, "I was with my mother at the hospital the other day. Mom said she wanted to bring over some food for your friend in the hospital and she brought me along. That's when I saw you and Solomon talking in the corridor. I overheard your conversation and I couldn't control myself..."

Sasha was in a daze. She no longer heard what Sebastian was talking about.

As though being hit on the head, blood drained from her face and all she could hear was a ringing voice in her ears.

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 582

So it was all because of that. Oh... he already knew.

Paralyzed by an overwhelming sense of terror, Sasha was as still as a statue. Her mind was in such a mess she could not make heads or tails.

"Darling?"

Her catatonic state alarmed him, making his heart sink further.

Is there really something going on between them?

The man fell silent.

For a few seconds, the world was reduced to just the two of them sitting side by side in the dining carriage. It was a pin drop silence and definitely resembled the calm before the storm.

The silence was finally broken by the service staff who had returned with the hot chocolate. "Is everything okay?"

He, too, sensed the palpable tension in the air and felt a tingle in his scalp.

Fortunately for him, Sasha snapped back to reality upon his entrance.

"Oh... It's all right. Is this hot chocolate? Thank you very much," she said while taking over the cup with her icy cold hand.

Sasha was holding it as though it was not some steamy hot chocolate in a porcelain teacup.

Sebastian stood in front of her and studied her stupefied expression carefully. At that moment, he felt as though he had just fallen into an abyss.

"Darling?" he uttered softly.

"Yes?"

When Sasha glanced up and locked eyes with Sebastian, she tried but failed to conceal the frantic state that she was in.

Her mind went into a frenzy. She could not even look at the man in the eyes without feeling guilty.

For the past few days, she had been blaming Sebastian for behaving unreasonably and making her upset. It now dawned on her that she was the root problem. However, she was struggling to offer a good explanation for what had happened.

"Yes. He did come looking for me at the hospital the other day, but it wasn't what you think." Many thoughts rushed through her head in an instance. Still holding onto the hot chocolate, Sasha started to recount the incident.

The man continued to keep silent. He was holding his breath just so he would not miss a word.

"Apparently, Solomon's mother had said something to him, that was why he came looking for me at the hospital to thank me for begging you to let him off."

Seeing as Sebastian was still waiting for her to elaborate on the matter, Sasha continued, "I've already denied my involvement in that matter, but he insisted that his mother had told him everything, so I panicked. I was afraid that you'd be upset about his visit, that was why I've decided to keep this from you."

Sasha lowered her head. Her eyes welled up as she recalled how worried and terrified she had felt on those days.

I didn't lie about this part. Solomon did come looking for me because of that and Yancy was very much involved in that matter too.

"Yancy? You mean she's aware of this incident?"

"Yes. She might have approached my dad. I'm not so sure. But my dad came looking for me regarding this matter. I thought I only needed to have a brief word with you about letting him go. But I didn't expect her to turn around and did something so evil!" With a heavy heart, Sasha told him part of the truth. To make it more believable, she swapped over the part where Yancy had looked for her.

Just one lie. I need him to believe me this once. I have no other choice. I don't want that woman to lay a finger on him. But at the same time, I cannot let him find out the secret about his identity.

Fortunately, the man started to believe her story.

"So, you're saying that she has planned all these so that I'd let go of her son. And at the same time, she also tried to sow discord between both of us?"

"That's exactly right!" Sasha nodded in assent as tears trickled down her cheeks.

"Why didn't you tell me earlier? Do you still not trust me?"

"No... It's not like that." She looked into his eyes.

At that moment, the resentment she had been holding against him dissipated instantly. It was replaced by guilt and self-reproach.

Lowering her head, Sasha slowly explained, "I knew you'd get worked up over this. I understand you don't want me to have anything to do with him. But I didn't think he would go and see me at the hospital. I was afraid that you might misunderstand my motive in asking you to let him off, so I've decided to keep a lid on everything."

Sebastian went quiet.

He finally felt a heavy weight lifted off his shoulder. He looked intently at the teary-eyed Sasha and only felt sorry for mistreating her in the past two days.

At that moment, his only wish was to hold her in his arms and make up for his mistakes.

"All right. Stop crying now. This is partly my fault too. I should have asked you about what I saw instead of keeping it in. Let's us vow to always be honest and open to each other about everything, okay?"

Once again, Sasha stared into Sebastian's eyes, which were shining with passionate glint.

She did that for a long while until she finally leaned into his strong chest and muttered, "Okay."

I definitely will do that. This kind of thing won't happen again.

The couple finally made up and got off the train together as it arrived at Avenport.

As they stepped off the train, a gush of cold wind made Sasha shiver.

"Are you cold?"

Sebastian stopped midstride and removed his down jacket.