

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 33

Sebastian's face glowered as he drilled his icy glare through Sasha.

"You again? You've got some guts, don't you?"

"Come on, Mr. Hayes. I'm just doing my job. You had a good night's sleep yesterday because I gave you an injection. But just a few jabs aren't enough to solve your problem. I even got you some medicine," Sasha replied, jiggling a packet of medicine in her hands in front of the angry man.

Sebastian's expression turned grimmer looking at all the medicinal herbs and his frown intensified.

"I don't need any of those."

"What's the matter? I'm the doctor and you're the patient, so you'll have to listen to me." Sasha wasn't letting him off the hook.

Without waiting for a reply, she grabbed his hand and took his pulse before he could even object.

Sebastian almost pushed her away instinctively. The veins on his forehead bulged in agitation. However, when his piercing gaze fell on her face, he finally relented. Her coming almond eyes were darting around attentively under a curly fringe of lashes as she held on to his wrist.

He knew she was trying her best as a doctor to give her patient an accurate diagnosis.

Before long, Sasha nodded lightly and let go of his hand.

"As expected, your condition is still quite bad. But don't worry, you just need to take your medicine as instructed for the next week. You'll see tremendous improvement after that."

Sebastian retracted his hand as his gaze swept across the bag of medication.

"Give them to the housemaid," he said curtly.

"Well... I'm not sure if the maid knows how to handle them. These are medicinal herbs that helps with your sleep, and you need to boil them," Sasha told him reluctantly.

"Sasha Wand, do you actually think I'm stupid? I know the plan you're concocting in that brain of yours. Also, the housemaid has been with the family for over ten years. She knows what she's doing."

Now that Sebastian called her out so unreservedly, Sasha's face turned pale, and she was at a loss for words.

She knew she could not hide anything from him. It did not matter what method she used—he was just too smart for all her tricks.

"Fine. I'm doing this so I can see Ian. What's wrong with wanting to see my own son? I'm his mother! It's not against the law. Even if a couple divorces, each parent still has the right to visit the child. Besides, I'm really tending you as my patient. Why can't you just let me see him?"

Bitter tears burned in Sasha's bright eyes and blurred her vision as she took a step closer to Sebastian in frustration. She had dejection written all over her delicate face.

For a slight moment, he lost himself in her compelling gaze.

Snippets of how she hurt herself to get him to save Ian flashed before his mind.

Despite everything that she had done, Sebastian could not deny the fact that she loved Ian dearly.

He evaded her sharp glare and stood still for a while before leaving without a word. Standing not far away, secluded from their view, Luke held up his approving thumb.

Well done, madam!

When Sasha finally came around after Sebastian's abrupt departure, she darted towards the kitchen and boiled the medicine before rushing upstairs.

"Little Ian!" she cried out as she dashed to his room.

"Shush! Ian is still sleeping! Didn't Mr. Hayes asks you to decoct the herbal medicine? Just do what you're told and don't disturb Ian!"

Before Sasha could go any further, Berta reprimanded her crudely when she heard her shouting.

Regardless, Sasha ignored her and went ahead into the room.

With Sebastian giving her the green light to see Ian, she had nothing to fear—what more a nobody like a housemaid?

When Sasha saw Ian was still asleep, she tiptoed out of the room and went back down to prepare breakfast. Not long after, she went upstairs again and knocked on the bedroom door.

"Little Ian, are you up already? Ms. Nancy's here. Do you want some breakfast? I made pancakes. There is toast and jam too if you like."

She pressed her ear against the door to listen, but there was complete silence. Sasha knocked a few more times and called his name softly.

To her disappointment, there was no reply. She could not hear a single thing coming from Ian's room. Is he still asleep?

Just as she was opening the door to go in, a small figure appeared beside her on the right and a brittle voice rang down the corridor.

"What do you think you're doing? Why are you here?"

Sasha jumped and quickly turned around. It turned out that Ian was already awake and was not in his room anymore.