

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 710

Even with the protective suit between them, she could still sense it.

It was so clear and familiar.

I used to throw myself into his embrace. It was once mine.

A pang of heartache overcame Sasha.

“Are you done hugging me?” The man’s indifferent voice sounded over her head. A stern, disgusted look crossed his dashing face as he squinted his eyes at her.

Only then was Sasha snapped out of her trance.

In the next second, she jolted and let go of him.

“I-I’m sorry. I didn’t do it on purpose. You tilted to one side just now, so I was worried that you might fall. My apology, Mr. Hayes,” she apologized hurriedly.

Sebastian was exuding an intimidating and unapproachable aura.

Tightening his fist, he stifled his anger and sat in the wheelchair.

I must endure it because I have to leave this da*n place as soon as I can.

Seeing that he no longer blamed her, she breathed a sigh of relief. Immediately, she wheeled him away to change his bandages.

It was an incredibly arduous process.

Knowing that the man didn’t like to be touched, Sasha had her heart in her mouth throughout the process, as she was worried that the pain might trigger him. After dressing three wounds, even her undergarments were drenched with sweat.

“Mmm...”

“Dr. West, are you alright?”

A doctor in the same department swiftly held her up when he saw her standing up and staggering backward.

The woman then recollected herself.

Peeking at the man in the wheelchair, she found him staring at her, so she shook her head. "I'm fine. It's just that I've been looking down for too long, so I feel a little dizzy."

Afraid that he would be worried, she explained at once.

Just as the words left her lips, the man had averted his gaze impassively. It was as though he was only glancing at her intentionally.

The woman could not utter a word.

Within seconds, the pain in her backbone spiked. Gradually, she clutched the corner of the table next to her.

"Dr. Davis, can you take Mr. Hayes to the ward? I'll get rid of the rubbish."

"Sure."

She covered it up so well that the doctor didn't notice anything wrong.

Soon, he wheeled Sebastian out.

As soon as they left, she could no longer hold on. Pressing the back of her waist, she slumped into the chair behind her.

Other than her backbone, many parts of her body were in excruciating pain. Six months were not long enough for her comminuted fractures to get healed completely. There were countless metal plates and screws in her body now.

After sitting on the chair for a long while, she slowly stood up and hobbled to the washroom.

Sure enough, her face under the mask was already drenched in sweat. Because of the exhaustion and pain during the wound dressing earlier, she broke out in a cold sweat, and that accumulated inside her mask.

The second she peeled it off, her sweat gushed out immediately.

Splash!

Turning on the tap, she splashed some water on her face.

Now I feel better.

Looking up in the mirror, she saw an ashen face covered with horrifying and hideous scars.

“Dr. West? Dr. West? Are you there? Dr. Wallen is looking for you.”

Suddenly, someone called out to her from outside.

Hearing that, she quickly put on her disguise and came out of the washroom.

“What’s the matter?”

“Dr. Wallen is looking for you. He asked you to head to his office.” Looking at her, the nurse pointed at the office tower opposite.

Sasha didn’t say a word.

Grayson is asking for me? What for? I’m not really his assistant. Since I came into this hospital, he knew my sole purpose is to stay in this ward.

Sasha was perplexed, yet she went over as requested.

Ten minutes later, in the director’s office.

“Ms. Wand, how’s the situation over there? Is Mr. Hayes getting better?”

“What?”

His question puzzled Sasha as she ambled in.

“Getting better? What do you mean?”

Sitting at his desk, Grayson told her straight away. “I’m asking about his multiple personality disorder.”

Sasha’s eyes widened in shock at his words.

“Dr. Wallen, are you kidding me? It’s only been a few days. How can he show any sign of recovery? Even his gunshot wounds just got better recently.”

“Yes, I know. But Jonathan has been asking me. How should I answer him?” Grayson said honestly.

Sitting across the desk, Sasha was stupefied for a moment. When his words registered with her, she felt chills run down her spine.

Jonathan? He's the one who asked about it? So what is he trying to do? Is he spying on us? It's only been a few days, but he already can't wait for Sebastian to recuperate. How insane!