

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 856

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“All right... Thanks.” The frown eased as Baylor felt a wave of calmness lightening his body.

Sasha let out a smile and continued with the routine check.

Ten minutes later, she finished recording all the data and got ready to leave.

“Mr. White, I’ll excuse myself first. Another doctor will be here for the night shift shortly to take care of you.”

Baylor closed his eyes to rest quietly.

Sasha had no intention of waiting for a response. She took the data about to leave the room.

“Macy... Doctor... Am I able to eat tomorrow morning?” he asked out of the blue.

She halted and turned to look at the patient, who was staring back with unyielding eyes.

“I would like to eat something. Will milk and egg be okay?”

Sasha did not know how to react to that request.

Consuming solid food wasn’t ideal in his current condition. He would have to rely on a liquid diet via IV drips for nutrient on a long-term basis.

The doctor couldn’t find the words to break the news to him.

Ultimately, she agreed to his request. His eyes were burning with such expectation and desire that she didn’t have the heart to object.

“Okay. I’ll bring some for you tomorrow.” Then she left the intensive care unit.

Getting back to the on-call room, Sasha saw Hazel was already there. Without hesitation, she handed Baylor’s data to her.

"The patient has woken up, and his condition is good. But he wants to have some milk and egg tomorrow."

"Huh?"

Hazel widened her eyes. "With his current condition, it's not advisable?"

Sasha shrugged her shoulders. "It's normal for patients to have cravings. Can you please inform his family? We'll see if he's able to eat tomorrow."

With that, she took off her white coat and left work to pick Vivian up from school.

Her daughter seemed exceptionally happy for some reason.

"You look elated. Did the teacher praise you?"

"Yup."

Vivian did not tell her mother that she went to the same school with her brothers.

Initially, Sasha was worried the girl would be an outcast in her new school. However, all her worries faded after seeing the joy on her daughter's face.

After settling Vivian down, she lay in bed and checked her phone habitually. Just then, she noticed the chat between her and Sebastian. He hadn't replied to her text since that day.

At that instant, she felt her heart drop.

She knew she should not expect anything from him. After all, he could not even remember who she was.

Sasha felt utterly discouraged, as though there was a weight on her chest.

Do I have no place at all in his heart? Even if he doesn't remember me, we've spent a long time together. And I've been pleading with him humbly. How could he not reply to me?

Sasha could not suppress her dissatisfaction, and she sent another message to him.

Mr. Hayes, are you there?

Sebastian: Yes?

To her bewilderment, he replied within seconds this time.

Sasha's eyes widened as she bolted upright on her bed.

My goodness. He finally replied!

She was exhilarated.

Sasha: I'm sorry, Mr. Hayes. It's nothing important. I heard that you're in training. How are you doing?

There was no reply from him.

It looks like he doesn't like the question.

Sasha waited, but he still did not respond.

The utter disappointment hit her like a rock. She regretted asking him that question.

I'm an idiot! How could it be enjoyable for Jonathan? He was forced into training by Devin.

Frustrated, Sasha threw her phone aside.

Just then, Sebastian suddenly texted: Who did you hear it from?

Seeing those words, Sasha could imagine his angry look.

She immediately texted: Mr. Devin told me. Please don't be mad. I was the one who insisted.

Overwhelmed with nervousness, Sasha failed to comprehend the true meaning of Sebastian's question and mentioned Devin mindlessly.

She even explained herself to prevent a conflict between the men.

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This time, Sasha received a prompt reply.

Sebastian: Are you not at Oceanic Estate?

Macy: Um...

Sebastian: Where did you go? And who allowed you to leave?

There was no response from Macy for a long time.

Sasha could sense his dominance in those two simple questions despite being miles away. As a result, she couldn't even utter a single word.

Wait... Haven't I explained it to him already? And he responded with those few indifferent words. So, what's with all these questions now? Why does it seem as though he doesn't know anything at all?

She stared at the screen blankly for some time before she typed her reply.

I left by myself and went to work at the hospital. You've gone for training, so there's nothing for me to do even if I stay at Oceanic Estate.

Sebastian didn't reply to that, so she quickly added, Don't worry. I'll go back immediately when you've returned.

It was as though she wanted to seize that opportunity but was afraid that the man would object.

Fortunately, he responded seconds after she sent the message. While it was a curt reply of merely two words—how pointless—it was already a vast improvement to her.

Hmm... Since I haven't yet figured out why he knows nothing about this matter right now, I won't tell him for the time being. After all, I don't know the ploy behind all this. When Jonathan forced me to leave, he said such nasty words that I sent Sebastian a message for help, but the reply I got was entirely different from his attitude now. There's something suspicious about it. Therefore, the best solution is to say nothing for now.

Sasha put down her phone and slept soundly that night.

Meanwhile, Sebastian was at the military base. He put down his phone and abruptly opened his room door without even drying his hair.

"Is this why you have been restricting my use of electronic devices?" he demanded with a deadly glare at the guard outside his door.

"W-What?"

Mark's expression underwent an instant change when he heard that question.

Indeed, they had been restricting Sebastian's use of electronic devices from cell phones to laptops with the excuse that he had no need for such things since he was training.

They only allowed him access that night because the two children wanted to phone him.

"There must be some misunderstanding, sir. We haven't been restricting your use. We didn't give them to you because you don't have time to use them since you've been training," Mark insisted.

The sneer on Sebastian's face was terrifying as he stood under the dim light with his hair still dripping wet.

"Okay. In that case, don't let me catch you for the second time."

Before Mark could say anything, the man continued, "I promise you'll regret sending me here."

Sebastian stood in the dark and regarded the former like a predator to its prey. Then he slammed the door shut with a bang.

Throughout it all, Mark merely stared ahead blankly.

Long after Sebastian switched off the lights in his room, the man was still rooted in the same spot. Beads of cold sweat covered his forehead and slid down his pale face.

Undeniably, those words were truly petrifying because Mark knew Sebastian. Furthermore, he had intimate knowledge of how terrifying the latter was when he flew into a rage.

For the first time, he regretted his actions.

The next day, Sasha arrived at the hospital early in the morning.

"Macy, are you sure Baylor asked you for milk and eggs yesterday? I informed his family last night. They brought him the things, but he threw them all away."

Moments after she arrived, Hazel related the incident to her.

Hearing that, Sasha was stunned.

He threw everything away. Why would he do that? I'm certain he said he wanted milk and eggs before I left yesterday.

Stumped, she hurriedly went to check on her patient.

Sure enough, the sight of a resplendently dressed middle-aged woman coaxing the patient who had been transferred to the general ward greeted her.

"All right, all right... It's fine if you don't want to eat. Don't be angry, okay?"

"Get out!"

Embarrassed, the middle-aged woman dragged her feet out of the hospital room despondently.

Sasha witnessed her patient throwing a fit and chasing everyone away. Puzzled by his behavior, she approached the fuming man.

"Mr. White, didn't you say you wanted milk and eggs?"

The simple question earned her a glare.

"I wanted you to buy them for me, not those people!"

"Huh?"

Sasha became more confused.

Is there a difference who's buying? Are children from prominent families this unreasonable?

On the heels of that, a trace of chagrin rose within Sasha.

"Mr. White, I'm only your attending physician. I'm not in charge of your diet whatsoever. Besides, you can't eat solid food. I only agreed yesterday to keep you calm for better recovery."

Frowning, she simply told her patient the truth.

However, her words only aggravated Baylor more.

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“Get out of here!”

Baylor snagged an object from his bedside table and threw it at Sasha. In the next second, a crash rang out.

If she hadn't dodged in time, it would've hit her.

Argh! He's taking this too far! Does he think he can simply insult someone just because he has a powerful family behind him?

Sasha was livid.

Without another word, she spun on her heels and stalked off as he wished.

Ten minutes later, the director headed toward her while she was in the on-call room. Seeing that, she calmly put down her name tag and stethoscope.

“Dr. West...”

Hazel, who knew about the incident, had kept Sasha company for the past ten minutes. Upset by the director's presence, she gave the latter a hug to offer her moral support.

In response, Sasha patted her to indicate that she was fine.

Baylor's tantrum didn't bother her. Even if she was terminated from the job, she could just ask Grayson to drive her back to Oceanic Estate later.

Finally, the director came into the on-call room

“Did the patient in Room 16 haul you over the coals earlier, Macy?”

Sasha got to her feet at once. “About that-”

“He came to me just now and asked me to convey his apologies to you. He said he was too impulsive and shouldn't have thrown a tantrum. Why don't you go and look in on him? I prescribed him some medicine this morning, but I haven't handed them in yet.”

After saying that, the man gave her a few medical reports and some prescriptions.

Sasha was entirely floored.

Beside her, Hazel likewise gaped at their superior with disbelief written all over her face.

Is this for real? The high and mighty heir of the White family has apologized? Are we hearing things?

Everyone in the room couldn't quite believe their ears.

"Macy, I think someone must have hit him pretty hard on the head. You will not be dismissed! That's great news!" Hazel surmised and congratulated Sasha after the director left.

Sasha, however, was caught between laughter and tears.

What's fantastic about being a rich heir? As doctors, we must be grateful when men like him admit their mistakes and thank our lucky stars when he doesn't demand for our dismissal.

She went back to the ward with the prescriptions.

Sure enough, the pale-faced Baylor averted his gaze in embarrassment when Sasha entered the room.

"The doctor has a new prescription for you. I'll check your blood pressure before you start the medicine."

Feigning nonchalance, Sasha went over to him and wrapped the blood pressure cuff around his arm.

Baylor pressed his lips into a thin line.

When she was done, he opened his eyes and stole a peek at her.

"Erm... the incident earlier... I'm sorry."

"Hmm?" Sasha, who was checking him over, lifted her head. "It's okay. You're a patient, so it's normal when you can't control your emotions. You don't have to take it to heart," she comforted gently.

Truth be told, the fury within her had dissipated when she saw his guilt and self-reproach earlier.

He's just a patient. There's no need to take offense at him.

After she had checked him over and ascertained that everything was fine, she left to hand the prescriptions in.

"I wanted you to buy me food because I didn't want them to come here. All my life, I've been living according to their wishes. Now that my life is coming to an end, I refuse to depend on them."

Sasha, who was about to leave, stopped short in her tracks.

As a doctor, she had seen death too many times that she could face it calmly.

However, it was different to hear it from Baylor. She couldn't quite bring herself to leave.

After all, he was in his prime.

"How could you be so pessimistic? There'll be more delicious food for you in the future. How about this? When you're cleared to eat solid foods, tell me what you want to eat, and I'll buy it for you."

"Really?"

His eyes instantly lit up from the promise.

"Of course. Don't worry. I'll buy it personally for you this time. However, you've got to be cooperative and stay on the treatment plan," she coaxed her patient like a child.

He was only in his early twenties, several years younger than her.

Finally, exuberance infused Baylor.

In the following days, he stopped throwing tantrums and cooperated with the hospital's treatment plan docilely. That made Sasha's job easier too.

Meanwhile, Vivian behaved particularly well recently. Contrary to her persisting reluctance to attend school, the little girl got up earlier to wake Sasha so her mother could send her to school.

Vivian would run into the school happily as though she was a changed person.

Hmm? Could it be that this daughter of mine has had a personality change? Is she also aiming to be a top scorer now?

Unbridled joy flooded Sasha, and she couldn't help wanting to share it with someone.

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Macy: Good morning, Mr. Hayes.

However, there was no forthcoming reply.

Gah! Sebastian regards my greeting messages as utter nonsense! In the beginning, he'd still answer with a question mark, but he now ignores it completely!

Putting herself out there, Sasha sent him another message.

Mr. Hayes, I noticed my daughter has been behaving out of character these days. She hated studying in the past, but she's now keen to go to school.

Sasha didn't dare to share her feelings directly, so she used Vivian's recent unusual behavior to attract Sebastian's attention.

That did the trick.

Sebastian: That's because you haven't been a good mother in the past.

Whoa! Everything was fine. Why is he criticizing me again?

A spark of disgruntlement flared within Sasha.

Macy: How am I not a good mother? I've always taken good care of her.

Sebastian responded with a few sneering emoticons. Is locking her alone in the warehouse considered taking good care of her? Does that also include leaving her alone at home to fend for herself?

As rage brewed within her, Sasha had the sudden urge to respond with an emoticon covered in bruises.

When did I lock her in the warehouse? Back in Jetroina, I deliberately left Vivian with Solomon at his bar to deal with you! It was also inconvenient for Karl to show himself in public. Argh! What a b*stard!

Sasha wanted to chat a bit more, but a nurse came for her.

“Dr. West, the patient in Room 16 is asking for you. There seems to be a problem.”

“Okay, I’ll be right there.”

Sasha put down her phone and left immediately for Baylor’s ward.

Baylor has been behaving himself. Why is he suddenly asking to see me?
Could he be in pain?

At that thought, she inexorably quickened her pace.

“Let’s face reality! The treatments make no difference to his condition.
Why can’t you let him live out his remaining days peacefully?”

“What are you saying? Nothing is set in stone. There’s no improvement
because Baylor has been refusing treatments. That doesn’t mean there’s
no cure!”

“How dare-”

Sasha hadn’t expected to see two women in an intense argument about
Baylor, her patient.

Are they out of their minds having a row right in front of him?

Sasha promptly stopped them. “What are the two of you doing? Who
allowed you to bicker here? Don’t you know this will disrupt my patient’s
rest?”

As she lambasted them, she seized the opportunity to cast a quick glance
into the room.

Things didn’t look too good for Baylor as he lay on the bed with dull eyes
and a face so pale as though he hadn’t any life in him.

Seeing that, Sasha blew a gasket.

Fortunately, the two women finally zipped their mouths sheepishly and
ceased arguing.

A few minutes later, Sasha strode into the room after the duo left.

“Don’t take it to heart, Mr. White. They don’t understand-”

"It's okay. I'm used to it."

The young man had calmed down and flashed her a bitter smile.

At that turn of events, Sasha didn't know what else to say as she stayed with him.

Cancer, at its terminal stage, had no cure.

"Dr. West, if I were to discharge myself, would you stay with me till the end?"

"Uh... I'm afraid not since I've still got other work to do. Besides, you shouldn't be so pessimistic. What's this about having little time left? You have a long journey ahead."

Baylor chuckled faintly. "You don't need to console me. I know my condition best, Dr. West. Consider this a dying man's last request. This time, I would like to stay at home. Is that okay?"

He began imploring her with an indelible sorrow in his eyes

Sasha pursed her lips and shook her head.

"I'm sorry, but I really can't. If you truly need a doctor, I can speak to Dr. Cahill on your behalf."

To soften the impact of her rejection, Sasha recommended Hazel.

Baylor exuded a cold determination when he heard her words.

"Never mind, then. Please forget what I said." He closed his eyes to rest.

Upon seeing that, Sasha left.

She would never agree to his request. The job at the hospital was to pass time while she waited for Sebastian to complete his training at the base. Since she had no intention of staying on the job permanently, it would be inappropriate to accept her patient's dying wish.

Even if she became a full-time employee, she still wouldn't agree because she didn't have the habit.

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Baylor's closed eyes sprang open the moment Sasha was out the door. An intense hostility and impatience filled his gaze as he yanked the needle from the drip out and dropped it on the ground.

In an instance, blood gushed out from his arm like a faucet.

However, he felt nothing.

Macy West!

When Sasha got off work and went to pick Vivian up, she received a text from Sebastian.

An inexplicable helplessness overwhelmed her when she saw its content.

"Mommy, why is Daddy asking you to read How to be a Good Mother. Is the book interesting?"

When Vivian saw the message from her father, she gazed at her mother in confusion. It was a book with a title that she didn't quite understand.

All at once, Sasha was rendered dumbstruck.

Ugh! How I wish I could beat him up! The b*stard is offering me advice on how to be a good mother!

Furiously tossing her phone aside, she went to make dinner for Vivian and herself.

After seeing the message, Vivian eagerly whipped out the device given by her brothers and contacted them.

"Matt, Ian, I've got good news to share with you both. Daddy and Mommy are chatting!"

"Really?"

The twins at Oceanic Estate were naturally elated by the fantastic news.

After their father left without an explanation and Jonathan kicked their mother out, the boys spent the past few days in constant worry. In fact, they furtively racked their brains for numerous solutions to help their parents.

That old man is simply too ruthless! He shipped Daddy to the military base and blocked all access to his communication devices, making it impossible for us to contact him. Fortunately, Mommy found a way to stay in touch with Daddy.

“But Ian, how did Mommy manage the feat when we couldn’t? For once, Mommy has outsmarted us.”

Their joy was short-lived as Matteo couldn’t shake his doubts.

However, Ian didn’t answer him.

Well, Mommy isn’t smart or tech savvy. There could only be one explanation. Our pretentious father blocked everyone, but deliberately left an opening for Mommy. Finally, he making progress!

After saving the video from his sister, he tottered out of the nursery.

“Come over here, my great-grandsons. I’ve got a question for you both.”

Unexpectedly, the twins bumped into Jonathan right after exiting the room. The old man beckoned at them to join him.

Ian’s face instantly turned sullen while Matteo went over with a smile.

“What is it, Great-grandpa?”

“Matteo, how are you doing at Opal Garden Academy recently? Have you gotten used to the environment? I don’t seem to hear your complaints about attending school these days. Do you now like it there now?” Jonathan caressed the boy’s head like a loving guardian.

It was rare for the boys to accept his affection.

Initially, they fought him and staunchly refused to attend Opal Garden Academy after the transfer because he suddenly sent Sasha away.

However, they went to school obediently. The sudden change gradually aroused his suspicions.

Matteo met Jonathan’s eyes and smiled even brighter. “Yup! That academy is quite good. Ian and I both like it, so you don’t have to worry.”

“Oh, really? That’s great.”

Hearing that, Jonathan was finally relieved.

Of course, he had no inkling of the children's huge plan behind his back.

The next day, Sasha arrived early at work as usual.

A piece of exceedingly shocking news had spread among the staff in the hospital.

"Baylor attempted suicide last night."

"Did you say Baylor attempted suicide?" The news struck Sasha like a bolt of lightning. She stared at her colleague as her mind went blank from the shock.

He attempted suicide. Why would he do such a thing?

"Yeah. After his aunts fought along the corridor yesterday, he has been acting weird. When Dr. Cahill took over the shift, she found a pool of blood under his bed."

Her colleague's detailed narration left Sasha feeling depressed and apprehensive.

The devastation left her dazed.

He did it after I left. Was it because I turned him down?

As Sasha recalled their last conversation from the previous afternoon, the recollection left her drained and powerless.

No doctor could bear the burden of a patient's death, especially when the doctor was at fault.

It was unethical and unforgivable.

Sasha stumbled her way to Room 16 without her white coat.

"Mr. White..."

"Oh, Dr. West. You came in time to administer his jab."