

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 233

She doesn't recognize me?

Can she remember me? Am I losing my mind?

Sebastian steadied himself and approached her cautiously. "Sasha?"

Sasha gazed back at him unblinkingly, through wide and tear-streaked eyes.

However, he saw the recognition in her gaze. It almost seemed as if she was waiting for something.

Sebastian was unable to restrain himself any longer. He took another step towards her. Sasha shrank away from him immediately.

"What are you doing? You are still hurt! Don't move!" He grabbed hold of her.

His touch seemed to agitate Sasha. Distrust became horror as she screamed and twisted herself free from him.

"Let go! Let go of me!"

Distraught and afraid of hurting her, Sebastian let her go.

He watched as Sasha cower on her bed like a cornered deer. She buried her head under the blanket and began chastising herself.

Has she really lost her mind?

Sebastian stood by the bed. His limbs and face felt unnaturally cold. He did not know what or how to feel.

Thump.

Under the cover of her quilt, Sasha's thin wrist appeared stealthily.

She was like a thief, feeling her way around the cabinet by her bed, and knocked over a glass bottle.

What is she doing?

Sebastian went towards it, intending on cleaning up the shattered glass.

Sasha watched him through a crack in her quilt and waited for her chance. He was kneeling over the broken glass and caught sight of her staring at him through the bottom of the bed.

“Argh! Why won’t you leave me alone? Are you an evil spirit or something? Why am I always dreaming about a scum like you?” Sasha yelled in frustration.

She remained huddled under her quilt, exposing only her angry eyes to glare at Sebastian.

He froze, still on the floor.

In her dreams? Scum?

“Am I missing my son so much that I’m dreaming of the scum?” Sasha furrowed her brows in confusion as she continued to mumble to herself out loud.

It was true that she did not think of Sebastian much or dreamed of him for the past five years.

During her time in Moranta, she had worked incessantly to set up a new life. Besides, she had to sever all ties with her past connections when she faked her death.

Now he stood before Sasha, as clear as day. Just like the same old domineering and stubborn Sebastian that she remembered.

I must be dreaming. Sasha concluded.

She decided to go back to sleep, but before she could, her bare arm outside of the blanket was met with a sudden warmth. It surprised her to see a muscular hand closing over hers.

“Is it true?”

“What?”

“Can you feel me touching you?” The man kneeling before her sounded hoarse. He could wrap her thin wrists in one palm.

All she could feel was her hand being caressed with a gentleness that was shocking to her. Sasha’s eyes widened.

How could this be?

Am I still dreaming? He feels so real.

It scared her. Sasha felt overwhelmed by emotions and her throbbing temple. She moaned quietly.

“What’s wrong? Are you in pain?” Sebastian asked, panicking slightly.

Several memories surfaced in Sasha’s mind. She pictured the man holding her and struggled to form the words from her quivering lips.

“Matteo is missing. Please... find him.”

With that, she passed out.

At this moment, the doctors burst in upon the immediate cessation of noise.

After order had been restored, Sebastian heard the doctor’s verdict.

“There’s nothing wrong with her,” he said. “You mentioned she was confused. That may just be a lingering side effect of trauma. Thankfully, Mr. Hayes, she did not lose her sight, or her mind. She is a superb doctor.”

The doctor could not help but marvel at Sasha’s medical skills.

Sebastian was beyond relieved. His twenty-eight years of life had not been as torturous as the ten minutes it took to wait for the doctor’s examination. The suffering was akin to a visit to hell.

He was unwilling to admit it, but it had been the darkest point in his life.