

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 283

"Are you the child's parent?"

While Sebastian was spacing out as he stood in front of Vivian's hospital bed and stared at the medical chart, Vivian's attending doctor came in. Upon seeing him, he asked that question.

Putting down the medical chart, Sebastian nodded. "Yes. How is she doing right now?"

"Her condition has stabilized now. This is her blood test report that just came out. Her blood type is very rare—RhB. Is the blood type of either you or her mother Rh?"

The doctor handed him a blood test report.

Hearing that, Sebastian was stunned for a moment.

RhB? I know Sasha's blood type is Rh, and Ian inherited it. But this little girl is actually RhB? For her blood type to be RhB, the father's blood type must be B, theoretically speaking. Only then is there a high possibility of having a child with a blood type of that combination. And my blood type just happens to be B.

Unwittingly, that thought flashed through his mind.

"Mister? Are you okay?"

There was a brief moment of silence before Sebastian gathered his wits about him. "I'm fine. To answer your question, her mother's blood type is Rh." Then, he took the blood test report in chagrin.

Ugh! What has that got to do with me? Tens of thousands of men in this world have the blood type of B! I must have gotten my wires crossed to have such an absurd thought!

He didn't pay more attention. Glancing at the watch on his wrist, he told Wendy to go back and take care of the other two children since it was getting late.

Meanwhile, he stayed at the hospital and waited for Vivian to wake up.

"Mommy..."

Vivian's sleep was fitful, and one could discern her discomfort every so often from the twitching of her red, swollen eyelids. Her petite mouth was in a moue as childish sobs escaped.

Even in her dreams, she was calling out for her mother.

Gah! Why are you still calling out to her? She doesn't want you anymore!

Irritation abruptly pervaded Sebastian again. It was as though a fist was squeezing his heart, the pain so great that he couldn't quite breathe.

Honestly speaking, he was actually aware that things were truly disastrous this time.

After all, Sasha's greatest attachment was the children. In the past, she never gave up battling him for them, even at the cost of her own life.

Now, however, she simply left without any regard for the children.

As Sebastian pinned his gaze on Vivian, his thin lips pressed into a white line. For a long time, he sat there staring at her face that resembled her mother's without moving a muscle.

When a mother and her daughter across them in the emergency room saw his dedication, they started talking about him. "He's really a good father. It's New Year's Eve today, yet he's keeping watch over his daughter in the hospital alone."

"Exactly! There are few young men who are so patient nowadays."

"Oh, perhaps it's not her father, but her uncle instead," the young daughter mused.

"How could he possibly be her uncle? He's obviously her father. Look at her distinct resemblance with her father!" the mother countered.

Nevertheless, the debate quickly ended when Vivian woke up.

Sebastian didn't hear a single word either since his mind had been otherwise occupied.

"You're awake? Are you feeling unwell anywhere?"

When the man saw that the little girl was awake, he exhibited great patience. Getting to his feet, he approached the hospital bed and leaned down before Vivian, putting a hand on her forehead.

As Vivian had just woken, her pale face still carried a pallid complexion.

Nonetheless, her big eyes that resembled crystal marbles instantly lit up at the sight of Sebastian. "Is Mommy back, Uncle Sebastian? I want Mommy."

The moment she spoke, she asked for her mother, and her childish voice was thick with tears.

All at once, Sebastian's heart clenched.

After a moment's deliberation, he reached out and scooped her up from the hospital bed. "Your mommy has something to do, so she's not here. But I promise she'll come and visit you soon, Vivi."

"Really?"

Despite being in his arms, Vivian's aversion was much milder this time, perhaps because she was still feeling sick.

She stretched out her tiny arms and hooked them around his neck.

Sebastian had never cradled her in such a manner. In the past, he either carried her or simply scooped her up with a hand out of distaste. But now, he suddenly had his arms full with a tiny and soft body.

Out of the blue, a strong sense of resentment surged within him.

Why? Why isn't she my daughter?

Half an hour later, they both left the hospital and went to a restaurant specializing in pastries and soups.

"What would you like to have? I'll order it for you."

"Are we going to see Mommy after we're done eating?" Vivian was still tenaciously fixated on that question as she sat in the wooden high chair.

The veins on Sebastian's forehead throbbed, but he stifled his temper.

Patience, he continued cajoling her. "Of course! We'll only have energy after eating, and that will keep her from realizing that you were sick. Don't you agree, Vivi?"

While Vivian said nothing, her big eyes sparkled as she felt that he indeed made sense.

Thus, they ordered some food. The pastries and nourishing soups were served in no time, and Sebastian scooped the chicken soup that he had ordered specially for Vivian into a small bowl before placing it in front of her.

Not only were the carrots and celery in the chicken soup nutritious, but they were also particularly beneficial for someone who had just suffered an allergic reaction.

Having done so, Sebastian picked up his cutlery to eat.

But to his astonishment, Vivian started clumsily picking out the carrots one by one with the small spoon in her hand after having brought the bowl to closer herself with her fair and chubby hands.