

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 423

Despite her efforts, not a sound emerged from beyond the door.

Tears streamed down her large unblinking eyes as Vivian felt demoralized.

“Daddy doesn’t want me anymore,” she sobbed. “Mommy isn’t here and Daddy doesn’t want us anymore. We are abandoned children to be sent to the orphanage.”

Matteo and Ian exchanged startled glances at the sound of their sister’s crying.

Thankfully, her cries had compelled Sebastian to open the door at last.

“Daddy!” chorused the children.

However, they were saddened to see that their father, who once stood tall and proud, had descended into a state of depression. He looked so forlorn and disheveled that he was almost unrecognizable.

“Daddy, don’t be like this. We still have to search for Mommy. Please, pull yourself together for her sake.’

Vivian was the most upset out of all three. At the pathetic sight of her father, she reached out and hugged his thigh tenderly as she gazed up at him with teary eyes.

Sebastian closed his eyes as he slowly knelt down next to her.

“Give Daddy a hug.”

“Okay.”

Vivian’s smile returned. She stretched out her plump arms and threw herself into Sebastian’s embrace with her head buried in his chest.

Ian and Matteo ambled over to join in.

Sebastian took the children into the room. Finally, Frederick and his men outside were relieved.

“Daddy, Mommy must still be alive. We will look for her and bring her home.”

"Is that so? Why are you so sure about that?" Sebastian dropped his bloodshot eyes to Matteo.

It was the first time in many days since he had heard the possibility of Sasha still being alive.

"Yes, I'm sure. Because Mommy had once said that no matter what happens to her, she will never abandon us. Daddy, all three of us can feel her out there. She must still be alive!" Matteo gazed determinedly at his father.

Sebastian was just about to chastise his son for being naive when he had the sudden realization that his faith was so weak that it was not even comparable to a child's.

Why am I so quick to believe that she is dead?

There is no proof of her death. Why should the mangled corpse and the urn be sufficient evidence for me to believe that?

After a long week of agony, Sebastian finally saw a sliver of hope.

Standing up slowly, he strode over to the window that had been shut for an entire week.

"Let's go find Mommy, shall we?" he said quietly, pulling the thick curtains apart. In a flash, the brilliant sunlight pierced his eyes, filling his beaten and aching body with hope and warmth.

The children were overwhelmed with joy at having their father back. Pouncing right into Sebastian's arms, their flushed cheeks mirrored Sebastian's determination.

We are going to find Mommy!

In fact, the triplets' intuition was correct. Sasha was not dead after all.

At that very moment, she was awake though her movements were limited. To her panic, she had lost the feeling in both her legs and was imprisoned.

"Ms. Nancy, here is your medicine for today. I must remind you to comply."

A well-dressed nurse brought a handful of pills in a bottle cap before her. There was a glass of warm water in her other hand.

Sasha ignored her.

She was not going to voluntarily consume the pills of unknown origin. As a doctor herself, she knew very well that her injuries did not warrant as many pills as she was being fed.

With a haughty air, she wheeled herself away from the nurse.

“Ms. Nancy, Mr. George had me warn you that if you do not take your medication on time, he will not rule out the possibility of sending you abroad for treatment.”

“Are you threatening me?” Sasha whipped around and glared at the nurse.

However, the nurse did not show the slightest hint of fear. She made her way forward with the pills in one hand and the glass of water in the other, smiling pleasantly at Sasha as she did so.

“No, Ms. Nancy. I am merely reminding you. If you still wish to see the people you love, I’d advise you to take your pills as you are told. Otherwise, you will be sent away.”

The pleasant smile was looking increasingly like a leer.

The nurse’s pupils that were fixed on Sasha looked as though the threat of a poisonous snake resided in the very corners of their unfathomable depth. Sasha could not repress a shudder when she looked into them.

Send me away?

What does that mean? Is her employer brazen enough to send me away without my consent?

Sasha bristled with anger. With a swipe of her arm, she sent the contents in the nurse’s hand flying and scattered across the room.

“Fine. Call your boss over to speak to me. I want to see if he really dares to send me away as he promised.”

“You-!” The nurse exclaimed, the smile vanished from her face, replaced by a furious glare.

However, she did not dare lay a finger on Sasha as Sasha was somebody who meant a great deal to her employer. The consequences of harming even a hair on Sasha were dire.

With great reluctance, the nurse departed without another word.

Sasha took the opportunity to attempt to stand up again. Not having the strength to, her legs wobbled violently as she did so.