

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 441

“So, why were you looking for me?”

“Dr. Moore, I would like to ask you something. You say that my illness can be treated by surgery. Can you explain to me about this treatment?”

Sasha did her best to sound polite, for she did not want to irk the doctor any more than she did.

Dr. Moore looked at her. “Well, I’ll cut open your blood vessels and remove the clot inside it.”

When Sasha heard this, she was disappointed.

She had already guessed that this was the method he would use.

However, it was not just one blood vessel of hers in the lumbar region that had lesions but many. There’s no way he could open up every blood vessel in there...

Sasha became uninterested again. “Doctor Moore, are you kidding? My whole body is like this...”

“That’s why we’re doing the surgery that is endangering your life the most first. As long as we remove the blockage in the blood vessels that are more important, your body would be able to have a stable function and those other less seriously affected blood vessels will recover naturally.”

The doctor with the hoarse voice interrupted her, stating his treatment plan in a flat tone.

Sasha fell silent.

She had never thought of that before.

Although she was a doctor, surgery had never been her forte. As such, she had never done much research in this area.

Does that mean I have a chance to live?

Sasha’s heart that was filled with despair and disheartenment started beating with hope again.

In the following days, Sasha was very cooperative as she followed every instruction that was given by the nurse.

When she heard that taking the drugs that could soften her blood vessels could increase the success rate of her surgery, she endured its bitter taste and swallowed it.

Apart from that, the doctor told her that exercise would be good for her, as it would make her body strong and prevent mishaps that might occur during surgery due to physical weakness.

As such, she went to the garden daily to exercise.

However, it was not convenient for her because she was blind. Most of the time, a nurse accompanied her. If the nurse wasn't around, Sasha dared not leave the ward.

Nobody understood how terrifying the world was to someone who had lost their sight suddenly.

One day, the nurse had some other business to attend to, so she did not turn up.

"Hi, Wand, do you want to go out to exercise today?"

"Yeah, give me a minute."

Suddenly hearing the voice of a patient outside her ward inviting her, Sasha was overjoyed. Rolling her wheelchair, she groped her way out of the ward.

The fellow patient saw this and came over to help her out.

"Wand, how are you lately? I can see that you're looking healthier.

"Really?"

When the two were taking the elevator, the patient looked at her expression and suddenly teased her.

They lived at the same level and she was suffering from a blood condition as well. As such, they became quite close.

Sasha was naturally glad to hear that because being healthier meant one step closer to her surgery.

She worked harder that day during her exercise to the point that she almost collapsed.

“Hey!”

“Be careful!”

Before she could collapse, a pair of powerful arms caught her, preventing her from falling to the ground.

Sasha heard the usual hoarse voice and was just about to thank the doctor when a faint but distinct scent drifted into her nose.

Sasha was stunned for a moment.

“That’s enough. There’s no need to overdo your exercise in the future. Learn to stop when you are tired.” Dr. Moore withdrew his hands and quickly found a nurse to help her.

Sasha was silent.

For a moment, a thought flashed across her mind but when she tried to put her finger on it, it was gone.

Am I going mad?

How could such a ridiculous thought come to my mind?

Sasha shook her head and told herself not to let her mind wander. Then, she asked the nurse to take her back to the ward.

After a week, she finally met all the necessary criteria and was ready for surgery.

“Ms. Wand, before the surgery begins, do you have any instructions?”

On that day, after the nurse had given Sasha her check-up, she asked if Sasha wanted anything before going into the operation theatre.

If I want anything?

Sasha fell silent for a moment.

She knew that what the nurse meant was that even though Dr. Moore’s method was perfect, in practice, there had never been a case like hers. As

such, nobody could be certain that she would be able to come out of surgery safely.

The nurse was trying to give Sasha a gentle reminder that anything could go wrong and that she should be prepared for the worse.

That night, Sasha could not sleep.

She wanted to meet those she missed, her children, her father, Uncle Jackson, Aunt Sharon, and... that man. I'll be satisfied even if I could only listen to their voices.

However, she dared not because she was afraid she would be discovered.

Besides, she was afraid that if she heard their voices, she would lose the courage to enter the operating theater.

Sasha tossed and turned for a long time on the hospital bed. It was almost dawn before she fell asleep.

She did not know that while she was tossing and turning, there was someone in the ward who was sitting at a small table not far from her bed.

In the pitch-black ward, even though his facial features could not be seen clearly, his eyes seemed to gleam as he watched her quietly. He did not miss any frown nor any sad sigh that came from her.