

# Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 453

Am I dreaming?

Why do I hear her voice? She should be recuperating in Lightspring. How is it possible that I hear her voice?

Sebastian believed that he was hallucinating from the pain.

A few small figures walked into the room after he heard the voice.

"It's Daddy. He really is here. What happened to him? Daddy, what happened to you? Are you sick?" asked Vivian.

"Vivian, don't touch Daddy. Let me have a look..." Sasha said.

The children were worried when they saw him. They surrounded him and chattered in their sweet childish voices but were careful not to touch him.

Instead, they waited for Sasha to treat him.

It was a wonderful dream.

Sebastian looked at the blurry figures before him, and a smile appeared on his pale expression.

Sasha was surprised by his smile.

"Little Ian, can you take Matteo and Vivian downstairs? I need to check on your father," Sasha said gently and turned to look at her children, who were waiting adorably with their heads resting on their hands.

Ian nodded and said, "Yes, Mommy."

Then, he led his siblings out of the room.

After the children left, the room fell silent. Sasha sat by the bed and looked at Sebastian curled up beneath the dim light.

She had not seen him for a long time.

Since seeing him off at the Empire State Tower, she never saw him again.

Although she knew he came to see her after that, she couldn't see him because she was blind at the time. Furthermore, she could not understand why he made his voice rough.

She could not see him at all then and was desperate to see him.

Sasha slowly reached for his hands that were holding his head tightly.

"Go away!" As Sebastian was tormented by pain, he would turn violent the moment someone touched him and slap the person's hand away.

However, the hand proceeded to press onto his hand firmly.

Then, he felt a needle piercing him.

Instantly, a tingling sensation spread all over him. Compared to the splitting headache, it felt much better.

"Miss, is it all right for you to do that to him?" Coincidentally, Greg had brought the doctor here. The doctor asked with concern when he saw what Sasha was doing.

Sasha nodded and said, "Yes, he has high blood pressure from insufficient rest and emotional instability. I injected him with medication to help him calm down."

"Oh, so that's the reason." Mason heaved a sigh of relief when he heard her.

A few minutes later, Sebastian fell into a peaceful sleep and dreamt for the first time since he came to this house.

Sasha saw that he had fallen asleep and asked Greg and Martha for a basin of hot water. Then, she gave him a sponge bath.

Once she was done, she went downstairs.

"Mommy, how's Daddy? Is he all right?" the children immediately asked her with concern the moment she reached downstairs.

Sasha consoled them and said, "Don't worry. Daddy was tired, so I let him sleep. We should go to bed too so that we can give him a surprise tomorrow morning, okay?"

"Yes!"

The children answered in unison.

Then, they pulled their luggage and went to the room prepared by Martha.

They were all good children.

Sasha watched them leave and glanced upstairs again. Now, she felt a sense of peace that had been absent before this.

The next morning, Sasha woke up to the noises of geese and dogs at the break of dawn.

Honk, honk!

Woof, woof, woof...

It sounded like a disorganized symphony. As the sky brightened, the village began to awaken and grew noisy.

Sasha got up from the bed.

"Huh? Madam, you're up? Did the noises wake you up?"

Sasha's room was a food pantry, so Martha, who was tending to the stove, noticed Sasha the moment she got up.

Sasha shook her head and said, "No, you didn't. It's time for me to wake up anyway."

Then, she held onto the bed frame to support herself up.

When Martha saw what she was doing, she rushed to help her up, but Sasha refused. "It's fine. I need to train my strength to recover faster. Are you making breakfast? Do you need help?"

'It's all right. I can't trouble you with such a simple matter. However, your husband seems unused to our food. He barely ate anything these few days.'

Sasha was stunned upon hearing that.

That's right, I forgot about it. Sebastian is very picky about his food. When he is at home, he won't touch any food he dislikes.

Furthermore, he grew up with a lavish lifestyle. How can he get used to countryside food?