

# Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

## Chapter 47

It was hours later when Sasha finally came home. She checked her phone and saw about a dozen missed calls from Luke. Ah! I have totally forgotten to go over to Frontier Bay tonight to treat Sebastian.

When Sasha was at Solomon's place, he not only showed her the references from law books but also explained to her in detail the methods one could use to gather court-admissible evidence. She had immersed herself in listening to Solomon's explanation of the relevant legal proceedings and forgotten about Frontier Bay.

Should I still head over now?

The momentary thought entered her mind. But it soon disappeared as she recalled what had happened during the day. Well, I still have some self-respect. Since that scum was willing to hurl all sorts of insults in my face for that phony woman, why should I care if he is suffering!

At that thought, Sasha decided to just wash up and go to bed with her children.

The night passed peacefully.

The next morning, Sasha was about to make breakfast for the kids when she received another call from Luke.

"Madam, Mr. Ian is sick"

"What! How did he get sick? He was still fine yesterday!" Sasha panicked and dropped everything she was doing before walking over to her balcony.

On the other side of the line, Luke covered his mouth and lowered his voice as though he was afraid of being caught making the phone call. "He stayed up all night waiting for you to come over. When you didn't show up, he started to play chess by himself. You know how fragile his body is. He must have caught a cold. Mr. Hayes is getting ready to take him to the hospital."

"Oh my..." Sasha felt light-headed and started faltering. Her heart wrenched in pain as a pang of guilt surged in her chest. After hanging up the phone, she hurried back into the house.

What kind of mother am I! I told Ian that I love him and will do everything I can to make up to him. But instead of keeping my word, I was out doing my own thing and didn't even look after his wellbeing!

Sasha rushed to the living room as Matteo and Vivian had just gotten ready in their school uniforms.

"Matt, Vivi, there's an emergency matter that I have to attend to. So, we're gonna have to grab a quick bite on our way to your preschool. Is that okay?"

"Sure, Mommy. What's the matter?" Matteo agreed promptly. But his mother's apprehensive expression concerned him.

Trying not to alarm the kids, Sasha simply replied, "Oh, it's just that the son of my patient has fallen ill, and I've got to take a look at him."

Ah! Ian is sick!

Both Matteo and Vivian were surprised by what they heard.

Twenty minutes later, the siblings arrived at their preschool. As soon as their mother was out of sight, the two started to discuss what had happened.

"Matt, it sounds like Mommy was talking about Ian. Is he sick?"

"I think so." Furrowing his little brows, Matteo seemed to be in deep thought.

It was indeed his idea to get Solomon to come over last night and encourage his mother to go out with him. After witnessing how Sebastian had treated Sasha, Matteo thought it was only fair that his mother found someone who can protect her.

He did not anticipate that Ian would fall sick as an indirect result of his plan.

"He must have become ill because he didn't get to see Mommy. I'm telling you, Matt, if I don't get to see Mommy, I will probably fall sick too." Vivian attempted to analyze the situation like an adult in her childlike voice.

Matteo fell silent upon hearing that.

Oh my gosh. What have I done now...

It was just before half-past eight when Sasha rushed over to Frontier Bay.

She was panting breathlessly from the running. A thin film of sweat formed on her forehead, and her delicate, porcelain cheeks were turning pink. Despite that, she dared not stop since she was almost reaching her destination.

"Little Ian, please be okay. It's all my fault! From now on, I will never abandon you. I promise."

When Sasha finally arrived at Royal Court One, she was huffing and puffing with red-rimmed eyes.

"Hold up there. Who are you? And do you think this is a place where anyone can just barge in like that?"

The woman was thoroughly exhausted by then. She explained to the bodyguard in her frantic voice, "Hi, I was here a few days ago. Please let me through. I need to take a look at Ian."

"Ian? He's sick, and Mr. Hayes is looking after him in there. Wait, stop right there! You have no permission to enter. Hey!" the bodyguard was yelling after Sasha as she had pushed through him and dashed inside.

But what is Sasha doing here?

The moment she heard that her son was in the villa instead of being sent to the hospital, there was nothing that could stop her from seeing Ian.

Indeed, when Sasha finally reached the villa, she was met with a chaotic scene as opposed to the usually quiet and desolated space; some were packing for the trip to the hospital while others were preparing the medicine and making phone calls to the doctors.

Sasha's heart sank at the frantic sight.

She dashed inside and was already on her way upstairs when a person was hurrying down with a bowl in his hand.

"Go get some saline solution. It's the doctor's order."

She took another glance at the person with the bowl to realize that he was a bodyguard, who was now doubling as a medical assistant.

Saline solution? Please don't tell me he's got diarrhea and is now dehydrated.