

# Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 581

Sasha was startled by his suggestion.

It finally dawned on her what that was about.

He was gone for such a long time, and that was to find a more comfortable spot for himself? And there I was...

Rage started to simmer in Sasha's chest once more.

"Suit yourself. But I'm not going!" She flung away Sebastian's hand and resumed her seat with a stern expression on her face.

Sebastian's face was as white as sheet.

The man continued to stand there for a few seconds before he decided to sit down next to her without another word.

The carriage finally quietened down.

After staring out the window for a while, Sasha grew tired and was about to lean back on her seat when she sensed a chill coming from her right side.

What's this?

She turned to her right and realized that the chill came from Sebastian.

He was sitting still with his eyes closed. However, cold sweat was breaking out from his forehead all the way to his neck, looking to soak through his shirt underneath his down jacket.

"Sebastian, are you okay?" Blood drained from Sasha's face as she tried to shake him.

However, Sebastian seemed to be losing his consciousness.

He slowly opened his eyes. When his blurry vision recognized Sasha in front of him, he panicked and grabbed onto her arm abruptly. "Darling, don't...leave...me."

Urgh! This idiot is still hung up on that.

Sasha was on the brink of tears.

She helped him up from the seat and cried for help, "Please, can someone help me? My husband is not feeling well. I need to move him to the dining carriage."

Soon, a few people came over to offer assistance. Together, they helped move Sebastian to the dining carriage.

Some people who suffered from a severe case of mysophobia would experience such panic-attack-like symptoms.

Like those who were diagnosed with claustrophobia, once they were forced into a place that triggered their phobia, their bodies would react to the surroundings negatively like a distress signal going off.

If these signals were ignored and the person prolonged his exposure to the surroundings, he would inevitably lose his consciousness and end up passing out altogether.

Sasha spent ten minutes using her acupuncture needles on the man before he finally regained his consciousness.

"He's finally awake. Thank goodness. Madam, would you like me to fetch him some hot chocolate?" One of the train service staff heaved a sigh of relief and thought Sebastian could use some drink to keep his fluid up and boost his energy.

No! He deserves this. Let him suffer!

Sasha was still mad at him. Now that the man had awakened, her anger resurfaced.

Nevertheless, Sasha nodded to the service staff and said, "Sure. That would be great. Thanks."

The staff quickly turned around to get that drink.

Sebastian heard the last words said by his wife the moment he woke up. "Thanks, Darling."

Frustration continued to brew in her chest. But since the man was in no condition to stand up against her, Sasha begrudgingly suppressed her emotions.

"Sit up and see how you're feeling overall," the woman ordered.

“Okay.” Sebastian complied dutifully. Despite still feeling weak, the man was still over six foot two. So when he sat right next to Sasha, he still overshadowed her by a lot.

“Lower your head and let me see your tongue,” she said impatiently.

So he is tall. Big deal! Such a bully.

Sasha still had a long face. Her frustration made her chest feel tight.

Sebastian, who was supposed to stick his tongue out, suddenly pulled her into his arms and held her tightly.

“Darling, I’m sorry. I really am. I shouldn’t have raised my voice with you and given you the silent treatment. Can you please forgive me?” Sebastian buried his head in her shoulder.

Sasha was stunned by his action. His voice was...croaky.

After a long while, still being held tightly in his arms, Sasha said with a choked voice, “Then, why did you do that to me? What have I done wrong?”

The air froze for a few moments following her question.

The atmosphere that was warming up between the couple suddenly dropped to sub-zero once more following the man’s silence.

Does this mean he’s still not prepared to tell me what happened?

Sasha’s expression darkened instantly and she started to wriggle out from his embrace.

“Because... I saw Solomon looking for you at the hospital,” Sebastian said as he frantically grabbed onto her arm.

The man finally confessed what had been tormenting him and keeping him up for the past two nights.

Sebastian was very reluctant to let on his true feelings. For one, he did not want his wife to think any less of him for being jealous of another man. Besides, he was worried that Sasha would not believe him, which would make matters worse. However, the more he tried to suppress his feelings and keep them under the lid, the more he was losing control of his mind over it.

Finally, he slowly explained what he saw in the hospital, "I was with my mother at the hospital the other day. Mom said she wanted to bring over some food for your friend in the hospital and she brought me along. That's when I saw you and Solomon talking in the corridor. I overheard your conversation and I couldn't control myself..."

Sasha was in a daze. She no longer heard what Sebastian was talking about.

As though being hit on the head, blood drained from her face and all she could hear was a ringing voice in her ears.