

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 721

At that critical moment, that agile figure jumped off the railing and attacked the two men in black, who had not even realized what was going on.

Something shiny flickered...

"Close your eyes, Vivi."

"Okay..." she sobbed.

Within moments, blood gushed out from the neck of one of the men in black. He could not even resist a little throughout the whole process.

Another man saw that and quickly fished out his gun, but it was too late.

Had they not been so vicious to use a child to threaten Sebastian to kill himself, they might live to see the sun tomorrow. However, it's not the case now.

The man, who had just saved Vivian, shot a death stare at the culprit. Then, he threw a dart which landed perfectly at the latter's throat.

Within a second, he fell to the ground and became lifeless.

This man is quite skilful!

Although Sebastian did not show any emotions on his face, he was impressed with the man's skills. A glimpse of admiration flashed across his unrelenting eyes.

"Mommy..."

"Vivi, my sweetie!" When Sasha regained her senses, she rushed over and hugged her rescued daughter tightly. She was not able to calm herself down for a long while.

Seeing all these, Karl felt so bad.

I should have insisted on following them to the hospital had I known this would happen.

He approached the man in the wheelchair. His eyes welled up when he saw the current condition of his previously smug-looking boss.

“Mr. Hayes, are you all right? How could you attempt something so silly just now?”

Speechless, Sebastian’s face darkened.

I’m grateful that he saved me, but what rights does he have to lecture me?

He became hostile again. “Who are you? Why are you here?”

Karl was taken aback by his questions.

He gazed at Sasha who was weeping silently for several seconds, hoping for an answer. Then, he responded sadly, “Mr. Hayes, don’t you remember me? I’m Karl Frost. I have been serving you for a very long time.”

“Karl?” Sebastian repeated his name a few times.

Karl nodded. “Yes, I’ve been working for you for five years since that time you saved me from the hands of the terrorists in Smealand. I’ve been with you all this while, helping you to manage the bodyguards. Don’t you remember, Mr. Hayes?”

He added, “I was also with you when the accident happened.”

The last line rang a bell and triggered some of Sebastian’s past memories.

The name “Karl” does appear in the memory within this personality of mine. In fact, he’s one of those that I want to avenge. In that list, there’s also Shawn, Calvin, Frieda, my father, as well as Sasha.

He remembered all of those names. However, he could not put a face to that name, especially when Karl was already dead in his memory.

Sebastian narrowed his eyes at him at that thought. “Aren’t you dead? Why are you still here?”

What a question!

Karl explained, “No, I was severely injured back then. When you were taken away by the Jadesons, I was sent to the hospital by the police. After battling for a few months, I survived.”

“I see.” Sebastian finally understood.

Though he answered placidly, there was a sparkle in his otherwise cold eyes.

Due to the sudden occurrence of an untoward incident, there was chaos at the hospital. Apart from the police who came, Grayson also contacted Jonathan at the first instant when he learned that the incident involved Sebastian.

When everyone came down from the rooftop with the child in Sasha's arm, they ran into Jonathan.

"What's going on? Why is there a sudden shooting at the hospital? What did you do?" the old man bombarded Sebastian with a list of questions as soon as they met.

A scornful expression appeared on Sebastian's face as he gazed at Jonathan coldly.

"It's not that. This has got nothing to do with Mr. Hayes. Somebody wanted to assassinate him. They even used my daughter as bait and threatened him to take his own life. Thankfully, the rescue came in the nick of time," suppressing her anger, Sasha clarified right away.

When she had finished explaining, the old man stared daggers at her. His gaze was interrogative.

"Your daughter? Why is she here? You're a mere care worker. Why would they threaten him with your daughter? Or am I mistaken about your relationship with him?" The whole ward buzzed with his inquisitorial voice.

Sasha's face was ghastly white.

She was caught off guard by Jonathan. She did not expect him to be so sharp that he was able to catch a crucial point as soon as she mentioned her daughter.

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"We aren't related, we..."

"Why are you spewing so much nonsense? Didn't you want to use them to kill me? Since they couldn't do it, you can do the honors. Why the need of finding so many excuses?" the man in the wheelchair uttered.

Though his expression was calm and his tone of voice was indifferent, his words were exceptionally harsh and sarcastic.

Instantly, Jonathan turned sour as if he had been slapped in the face.

"You..." He clenched his fists and cracked his knuckles, but he managed to control his temper in the end.

Looking sullen, he gave him a warning. "Don't be so full of yourself, Sebastian. You're going to regret it one day!"

Sebastian scoffed.

Regret? The thing that I regretted the most was to be born into the Jadeson family.

Shortly after, Jonathan left.

He requested his men to take care of all the corpses and did not pursue the matter anymore. Since he did not mention what would he do to Sebastian, the incident was left as it was.

Sweeping the matter under the carpet was an unfair thing to do. This was clearly an intentional murder case. Who's the mastermind? Jonathan is well aware of that; yet, he chose to do nothing about it. This is upsetting.

"Just ignore him. Most importantly, Mr. Hayes is safe. The rest is secondary," Grayson advised Sasha.

She nodded in response.

That's right, as long as he's safe and sound. What do I expect from such a terrible family?

Sasha dropped the topic and stopped thinking about it. Then, they went back to the ward.

Vivian was still in immense shock. So, Sasha decided not to stay in the hospital. Karl, on the other hand, would protect Sebastian in secret.

"I'm going to bring Vivi home, Mr. Hayes. If you need anything, please call the nurse," she reminded him politely before leaving.

At that time, Sebastian was reading quietly on the bed.

After the incident during the day, the wound on his hand cracked open. The nurse had to bandage him again. Right then, he was leaning on the bed and reading from the small table used for meals.

Sasha waited for his response, but she was greatly disappointed that he did not even cast a glance at her.

Besides the hustling sounds from the air-conditioning, there was pin-drop silence in the ward, as if she did not exist in the room.

Fine, dealing with him is a waste of time.

When Sasha was about to leave with her child, he said, "You don't have to come tomorrow."

"Huh?" She stopped in her tracks, stunned. "Why? I'm your doctor, why shouldn't I be here?"

"My attending physician is Grayson, not you. I'll inform him about this. Starting from tomorrow, you don't need to come here anymore"

He was resolute and cold. Sasha was hurt that she had been denied the acknowledgment of being his doctor. In addition, she was also asked not to attend to him anymore. Her face paled.

For a moment, she could not make sense out of what the man had just said.

No, why did he say that all of a sudden? Didn't we just go through a near-death experience this afternoon? Why hasn't our relationship gotten any better? Instead, he's shooing me away once all of that was over!

Sasha was baffled.

She wanted to ask further but was interrupted by the new nurse. "Dr. West, since the patient no longer requires your care, I think it's best you take your leave now lest he gets upset."

With that said, the nurse ushered both mother and child out of the room.

Sasha faltered at the door. She took one last peep at the man through the crack. After seeing his cold expression, she left with Vivian, feeling aggrieved.

Why does he act this way all of a sudden?

With that disturbing thought, Sasha left the hospital.

Ten minutes later, Grayson came to the ward after receiving the news.

"I heard that you drove my assistant away? What's wrong? Is it because of what happened today, Mr. Jadeson? Are you afraid that she won't be safe if she's around you and might get into trouble?"

Smiling, Grayson grabbed a chair and took a seat in front of the bed.

Upon hearing that, Sebastian, who was enjoying some music, immediately turned grim and denied, "No!"

"Then, why don't you let her treat you? I have told you before, even though she's my assistant, she's got great skills. You did notice, didn't you? Your insomnia as well as the wounds on your body have improved vastly under her care." Grayson tried using his recovery to persuade him.

However, Sebastian remained indifferent.

In fact, Grayson's method backfired. "Why are you here for? Decoration? How can you ask an assistant to treat your patient?" mocked Sebastian.

Grayson was rendered speechless.

This guy is such a nuisance. Why is he so stubborn?

Grayson was left with no choice but to go with his idea. He stood up and said, "Fine. Since you have rejected her, I'll assign her to take care of other patients. As for you, I'll make other arrangements."

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Then, he left.

Initially, the man appeared to be minding his own business and enjoying the music. But his enthusiasm faded almost instantly once the person left the ward.

Annoyance and anger overwhelmed him as he aggressively pulled the earplugs out of his ears.

Too much free time?

It's all about controlling what I do!

...

Sasha didn't sleep well that night.

The thought of not being there to take care of Sebastian was depressing. She tossed and turned in bed and couldn't get a good night's sleep.

The next day, Karl was shocked at the sight of her.

"Madam, what's wrong? Why do you look so tired?" he asked.

"Don't worry about it." Sasha brushed it off.

Sasha refused to tell him the truth. All she did was shake her head.

Ironically, it was Vivian who spilled the beans. "Mr. Frost, Mommy fought with Daddy last night. That's why she looks tired."

"What?" Karl raised his head perplexedly, "You two fought? What happened?"

Last night, Karl was secretly hiding in a corner far from the ward.

Therefore, he missed out on the fight.

Sasha sighed. "Not sure what pissed him off. He said that we are not allowed to take care of him anymore."

"What?" Karl was baffled!

"How can that be? If you're not there to take care of him, how is he going to get better? There must be a valid reason if he wants you to stop doing that."

Karl was holding a slice of bread in his hand while he reminisced the time when he first met him after the accident. The fact that he could not remember him was frustrating.

Sasha's emotional turbulence intensified.

That's true. He is so different from who he once was.

Nonetheless, Sasha decided to visit the hospital once more. She was not a person who would give up easily.

She took a cab to the hospital after entrusting Vivian with Karl.

"Dr. West, please come over. According to the instructions of Dr. Wallen, you're the doctor for the patient at Ward 15," informed Sasha's colleague.

"What?" She could not believe what she just heard.

As she arrived in the hospital, she was hit with the news about her transfer.

The patient at Ward 15?

Isn't him the newly admitted patient? What has that got to do with me?

Sasha panicked and pestered her colleague further. "What about Mr. Hayes? Who's attending to him?"

He replied, "The surgeon who just returned from his overseas studies."

Sasha was speechless.

A surgeon is involved?

What is this nonsense?

Troubled by confusion and hopelessness, her immediate thought was to look for Grayson. However, she was informed by his secretary that he was out for a meeting and would only return tomorrow.

This is ridiculous...

She was fuming with anger.

Cornered, she could only return to the inpatient department. Her initial plan was to wait for Grayson's return.

"Dr. West, this is your patient's medical records. Please take a look. He just finished surgery." The doctor on the night shift passed a stack of medical records to her.

At this stage, Sasha did not have a choice but to focus on the work before her.

At the end of the day, she was still a doctor.

Sasha brought the medical records with her and arrived at patient Ward 15.

“Baylor White?” She was flipping through the records while asking for him.

“That is correct,” he replied.

A soothing male voice echoed through the ward. Sasha was dumbstruck for a moment and lifted her head.

“You... are Baylor?” She couldn’t believe it.

She was spooked out. It was rather shocking that a teenager like him would be diagnosed with end-stage lung cancer.

“What’s the surprise?” Baylor appeared to be used to her reaction. He smiled in confirmation.

Sasha was lost for words.

At that instant, a deep sense of guilt budded in her heart.

Just moments ago, all she could think of was to get over with the patient and to look for Sebastian.

“That’s not what I mean. Anyways, I’m your doctor. My name is West, Macy West. You can call me Dr. West,” she swiftly introduced herself.

Sasha pointed at her badge. Then, she started striking casual conversations with the young teenager before her.

Frankly speaking, he was not a teenager. He was twenty-four but didn’t look his age. Perhaps this could be attributed to his sickness, which caused his frail and debilitated figure.

“Dr. Macy West, that’s a cute name. Alright, how can I help you?” he asked.

“You just finished your surgery yesterday. We need to do a blood test for you. What say I direct you there now?” she replied.

Sasha put down the medical records and started approaching him.

Patients who suffered end-stage lung cancer had lowered immune systems due to the metastasis of cancer cells. Hence, surgery was usually not recommended. The viable treatment would often be needle biopsy and chemotherapy.

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Sasha held out her hand to help him.

Baylor was a person who would almost always refuse help. He was not a fan of sympathy. Looking weak in front of others disgusted him.

However, it felt different if the person offering help was a doctor with beautiful eyes. Most importantly, there was not a hint of sympathy in those eyes.

“Dr. West, are you my doctor from now on? Baylor asked.

“Maybe for a couple of days,” she answered.

Sasha did not notice the disappointment in his eyes as she was pushing his wheelchair out of the ward.

Baylor was speechless.

Just before he could say anything, the duo bumped into a person in a wheelchair. The next second, the hands that were supposed to be on his wheelchair let go all of a sudden.

“Mr. Hayes, Mr. Hayes...”

Sasha sped towards the other person and abandoned Baylor on the spot.

What kind of doctor is this?

A moment ago, he was fond of her. His impression changed, understandably, when he was left alone in the hallway.

Baylor was furious. He stood up from his wheelchair and chased after them.

“Mr. Hayes, where are you heading too? Please hear me out. I wanted to visit you this morning but I was assigned to patient fifteen. I have no choice but to attend to him first.”

Sasha finally caught up with him. As she was struggling to catch her breath, she was also busy explaining herself.

Truth be told, she didn't know why there was a need for her to explain.

He was the person who chased her out yesterday.

“You are not my doctor anymore. I’ve said it before, and I’ll say it again. I don’t need you in my ward,” replied Sebastian coldheartedly.

Sasha’s face was ghastly white.

She was not an undignified person.

But there was a reason behind her persistence. All she wanted was to take care of him and to nurse him back to health.

We are husband and wife!

Sasha swallowed the hard pill and braced herself. “Mr. Hayes, can you please let me take care of you? Did you chase me away yesterday because of my daughter? I will never bring her over anymore!” Sasha pleaded.

She pitifully begged for his forgiveness. She innocently believed that her daughter was the reason behind his anger.

However, the man before her remained indifferent.

“How can you be such a thick-skinned person? I have been very clear about my wishes, but you still choose to defy them. Do you really want me to file a complaint to Grayson? You’ll be fired by then!” he continued to lambast her.

Every word he said stabbed deeply into her heart.

Even though he was a completely different person, his crudeness remained. Every word managed to stir up ripples of hurtful emotions in his victims.

Tearing their heart apart.

Sasha just remained quiet.

She stood there motionlessly and stared at him. Her disappointment and sadness unmasked.

“Macy, what are you doing here? Didn’t I assign you to patient fifteen? Why are you still here? You’re not exempted from the rules just because you are Dr. Wallen’s student. The hospital will punish you regardless!” Sasha found herself to be in an even more precarious position when the surgeon bumped into them.

Without mercy, she reproached her for ignoring his instructions.

Sasha clenched her fists tightly.

She took one last look at the emotionless man before leaving, tears streaming down her cheeks in the process.

She knew very well that it was not his fault.

However, she was still devastated.

Sasha mindlessly returned to the patient at Ward 15. The wheelchair he was seated in was empty.

Where is he?

She was stupefied and clueless.

“Dr. West, I’m inside.” Baylor’s voice came from the ward.

Sasha regained her senses and pushed the wheelchair in. “Why are you back in the ward? I apologize for my abrupt action just now. I was a little bit...”

“Do you know the young master of the Jadesons? Were you his attending doctor?” Baylor interrupted her sentence. He remained calm even after the unpleasant event moments ago.

The young master of the Jadesons?

The title sounded strange to her.

“I don’t know him. It’s just that I was assigned by Dr. Wallen to take care of him. What about you, Baylor?” she threw the question back to him.

“Of course, I know him. Isn’t he the latest member who reunited with the Jadesons?” Baylor’s snicker was laced with a subtle element of mockery.

...

It is true that no one in Jadeborough would have treated him with respect.

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Everyone thought that he was an illegitimate child. As Frieda's son, his status was unbecoming to be part of the elite family!

Sasha was annoyed, so she refused to speak with him.

Meanwhile, in front of the lift, Sebastian stopped the surgeon from pushing his wheelchair further.

"Mr. Hayes?" she asked.

"Leave!" he yelled.

He was unapproachable and aloof as if every single person around him was his greatest enemy.

The surgeon was stunned.

Leave?

How can I let that happen? She put in a lot of effort devising this plan for his recovery. Most importantly, this was a golden opportunity for her to build a good relationship with the Jadesons.

She was unwilling to give up that easily.

"Mr. Hayes, this surgery is a very sophisticated and effective treatment. It speeds up the recovery of your limbs and will not cause any scarring. Let's just proceed, shall we?" she tried to persuade him.

"Get lost!" Sebastian growled.

He shot her down without mercy.

Then, without any assistance, he maneuvered his wheelchair out of the area.

The surgeon was dumbfounded and did not know how to react. After quite some time, only then she stomped on the ground as exasperation fulminated within her.

"What is this? He has the audacity to chase me away! Does he know who I am? My father is the diplomat of the White House! It's a privilege for an illegitimate child like him to even speak to me!"

She unhappily cursed before leaving.

Sebastian returned to his ward.

Initially, he wanted to return home immediately. However, when he passed by the hallway, he noticed the patient at Ward 15. For some reason, he was drawn towards that direction.

“Dr. West, what perfume are you using? You smell great!” Baylor was trying to get into her good books.

“I don’t use any,” Sasha coldly replied.

Sasha was holding a very long suction tube while being bent over the undressed patient.

As an end-stage lung cancer patient, it was very easy for fluid to accumulate in his lungs. Hence, suctioning was the recommended solution to relieve his pain and at the same time avoid surgery.

Sasha wore a pair of surgical gloves while navigating across his chest to identify the correct location.

“Dr. West, relax. There’s very little risk of infection. Why don’t you take off your gloves and try again? That way, it will be easier and more accurate.” Baylor suggested.

“What?”

Sasha’s went wide-eyed with his absurd proposal.

“Are you kidding me? Any sort of treatment carries the risk of infection. Utmost caution must be exercised!” She was not amused.

Ironically, her widened eyes resembled that of an innocent child.

Baylor finally stopped fooling around. However, when Sasha lowered her head, he closed his eyes and took a deep breath. The corner of his lips visibly lifted into a smirk.

He showed great satisfaction.

“You!”

Sebastian was gripping tightly on his wheelchair.

He stared furiously at the two of them, like a beast waiting to pounce.

"Macy West!" he thundered.

"Yes?" she responded immediately.

She turned her head around, confused.

Only to spot the aggrieved man before her.

"Mr. Hayes, why are you here?" she asked as she was confused.

The hurtful comments and treatment that she received just moments ago vanished from her mind.

She dropped everything and cheerfully leapt in his direction.

"Mr. Hayes, are you looking for me?" she asked.

...

Suddenly, Sebastian came to his senses.

At the same time, he was puzzled and confused.

Am I crazy? Why did I ask for her?

What was with that outrage? Why am I so angry? Is she related to me?

A few seconds later, he finally blurted out an anticlimactic response, "Where's my book?"

Book?

When Sasha heard that, she was disappointed.

She genuinely thought that Sebastian was looking for her.

"I left it on the bedside table. Is it not there?" she asked.

"No," he replied.

"Then, do you need me to help look for it?" she carefully uttered the sentence. Nevertheless, deep down, hope reignited within her.

At this point, she was not asking for much. All she wanted was to spend time with him. Be it ten minutes or an hour, she would be happy.

Since he needed help, he hesitantly accepted her offer.

Sasha was thrilled. Right away, she helped Baylor settle down and left with Sebastian.

"He's Alfred's son. It's best if you stay away from him," Sebastian reprimanded her.

"What?" Sasha was shocked.

She was taken aback by his comment.

"Alfred? Who's Alfred?" She seemed lost.

How can she not know who Alfred is?

Sebastian abruptly lashed out, "Are you a pig? How can you not know who Alfred is? He's the leader of the White House, the president of the country!"

Sasha went numb.

Da*n!