

## The Love That Never Really Dies Chapter 857

This time, Sasha received a prompt reply.

Sebastian: Are you not at Oceanic Estate?

Macy: Um...

Sebastian: Where did you go? And who allowed you to leave?

There was no response from Macy for a long time.

Sasha could sense his dominance in those two simple questions despite being miles away. As a result, she couldn't even utter a single word.

Wait... Haven't I explained it to him already? And he responded with those few indifferent words. So, what's with all these questions now? Why does it seem as though he doesn't know anything at all?

She stared at the screen blankly for some time before she typed her reply.

I left by myself and went to work at the hospital. You've gone for training, so there's nothing for me to do even if I stay at Oceanic Estate.

Sebastian didn't reply to that, so she quickly added, Don't worry. I'll go back immediately when you've returned.

It was as though she wanted to seize that opportunity but was afraid that the man would object.

Fortunately, he responded seconds after she sent the message. While it was a curt reply of merely two words—how pointless—it was already a vast improvement to her.

Hmm... Since I haven't yet figured out why he knows nothing about this matter right now, I won't tell him for the time being. After all, I don't know the ploy behind all this. When Jonathan forced me to leave, he said such nasty words that I sent Sebastian a message for help, but the reply I got was entirely different from his attitude now. There's something suspicious about it. Therefore, the best solution is to say nothing for now.

Sasha put down her phone and slept soundly that night.

Meanwhile, Sebastian was at the military base. He put down his phone and abruptly opened his room door without even drying his hair.

"Is this why you have been restricting my use of electronic devices?" he demanded with a deadly glare at the guard outside his door.

"W-What?"

Mark's expression underwent an instant change when he heard that question.

Indeed, they had been restricting Sebastian's use of electronic devices from cell phones to laptops with the excuse that he had no need for such things since he was training.

They only allowed him access that night because the two children wanted to phone him.

"There must be some misunderstanding, sir. We haven't been restricting your use. We didn't give them to you because you don't have time to use them since you've been training," Mark insisted.

The sneer on Sebastian's face was terrifying as he stood under the dim light with his hair still dripping wet.

"Okay. In that case, don't let me catch you for the second time."

Before Mark could say anything, the man continued, "I promise you'll regret sending me here."

Sebastian stood in the dark and regarded the former like a predator to its prey. Then he slammed the door shut with a bang.

Throughout it all, Mark merely stared ahead blankly.

Long after Sebastian switched off the lights in his room, the man was still rooted in the same spot. Beads of cold sweat covered his forehead and slid down his pale face.

Undeniably, those words were truly petrifying because Mark knew Sebastian. Furthermore, he had intimate knowledge of how terrifying the latter was when he flew into a rage.

For the first time, he regretted his actions.

The next day, Sasha arrived at the hospital early in the morning.

"Macy, are you sure Baylor asked you for milk and eggs yesterday? I informed his family last night. They brought him the things, but he threw them all away."

Moments after she arrived, Hazel related the incident to her.

Hearing that, Sasha was stunned.

He threw everything away. Why would he do that? I'm certain he said he wanted milk and eggs before I left yesterday.

Stumped, she hurriedly went to check on her patient.

Sure enough, the sight of a resplendently dressed middle-aged woman coaxing the patient who had been transferred to the general ward greeted her.

"All right, all right... It's fine if you don't want to eat. Don't be angry, okay?"

"Get out!"

Embarrassed, the middle-aged woman dragged her feet out of the hospital room despondently.

Sasha witnessed her patient throwing a fit and chasing everyone away. Puzzled by his behavior, she approached the fuming man.

“Mr. White, didn’t you say you wanted milk and eggs?”

The simple question earned her a glare.

“I wanted you to buy them for me, not those people!”

“Huh?”

Sasha became more confused.

Is there a difference who’s buying? Are children from prominent families this unreasonable?

On the heels of that, a trace of chagrin rose within Sasha.

“Mr. White, I’m only your attending physician. I’m not in charge of your diet whatsoever. Besides, you can’t eat solid food. I only agreed yesterday to keep you calm for better recovery.”

Frowning, she simply told her patient the truth.

However, her words only aggravated Baylor more.