

# Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

## Chapter 48

Sasha panicked and dashed over in an instant. "Why are we using saline?" she demanded. "Why isn't he on a drip? What's going on?" She fired off one question after another without giving the bodyguard time to respond.

Unbeknownst to her, Ian had an unusual lymphatic system whereby drips would actually do more harm than good. During the years when Sebastian cared for him, he had been erring on the side of caution.

When Sasha threw open the door after she bounded up the stairs, the scene that greeted her was not what she expected.

"Come on, another bite. When you've finished, you're in for a special treat."

"Really, Daddy? Can she come back again?" pleaded the child.

"Of course, my boy," answered Sebastian.

He could not have been more different than his usual haughty and domineering self. Sasha watched as he patiently coaxed the squirming boy, who was doing his best to avoid the spoon. Sebastian is actually a pretty good father.

Steeling herself, she entered the room and stood before him. "Let me do it. A jab will work better to stop the diarrhea."

When Sebastian looked up at her, Sasha couldn't help but shudder. His eyes were filled with rage as if her intrusion greatly offended him.

However, his son's health was the more pressing matter at hand, so he held his emotions back. As he placed the boy back onto the bed, his expression softened.

"Mr. Hayes, I..." one of the doctors started.

"Leave us," he interrupted him sharply. "Let her do it."

The doctors hurriedly cleared the room, not keen to be on the receiving end of his temper. Meanwhile, he watched intently as Sasha prepared the equipment. She could feel the intensity of his gaze drilling into the back of her skull.

Not daring to look behind her, she clenched her fists to stop herself from trembling. But one look at the pale child steadied her nerves as she knew that the boy needed her. Taking a deep breath, she administered the dose and observed him.

After twenty minutes, Ian looked much better.

"Does it still hurt, Ian?" Sasha asked softly.

"No, it doesn't." Ian shook his head as he lay in bed.

Sasha sighed in relief. Bending over, she kissed his forehead and tucked his blanket in.

“Now, Ian, you need to rest up, alright? I’ll come back and visit you soon.”

Ian nodded, looking over her shoulder at his father.

Sebastian approached her. “Anything else?”

“Don’t yell at her!” Ian sat up as though he sensed Sebastian’s hostility earlier.

Sasha followed Sebastian out of the room and up a flight of stairs, which took them to the third floor of the villa. Then, he stopped and turned around to address her. “I’m going in for a bath. You coming?” A menacing glint flashed across his eyes as he stared at her.

What?

Sasha felt the flush crawl up her cheek and stumbled backward.

“Oh, I—I don’t think I will. You have a good shower. I’ll wait for you out here,” she mumbled, frantically searching for a way out of her embarrassment. Locating the door, she bolted out of there like a hare in a foxhunt.

Sebastian watched her leave with a smirk across his thin lips before he entered the bathroom.

Since Ian’s condition improved, the doctors and guards were dismissed, and the villa quickly became quiet again, with only a few servants.

Sasha came to the balcony on the third floor. As she gazed at the garden below, it seemed like an enticing place, so she went down and made herself comfortable on the patio while waiting for Sebastian.

Right then, she received a text message.

Solomon George: Nancy, aren’t you coming today?

Sasha: Oh no! I’m so sorry. Something urgent came up in the morning, and I forgot to tell you.

She only remembered that she was supposed to meet him at his office for a consultation on a legal matter when she saw the text message.

Solomon’s affable reply came soon.

Solomon: That’s fine. We’ll meet up when you’re free. Just give me a call, and I’ll come to pick you up.

Sasha: Sure.

Soon after, she heard the sound of a door being opened from above. She looked up at the bedroom before entering the villa again.

“Sebastian, have you finished your bath? Can we talk now?”

Confronted with a closed door, she reiterated her request outside the room. Suddenly, the door opened from within, and Sebastian emerged, damp and naked except for the towel around his waist.

Good God!

Sasha's eyes widened in shock.

Although she had three children with this man, she had never seen his body before!