# Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 1020

Isaac noticed that she was still dazed from her slumber and stopped pressurizing her with questions. He gently helped her sit up and leaned her head against the headboard. Then, he swiftly poured her a cup of water.

"It's a little hot. Please be careful."

Sabrina was at a loss for words, seeing his care and concern.

She furrowed her brows.

Nevertheless, she still obediently complied and took a sip of the warm water.

"Where are we? The sky's already dark?" After she finished drinking, her eyes scanned the room before landing on the window.

Isaac hurriedly nodded.

"Yeah, it's already nighttime. Ms. Hayes, when you returned to the hotel, you fainted from the immense discomfort. Following your collapse, I brought you to the hospital there and then."

"Hospital?"

With the cup still in her hands, Sabrina jolted in shock.

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"Is it that serious?"

"Y-Yes."

"Huh? What's the problem? Has it got to do with my stomachache? Is it appendicitis?"

The first illness that came to mind was acute appendicitis. It was the only illness in her knowledge that would warrant a trip to the hospital.

To her surprise, Isaac shook his head.

"No, it's not. It's because... you're pregnant."

"W-What did you just say?"

The moment the words left his mouth, Sabrina thought it was her ears that were playing tricks on her. She warily narrowed her eyes at him.

However, Isaac daringly met her glare and replied, "Yes, Ms. Hayes. You didn't hear wrong. The doctor said that the reason you were in such great pain was that there were signs of a miscarriage."

Sabrina was rendered speechless.

"So, for the next few days, you can't get out of bed and move around. They said it's the only way for you to keep your child."

His last sentence began to trail off as he lowered his gaze to avoid eye contact.

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He instantly tried to distract himself by looking elsewhere.

Sabrina remained silent.

Her mind went completely blank for a good ten seconds.

I'm carrying a child? How the hell is that possible? Could it be... that night in Coldbridge?

The scenes from that steamy night immediately played in her head like it just happened. Her heart began racing faster and faster.

"Ms. Hayes?"

Isaac had been patiently waiting for her response but to no avail.

Hence, he turned around to face her, only to see her looking distraught.

That's happiness on her face, right? The two of them had such a heated argument just this afternoon. Now that she's expecting, it must be good news for them both.

Isaac was filled with despair as that thought surfaced.

Eventually, he chose to leave the room and left Sabrina alone.

In the depths of autumn, one could barely feel the icy cold breeze in Yaleview. Instead, it felt more like spring, with light breaths of wind gently caressing people's faces. Especially that night, the weather was remarkably comforting.

Even so, as Isaac gazed at the starless sky, he felt as though the wind was nipping at his heart.

"Sir, is there anything I can do for you?"

"Do you have any alcohol?"

All of a sudden, he felt the urge to drink.

Soon after, the hotel server arrived with the alcohol. With the two bottles of beer, Isaac sat outside the hotel, sulking for the entire night.

The next day, a fast asleep Isaac could be seen lying next to a stone pillar with the wine bottles in hand.

"Isaac Sheerwood!" Just then, a high heel woke him up.

"Who is it?"

His bloodshot eyes flew open as his black-rimmed spectacles fell on the ground. He hastily looked up at the person.

"Ms. Hayes? What are you doing down here?"

He was shocked to the core. He quickly adjusted his glasses to look at the person standing before him. It really was Sabrina Hayes in the flesh, the woman who made him so miserable the night before.

Stunned, Isaac gaped at her.

Sabrina glowered at his disheveled appearance and felt increasingly annoyed.

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"Are you leaving or not? Because I am."

"What?" He immediately got up from the ground. "Leave? Ms. Hayes, where are you going?"

"Where else? Obviously, to look for that useless man. Have you forgotten the purpose of our trip?"

Her glare was filled with abhorrence as she hissed at him. Then she turned to leave.

Isaac was dumbfounded.

He hurriedly followed behind her. Seeing that she was still clad in a seductive mini skirt and a pair of alluring high heels, he gulped hard.

"Ms. Hayes! Are you not going to rest in bed? The doctor said—"

"Said what? The baby better plunge right through my legs so that I don't have to go to the hospital again."

Never did Isaac expect Sabrina to say something so callous.

He was rendered speechless once again.

Although he didn't want her to keep the child, the ruthless remark that she made still sent shivers down his spine.

Is it even humanely possible for someone to say something like that? Does she even see the child as a human being? Or does she not see herself as one? Does she not know that this concerns her own life?

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Isaac stopped in his tracks. In a state of fury, he berated Sabrina, "Why do you want the baby to plummet to its death? Why not just give birth to it? I can raise the child!"