

# Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

## Chapter 51

“You may stop coming altogether,” he enunciated every word and uttered them through gritted teeth while wearing a frosty expression on his face.

Sasha was rendered speechless.

F\*\*k!

“Just ignore him, Mommy. He’s always like that.”

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Unexpectedly, Ian came out just then. Witnessing his father being an insufferable bully again, he put on an icy look and immediately came to his mother’s aid.

Sasha instantly broke out in cold sweat.

However, Sebastian only shot his son a glare before turning to leave. Thank God this a\*\*hole is tolerant toward his own son.

Sasha finally loosened up after he was gone.

“Little Ian, umm... I won’t be coming tonight, so be a good boy and don’t forget to eat your medicine before going to bed, okay? I’ll visit you tomorrow morning.”

“Mm.”

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Ian nodded expressionlessly and went back to his room.

Of course, he understood why his mommy wasn't coming later. He had a brother and a sister out there, and he didn't wish for them to be neglected because of him.

Hence, Sasha picked up the two children from preschool that evening and didn't go back to the villa anymore.

"Mommy, did you go look after that sick boy today? How is he?"

This was the first thing that came out of Matteo's mouth after coming back from preschool.

Sasha was cooking in the kitchen just then and didn't think much about her son's question, so she merely replied, "He's doing alright. It's not that serious, so he's almost fully recovered."

"Really? That's great!"

Matteo could finally relax after a whole day of worrying.

Vivian walked over right then and sprawled next to her brother. "Matt, does that mean Ian's okay now?"

"I guess so, but I don't think we should try to matchmake Uncle Solomon and Mommy anymore. I think Ian got sick because of this."

"Ah? Really?" Vivian gasped softly.

"Yeah, you know how smart he is. When we didn't let Mommy go there, he must've figured out why and started worrying. That's why he became sick."

Matteo was smart as well. After a whole day of thinking, he managed to put two and two together.

Hearing her brother's explanation, Vivian lost interest in the cartoon playing on the television, scooting closer to Matteo with a cute frown on her face. "Then what should we do? Bad Daddy is always so mean to Mommy. I don't want him to be with Mommy."

Matteo fell silent.

What else can we do?

We can only think of a way to stop bad Daddy from bullying Mommy.

Matteo decided to wait until Ian was fully recovered to call him and discuss this matter.

It was a cozy and peaceful night for the family of three.

The next day, Sasha woke up very early. Her mind was filled with thoughts of her eldest son who was sick.

Besides getting up early to bake some pastries, she also made some medicinal soup that could boost his energy, planning to bring everything over to the villa later.

Matteo had always been a sensible child. When he woke up and saw that his mother was busy in the kitchen, he took it upon himself to put on his clothes and also helped his sister to get ready before walking into the kitchen together.

“Mommy, are you cooking this for that boy?”

“Yes. He’s sick, so I made some soup for him, hoping that he’ll get better soon.”

When Sasha saw both children fully dressed, she was touched and delighted at the same time.

Vivian came over to sniff the pastries just then. “Mommy, are these all for him too?”

“No, no. Some of them are for the two of you. How could I forget about my two precious babies?” Sasha hurriedly explained.

Then, she picked up a warm pastry and gave it to her daughter.

They were all her children, so of course she would never be biased toward any one of them.

Once Sasha made sure they had eaten their fill, she went downstairs while holding Matteo in one hand and Vivian in the other. After sending them to preschool, she rushed to Frontier Bay.

“Little Ian, are you awake?”

Royal Court One was beautiful in the morning, with various types of flowers blooming around the garden. As the sun glowed brilliantly, the entire place seemed to be enveloped in a golden veil.

It was a sight to behold.

Sasha entered the villa with the medicinal soup in hand and was about to go upstairs to see her son.

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However, a figure appeared behind her all of a sudden.

“Ms. Wand, where are you going?”

“Ahh?”

Sasha almost jumped out of her skin, instantly halting in her steps to look behind her as her heart raced with lingering shock.

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“Oh, it’s you, Berta. I... I’m going upstairs to see if Little Ian’s awake.”

“You’re going up to see Ian? Ms. Wand, he isn’t awake yet, so don’t disturb him. Also, what did you bring here? Why does it look like that?”

Berta, who seemed to have materialized out of thin air, didn’t just prevent Sasha from seeing her son. She even poked her nose into Sasha’s business, asking about the things the latter had placed on the dining table.

Sasha explained, “Those are some pastries and medicinal soup I brought from home. I personally made them for Little Ian.”

“Ms. Wand, I’ve told you before that Ian can’t eat outside food. He’s sick, remember?”

Resentment was written on the housemaid’s face.

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Sasha started to feel uneasy. Glancing at the food she brought, she reigned in her temper and insisted, “I personally made them. There won’t be a problem.”

“Who knows? He did come down with diarrhea because of the brownies you made.”

Sasha’s brows drew together at that.

Little Ian fell sick because he ate the brownies I made him?

As the possibility surfaced in her mind, she remained motionless on the spot.

Of course, she didn’t think that her food itself was the problem since she was confident in her own skills. However, listening to what the housemaid said, she began to suspect that Ian was allergic to certain ingredients.

It was a possibility that couldn’t be ruled out completely.

Sasha’s face turned pale, thinking that she had caused Ian’s sickness.

“What are both of you doing?”

Right then, a tall figure descended the stairs, wearing a black tailored suit over a white shirt. The moment he appeared, the noble and imposing aura he emanated caused Sasha to hold her breath subconsciously.

I thought he should be at the company by now.

“Mr. Hayes, Ms. Wand brought food over again. I was afraid that Ian’s condition would worsen after eating whatever she brought, so I was offering her a word of advice.”

Berta immediately began complaining about Sasha to the head of the household.

Sasha became frantic. "No, I-I didn't know that Little Ian fell sick because he ate the brownies I made. I-I really didn't do it on purpose," she stammered out an explanation, afraid that Sebastian would misunderstand her and never allow her to see her son again.

Sebastian narrowed his eyes.

His eyes that were always devoid of warmth swept across the food on the table before returning to stare at the woman who had her head bowed.

"Who told you that he fell sick because of the brownies?"

"Huh?"

Sasha whipped her head up and stared blankly at the man. "H-He didn't? But Berta said—"

"I didn't say that, Ms. Wand. I clearly said that the child is sick and needs to be careful of what he eats lest his condition worsens!" Berta interrupted her and raised her voice to deny it.

Sasha stared at her in wide-eyed disbelief.

Wow, look how quickly she changed her statement. Does she think I'm stupid?

Sasha went purple with rage.

"That's enough. Since you have so much free time, you should think about how to take good care of him because if something happens to him again, you'll have to answer to me, Sasha Wand!"

Sebastian withdrew his indifferent gaze but didn't do anything else about the matter.

A strange feeling slithered into his heart.

Although he constantly wanted her to be at his mercy, when he saw the crestfallen look on her face just now, he realized that it didn't bring him any pleasure whatsoever.

Shaking off this peculiar feeling, he strode out the door.