

# Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 1391

[/ Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover](#)  
Chapter 1391 Good Or Bad

Sebastian's lips curved into a smile.

Before he could speak further, someone appeared behind Ambrose.

"Twelve minutes. You got really lucky."

It was Leah again.

Hearing her remark, Sabrina blurted out proudly, "Lucky? It was all thanks to our nephew's calculations that we managed to escape unscathed."

She hopped off the boat and strode over to give Ian a hug.

"Ian, I love you so much!" She rained so many kisses on him that he nearly gave her an annoyed kick.

Oh, so it's because of this child?

On the dimly lit island, something glinted in Leah's eyes as she studied this young boy.

No one realized she was staring at him intently.

Ambrose said, "Oh, really? That's fantastic! Looks like our research laboratory has discovered a talent. I need to bring him to our base."

Base?

Both Sebastian and Sasha glanced at him.

"Is it the place you brought us for a brief visit back then?"

"Yes. What do you think? Should I make the arrangements? We're in dire need of talents like him right now. I can't believe he calculated the arrival of the storm! One has to be talented in optics and quantum science to achieve that," Ambrose revealed, nearly tripping over his words in his excitement.

Both Sebastian and Sasha fell silent.

Devin, who knew the base inside out, came over and said, "Mr. Pence, the current projects on the base are top secret. They are either about to get launched or released to the public. Isn't he too young to join? He's only eleven years old!"

"No, he isn't too young for this. There's a child prodigy overseas who joined the rocket research in their country when he was only eight years old! I shall make Ian a better researcher than that boy!" Ambrose declared, patting Ian's head proudly.

Though Ambrose had been a researcher for almost all his life, his expression revealed that he regarded Ian as his own grandson.

Sebastian said nothing as his friend, who had died an unexpected death, appeared in his mind.

That night, the couple both lay in bed after washing up and started talking.

"Sebby, do you think Little Ian should go to the base?" asked Sasha carefully.

"Of course," came Sebastian's immediate reply. "He is more gifted than I first imagined. It would be great to use his talent in the right place."

Underneath the fluorescent light, Sasha said nothing for a few moments as she snuggled into Sebastian's embrace.

After a while, she nodded in agreement. "If that's the case, we shall send him there. I hope our son will grow up to be a brilliant scientist."

"Mmm," grunted Sebastian in reply.

After a night of intimacy, the couple gradually fell asleep.

It was already the next day when they both woke up. After washing up, they came downstairs to breakfast prepared by Ichika.

Brunch, to be exact.

"Sha, Sebastian, you're up. I've prepared brunch for everyone," she greeted them enthusiastically.

"Oh?" Sasha blushed furiously at her words.

"You woke up early, Ichika. You're our guest. You shouldn't have prepared brunch for us."

"It's fine, Sha. I'm happy to do so. By the way, Sabrina and the rest are up, too. Mr. Pence showed up, and they brought Little Ian to the research laboratory," she revealed in an adorable tone.

Though she was younger than them, it seemed like she was coaxing them instead.

Of course, no one had objections to that. They loved her tone, even.

Oh? Devin brought Ian to the research laboratory?

Sasha grew anxious upon learning that. She wanted to head there at once.

However, Sebastian stopped her before she could do so.

"He knows the place better than we do. They went there to provide Ian with more information. Don't worry. Let's eat."

Oh? He's fine with handing his son to someone else?

Sasha sat down beside him without saying a word.

Soon, Solomon entered with a net full of the stuff they had collected from Aurora Island yesterday.

"Solomon, what is this?"

"Don't you want to bring them home?" he asked, casting a calm glance at his net.

Sasha and Ichika parted their lips in surprise.

No one knew what he meant.

It was only until Devin returned with Ian and everyone reunited in the hall, ready to enjoy brunch, that Sebastian spoke up.

## Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 1392

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Chapter 1392 Too Warm A Welcome

"So? Is it a yes?" Sebastian asked.

"It's a yes," Devin answered honestly. "But he won't be staying there all the time. He'll visit it occasionally and spend most of his time on this island."

Sebastian bobbed his head. "All right. Ian, you'll follow Mr. Pence to the base. Your Uncle Solomon needs to leave the company for some time, and your mommy and I have to return to Avenport for the time being. Is it okay if Ms. Dolivo comes to take care of you?"

He turned to his child, seeking the latter's approval.

The other people stared at him in disbelief when they heard what he said. They did not know about this.

Sabrina inquired, "Leave the company? Where is he going?"

"Uh, The Fourth Hospital?" came Devin's hesitant reply.

No one knew how to react to his comment.

In the end, Solomon broke the silence by saying, "No, I'm going to Dr. Wallen. I've already contacted him, and it'll take around two to three months."

Ichika chimed in, "Yes, don't worry. I'll be with him."

The room fell into another state of silence.

Those who did not know about it would probably feel like a fool.

However, everyone was pleased with the arrangements. After a brief uncomfortable silence, they resumed chattering happily.

Lunch was a pleasant affair. After that, they packed up. Sasha, Sebastian, Ichika, and Solomon brought Vivian and Matteo back to Avenport.

Sabrina and Devin remained on the island to take care of Ian before Wendy's arrival.

"Aunt Sabrina, you can actually leave instead of staying here with me," Ian said.

Sensing her nephew's annoyance, Sabrina glared at him.

"Why? Do you find me annoying? Ian Hayes, if you make me upset, I will stay here forever!" she declared.

Bristling angrily, the boy ran downstairs to work on his homework.

Seeing his reaction, Sabrina laughed in satisfaction.

"Mrs. Hayes? Mrs. Hayes, are you here?" A voice sounded outside the house.

"Huh?" Sabrina hurried out upon hearing that. "Oh, it's you, Mrs. Pence."

Sabrina stared at the middle-aged woman who had a very short, no-nonsense haircut, her bob ending right beneath her ears. Clad in the research institute's white coat, the unexpected visitor had two bunches of bananas in her hands.

Leah flashed a smile. "Yes. Is Mrs. Hayes here? I have some bananas for her. They are not ordinary bananas. I brought them here from my hometown. Trust me, they are delicious!"

She gestured at the bananas that seemed to weigh at least ten pounds.

There was no way Sabrina would refuse her gift.

She accepted the bananas gratefully and responded, "Mrs. Pence, thank you. My brother and his wife have returned to Avenport. Ian is being taken care of by me and my husband. Do you want to come in?"

"Oh, I see. I won't go in then. Since they've left, I bet you won't be cooking that often, right? Why don't you come to my house for dinner tonight?" Leah suddenly extended an invitation.

Sabrina was at a loss for words.

After all, Leah was right. She couldn't cook, indeed.

She had been spoiled and pampered her whole life. Though she had been through some hardships, some things remained foreign to her.

Devin's occupational hazard was acting up, so he was nowhere to be seen. He was most probably busy searching for the border posts on the island.

Sighing inwardly, Sabrina agreed to her offer shamelessly.

Leah was delighted. "Great, I'll head home to prepare dinner now. Actually, I came here in the first place because Ambrose has been working hard alone," she revealed.

"Oh, is it?" Sabrina was surprised to learn that.

"Mm-hmm. You said Sebastian would send a maid over to take care of your nephew, right? There's no need to do that; I can take care of him," Leah offered eagerly.

Huh? Sabrina froze in shock. Why is she this enthusiastic?

She merely gave the overly enthusiastic woman a smile without saying anything else.

We adore Ian a lot. Ian's also the heir of the Jadeson family. I can't just leave him in the hands of a stranger! His father wouldn't agree, let alone me, his aunt.

That night, Sabrina and Devin brought Ian to Ambrose's house for dinner as agreed.

A spread was served before them. Leah had almost filled the entire table with various dishes. She even gave Ian special treatment by preparing shrimp rolls and a plate of steak for him.

She told him, "Little Ian, this is for you. Eat up."

"Thank you," Ian replied.

Though he was an aloof little boy, he didn't forget to thank the woman for preparing the dishes specially for him.

Leah beamed. "Ah, what an obedient kid. There's no need to be this polite with me. You can come over anytime if you miss my cooking!"

With an amiable smile on her lips, she reached out to pat his head.

However, just like his father, Ian suffered from mysophobia. He immediately swerved out of her reach and frowned in displeasure.

"It's fine. Mrs. Pence, he's just a kid," Sabrina answered on his behalf.

After witnessing the entire exchange, she hurriedly went over to Ian to stand between both of them.

Leah shuffled back to the kitchen awkwardly.

Even so, she kept turning back to glance at Ian, who had already started eating.

## Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 1393

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Chapter 1393 What Is Wrong With Ian

Both Devin and Sabrina had an enjoyable time in Ambrose's home that night.

Being a genuine person, Devin started chatting with Ambrose merrily after having a few drinks. They had a lot of common topics, as they were both working for the country. Sabrina remained beside her husband the entire time.

They chatted for so long until Ian started nodding off in exhaustion.

"Is the little boy sleepy? Should he get some shuteye in my room?" Leah offered graciously.

Sabrina glanced at her nephew, who immediately buried himself in her arms at Leah's words. Clearly, he had no intention of spending the night here.

She rejected the offer at once. "No need. We shall leave after Devin finishes this glass of wine."

Without hesitation, she pulled the boy into her arms so he could rest comfortably.

Leah had no choice but to give up.

Half an hour later, Devin and Sabrina left with Ian in tow.

"Hubby, don't you find Leah a little over-enthusiastic?" Sabrina asked on the way back with a flashlight in her hand.

Devin chortled. He was holding Ian in his arms as he replied nonchalantly, "It's normal. They are Shawn's parents. We used to stay in the military residence together. I remember I often visited his house and got offered food. It's normal for her to act that way."

"Really?"

Sabrina fell silent after that.

That night, they all had a good sleep.

Meanwhile, those who had returned to Avenport had started arranging their plan the next day.

It was still early. Sebastian and Sasha had just woken up when a black Mercedes Benz rolled to a stop before the gate. They then spotted a familiar figure running toward them excitedly.

That man was none other than Luke, who greeted them jovially, "Mr. Hayes, I heard you're coming back to the company? That's great! I'm here to give you a ride!"

Sebastian remained unfazed until the man, who was panting heavily, came to a stop before him.

"Mr. Hayes..."

"Why are you this thrilled? Aren't you afraid Mr. George will fire you?"

"Huh?" Luke's expression fell. "I don't think Mr. George is that petty. He was the one who called and informed me about the news!"

Witnessing what had happened, Sasha felt like laughing out loud at their childish antics.

Around ten minutes later, both men stepped out of the house. Karl and Wendy had packed up, ready to depart to the island.

"Mrs. Hayes, we'll be off then." They bade goodbye to her.

"All right. Wendy, please take good care of Ian. You'll be spending two to three months on that island. It should be tough," Sasha said in an apologetic tone.

Wendy chuckled. "Of course not, Mrs. Hayes. I'm honored that you think I can take care of Mr. Ian on your behalf. Don't worry, I'll do my best," she assured.

Karl added, "Yes, don't worry. I'll keep them safe."

Sebastian was the one who had arranged for Karl to join both Wendy and Ian on the island. After all, it would be dangerous for Wendy to stay on the island alone with Ian.

Thus, it would be best for Karl to join them.

Right then, a young man with thick, bushy brows dressed in a black jumpsuit rushed in.

Before he could say anything, a crimson flush had already crept up his cheeks. He asked carefully, "Mrs. Hayes, may I go with them? I heard that the research institute is pretty famous. I'm interested in that."

Xayden?

Sasha parted her lips, seemingly hesitant. "Well..."

Karl cut in, "Xayden? You want to come with us? Sure, wait a minute. I'll call Mr. Hayes and tell him about it. He'll definitely say yes."

He paid no heed to Sasha and whipped out his phone to call Sebastian.

Though Xayden was upset at the fact that Karl had made a decision on his behalf again, he stared at the latter without blinking, anxious to receive an answer, his gaze agleam with delight and the vigor of youth.

Fortunately, Karl hung up a few minutes later with good news—Sebastian had agreed to let Xayden join them.

"Really? That's great! I shall go pack up now." Xayden could barely conceal his delight.

"Wait a minute. What are you going to pack? Are you packing up those bottles and tubes? No way! Mr. Hayes told me to leave right away so you won't get a chance to pack up!" Karl exclaimed.

Did he install a surveillance camera here?

Though Sebastian was back in his office, he saw through the chemistry genius easily.

Thus, Xayden was dragged out by Karl. Sasha stood at the door, watching their departing figures in amusement.

I guess all geniuses are like this. When they are obsessed with something, they won't pay attention to the things around them. For example, Xayden, and our son, Ian.

In fact, Ian was a lonely and fragile child.

It took Sasha and the two kids six years before he could act like a normal person now.

## Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 1394

[/ Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover](#)  
Chapter 1394 A Normal Life

This time, Ian had chosen to leave his parents and siblings behind to stay on the island alone so he could do what he loved.

Sasha was proud of him.

However, half a month later, when Solomon and Ichika had just delivered good news from Jadeborough, Sasha received a call from Wendy.

"Mrs. Hayes, Mr. Ian rarely talks nowadays. After returning from the base, he'll lock himself in his room and continue with his experiments. When I call his name, he'll ignore me. Sometimes, he'll even skip meals even though he's starving," Wendy reported in a worried tone.

"What?" Sasha demanded, her heart clenching in distress.

Is he completely wrapped up in his experiments? But he's only eleven years old. Can he be this focused?

The more she thought about it, the more worried she got. In the end, she didn't even bother waiting until Sebastian arrive home from work and called Ambrose, who was now Ian's mentor.

"Mr. Pence, it's me, Sasha," she greeted the old man.

"Sasha? Oh, hello. It's been a while since we last met. To what do I owe the pleasure?" Ambrose answered cheerfully.

After exchanging a few words of pleasantries, Sasha promptly brought up her son.

"Mr. Pence, Wendy just told me that Little Ian has been busy with his experiments back at home until he has no time for meals. What is going on?"

"Oh, that. We've been learning about core chips recently. You have no idea how excited he was at seeing our propulsion and simulation diagram at the base!" Ambrose explained jovially.

Is that it?

Sasha was unsure how to react to that piece of news.

"Sasha, don't worry. He must've been too focused. I will talk him out of it and make sure he eats on time, all right?"

"Thank you, Mr. Pence," Sasha answered gratefully.

He was so helpful that Sasha couldn't bring herself to ask for more favors.

That evening, Sasha told Sebastian about the matter when he arrived home from work. He furrowed his brows but didn't show any adverse reaction.

"I'm busy for the next few days. After that, I might go visit him. Ambrose's right. If he refuses to eat now, there's a possibility that he feels too lonely. I'll see what I can do to change that," he offered.

Indeed, the man was smart enough to realize that something else might be the cause of their son's problem.

Hearing his explanation, Sasha felt slightly relieved.

She stopped pondering about the matter the next few days. Matteo and Vivian would be graduating from elementary school soon, so she would have to pick a suitable junior high for them.

After a parent-teacher conference, Geraldine Waldorf, Jessica's mother, stopped Sasha in her tracks by grabbing her arm excitedly. "Mrs. Hayes, let's send our children to art school. Look, Vivian and Jessica love jewelry and fashion design, right?"

Sasha was delighted.

She loved having the kids back at school, for their lives could return to normal.

In some elite high schools, the teachers and principals had to serve the spoiled brats from the upper-class society. In her opinion, the purpose of education was long gone.

"Oh? What arts school do you recommend, then?"

"Ivy Arts School, of course. My cousin's daughter majored in dancing there, and she's now the top dancer of an opera house!"

"Really?" Envy shone in Sasha's eyes.

Right then, another parent joined their conversation.

"Mrs. Hayes, Mrs. Pole, fancy running into you here. Are you talking about schools?"

"Yes. Where are you sending your child? I heard that public schools have poor discipline, and private schools are better. My daughter isn't that smart, so I was thinking of sending her to an art school," Geraldine answered eagerly.

She started brainwashing the parent without further hesitation.

Sasha found the entire situation amusing.

In fact, she was happy that her daughter's friends' parents had struck up a conversation with her.

Though Vivian seemed adorkable, she had passed her exams with flying colors. And though she wasn't as smart as her brothers, getting enrolled in a top high school was not a problem.

"Mrs. Hayes, have you made up your mind? Where will you register Vivian at?"

"I haven't made up my mind. I have to discuss with her father first," came Sasha's hasty answer.

"Right. I need to do that, too. We should leave. Mrs. Hayes, when you make up your mind, let me know. We can head to the school together," Geraldine reminded her heartily.

"Sure, of course."

The gathering of the parents at the entrance of the school was a hilarious sight.

That was what Sebastian saw when he came to pick up his wife. When he saw her chatting merrily with the other housewives, the corners of his lips twitched.

Is this the normal life she has been harping about?

# Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 1395

[/ Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover](#)  
Chapter 1395 Are You Harming My Child

A week later, Sebastian departed for the island again.

As Sasha couldn't accompany him, she packed his luggage to the brim and even baked a box of brownies for him to bring along.

"Sebby, make sure you bring the brownies to Little Ian. He loves the brownies I make. If he has a reduced desire to eat, he can eat the brownies."

"Got it."

Sebastian took the box of brownies from her and placed it in his briefcase carefully.

Though Vivian and Matteo wanted to pay their brother a visit too, they had to go to school and couldn't take a leave. Thus, they would have to wait until winter break to go visit Ian.

Sebastian then left Avenport.

When he finally arrived at the island, it was already evening. Glancing at his watch, he got off the boat and went straight to the house.

"Welcome, Mr. Hayes!"

Karl immediately ran over to help Sebastian with his luggage. He had been waiting outside the house after receiving news that Sebastian was going to come.

"Where is Ian?" asked Sebastian.

Karl answered, "Wendy brought him to Mr. Pence's house for dinner a while ago. He is still refusing to eat and would only eat a little at Mr. Pence's house."

He's still refusing to eat? Sebastian's brows furrowed together in distress.

Instead of stepping into the house, he gave his briefcase to his subordinate before heading in the direction of the research institute.

In the living quarters, Wendy and Ian were having dinner here.

"Mrs. Pence, sorry for troubling you often," Wendy apologized.

"There's no need to apologize. I'm glad that he loves my cooking. Wendy, bring him here any time he wants, all right?" said Leah, shooting Wendy a reproachful look before reminding the latter not to say that anymore.

Wendy could only flash an apologetic smile at her words.

Back on the table, Ian picked up his fork at the sight of the plate of shrimp rolls. He hadn't eaten for days back at home.

"Eat slowly. No one will take it from you," Wendy reminded the boy, pleased that he was finally eating something.

They were enjoying dinner when Sebastian arrived and knocked on the door. Hearing his knocks, Leah ran out of the kitchen swiftly.

"S-Sebastian? Why are you here all of a sudden?" she stammered.

The sight of the young man at the door had clearly shocked her senseless.

Indeed, a surprise visit could be shocking for some.

Sebastian looked past her as his gaze landed on his son inside the house.

"Yes. Is Ian inside?" he asked calmly.

"Yes. H-He's having his dinner," came Leah's hasty explanation.

Nodding curtly, Sebastian strode into the house.

However, the elderly woman remained rooted to her spot at the door, blocking his entrance.

Finally, an unhappy frown marred the man's brows. He seemed slightly disheveled after traveling a long way here.

Leah parted her lips slightly.

For a brief second, her cheeks turned pink from embarrassment as she finally realized she was blocking the entrance. Hastily, she moved out of his way.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I was so delighted to see you here. Come on in. I'll call Ambrose and ask him to keep you company."

She hurried to the living room to get her smartphone.

At this moment, Ian had almost finished the plate of shrimp rolls in the dining room.

"Hello, Mr. Hayes," Wendy greeted him politely.

She didn't seem surprised by his arrival. Both she and Karl had been informed that he'd be paying a visit.

Sebastian gave her a brief nod and glanced at his son, who was gulping down the food without saying a word.

"Ian?" he called out.

There was no answer. The boy was still eating as though he did not see his father.

Sebastian's expression turned unpleasant. He took the seat next to Ian and asked sternly, "Ian Hayes, what are you doing?"

Silence greeted him.

"Daddy!"

This time, he finally got a response.

The boy turned at his shoulder and spotted his father. His eyes, which seemed to be obsessed with something, snapped back to reality. Sebastian saw the boy's eyes slowly turn red.

"Daddy!" The boy hurled away his fork and flung himself into his father's arms.

Without a second thought, Sebastian wrapped his arms around Ian.

"All right. There's no need to cry. I'm back. Look, I'm right here," he assured the boy gently, tightening his grip around the boy's little figure.

Wendy's eyes widened in shock at the unusual sight.

"Mr. Hayes, Mr. Ian has been awfully calm for the past few days. Turns out he can still cry. I thought he has grown into a little adult by now," she joked.

Sebastian fell silent.

He took one look at the housemaid.

Without saying another word, he tightened his hug.

In the end, Sebastian brought Ian back home. Before they left, Ambrose came back as well. Both he and his wife sent the father and son off.

"Sebastian, don't worry. The child has been too focused on the research. Look how he gulped down his food in our house." Ambrose's tone was assuasive.

“Mmm,” Sebastian grunted in reply.

He then left Ambrose’s house with Ian.

Back at their house, Ian was already asleep in his father’s arms. Holding his son in his arms, Sebastian whipped something out of his pocket.

“Give this to Xayden so he can run a test on it,” he ordered.

“Huh?” Karl accepted the stuff before gazing at his boss in utter disbelief.

When Wendy saw what the stuff was, her face was immediately drained of color.

## Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 1396

[/ Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover](#)  
Chapter 1396 You Must Be Overthinking

It was a piece of shrimp roll.

As Wendy trembled in horror, Xayden took the shrimp roll to run tests on them. Uneasiness surged in Wendy’s heart as they waited for the results together.

Karl couldn’t hide his shock.

What’s going on? Why did Mr. Hayes ask Xayden to run tests on that shrimp roll?

That night, everyone had a sleepless night.

The next morning, everyone swiveled their heads to stare at Xayden when he showed up.

“So? Is there something wrong with the shrimp roll, Xayden?”

“Yes, Xayden. Tell us about the results,” Wendy urged.

To everyone’s surprise, Xayden shook his head, seemingly confused by the results, too.

“The shrimp roll is fine. I ran a few tests but only got these.” He offered a piece of handwritten paper full of data.

Karl grabbed the paper from him at once.

"XX percent of protein, XX calories, vitamin... Damn it, Xayden! What the heck is this? Who told you to analyze this?" he demanded.

"Isn't that what Mr. Hayes wants? Mr. Ian is refusing to eat, so he wants to find out the nutrient content, right?" the young man retorted.

His tone was devoid of any guilt or shame.

Both Karl and Wendy were rendered speechless.

They stared at Xayden without a word for some time.

The three of them were in a stalemate at the door when Sebastian and Ian came down the stairs.

After getting a good night's sleep with his father, Ian seemed more energized this morning and was back to his usual self.

"Daddy, where are Vivi, Mommy, and Matt? Are they all right at home?"

"Yes, they are fine. They miss you a lot, though. Do you want to come home with me?"

He had made that decision to bring his son home after considering for a long time last night.

Alas, the boy merely widened his eyes and replied, "No, I won't leave. I haven't finished my research. Mr. Pence and the others are developing a spacecraft. I added a microchip inside so it can sense foreign signals in space. I can't go home now."

Sebastian couldn't believe he had just been rejected by his son.

Fine. He's a genius, after all.

He stopped talking about that and brought his son downstairs after they changed out of their pajamas.

"Mr. Hayes, good morning. Xayden just informed us that there's nothing wrong with the food from last night," Wendy reported as soon as she spotted them.

It wasn't her fault, for she was tasked with taking care of this child. If something were to happen to him, it would be her fault. She wouldn't forgive herself if that were true.

At her words, a hint of surprise flashed across her usually calm employer's gaze.

"It's fine?"

"Yes, Mr. Hayes," came Xayden's reply. "I've run a few tests on it. Are you planning on preparing a healthy and balanced menu for Mr. Ian because he has been refusing to eat?"

Sebastian did not answer to that.

He merely dismissed them with a wave and brought his son to the dining table.

It's fine? Was I wrong?

After revealing the breakfast spread prepared by Wendy, he looked at his son and asked, "Which one do you want?"

"Milk. And a sandwich," Ian replied.

He grabbed his fork earnestly, seemingly eager to enjoy his breakfast.

Sebastian sank into his thoughts.

His brows were still knitted up when they finished breakfast.

Half an hour later, Ian finished his breakfast. Karl brought him out for a stroll while Sebastian gave Grayson a call.

"If he returns to his usual self after your arrival, we can assume there's no one he can communicate with on that island, so he refuses to talk. He's a loner, so it's normal for him to react that way if his family isn't with him," Grayson explained.

The frown marring Sebastian's brows deepened.

If that was the problem plaguing Ian, he did not mind spending some time with him. That wasn't a huge issue.

That day, he called Sabrina, who was in Jadeborough, and told her to return to Avenport to run the company as he would be busy taking care of Ian on the island.

Sabrina found that funny.

"Is he serious? He wants me to run the company? Shouldn't he ask me to take care of his son? I'm a woman, so I should be taking care of the child!" she complained to Devin.

Devin had no choice but to persuade her, "Darling, think from another perspective. He wants you to run the company because he thinks you're as capable as him. Isn't that great?"

"Really?" she exclaimed, her eyes flashing in excitement.

Indeed, women love to be praised.

Thus, Sebastian remained on the island while Sabrina returned to Avenport and took over the reins of Hayes Corporation when its CEO wasn't in town.

Both brother and sister were capable beings.

## Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 1397

[/ Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover](#)  
Chapter 1397 Trouble In Hayes Corporation

After hearing the news, Sasha even went to the office to look for her.

"Sab, why did your brother ask you to come? Why isn't he back himself?"

"Huh? What a weird question from you, Sasha. Why are you asking me instead of your husband?"

Sabrina was livid when she heard the question from her sister-in-law.

Her words rendered Sasha speechless.

Isn't it obvious?

Why would I come to you if I can pry the real reason out of that man's mouth?

Nevertheless, Sasha did not say that out loud.

For the next few days, there was no bad news from the island. Every time she called, she would be informed that Ian had recovered. Sebastian would even send her videos as proof.

Thus, she was relieved.

Time flew by. In the blink of an eye, half a month had passed.

Ichika: Good news, everyone! My husband has undergone his second hypnosis session, and he's fine.

Early in the morning, someone with a cartoon image as their profile picture sent a message to the family chat.

Immediately, the others responded.

Rufus: That's great news. I've heard that in similar cases, they'll be fine after the hypnosis session.

Sasha: Yes. Most of the time, the patient is very afraid of getting hypnotized because, during the hypnosis, they'll see the moment of their trauma. They can't move past it sometimes.

Devin: In that case, this is fantastic news!

Sabrina: D\*mn! Then when will he be coming back? I can't stand it anymore. The sales report for this f\*cking week went down by five percent again. What in the world is going on?

In seconds, the woman started complaining about the company.

Sebastian did not participate in the chat—he was most likely taking care of the child.

Solomon, on the other hand, immediately made an appearance upon reading the messages.

Solomon: Send me the file.

Since they were all a family, Sabrina then uploaded the file to the family chat.

Solomon, who was still in the ward, immediately accepted the file and began reading through the pages carefully.

Right as his mind registered the letters on the pages, he scowled.

Ichika was pouring him a glass of milk when she spotted his dark expression. Immediately, she walked over and asked in concern, "What's the matter, Darling? Did something go wrong in the company?"

Solomon's brows furrowed. "It's decreasing like Sabrina said."

Huh?

Ichika's eyes widened.

If it's dropping, does that mean there's an issue with Hayes Corporation's products? Another possibility is that the competition is too strong.

Ichika was talented in finance as well, so she instantly thought of a few possibilities for why things might have gone wrong.

However, just as she clicked into the sales reports in the WhatsApp group, those thoughts of her dissipated.

“Darling, this... All the company’s projects’ figures are going down. This isn’t a problem with the company; it’s more like—”

“External shock in the market. Bring me my laptop. I’d like to have a look at the stock market.”

Pessimistic thoughts were already forming in Solomon’s mind as he instructed Ichika to bring him his laptop.

Quickly, Ichika went off, and she was back soon with her husband’s laptop.

External shock in the market.

Indeed, anyone who was in their line of work would understand the figures in an instant.

Sasha, too, understood what the data meant. Therefore, when she realized that Sebastian had not responded to the messages, she called him.

“Hello? Darling.”

The second the call went through, Sebastian’s familiar lazy voice traveled out of the speakers.

For a moment, Sasha did not know whether to laugh or be mad at him.

“What are you doing now? Why didn’t you look at the messages in the group chat?”

“Hmm?”

Sebastian, who was fishing with his son on the island, quickly pulled his phone away from his ear to look at the screen.

“I’m fishing with Ian. What’s the matter?”

Sasha took in a deep breath at that.

This guy!

Thank god he didn’t say this in the group chat, or else they’d have yelled at him.

“Sab sent some sales reports from the company earlier, saying that our profits this week have dropped another five percent. I clicked in to have a look at it earlier, and it seems like trouble. It looks like it’s getting affected by the international economy.”

“The international economy?”

Sebastian narrowed his eyes.

Finally, he put down his phone and clicked into the report before letting his eyes run across the figures.

"I've checked Wall Street, and as it turns out, the shares of many major companies have been dropping as well. It's a terrible sign."

Sebastian did not answer her as he continued to look at the report.

Two minutes later, he finally said, "A war is coming."

"What?" Sasha was taken aback by his words. "What do you mean?"

"Do you still remember the time when you were working for Andy at Wall Street? He once sent you to a business meeting in some country where the two clients are fuel tycoons," he mentioned abruptly.

Sasha tilted her head and thought about it. "As a matter of fact, I do. I still remember that the fuel tycoon was exceptionally generous. He didn't waste any time signing a business deal with me. But we nearly died there back then."

## Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 1398

[/ Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover](#)  
Chapter 1398 Preying

Wait a minute. We nearly died there?

Something struck her like a bolt from the blue.

"Sebby, do you mean they're fighting again?"

"Yes, but it's different this time. They only had small fights back then. Now, the few alligators have their eyes on that large chunk of meat, and they're tempted to strike at any time. That's why it's not a surprise that the rest of the world is having doubts about its economy," Sebastian analyzed out loud.

It was then Sasha realized what was going on. While she was talented in investment, she was no match for Sebastian in terms of the trends in the corporate world.

"Then what should we do now? Five percent a week is tens of billions. If the figures keep going down..."

“There’s nothing we can do but inform the important clients about it. When we really have to, we’ll halt our collaborations. Otherwise, Hayes Corporation will suffer an even greater loss if they get involved in it,” Sebastian pointed out to her.

Sasha fell silent.

Doesn’t that mean a trip out of the country will be necessary?

Can Sabrina really do it?

Those were the first thoughts she had after hearing Sebastian’s reply.

However, in less than half an hour’s time, Sabrina reappeared in the group chat.

Sabrina: Sebastian, I’m telling you now that I’m not going to go. I won’t be able to deal with them. What in the world is this? We collaborate with them when things are going fine, but when things don’t, we stop working with them?

Sasha, Devin, and Rufus saw the message but did not answer it.

Ichika: Sab, you can’t put it that way. We have to maximize our profits. It’s not like anyone’s going to sing our praises if our company collapses.

Sabrina replied with just an ellipsis.

Everyone could sense the fury hidden behind those three dots.

Sasha frantically intervened.

Sasha: Calm down, calm down. I’ll get Sebastian to solve this. @Sebastian @Sebastian @Sebastian

Got to get him to come quickly to appease Sabrina, Sasha thought.

Truth be told, she felt that Ichika was right; protecting the company’s profits should be their priority. She’s good at business, huh?

Just as blood was about to shed in the group chat, someone appeared.

Solomon: I’ll go. I’ve already booked a plane ticket for tomorrow.

Ichika: Huh? Darling, but... you have a therapy session tomorrow. And besides, have you ever dealt with a situation like this?

Solomon: That’s enough. I’ve made up my mind.

He was not going to give Ichika any chance to say more, for the longer the conversation, the likelier she would say the wrong words.

Therefore, the conversation ended with Solomon's decision to head overseas. Meanwhile, although Sabrina was still fuming in the office, she did not appear in the group chat anymore.

Sasha sighed and put down her phone.

She still did not think that Solomon was not their best choice to deal with the situation. After all, it was a sudden, major issue. Anyone with less-than-impressive capabilities would certainly fail at it.

At night, Sasha and her daughter were in the room as Sasha helped her with her revision.

"Mommy, are you going to where Ian is again?"

"What?"

Sasha paused in her motions to look at her daughter, confounded by her words.

"No. Who told you I'm going to Ian's again?"

"Matt. He called Daddy earlier, and Daddy told him that he has to take good care of me because you're going to where Ian is," the girl said softly.

Sasha froze.

Is that so?

Why don't I know anything about this?

Sasha had thought that the girl was pulling her leg. Yet, to her surprise, she spotted two people from SteelFort as she went downstairs.

"Mrs. Hayes, Mr. Hayes has called us and instructed us to send you to the island to take care of Ian."

"What?"

Sasha stood rooted to the spot.

Seriously?

Why didn't he tell me anything about it? Why did he have to make it so sudden?

"Has he decided to head overseas?"

"Yes. We just received a call from him before hurrying over. It seems like Mr. Hayes has been accompanying Ian the entire afternoon. He told us to remind you to give him a bath when you're there."

Sasha let out an audible sigh.

No wonder he didn't respond when I tagged him like mad in the group chat this afternoon.

He was playing hard with his son.

That night, Sasha went to the island via helicopter. By the time she arrived, it was already one in the morning.

"Madam, you've come," greeted Wendy, who already knew she was coming, with a wide smile.

Sasha nodded. "Where's Little Ian? Is he upstairs?"

Wendy hummed in affirmation before saying, "Mr. Hayes told you to give him a bath when you arrived. He went mountain climbing with Mr. Hayes this afternoon again. The little boy is quite happy, and they only came back when the sun was setting."

Wendy could not stop the smile that crept upon her face. She could see that the boy was returning to his usual child-like self, smiley and cheeky.

After their short conversation, Sasha went upstairs to see her son. Meanwhile, the two SteelFort bodyguards sent Wendy back to Avenport to take care of Vivian and Matteo.

Of course, Karl and Xayden remained.

With Sasha and Ian there, Sebastian had to be even more careful, for he had a family to return to.

The night after Sasha arrived on the island was a peaceful one with her son until someone came the next morning.

## Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 1399

[/ Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover](#)  
Chapter 1399 Is Sasha An Idiot

"Wendy, are you awake? I've brought you fresh vegetables!" the person outside the door shouted.

Even though Sasha was upstairs, she could hear the enthusiasm in the woman's voice.

She stuck her head out of the window and looked down.

"Mrs. Pence, you're early."

"Huh? Sasha, when did you come? I didn't see you yesterday."

Indeed, the person downstairs was none other than Ambrose Pence's wife, Leah Jesson.

She was rather astonished when she saw Sasha poking her head out of the window.

Sasha beamed at her. "I came last night. Sebastian had to go back to deal with some things, so I came."

"I see. You haven't made breakfast yet, have you? It's almost eight now. I'm sure the boy's hungry. Why don't you come to my place for breakfast? I've made some pelmeni, and I still have some that I haven't cooked yet."

Leah enthusiastically invited Sasha and her son for breakfast after hearing Sasha's explanation.

By then, Sasha had already gone downstairs.

Opening the door, she cast an apologetic smile at the older woman and said, "It's okay. I can make breakfast quickly. The boy's father has left many groceries in the fridge."

"I see..." Leah mumbled, disappointment evident in her tone.

In the end, she said nothing else as she handed the vegetables she had brought with her to Sasha before exchanging a few words and leaving.

Sasha did not dwell on their conversation as she brought the vegetables into the kitchen. Then, she took out some eggs to make their breakfast.

Around ten in the morning, the mother and son got ready to leave the house.

"Ian, are you going with Mr. Pence to the base for your learning?"

"Yes, Mommy," Ian replied with a nod as he packed his bag.

In the past twenty days, the boy had returned to his original state as he started responding to questions. Even his eyes were bright.

Sasha nodded back at him before packing her things.

Confused, Ian muttered, "Mommy?"

"It's nothing. Let's go. Mommy's going to come with you. I'm bored here, and I'd like to see my sweetie work with experiments. I heard that the spacecraft with your microchip is about to launch."

Sasha was filled with pride when she mentioned the topic, and she was even more thrilled than her son.

Ian shyly lowered his head in response.

However, he was still overjoyed to hear his mother talk about his experiment and delighted to have her go with him. With that, the mother and son held hands and took a boat to the base.

"Sasha, you're coming along? Won't you get seasick?"

To her surprise, she encountered Leah again on the boat.

Sasha froze before answering, "I do, but it's fine. I'd like to have a look at the results of the boy's research. Mrs. Pence, are you going there too?"

Sasha was curious as to why Leah was on the boat. Although Leah was one of the staff members at the research institute, she had no right to go to the base. Only the top scientists, as well as the executives of the institute, were allowed into the place.

Why is Leah allowed entry there?

All of a sudden, Ian, who was beside her, said, "Mommy, she's there to take care of Mr. Pence."

Hmm?

Sasha turned to look at her child. Oh. She's there to take care of Ambrose. So she's entering the place as a family member of the staff?

"Indeed. I'm there to take care of my husband. You have no idea about this, but he was diagnosed with diabetes a few years ago, so he has to be careful with his diet. That's why I'm usually by his side," Leah explained.

Sasha hummed in acknowledgment. It was important to watch one's diet after getting diagnosed with diabetes.

Hence, everyone boarded the boat. Once Ambrose arrived, the boat began heading toward the base.

Not long after the boat sped off, Ian noticed his mother getting paler and paler. "Mommy, are you okay?" he asked hastily.

Sasha nodded her head and ruffled his hair to reassure him that she was fine.

Unexpectedly, a while later, Leah handed her a cup of ginger tea with a few pieces of lemon inside.

“Drink this, Sasha. This is good for motion sickness. I used to drink this to recover in the past too.”

“Is that so?”

Sasha then took the glass from her.

Ginger tea with lemon was indeed a good remedy as the ginger could keep the cold away. In fact, it was perfect for her, especially after recovering from radiation exposure.

Thus, Sasha downed it.

Unsurprisingly, her motion sickness was less intense after the drink.

Around twelve in the afternoon, they finally arrived at their destination, and Sasha led her son off the boat. When she saw the gigantic building in front of her, her jaw dropped.

“Mommy?”

“You must be shocked. I’ll have to confess that I was as shocked as you when I first saw it myself,” Leah told her with a chuckle when she spotted the wide-eyed look on Sasha’s face.

Sasha let out an awkward laugh.

Arriving at the base, both Sasha and Leah could not go further in, so Ian had to be led into the place by Ambrose.