

## Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 107

“Mommy!” Matteo’s voice echoed loudly in the ward.

“Matt! My sweet little boy!”

Sasha hugged him tight as she called his name, her voice almost breaking in tears. She could not believe she was holding Matteo in her arms again just when she thought she had lost him.

In the meantime, Ian stood in the distance as he watched the exhilarated lot.

He also wanted to run into his mother’s embrace, but he did not dare to. It was his fault that his brother almost ended up dying, and it was his fault his mother was severely injured.

The guilty child stood still at his place, worried that his mother would not like him anymore and that she would never forgive him.

But amidst the excitement of meeting her two children again, Sasha turned around and blinked her watery eyes, looking for her eldest son. “Ian? Ian, why are you standing there? Come here...”

Sasha already knew that Ian had found out that she was his mother since Jackson had told her about it in the morning.

Ian’s face lighted up in joy when Sasha called out to him. He sped over and plunged himself into her mother’s arms.

Just as the mother and children were enjoying their reunion, a towering figure appeared at the door.

Sebastian’s silhouette was clearly defined under the rays of the setting sun. He had his hands casually tucked in the pockets of his slacks and had his suit unbuttoned, revealing a moss green handmade shirt underneath. He took a step forward into the room, stepping out of the sun before leaning against the wall. His sculpted face did not show a single hint of emotion as he stood there quietly, making the ambiance tense all of a sudden.

Sasha's heart skipped a beat as she watched Sebastian come in.

"You're here..." she greeted him weakly.

She knew she was partly to blame for the whole incident. If she had told him from the very beginning that his other son was still alive and was with her, all this might not have happened.

More importantly, she had hidden that kid right under his nose.

Her shifty gaze darted at Sebastian now and again, but he did not even look at her in the face.

Instead, he went over to the table and took up her medical record.

The air in the room was getting unbearably stiff when Vivian finally spoke. "Mommy, I miss you so much. Look at my face. I've lost so much weight because I missed you too much."

She crawled into her mother's bed and snuggled in her mother's blanket. The girl poked her head out of the blanket and put her face up close to Sasha so she could have a good look at her.

Sasha giggled and stroke her cheeks tenderly.

"Hm, I think my little sweetie did lose some weight."

"Promise me you'll make me fried chicken when you feel better, Mommy? You always make the best fried chicken," Vivian requested.

Her soft and affectionate voice could simply melt anybody's heart.

Sasha pinched her chubby cheeks and smiled at her daughter lovingly. Just as Sasha was about to promise her daughter, she felt a piercing gaze burning in her direction. She looked up uneasily and met Sebastian's glare.

He was watching Vivien intently with his brows locked when he caught Sasha looking at him. All of a sudden, he became conscious of his actions and cleared his throat awkwardly.

Sebastian could not deny that he did not like that little girl, but every time he saw her being sweet to anyone but him, an unaccountable feeling of anger rose in his heart.

Come on, do I really look that fierce?

I took care of her for two days! But she's never this nice to me!

Sasha looked at the unwelcoming man and mustered her courage to strike a conversation.

"Thank you for taking care of the kids for the past two days."

Regardless of how he had felt towards her earlier, she was grateful to him for saving her and Matteo.

Thus, Sasha could only tread carefully to see if he was still resentful.

"You don't have to thank me for taking care of my own kids," Sebastian replied apathetically, "But since you're awake already, you can take the girl with you."

Sasha's brows arched in surprise.

“Take her with me? Where to?”

“How would I know? Bring her to her dad, of course. Are you asking me where your husband is?”  
Sebastian questioned her back spitefully.

He had resentment written all over his face, and his tone was bitter. That man could not believe he had to talk with her about this topic that disgusted him so.

Meanwhile, Sasha was completely at a loss for words.

So he doesn't know that this is his own daughter?

Don't tell me he could only recognize Matteo but not Vivian.

Sasha was beyond speechless, but deep in her heart, she felt a flicker of relief. At least I get to keep Vivian to myself. This is better than losing both Matteo and Vivian at the same time.

“What's wrong? Feeling ashamed of your past? Oh, don't you worry because I'm not interested in your love life at all. We ended five years ago, so I won't do anything to your man.”

“He's dead.” After a long pause, Sasha muttered under her breath, her grip tightening around her little girl.

It was now Sebastian's turn to fall into silence.

Dead again?

Is she like a black widow or something? Why is everyone dead?