

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 109

Excellent!

As soon as each child reported their respective task, Matteo looked around, satisfied.

“Good! The next order of business is to greet Mommy. Remember, guys, we must make her feel like Daddy wants her here, got it?”

“Yes, Matteo,” Vivian said, and Ian nodded briskly.

An unforeseen complication occurred to Ian. He turned to Matteo and frowned. “What about Daddy? What happens when he finds out?”

Matteo waved his hand impatiently. “Don’t worry about that. I’ve taken care of it. He won’t find out.”

His siblings sighed in relief.

Half an hour later, the black Cayenne finally emerged. The children excitedly ran out.

“Mommy! Mommy, come here!”

The first to reach was Vivian as she loved her mother the most.

As Sasha exited the vehicle, she pulled her child in for a big hug. As she watched Vivian clinging to her leg, she didn’t realize how much she missed them.

“Well, Mommy is here. Are you happy, sweetie?”

“Yes, very much, Mommy,” Vivian answered. “I’ve cleaned your bedroom for you, so you’ll be living right next to me. It’s beautiful.”

She informed her solemnly whilst watching her expression intently as if she was expecting a word of praise from Sasha.

Sasha was stunned upon hearing that. Even a bedroom was prepared? Did Sebastian really agree to let me live here? Or was it because I was still recovering and that he felt sorry for me?

As she pondered her situation, the terror she regarded him with seemed to vanish slightly. She was even feeling optimistic without realizing it.

Matteo greeted his mother next, beaming from ear to ear. Instead of tackling her like his sister did, he lent a hand with her bags.

“Ian,” Matteo called. “Come here and give me a hand with these.”

The usually reserved Ian even sprinted over and helped.

Sasha watched them, and her heart was instantly filled with gratitude and joy.

That wasn't even the best part. As soon as she stepped over the threshold, Wendy, the housemaid greeted her warmly. “Ms. Wand, you're here! Are you feeling any better? You poor thing. I have some broth in the kitchen for you. Once you've settled in, I'll bring you some.”

Sasha felt close to tears. It had been a long time since she was being cared for that way. As a single mother for five years, she was always the one giving out love and care and receiving little in return. But now, someone was even cooking for her.

Sasha scrunched her nose, trying not to cry. "Sounds good, Wendy. Thank you." She hurried upstairs with her luggage before she broke down.

Up on the second floor, Ian used to be the sole occupant. But now, along the corridor, Matteo, Vivian, and Sasha joined him.

It was a good thing that Sebastian's villa was huge.

"Mommy, do you like this room?" Matteo asked as they entered it.

"Um..." Sasha avoided his gaze and busied herself with putting away her clothes and medicine.

Matteo smiled to himself. He ran through the bathroom into Ian's bedroom and huddled up with his siblings to conduct another meeting.

"Did you see that? Mommy thinks that this was Daddy's idea. You guys did a great job. Ian, that move with Wendy was genius." Matteo gave his brother a thumbs up.

Ian wasn't used to being directly addressed and praised like this. He looked down shyly but was secretly overjoyed.

At the same time, Vivian's eyes shone with excitement. "What's the next step, Matteo? Daddy will be home any minute." However, Matteo still did not know what to do.

Sasha was oblivious about the fact that she was being discussed in hushed whispers in the neighboring room. She worked slowly as her arm was still throbbing with pain.

As Sasha was taking a long time, Wendy came up to her room and knocked. "Ms. Wand, do you still have a lot to go? Here, let me help. The broth is getting cold, so go and have some while it's still warm."

“Oh! That’s alright, Wendy. I’m almost done here,” Sasha was not used to being pampered. It made her feel slightly uneasy. Thus, she quickly finished up and followed Wendy downstairs.

Wendy’s kind demeanor was in direct contrast to Mrs. Lowe, the old maid. The latter was ill-mannered and insubordinate. The moment Sasha laid her eyes on Mrs. Lowe, she had a bad feeling about her.