

## Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 110

Wendy is a nice change. Much more pleasant.

After that, Wendy led Sasha into the dining room.

“Now, Ms. Wand, you take your time with the broth. I have to get busy. Mr. Ian has requested calzones for dinner.” She rolled up her sleeves briskly.

“Calzones, huh?” Sasha repeated.

She felt guilty. Even though Ian was her flesh and blood, she knew nothing about him and what he liked. At that moment, she made it a point to learn everything about him, and offhand remarks such as these were stored away carefully in Sasha’s mind.

“Yes,” Wendy nodded. “It’s one of the things I don’t know how to make, so I’d better figure it out now. I sure hope he’ll like it.”

“Oh, it’s a good thing that I do! Can I come in with you?” Sasha exclaimed, looking enquiringly at Wendy. This was her chance to cook something for her son, which she had never done.

Calzones were one of her specialties. Matteo and Vivian loved them. In fact, she had made a big batch not too long ago.

Hearing that, Wendy was delighted. “How fortunate! I appreciate it very much, but your arm...” she hesitated.

“That’s not a problem,” Sasha said quickly. “You can prepare the dough, and I’ll do the wrapping.” She brushed off the inconvenience of her arm for fear of being excluded from this endeavor. Wendy examined her for a moment before agreeing to let her help.

After a hectic afternoon of unpacking and wrapping calzones, it was dusk before Sasha finally had a chance to rest.

“Phew, finally done!” Wendy wiped her brow. “How’s your arm, Ms. Wand?”

“Oh it’s fine,” Sasha replied, waving her good arm. She then excused herself to wash her hands.

Meanwhile, Wendy was in a fantastic mood. Touting the tray of unbaked calzones, she said, “I’d better give Mr. Hayes a call to come home early tonight. It’s not often we get to have such a delightful dinner together.”

The moment Sasha heard that, she froze while still bent over the kitchen sink.

Sebastian?

She’s asking him to come back earlier?

Out of nowhere, Sasha felt a pang of anxiety. She then tried to think of something to say.

“Ms. Wand? What do you think?” Wendy probed.

“Oh? That’s... that’s a good idea. But are you sure this is something he would like?” Sasha answered distractedly, trying to dissuade Wendy.

Wendy, however, was determined to carry through with her plan. After she assured Sasha that Sebastian was not a picky eater, the former went away to call him.

Sebastian is not a picky eater?

Doubt arose in Sasha’s mind as she recalled clearly that this was not the case.

He was extremely picky to the point of being incredibly annoying!

Nonetheless, Sasha had no choice but to go along with the plan. Extracting the piping hot tray out of the oven, she followed Wendy upstairs.

"Ian," she called, "The calzones are done!"

She opened the door to Ian's room and exclaimed. "Matteo! Vivian! What are you two doing here?"

The children, who were deep in thought with plotting, stood up hurriedly at the sudden unannounced entrance of their mother.

Wasn't she making calzones? Why is she up here?

Vivian was the most nervous, as she wasn't used to lying to her mother.

On the contrary, Matteo was the first to respond. "Mommy! We were just playing, and Ian is unbelievable!"

"Is that so?" Sasha smiled. "Matteo, you are unbelievable too. All my babies are unbelievable."

Luckily for them, she had no idea what they were up to. Matteo smiled widely at his mother's compliment.

Since the children were all there, Sasha placed the tray on the table so they could all enjoy.

"I'm hungry, Mommy," Vivian whined.

“Me too, Mommy,” Matteo added. “Is that pork in there?”

Vivian and Matteo were big fans of her calzones. She would always try her best to make the best calzones she could for them.

As they were greedily munching, she turned to look towards Ian, who was standing slightly away from them.

“Little Ian, why are you standing there? Didn’t you ask for calzones today? Come and have some. I made them myself,” Sasha beckoned.

However, Ian hesitated.

He had never had calzones before. His father never allowed him to as they were too oily to be healthy. Besides, he was used to much more exotic meals than this at Frontier Bay.

Slowly, Ian shuffled forward. Watching his siblings devour one bite after another, he finally relented.

Sasha smiled and fed him a bite. “Is it good?” she asked.

“Mm-hmm,” he nodded as his eyes shone with delight.

Huh? This child... Didn’t he ask for calzones?