

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 163

Ian was still lost for words, but the Transformers figurine in his hand was clutched more firmly as he listened to his brother's analysis.

No, they can't do this to Mommy. It's our mommy, and no one can hurt her!

For the first time, the boys balled up their fists together, their eyes staring out with unswerving determination.

...

Sasha was awakened by the kids.

"Mommy, wake up. We need to get Vivian. It's almost 4 o'clock."

"What?" Sasha sat up straight from the futon, well alert in an instant. "It's almost 4 o'clock? Alright, let's go get your sister now," she said while hurriedly getting ready to leave.

Matteo quickly brought over Sasha's scarf and handbag as she was putting on her shoes.

When Sasha was all set, Matteo naturally slid his little hand into his mother's palm.

Enveloping her son's hand in her own, Sasha's eyes searched one round for Ian but to no avail. "Where's Ian?"

"Ian is staying here. Daddy will come to fetch him tonight," Matteo explained delightfully.

Is that so...

Sasha did not say more. After all, the boys had been living separately since their births; one with her while the other with their father.

Sasha and Matteo had just stepped outside the guest room when they bumped into Frederick, who was holding onto his walking cane.

“Sasha, I suppose you’re heading back now. There’s something I’ve been meaning to give you.”

Sasha and Matteo stopped in their tracks as the old man walked toward them.

Despite what Sebastian had done to her, Sasha still felt grateful toward Frederick, especially for helping her today. He had chosen to protect her and set her free rather than siding with his own son.

“Frederick, it’s cold out here. You should’ve just gotten one of the housemaids to pass on your message to me,” Sasha said politely.

“This is too important for them to handle. Here, I want you to have this,” the old man said while handing her a red booklet.

Sasha looked down at the booklet and was startled when she saw the words “household register” on the cover. “Frederick, this is—”

“I’m really sorry that you’ve wasted the whole afternoon. I’ve checked with the office. Apparently, someone important showed up, and Sebastian had to meet with them. As such, I’ve decided to give you this. Once your identity is restored, you can apply for a divorce with this,” Frederick said apologetically while still holding out the booklet.

Sasha was still in shock.

No way... Did I hear him right? is he seriously giving me their household register?

Staring at the booklet with her gaping mouth, Sasha was still in disbelief.

Seeing as the woman was stunned, Frederick stuffed the booklet into Matteo's hand while reminding him, "Keep this for your mommy. This is very important, so you have to take good care of it, okay?"

"I understand, Grandpa." Matteo took over the booklet happily. He then carefully slid it into his pocket.

So Mommy and Daddy are getting a divorce! Oh, just as well. Problem solved!

With that thought, Matteo left happily with Sasha.

That night, as Sasha was giving Vivian a bath, Matteo called Ian, who was now back at Frontier Bay.

"Ian, I know what's going on with Mommy and Daddy."

"What is it?"

"It turns out they're getting divorced!" Matteo exclaimed in exasperation.

He was disgruntled at their fruitless effort in carrying out all the plans in hopes that their parents would reconcile.

Now that their parents were getting a divorce, a complete family seemed like a farther dream to them.

Ian's face darkened on the other end of the line. "Is it Daddy's fault again?"

"I'm not sure. But more importantly, I need to ask you this. Do you want them to be separated?" Matteo asked over the phone.

Ian was taken aback by his twin brother's unexpected question.

What does Matteo think about this then? He must be thinking that Mommy and Daddy should separate, or he wouldn't have asked me such a question.

Standing inside his bedroom, tears welled up in Ian's eyes the next instant, and the blood drained from his already pale face. Without any warning, he cast his smartwatch aside and dashed into the cupboard.

"Ian? Ian?" Matteo called out in panic.

There was no response from Ian, and Matteo grew anxious as he could hear loud thuds from the phone.