

## Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 174

Right after he entered the house, he felt warm light enveloping him, as well as the alluring smell of food in the air. Even though the size of the apartment was only a little smaller than sixty square meters, it was very comforting.

What the heck? This dump is actually quite cozy.

He strode into the apartment and sauntered over to the worn-out sofa.

“Daddy, do you want some water? I can pour some for you,” Matteo offered sensibly. As soon as he reached home, he immediately thought of pouring a drink for his daddy.

Sebastian accepted his offer, of course.

At that moment, he took a seat on the sofa. As he waited for his son to get water for him, he took the time to examine this rundown apartment that was not even big enough for his bedroom.

He came too late last night. There was no time to check out the place.

When he woke up in the morning, it had been chaotic, and he missed the chance again.

While the man sank into his thoughts, Sasha had already gone into the kitchen. She heard from her son that the three of them had not had their dinner yet, so of course she had to get them something to eat.

But when she looked into the refrigerator, she found herself running short for ideas.

“You... haven’t eaten either?”

She stepped out of the kitchen, cast a glance at the man on the sofa, and asked him hesitantly.

Sebastian happened to be drinking water at that time. He turned when he heard her, and his gaze naturally fell on her person.

How unsightly!

She was wearing loose and baggy loungewear, with a large, long-eared hoodie at the back. Her shoulder-length short hair was not even combed properly. She simply tied it up with a polka-dotted hairband, revealing a plain-looking face without a bit of makeup on.

Doesn't she know how to keep up appearances? Has she forgotten that she's the daughter of a noble family? What happened to basic grooming?

Sebastian frowned.

Strangely though, he did not find it out of place.

On the contrary, when he saw her appearing before his eyes, his mind drew up a peculiar image. He came home very late one night and, when she suddenly opened the door for him, he saw bright, orange light shining at him from within.

At that moment, he felt a sense of déjà vu.

Sebastian arched his brows, "What do you think?"

"Didn't you go out for dinner? How is it that none of you has eaten at all?"

"Something else came up. What's wrong? There's nothing left in the fridge?"

"No, it's not that..."

Sasha quickly denied.

Of course she would not have run out of food. This was her house. She kept it well-stocked. She just wanted to confirm whether he really wanted to stay for dinner.

And it seemed like she had gotten a definite answer.

Sasha slipped back into the kitchen again and proceeded to worry about what she could make with the food in the refrigerator.

The kids were easy to deal with. She had bought a lot of shrimps and pasta dough that afternoon just to make meatball ravioli for them.

But that man was another story. He was a picky eater. He was not a fan of seafood, spicy food, and even Asian cuisine. So what could she make for him?

Perhaps I should make him some rolls?

Sasha was at a loss.

And while she was thinking about the menu, she had even forgotten that their relationship was in a deadlock at the moment. Just two days ago, they were considering a divorce. She yearned so much for the day to come when she would have nothing to do with him anymore.

Truthfully, there were times when people would deceive themselves. Once something went deep into the bones, even if they kept reminding themselves that they did not care of it at all, it was futile.

In the end, Sasha made extra portions of meatball ravioli for Ian and Matteo, just like what she did for Vivian.

As for Sebastian?

She made him a pot of vegetable broth and some homemade rolls, cut up evenly. In addition to that, she even had an orange peeled and served on the side, especially for him.

“Dinner’s ready!”

When the three kids finally saw food on the table, they all cheered, forks and knives already in their hands.

Sebastian also came to sit at the table.

When he saw the meal in front of him, he was dumbfounded. “Why is my food different?”

Sasha explained, “There’s shrimp in the ravioli. You don’t eat seafood. So I didn’t make one for you.”

She said it so casually.

However, as soon as she said that, the man who was about to reach for his fork with his hand suddenly stopped. Then, he turned towards the woman, leveling a stern glare at Sasha with his pair of grim-looking eyes.

Sasha realized it too late.

Oh dear, I’ve misspoken.

For a second, she panicked and broke out in cold sweat.

She had been too careless. She was his ex-wife who had only been married to him for one year. And in that one year, they had only met once. How could she know this little fact about him? She was supposed to be a stranger to him.

Sasha's face turned pale, and quickly racked her brains for an excuse. "I... I heard about it from your housemaids. Why? Did I say something wrong? Do you actually like them? If that's so, I can make some for you."

With that said, she headed to the kitchen again.

"No need. It's true, I don't eat seafood."

Sebastian finally spoke. Perhaps her explanation worked.

Sasha let out a loose sigh at this point. Then, she sat down next to her children and dug in.

This was the first time they sat down for dinner together at the same table as a family. It was not an easy feat.

Sasha secretly observed the scene before her with a hint of sadness she had not known was there.