

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 268

Ian refused to say a word as Roderick hurried over, exhilarated.

"Now, now, Matt, aren't you a fine boy? Come over here and give your grand-uncle a hug."

Matteo looked at the zealous old man awkwardly.

Although both he and Vivian were there together, Roderick ignored the girl and talked only to Matteo.

Matteo's gaze darted around as he thought of a way to get away. He went closer to Vivian and pulled her up from the ground.

"I'm sorry grand-uncle. I have to hold Vivi's hand. She's scared whenever she's in a new environment."

"Okay..."

Roderick was disheartened to hear this.

He really liked the boy and badly wanted to give him a hug.

"What about you hug Vivi, grand-uncle? She's a good girl too."

This girl?

She's not even one of our us!

"It's okay. You can walk with her. Let's go over to my place. Your grand-aunt has made some really good food."

Vivian was too naive to read between the lines. She followed her brothers cheerfully when she heard there would be delicious food.

Meanwhile, Ian was altogether quiet.

Although he was unwilling to go to Roderick's place, he did not throw a tantrum because his siblings were thrilled to visit a new place.

They hopped on the buggy and reached Roderick's house after ten minutes.

"Alright, kids. We're here! Be careful when you get down."

Roderick got off first and carried the children down one by one.

He was particularly careful when it came to Matteo's turn.

Roderick's wife, Gladys, treated the guests to the best food at home.

"Wow! These look so good!"

Vivian went ahead and reached for a juicy peach when she saw a huge plate of fruits, but Gladys quickly moved the plate away.

"Matteo and Ian, come over and have some fruits," she quickly beckoned, "These are all imported fruits."

She completely ignored Vivian and took the plate of fruits over to Matteo and Ian.

Tears welled up in Vivian's eyes when she saw this.

Ian's face turned gloomy seeing the dejection in the girl's eyes. "Come here, Vivi."

Matteo was vexed too.

He knew the people at the residence looked down on Vivian because she was not Sebastian's child. It was apparent from how they treated her ever since she came, but Vivian was still a child. However, she was too innocent to notice any of this.

Matteo could not believe they would go to such lengths to exclude her.

He would not allow these two old people to despise her so blatantly.

Matteo turned toward Gladys and shot her a fake smile. "We won't eat unless Vivi eats too, Grand-aunt."

"That's really thoughtless of you. Didn't you see the girl wanted it too?" Roderick interjected tactfully and gave the whole plate of fruits to Vivian.

Gladys had no choice but to let Vivian have the peaches in the end.

The children had a hearty meal and played in the courtyard for a while before Frederick sent someone to pick them up.

The kids spent the night at Frederick's and went to bed early.

It could have been an enjoyable and memorable day for the children if Matteo had not fallen sick in the middle of the night.

“What’s the matter? Why is he having a fever all of a sudden?” Frederick summoned the butler immediately when he was informed of Matteo’s situation.

“He probably caught a cold when he was playing in the afternoon. It’s no big deal. I’ll call the doctor over.”

Tim hurried to get the doctor after assuring his frantic master that everything was under control.

After the doctor arrived, he did a thorough check on Matteo and said it was no big deal.

“The boy just caught a cold, so there’s nothing you need to worry about, Mr. Hayes,” the doctor said, “I’ll prescribe him some medication and give him a jab.”

“That’s good news. Thanks.”

Frederick heaved a sigh of relief when he heard the doctor.

Ian and Vivian were awake too. They ran over to Matteo’s bedside when they found out he was sick.

Ian was especially agitated when he saw Matteo unwell. He was not just worried, he was pissed too.

“It must be them!”

Everyone in the room turned and stared at the angry boy.

“What are you talking about? Who made Matteo sick?”

“It must be that old witch. I know it must be them!”

Ian clenched his fists tightly as his breaths seethed with hatred. No one had expected so much negativity from a five-year-old.