

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 37

"Why is Mommy coming?" Ian probed.

"Cause it's a holiday, Matt! Have you forgotten? It's Wednesday and the preschool is only open for half a day. Our teacher said they need to sanitize the place, so we must go home. That's why I called Mrs. Grint and asked her to get you before time," Vivian replied happily, still feeling proud of herself for saving her brother in time.

Matteo had given her Mrs. Grint's phone number beforehand, so Vivian called the nanny and asked for her help to go look for Matteo.

She held Ian's hand and skipped lightly into their classroom with him.

Their teacher spotted them and waved at them. "Hey, Vivian, I see you've got your brother. Come on, you two, get your bags and be ready to go home. Your mom's almost here. Let's go."

"Yes!" Vivian's crispy voice rang loud and clear beside Ian's ears. He rolled his eyes as the girl went ahead and grabbed her bag.

Despite being exasperated, Ian found his surroundings intriguing. He had never been to a preschool, and all this was totally new to him.

Actually, it was not like he did not attend preschool at all. He attended the best preschool in Avenport. The environment there was impeccable; the facilities were top-notch, and the children came from affluent families.

His teachers were never down to earth and the kids there were never friendly. To be precise, it was almost impossible to make any friends.

Ian let Vivian had her way with him as she put Matteo's bag on his back and they followed their teacher out to the entrance.

"Mommy's here!"

Seeing Sasha from afar, Vivian squealed at the top of her voice as she ran towards her mother.

Once again, Ian went speechless.

His gaze trailed her steps, and he suddenly stopped at the door.

Huh? Isn't this the doctor who came to the house in the morning? I just parted ways with her in front of Daddy's company. What's she doing here? She's their mother?

Ian was confounded as he looked at the two of them hugging each other.

"Matt, what are you waiting for? Come to me! We're going home," Sasha cried out to him and waved enthusiastically when she realized Ian was standing still.

What's wrong with Matt today. Why isn't he smiling? Is he angry? Was I late?

Sasha let go of Vivian and came over to check if Matteo was okay.

"What's wrong, Matt? Are you angry with me? Is it because I'm late? I'm so sorry Matt. I didn't know y'all are ending early today. I got here right after I got the call. Please don't be angry, okay?"

Sasha held out her hand and reached for his head, wanting to pat his head.

But Ian shied away instinctively, avoiding her touch.

Her hand froze in the air. For a moment, she thought the boy standing in front of her was not Matteo, but the boy she saw in the morning.

"Matt?"

"I can walk over on my own," Ian told her coldly.

He did not take another look at her but walked past her towards Vivian, leaving Sasha behind as she turned around stiffly.

"Matt, are you really angry? But I have already apologized. What about I make it up to you? I'll get you ice cream. It's your favorite."

Beside Ian, Vivian clapped and jumped about in joy while he looked at her apathetically from the corner of his eyes. "Yay! Mommy, I want a strawberry flavor ice-cream. Oh! Can we also have a hotdog? I miss it so much!"

After getting groceries, Sasha brought the two kids back to their rental apartment. By the time they reached home, Vivian and Ian had already finished their ice-cream and hotdogs. They even had a freshly baked egg tart.

"Wasn't that a good treat, Matt?"

Vivian looked at her brother with a pleasant smile on her face. Looking at how the girl was caressing her belly and licking her lips, Ian could tell she was a complete foodie.

He wondered if this was what the two siblings did every day.

Ian looked at the remaining egg tart in his hand, not knowing if he should eat it.

He looked at the tasty snack and could not resist it anymore. He opened his mouth wide and munched away, savoring the delicacy with a satisfied nod.

He had never tried anything that delicious in his life. His father did not allow him to have any of these because he said they were unhealthy. That was why all Ian had ever tasted was home-cooked food. He had eaten none of the food sold outside.

Sasha looked at the two happy children and decided to let them have some fun on their own while she went into the kitchen to cook.

The telephone rang in the living area when she was busy preparing food.

"Matt, can you help me pick up the phone? See who's on the call. I'm cooking!" she shouted from the kitchen.

Ian looked at the telephone on the TV shelf and went over reluctantly. "Hello?" he said as he picked up the receiver.

"Ian?" the voice from the other end called out.

Ian was startled that the person had called him by his name.

"Who are you?" he whispered cautiously.

"I'm Matt! You're at my house now, right? Mommy and Vivian are calling you 'Matt', aren't they?"

Ian could not help but notice the voice from the receiver sounded like his. It was playful and light, just like how those little foxes in the cartoons sounded like.

Matt?

So, this is the Matt they have been mistaking me for?

Ian finally understood everything, and gloom set on his face.