

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 525

The little girl wrapped her arms around her mother's thigh and requested, "Mommy, can you give me a shower? I'm so done with having a shower without your help!"

Sasha had no choice but to show her daughter the way to the bathroom. To the little girl's surprise, her mother seemed to have forgotten the proper way to give her a shower.

"Mommy, aren't you supposed to wash my hair before everything else?" Vivian asked when Sasha was about to apply body wash to her body.

Instead of rinsing off the body wash, Sasha started washing Vivian's hair with it when she heard her daughter.

Vivian wasn't able to stop her since Sasha had applied everything when she thought of stopping Sasha.

In the end, bubbles were all over Vivian's head and ended up seeping into her eyes.

She started wailing, "I-It stings, Mommy! My eyes sting!"

Sebastian, who was giving their sons a shower next door, rushed into the bathroom when he heard their daughter wailing.

"What's wrong? Why is she crying?"

"T-The bubbles have seeped into her eyes."

As soon as Sasha explained herself, she told Vivian to stay still and started sprinkling water in her daughter's direction to rinse off the soapy residue.

"Boohoo—" Their daughter ended up wailing again.

"What are you doing? Are you sure this is the way you're supposed to help her? Is something wrong with you?"

Unable to stand it anymore, Sebastian dashed over and held their daughter in his arms, making his way to retrieve the towel to wipe her eyes dry.

It worked like a charm and stopped the little girl from making a scene.

Sasha was at a loss for words to defend herself and stood right where she was with an odd posture.

"I-I wasn't sure of the proper things to do! M-My mind was all over the place the moment she started wailing! I'm so sorry, Vivian! Please forgive me!"

"I-It's fine, Mommy."

Vivian, who had finally regained her composure, assured her mother it wasn't a big deal even though her eyes were swollen.

Sebastian knew he wasn't supposed to pick on Sasha in front of their daughter and remained silent throughout their conversation.

Instead of reprimanding Sasha, he instructed, "Why don't you head next door and read our sons a story? I'll go get Vivian dressed up."

"Alright."

Sasha felt a sense of relief and made her way to their sons' room as instructed.

The boys had long made their way out of the bathroom. Sitting on the bed, they greeted Sasha the moment they saw her, "Mommy!"

"Have you guys been waiting for me?" Sasha made her way to her sons' sides with a beam and took a seat next to them.

Matteo was unable to contain his excitement anymore. He asserted with a nod, "We're waiting for you to read us a story! Ms. Dolivo isn't a match for you!"

On the other hand, Ian had always been a boy of a few words. The fact he had remained silent indicated he agreed with this brother.

Their mother asked, "Are you sure?"

Matteo suggested with a smile, "She has always shared folklores of different regions with us! Mommy, why don't you carry on with the nonfictional novel you have read us?"

Ian nodded, indicating he was of the same idea as his brother.

Sasha gaped at her son's suggestion and stammered in return, "I can't really recall the content as it has been quite some time since my last

reading session. I'll read you the novel after a reading session in the future."

"Well, I guess we don't get to say no either."

Her sons' disappointment was written all over their faces. Nonetheless, they agreed to have Sasha read them another story.

Thus, she shared the tales of a little girl wandering around the forest and getting tricked by a witch with her sons. They felt a strong urge to sleep and wonder if something was wrong with their mother.

What's wrong with Mommy? Why has she started sharing such pointless fictional tales?

Immediately after she tucked the boys in, she made her way to her bedroom.

"Darling?"

Sasha was in a great mood as she stepped into the room and noticed the heater had been switched on in advance.

Upon a simple glimpse at the room, she noticed no one was around. Instead, she heard the running tap coming from the bathroom.

Is he having a shower?

She flushed when she thought of the things awaiting her; her fingers started shivering against her will.

A few minutes later, the man made his way out of the bathroom with a towel wrapped around his waist.

The completely drenched man approached Sasha and asked, "Have they fallen asleep?"

Sasha nodded in return all while sizing up the topless man in front of her.