

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 63

Leave a Comment / Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover / By Chapter Novel Matteo came to his senses and smiled at his mother. “It’s no big deal. A cartoon episode’s just ended. The bad guy’s always causing trouble, yet he’s not punished for it. It makes me so mad.” The little boy deliberately put on an angry expression. Sasha laughed when she heard that. “It’s okay, Matt. The bad guy will be punished eventually. You can find out what happens next when you watch the cartoon tomorrow. Alright now, let’s set the table and get ready for dinner.” “Sure, Mommy.” Matteo then went to set the table with his sister. At last, dinner was served. Sasha had prepared the kids’ favorites—homemade roll, fish and chips, and omelet, to name a few. Although there wasn’t much food, all of them were made with love. The minute Matteo sat down and picked up his cutlery, his thoughts drifted to that message, which he replied just a moment ago. Has Ian tasted any of these before? He felt unhappy again. Buzz… Buzz… “Hello. Who’s this?” Sasha was not there to see Matteo’s reaction this time as she was still in the kitchen cleaning up and serving spaghetti for her kids. It was at that moment when her mobile phone suddenly rang. “Hi, Sasha! It’s me, Lucy. Are you free tonight? Your uncle isn’t feeling so well. If you have time, can you come over and have a look at him? I think your acupuncture worked on him last time.” Lucy had called. According to her, Jackson had fallen ill again. It was a chilly evening. With his physical condition, falling ill was quite expected. Sasha peeked at the time on her wristwatch and agreed, “Alright, I’ll come over after dinner.” Lucy was happy to hear that. “That’s wonderful. In that case, why don’t I go over to your place? I can babysit the kids. It’s getting late now, so it’s not advisable to leave them alone at home. What do you think?” “Sure, that’ll be great.” Sasha accepted Lucy’s offer. She then hung up the phone and quickly served the spaghetti on a large plate. “Matt, Vivi, I need to head over to your great-aunt’s house for a bit. Your great-uncle’s gotten sick again. I’m going to take a look at him. You two stay at home. Aunt Lucy will be coming over later, is that okay?” “Okay, Mommy.” Vivian, who had already begun to devour the food, quickly responded with childlike innocence. Matteo had no issue with the arrangement as well. If Mommy’s going to great-aunt’s house, then it’s not me who’s stopping her from going to Frontier Bay. If Ian asks about it later, I can tell him that it has nothing to do with me. As the boy pondered the current situation, relief washed over him. After the three of them finished their dinner, Sasha fetched her medical kit and out the door she went. … At Royal Court One, Frontier Bay. Sebastian came back earlier than usual that night. It was about seven o’ clock by the time he reached home. “Oh, Mr. Hayes. You’re early today.” Wendy was surprised by his early return. She was actually not a new housemaid hired from a random agency. Instead, she had been transferred from the Hayes residence to work in the villa. Before Sebastian moved out, she had been in charge of caring for him. So, after Berta was found to be the informant, she was dismissed from Royal Court One, and Sebastian subsequently had Wendy transferred here. Instead of responding to her, he put away his shoes, scanned the house, and asked her about Ian. “Oh, he’s upstairs. Mr. Hayes, you got back just in time. I don’t know what’s gotten into that kid. He got angry all of a sudden. I called him down for dinner, but he totally ignored me. When I went to knock on his door, I couldn’t hear a thing. Geez…” Once she started telling Sebastian about that child, Wendy grew more and more frustrated. Ian could be difficult to deal with at times. His mood swings were unpredictable, and that was not the worst part. More importantly, sometimes he would refuse to talk to anyone, and whenever he got angry, he would lock himself in his room, shutting everyone out. But if he shut everyone out, how could anyone get through to him? Sebastian had just come in from the cold, and his body was just getting warmed up. When he heard about

his son's behavior, he immediately fell gloomy again. Gazing at the stairs leading to the upper level, where only silence greeted him, he proceeded to climb up the steps, one at a time. "Ian? Open the door. It's Daddy!" The door to Ian's room on the second floor was shut tight as expected. After Sebastian got up there, he repeated what he did the last time by trying to use his fingerprints to enter the room. Clearly, Ian had not forgotten about it, for the door was locked from the inside. What's up with this kid today? Don't tell me Sasha's bothering him again. Sebastian was already exhausted after a day's work and had no time for this. His knitted eyebrows added a hint of menace to his grim expression.

"Ian, open the door this instant! If you don't, I'm going to be very angry! And you know what happens when I'm angry! There'll be serious consequences!" The room remained silent. Eventually, after he waited outside the boy's room for about two minutes, a click sound came from inside the room; Ian had unlocked the door. With that, Sebastian gave the door a push. He wanted to have a proper heart-to-heart with his son to find out what had happened to him. "Ian?" "Why don't you ever keep your promises?" The kid, who stood in the middle of the room, was still in the same set of clothes he had worn during the day. The only difference was the expression on his face.