

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 72

In the end, Ian agreed to go to preschool.

Sasha was delighted. She immediately started packing his bag and dressed him up smartly. The pair strolled out of the door hand in hand and drove away in the minivan.

Luke had arrived to fetch Sebastian. He glanced at the high-and-mighty Sebastian who had just stepped out.

"Mr. Hayes, do you really trust her to take Ian to preschool?"

"What's the issue?"

"Nothing. I just can't believe it. Even you have trouble handling Ian. Is Ms. Wand really up to it?"

Luke quickly shook his head to indicate that he had no issue and was only doubtful of the woman's capabilities.

Surprisingly, Sebastian who had always given that woman the cold shoulder did not have much of a reaction. His gait was relaxed as he climbed into the car.

Luke was speechless.

Forget it. I won't ask anymore.

Luke hastily rushed over and climbed into the car as well.

Just as he was about to start the car's engine, Sebastian, who had been leafing through a document ordered, "Look into what Sasha has been doing overseas the past five years."

"Huh? What do you mean?" Luke looked towards the rearview mirror.

"I want to know everything about her, including what she does in this country!"

Sebastian kept his eyes trained on the document. His piercing obsidian eyes obscured his true feelings. However, his tone was cold and he was more serious than ever.

He finally wanted to know more about his ex-wife after five years.

Technically, they were not divorced. He was 'widowed', which meant that he wanted to look into his 'deceased wife'.

Luke sighed and started the car.

This was the first time Sasha had seen such a luxurious preschool.

Holy crap, is this really a preschool? Is this an elite academy? Look at the beautiful buildings and the sprawling field. It might as well be a park.

If not for the small carrot on the school gate, I would be convinced that I'm in a high-end university.

Compared to this place, Matt and Vivian were attending a slum of a preschool.

Sadness pricked Sasha.

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing. Your preschool is so beautiful. Let me take you to your teacher."

Sasha composed herself and led the child to the entrance of the school.

"Isn't this Ian? I'm surprised to see you at school today."

The teacher in charge of greeting the children was shocked to see Ian.

Ian immediately retreated behind his mother.

Sasha hugged him tightly.

"Yes. Ian wasn't feeling well for a while and couldn't come. He's better now, so here he is."

"Oh, he wasn't well? I thought he wasn't coming anymore."

The teacher clearly did not believe Sasha when she saw her and Ian.

Forget it. I won't start a row with her.

Sasha held Ian's hand. "Excuse me, but can I take him in? He still isn't feeling his best and I just want to let his teacher know."

"Of course not. Is this your first time at the preschool? Don't you know the rules here?"

"I just..."

"Ma'am, our teachers are famous globally. Do you know how many parents in the city rack their brains trying to find a way to send their child here? How dare you doubt that our teachers won't be able to properly care for your child? You can leave if you want!"

The teacher's extremely rude outburst angered Sasha. She debated whether she should allow Ian to go in or take him home.

What kind of preschool is this?

She's so arrogant!

Sasha had no choice but to allow Ian to go in on his own.

She had no idea how amazing this preschool was. The children that were chosen for enrolment based on their family background. If they were not of a certain standard, they would be promptly rejected.

When they registered Ian, Sebastian did not allow Ian's identity to be revealed. Hence, Ian was somewhat of a pariah.