

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 73

Sasha watched as Ian went in.

Before he left her, she assured him, “Don’t worry, Little Ian. I’ll be right outside waiting for you. I won’t go anywhere. When you finish school at noon, we’ll go have lunch together, okay?”

“Okay...”

The highly reluctant Ian finally acquiesced.

Perhaps it was because the time he needed to spend inside was short, or because Sasha was waiting for him outside, but Ian felt comforted.

Then, Sasha left.

Ian followed the teacher into the classroom where he had not been in for some time.

“What? This idiot actually came back?”

“Yeah. Why is he back? Didn’t his family take him away to cure him?”

“Hahaha.”

The children in the classroom immediately started mocking Ian.

Ian’s face paled, and he turned to leave.

“Where are you going, Ian? Are you being naughty again?” The teacher who led him in quickly grabbed hold of him.

With that, Ian returned to the classroom.

An autistic child required special attention. If his emotions were settled, he would not cause trouble from then on.

Unfortunately, it was clear that this teacher was not as impressive as the teacher at the gate claimed.

“Sit down now and read this book. Don’t go anywhere, do you understand?”

The teacher casually grabbed a book and placed it on the desk in front of Ian.

She led the rest of the children out to play.

Read this book?

An intelligent childlike Ian was above such childish tasks.

Ian fished out a transformer toy from his schoolbag. He played and counted down the ticking hands of the clock, waiting for the time to pass so he could be released to Sasha.

Sometime later, a few children snuck back.

"Look at him, he's watching the clock again. He's not reading as the teacher told him to. Is he really an idiot?"

"Of course, he is. He doesn't look like a normal child at all."

"Hey, idiot!"

A few children started to poke fun at and ridicule Ian.

A chubby child realized that Ian was not responding to their taunts. He moved to stand right in front of him.

"Why aren't you saying anything, you idiot? What are you playing with?"

The child immediately reached out to snatch Ian's transformer toy away from him.

Ian finally responded. He was introverted and was highly possessive over his things. At home, no one was allowed to touch his things without his permission.

Ian struggled to keep the chubby child from taking his transformer toy.

The chubby boy was frustrated at Ian's refusal to hand over the transformer toy. "This idiot is refusing to give it to me. Quickly, hold him down and take it from him."

The other children swarmed and held Ian down against the table.

Poor Ian was rather weak. He quickly ran out of strength and he could only watch as his toy was taken away.

"Give it back to me!"

"Hey, the idiot is talking. Fine, I'll give it back to you. But, you have to kneel in the small house till I say so. I'll only give it back to you when I'm satisfied. with that."

Ian pointed at the small storeroom and directed Ian to kneel inside.

Thus, innocence is not a guaranteed trait of the young. The environment in which they grew up in as well as their innate personalities could unleash the monsters in them which would lead them to the path of wickedness.

As Ian was dragged to the storeroom, he did not even have the strength to fight back. Under the instruction of the chubby child, the other children soon tossed Ian into the storeroom.

After that, they locked the door.

Somehow, the teacher had failed to witness this entire scene. Alternatively, she chose to turn a blind eye.

Sasha had no idea what had just happened in the preschool.

She was sitting in the car and searching for places where she could bring her son to eat after school.

Suddenly, out of the corner of her eye, she saw something streak across the small path outside the car.

What?

What's that? A stray cat?

She jumped, put her phone down, and peered out the window.

However, she was too slow. By the time she looked out, the thing had disappeared. At the entrance of the preschool in the distance, a child had appeared.

"Mister, I'm late. Please open the door for me."

"Why are you so late? You should have come early!"

The security guard at the entrance was not suspicious at all as the child that appeared uttered the name 'Ian'.

The security guard grumbled and opened the door.

"Ian? Why are you here? You're supposed to be studying in the classroom."