

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 75

They never expected that the idiot they were used to pushing around would suddenly become a force to be reckoned with. He had taken the toy away with one quick motion.

“Beat him! Beat him now! Make sure you beat him up!”

The chubby child was livid. He was shrieking as he waved his fists around in the air.

Matteo watched as the chubby child and the children he was playing with charged towards him.

You want to fight?

He really doesn't know who he's up against. I haven't fought in a while. When I was in the preschool overseas, I would send every child in my taekwondo class crashing to the mat.

Matteo hitched up his sleeves. He launched a flying kick effortlessly and his opponent collapsed to the ground.

Crap!

The chubby child was utterly stunned.

Ian, who was wearing the mask and hiding behind the planter box, was just as appalled. His eyes were as wide as saucers.

Matt is... so amazing.

He looked extremely jealous.

When the chubby child saw his first friend collapse, panic set in. He charged towards Matteo with his fists flailing.

“I’m going to kill you, Ian!” he shrieked furiously.

Matteo attacked the child who had grabbed him with a left hook. Next, he leaped up from the ground and planted a kick right in the chubby child’s face.

With a strangled cry, the chubby child fell to the ground.

They want to take me on?

Dream on!

Matteo swept his gaze over the rest of the terrified children. He chuckled evilly and waved towards the planter box behind him.

After a moment’s hesitation, the masked Ian stiffly walked out from behind the planter box.

“How did he bully you just now?”

“Was it this hand? Did he pinch you and take your toy? Hit him! Hit him till he remembers you!”

Matteo shot daggers at the chubby child on the ground. He wanted to teach the child the lesson that if anyone were to bully him, he should retaliate immediately! This would be a lesson the chubby child would never forget.

Just like how Mommy taught me!

Ian was stupefied.

Daddy never taught me such rough measures. He only showed me how to win without shedding blood. Daddy always says that that's true strength.

Despite his envy, he was a little glad that he had never hit anyone.

Ian finally brandished his small fists and under his brother's encouragement, he punched the chubby child with all his might.

It took a while, but Sasha eventually settled on a restaurant. She decided to bring her children to a Jetroina restaurant after school.

Right as she made her reservation, she caught sight of a black car speeding past the entrance of the preschool. The car stopped, and its passenger rushed into the preschool.

What's going on?

How can they go into the preschool at this hour?

Sasha thought it was rather strange. She wanted to go in out of worry for her child. She climbed out of the car and walked in that direction.

"Hello, may I ask why that person was allowed to go in?"

“Why did she go in? It’s because some children are fighting inside. Someone hit her child and broke his nose. Even his hand is broken as well. Of course, she has to go in,” snapped the security guard.

Oh my god!

Is there even bullying in preschools now? His nose and hand were even broken. This is so scary! What about my Little Ian? Is he okay?

Sasha’s face turned as white as a sheet. She could not stop worrying about her son who was inside. She quickly started to plead, “Can I go in to take a look? My child is inside too. He’s Ian from Class 2.”

“What? Your son is Ian? What are you still doing here? Your son hit another child!”

The moment Sasha mentioned her son’s name, the security guard started to shriek at her. He claimed that Ian was the one who had hit someone.

Ian fights?

Sasha stood there blankly.

She was still trying to wrap her head around it when the jarring sounds of arguing and children’s wails came from the other side of the door. Sasha realized that the person from the car had emerged. It was a middle-aged woman wearing a black mink fur coat.

She was pointing at the person who had gone in with her, and two children were brought out.

One of the children was being carried out on someone’s back.

The other child was being led by the woman. The small child was struggling against her talons.

Little Ian?

Isn't that my Ian?

Sasha's eyes were extremely wide. A burst of anger erupted from within her. She no longer cared if she was allowed in or not. She kicked the door open and charged in.

"What are you doing? Why are you grabbing my child? Let go of him!"