

# Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

## Chapter 86

Sasha tried to stop him, but before she could say anything, a man descended the stairs just a few meters away from them.

"Ian? Why are you here? Aren't you supposed to be in school by now?" the man asked as he fussed with his beautifully pressed black suit.

Hidden under his blazer was a dark-colored, handmade dress shirt, and a pair of long pants covered his slender legs. The sunlight shining in from behind him illuminated his perfectly chiseled features, and it made Sasha clench her fists instinctively.

"Daddy, what do you think of the deal I mentioned?" Ian asked.

"Your deal?" Sebastian said, a little confused. He stopped to look at his son with a mildly amused expression. "What deal?"

"I'll go to school if you let her work at your company!" Ian declared solemnly while pointing at Sasha.

Sebastian froze for a moment before turning around to glance at Sasha.

She could almost see the storm clouds settling on his face, as though he was going to accuse her of feeding words into his son's mouth.

Sasha waved her hands immediately in fear. "Hey, don't look at me like that! He told me that he'll only go to school if you let me work in your company. I don't know what's going on too!"

She shrugged to show her innocence, and the clouds on Sebastian's face seemed to clear a little.

"Ian, why are you trying to get her into Daddy's company? Daddy doesn't run a hospital, you know," Sebastian asked.

"She can take care of you there!" Ian said, crossing his arms in front of his chest.

The two adults' eyes widened when he said that, and Sebastian was furious. "Stop messing around. I don't need anyone to take care of me! Now be a good boy and go to school, Ian!"

"No! I won't listen to you unless you listen to me!" Ian shouted, yanking his bag off his back and throwing it onto the ground before stomping off with swollen eyes.

Both adults watched as he left, absolutely dumbfounded.

Oh boy!

After a few seconds, Sasha glared at Sebastian and stomped her feet. "What the hell are you doing? None of this would have happened if you agree to his conditions! You can just give me a position in your company, and you don't even need to pay me. Is that alright?"

Sebastian was a little taken aback by her sudden outburst, and he pondered over it for a few seconds in silence.

Why is it my fault now? It's all your fault for rejecting my offer in the first place!

It took ages for Sasha to convince Ian to pick up his bag again and get ready for school.

Sebastian stood outside Ian's room with a grim expression, but he remained silent, much to Sasha's relief.

"Shall I send Mr. Ian to school now, Ms. Wand and Mr. Hayes?"

"Yeah, go ahead."

Sasha waved her hand as a plan formed in her head. What if I just ignored his request and ran off on my own? He won't know about it.

However, Ian waved a tablet in front of her face when he walked past her. "You see this? I can see everything in Daddy's office just by hacking into the cameras!"

Sasha resisted the urge to scream. Her plan had been rendered useless by this revelation.

Ten minutes later, Sasha sighed and headed towards the uniquely numbered Maybach with her bag slung around her shoulder.

She had never ridden in that Maybach, not now, not five years ago. She had told herself to stay away from it at all costs, but Ian had given her no choice.

She could feel her muscles tensing up the moment she saw the man sitting inside, and her breaths quickened as beads of cold sweat began to form on her palms.

Why am I like this?

"Hey! Why are you just standing there? Hurry up and get on!" Sebastian yelled, visibly annoyed. He glanced at his watch impatiently to signal to her just how precious his time was.

Sasha pulled open the door and slipped into the car quickly to distract herself from her thoughts.

Much to her delight, the soft covers of the seats and the pleasant interior of the car calmed her nerves considerably.

Taking in deep breaths of the sweet aroma in the air, she sat up stiffly and pretended to look at the scenery outside.

Looks like I haven't gotten over him yet...