

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 92

Will he return my son to me?

Sasha was like a cat on hot bricks. Having little choice, she could only take her daughter, follow after them, and play by ear.

Then, she would take the child away when she got the chance without anyone noticing.

Unfortunately, it was too late. When she took her daughter there, her son was taken to the clinic by the old doctor without asking any preliminary questions.

“Wait! Doctor, I’m sorry, my child is okay, and he doesn’t need to be checked.”

Sasha was losing her mind. How could they run a medical check-up in a fully enclosed room like this? My Matteo is fine! They would only scare him.

Nevertheless, the doctor ignored her after shooting her a glance.

“And you are?”

“Huh? Oh, erm...I’m this child’s nanny, and I’m new here,” replied Sasha guiltily.

“You’re new, eh? Do you know why Mr. Hayes let you send the kid here? We’re actually very familiar with him as he has been coming here since little. Alright, that’s enough talk. You can wait here while I do a check-up on him.”

Then, the old professor disregarded Sasha’s protest and let his assistant carry the boy into the MRI room.

Sasha was rendered speechless.

No, he's not Mr. Ian! He's my Matteo!

Frantic, she wanted to explain once more. However, the computer screen had displayed the test results of the child lying on the MRI bed.

"The pylorus still hasn't closed well, and there's even some swelling. Is there a problem recently?"

"Maybe it's the food again. Poor kid."

After the doctor and his assistant had studied the image projected, they began to discuss distressedly.

After Sasha heard them, there was a buzzing noise in her ears.

The pylorus isn't closed? How? Isn't my Matteo all well and good? Why didn't I know about this before?

Her heart plummeted, and horror surged. She didn't care about anything else and ran to the front of the computer between the two doctors like a madwoman.

"That's impossible! How could it be that his pylorus hasn't closed up? There's no way!"

"Why is it impossible, nanny? This problem has stayed with Mr. Ian. Not only that, his small intestine is shorter than others, and his kidney is not fully developed. Didn't your employer tell you all about these?"

When the doctor saw her denying it like a maniac, he furiously banged on the computer screen.

Sasha finally went silent.

Since she was also a doctor, she understood the contents displayed on the screen, and the doctor was right.

Sasha slumped back into the chair.

When Sebastian arrived, the old doctor had completed the check-up on Ian.

Actually, it was natural and temporary for Ian to be in this situation as he grew up with the problem. His premature birth had caused many physical defects. As long as there were no new problems that occurred, he would be fine.

After hearing the results, Sebastian remained calm. However, when he turned his head, he saw Sasha sitting in a chair in despair.

Her face was as pale as death, and she had a somber expression. She was glaring hollowly into space and lost in thoughts without realizing Sebastian calling her.

What is this woman doing?

He cast his gaze on the little girl standing next to her, but the adorable girl was already staring back at him with black, beady eyes.

As soon as she met his gaze, she immediately hid behind her mother's back timidly.

Whose child is this? Why does she resemble...this pale woman?

Sebastian was taken aback for a second. "Who are you? Why are you here?"

Vivian was shocked by her father's sudden question and immediately buried her face in her mother's chest. "Mommy..."

Mommy? She calls her Mommy?

His face muscles spasmed, his expression hardened, and a wave of anger surged from his chest.

"Sasha Wand, who's this girl? Why is she calling you Mommy?"

"Huh?"

Sitting in the chair, Sasha was finally brought back to her senses by the man's angry questioning. She looked up and saw the enraged man and found her daughter clinging tightly to her and became dumbfounded.

"She...She's..."

"Mummy, let's go. Vivi wants to go home."