

# The Love that Never Really Dies

## Chapter No 10

An hour later, Matteo arrived at the Hilton hotel.

Even though he was smart for his age, he was still a kid, so it took some time for him to arrive at his destination. Thankfully, he quickly spotted a car in the hotel parking lot that was the same one the men in black had driven when they took his mother away from the hospital. His heart skipping a beat in excitement, he made his way to the hotel lobby.

"Hi, pretty lady! I'd like to ask who that car outside belongs to?" The receptionist, a young woman, lowered her head to see an adorable five-year-old boy standing on his tiptoes and peeking over the counter.

With a fluffy head of dark hair and large, curious eyes, he looked like a handsome young protagonist from a Disney animation. *Isn't... Isn't this Ian, the young boy who lives in our hotel's penthouse suite?* She stammered, "Mr. I-Ian? Why are... you here? Weren't you just at the restaurant?"

*Huh? Mr. Ian?* Matteo quickly picked up that something was off. So, he pulled a tall stool over and climbed onto it, resting his elbows on the reception counter as he smiled brightly at the young woman whose cheeks went red. "That's right! I just came out for a minute. Oh, do you know who the car outside belongs to, miss?"

"Doesn't it belong to your family? Your father's staff was driving it when he came home just now," she replied, confused. Matteo beamed; his chubby cheeks becoming round. "Okay! Thank you, pretty lady. I'll be going now!" "Where are you going? It's too dangerous for you to be alone. Let me walk you back to the restaurant, or your father is going to panic if he can't find you."

The receptionist scrambled out of her seat, worried that the boy might get lost if he left the hotel premises. But Matteo wasn't about to let that happen. She had recognized him as "Mr. Ian", and he wanted to see for himself what the real Mr. Ian looked like. During class yesterday, his teacher had shown them a photo of a kid who was transferring to their preschool.

The kid in the photo looked like Matteo, but his name was "Ian." When he got home and hacked into the preschool principal's computer to search for more information about Ian, the registered address was the penthouse suite of the very Hilton hotel that Matteo was currently at.

He sprinted faster than a spooked bunny and left the receptionist in the dust, making his way to the hotel's restaurant on the fourth floor. Ian was sitting like the perfect gentleman in the middle of the fancy restaurant, dressed in a small, tailored suit and a napkin tucked into his collar.

He ignored the food in front of him; his expression one of impatience as he asked his father's assistant, "Mr. Scott, when can we go home?" Ian and Matteo were completely different children. Even though their physical features looked alike, their temperaments, personalities, and even their speech patterns were opposites.

If Matteo was a refreshing ball of sunshine, then Ian was a mini Arctic Ocean just like his father, or maybe worse. Ian was not talkative, and he didn't like being around other people because of his antisocial personality. He had been raised by Sebastian to act prim and proper at all times. There wasn't a single trace of naivety or immaturity that should be found in a normal five-year-old. "Tsk, so that's Mr. Ian? I really do look like him. But is he always as uptight like an old man?"

Matteo mumbled to himself, feeling sorry for the other boy. "We can't go home yet, Ian. We came here to look for a cure for your father's illness. Don't you want your father to be cured?" Luke told Ian. The young boy was silent for a few moments. It was obvious that he still cared for his father greatly. "Then the woman whom he brought along today is supposed to cure him?"

"Sort of?" Luke laughed awkwardly, trying to give him the vaguest answer possible. Ian knitted his eyebrows together and finally picked up his fork and knife, digging into his food. "If that's the case, then tell him not to be so mean to her!" Luke nearly choked on his food. A few feet away, Matteo stiffened up in shock.

*What? Who dares to be mean to Mommy? Unforgivable!* Whipping around, Matteo marched all the way to the penthouse suite, tiny fists clenched by his sides. A few minutes later, the guards standing outside of the suite saw a tiny figure walked out of the elevator and was heading towards them with a stern look on his face.

For a moment, they broke out in a cold sweat. "Welcome back, Mr. Ian." "Mmm." Matteo was not an acting prodigy, but he did his best to mimic Ian's uptight attitude. "Where's Daddy?"

"Mr. Hayes just left. But he said to tell you that if you came back early, you should go inside and rest, and that he'd return very soon." The guards didn't harbor a single ounce of suspicion towards Matteo as they hurriedly told him where his mother's bully had gone before opening the door for the boy to enter the suite.

Matteo stepped inside the penthouse suite, taking in his unfamiliar surroundings. The living room was nearly as large as a town square, decorated with expensive-looking furniture fit for royalty. *Where's Mommy?*