

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 53

Due to Sebastian's intervention, Sasha managed to untangle herself from Berta. Without a moment's delay, she carried the food and went upstairs. "Little Ian, Ms. Nancy is here. Are you awake?" "Mm." She was happy to see how obedient her son was. After softly calling out to him, he opened his eyes on the bed and got up with her help. Sasha was more than pleased with their progress. This was a rare heartwarming moment she shared with her son. After dressing Ian up, she coaxed him into drinking the soup she made, causing Berta to grit her teeth in irritation. "Little Ian, let's go to the garden for a walk, hmm?" After Ian finished his breakfast, Sasha noticed that the weather was particularly good. With her son's health in mind, Sasha thought it would be good to let Ian go out and sweat a little. However, Ian's face instantly sank. "No!"

Sasha was taken aback. "Why not, sweetie? Children should exercise more to become stronger. Once you're all better, you can start going to preschool where you can make lots of new friends who will play with you. Isn't that fun?"

"No, it's not fun! It's not fun at all!" Sasha never expected that what she said would make things worse. Ian hurled the Transformers figurine in his hand and ran away. Anxious, Sasha got to her feet and went after him. "Ian, don't run! Wait for me." What's going on? Why did he become so worked up all of a sudden? Sasha was dumbfounded. She raced after him to his room, planning to coax him. However, he slammed the door before she could reach

him and locked her out. “Little Ian? Please open the door. Don’ t be angry. Did I say something wrong? Let me in so that we can talk, okay?” “Weren’ t you oh-so confident in yourself? What’ s wrong? Are things not going well?” Berta came upstairs at some point and began mocking her. Sasha was in an irritable mood, and what Berta said was the last straw. Her gaze turned icy as she shot a fierce glare at the latter. “One more word from you, and I’ ll make sure it’ s the last thing you say.” Berta was stunned, having never seen this side of Sasha. In an instant, fear gripped her as she cowered slightly, feeling a chill travel down her spine. Since when did this woman become so scary? Her arrogance was instantly knocked down several notches, and she stuttered, “I-It’ s because you mentioned preschool. Ian has always hated going to preschool.” “He doesn’ t like it? Why?” Sasha was perplexed. He hates going to preschool? Why? I know that he doesn’ t like to interact with others, but why doesn’ t he like going to preschool too? His condition shouldn’ t be that serious. Sasha felt that something was amiss and decided to wait for Sebastian to come home to ask him the reason behind it. However, Sebastian didn’ t come back all afternoon. Instead, someone else came to visit the villa. “Quick! Tidy the place up. Mr. Hayes will be here soon, so make sure everything is spotless, or we’ ll never hear the end of it from him.” Sasha had come down to make lunch for her son when she overheard this. When she saw Berta ordering the housemaids in the garden, she almost missed a step

and stumbled down the stairs from shock. Sebastian's father is coming? Oh God! Why all of a sudden? Why wasn't I told about this?

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What am I going to do? I'm not ready to meet his father yet! Besides, that scum and I agreed that he'd be the one to take me to see his father. That way, I'd have more time to make myself more presentable so that when his father sees that I'm sincere, he wouldn't be as mad. That was the deal! In her state of panic, Sasha was about to tuck tail and leave.

"Ms. Wand, where are you going?" "Huh? Umm... I just remembered that there's something I have to do. I'll be back later," Sasha formulated a response in haste.

Yeah, it's not the right time. I'll avoid him for now and come back here after he's gone. However, something seemed off about Berta this time as she tried to make her stay. "Ms. Wand, Mr. Hayes is going to be here soon. Since you saved Ian and have been caring for him all this time, you should stay and meet his grandfather. He's a nice person, so I'm sure he'll be very grateful to you when he finds out that you're his grandson's savior." The housemaid's attitude toward Sasha took a hundred and eighty-degree turn.

Sasha couldn't help but feel skeptical. Despite her rising suspicions, there were more pressing matters at hand, and she couldn't be bothered figuring out Berta's motives.

"No thanks. It's not a big deal anyway. Well then, I'll be leaving now." With that, Sasha put down the bowl in her hand and prepared

to leave. Suddenly, Berta rushed over to grab her arm. She was about to stop the latter from leaving when a small figure appeared at the stairs. "What are you doing?" Ian asked. Having locked himself in his bedroom for the whole afternoon ever since Sasha brought up preschool, he finally made an appearance right then. Although Sasha was delighted to see him, she made sure to approach him carefully. "Little Ian, there's something I have to do back home, so I need to leave for a while, but I'll come here again at night. Is that okay?" Ian remained silent. None of them knew that it wasn't a coincidence that he had come down at that moment. When he was upstairs, he had actually heard that his grandfather was visiting and noticed the panic in his mother's voice as she argued with the annoying housemaid. That was why he came down. Why is Mommy so scared? Why is she rushing to go home? Could she be... scared of Grandpa? Is it because she lied about being dead last time, then secretly took Matteo and Vivian with her? There was no change in his expression when he glanced at his mother, but a brief moment later, he commanded in an adorable voice, "Don't let him in!" "What?" The moment he said that, Sasha stopped in her tracks, and even Berta snapped her gaze to him with a look of shock on her face. "Ian, w-what do you mean? Don't let who in?" "Grandpa!" "Grandpa? What? Ian, how could we possibly do that to Mr. Hayes? How can we stop him from entering?" Berta instantly rejected, disagreeing with the little boy's decision. Ian's face turned gloomy. He then padded down the stairs on his short

legs and went straight to the living room to grab the phone. Sasha snapped out of her daze and quickly went over to him. As she neared her son, she found that his call had connected and he was speaking stiffly into the phone. "I just don't want you to come!" Oh my God!

Sasha was so anxious she had the sudden urge to pull at her own hair. "Little brat, why don't you want Grandpa to come? You're sick, so Grandpa just wants to see you." "No need!" Ian's expression remained stoic as he stubbornly stood his ground. Sasha put her hand on her chest, feeling as if her heart was about to leap out of her throat. In her mind, she was picturing a gray-haired old man holding the phone while clutching his chest in anger.

Oh God, will he be p*ssed at his grandson? After they talked on the phone for several minutes, just like Sasha had predicted, Frederick remained adamant as her son failed to stop him from coming. Sasha grimaced. After a moment, she squatted in front of her brooding son and cautiously coaxed him, "It's okay, Little Ian. Just let him come. I will be fine." "Well, I won't! I don't wanna see him!" Out of everyone's expectations, Ian abruptly gritted out such shocking words. Did I misunderstand the situation? So my son wasn't trying to help me at all, but he actually doesn't want to see his Grandpa? Oh. Sasha was lost for words all of a sudden. "Can you drive?" Ian asked. "What?" "Come with me!" With that, Ian went upstairs again. Sasha was still confused when he came down once again with something held tightly in his hand. When she took a closer look at it, she was so stunned her jaw

almost hit the ground. My dear son, does your daddy know that you' re such a genius? Sasha reacted after a beat and scurried after Ian. Ten minutes later, she finally drove a blue and sleek Ferrari out of the villa' s garage, feeling like she was treading on air!