

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 11

Matteo gave the guards an annoyed look. "I got it. You can leave now."

"Huh? Leave? But..."

"Do you want me to call Daddy?" Matteo asked haughtily.

The guards immediately shut up and exchanged panicked looks before. To Matteo's surprise, they actually left the room.

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This stuck-up Ian guy is awesome! He's so powerful!

Matteo smugly walked around the suite. He was oblivious to the fact that the guards had only followed his orders because they knew they have to deal with Sebastian as well as Frederick if they annoyed Ian.

This isn't a joke! Our jobs are on the line here! The kid has not one, but two secret weapons at his disposal!

Running away is the only option we have!

Matteo quickly lost interest in the fancy penthouse suite. He ran around in search of his mother.

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"Mommy?"

"Who is it?"

Fortunately for him, he heard his mother's voice as soon as he called out to her. Elated, he ran as fast as his short legs could take him towards the source.

"Mommy? What happened?"

"Ah! Matt, why are you here? How did you find this place? Did anyone else see you? You must leave right now, it's too dangerous for you here!"

Sasha, who had been hiding behind a sofa, instantly jumped up at the sound of her son's voice, hastily wiping away her teary eyes.

Matteo's small face darkened as soon as he realized she had been crying. "Mommy, who bullied you? Is it that big meanie?"

She shook her head, drying her wet cheeks before taking his hand in hers. "No, Matt. I'm fine. How did you get here? Did you come here to save me? Then let's leave quickly."

But Matteo was already angered.

That meanie dared to bully Mommy? He was never going to forgive him. When Matteo set his mind to protecting someone he loved, he would let nothing get in his way.

The furious five-year-old scanned his environment, then walked over to the coffee table and picked up a pen and paper.

"Matt, what are you doing?" Sasha asked, concerned.

"Nothing. Just leaving a message for the meanie."

His tiny hand gripped the pen and swiftly wrote a simple message in French:

You're dead!

"Matt!" gasped Sasha.

...

Sebastian was with another doctor.

He had been losing sleep for a week now. His insomnia worsened last night when he found out that Sasha was alive. He couldn't go on like this.

However, this doctor couldn't figure out what was wrong with him either.

"Mr. Hayes, I apologize for being blunt, but something psychological might cause your illness. Now that your condition has worsened, prescribing Diazepam would be pointless effective. Why don't you see a psychologist?"

"A psychologist?"

Sebastian's bloodshot, tired eyes narrowed as he knit his eyebrows together, clearly against the idea.

The doctor could only sigh and keep silent.

No one handled the diagnosis of mental illness well because no one wanted to admit that there was something psychologically wrong with themselves, especially if it was affecting them physically too.

In the end, the doctor could only prescribe a heavier dose of Diazepam.

Sebastian collected his medicine and was about to leave when he received a call from the hotel.

"Mr. Hayes! Your ex... The woman has escaped!"

"What? Escaped?"

"Yes, and we found a note inside."

On the other end of the call, Luke took a picture of the note with shaking hands and sent it to his boss.

A vein in the corner of Sebastian's forehead popped as soon as he read the note. "That b*tch has a death wish! Did you find out who did this? What are you still standing around for? Are you waiting for me to come back and give you a participation award?"

"N-No, sir... We've checked, but someone wiped the security camera footage from the suite. When we asked the guards, they said no one except Ian went in!"

"F*ck!"

Sebastian heard a strange ringing in his ears as he grew dizzy, the world swaying under his feet.

Unfortunately, that wasn't all the bad news Luke had for him.

"Mr. Hayes, someone has also dug up the security camera footage from this morning when we went to Mr. Jackson's office and kidnapped your ex... I mean, that woman, and posted it on the internet. It went viral. Now everyone is trying to find out who you are. They want the authorities to take action."

"Trying to find out" was an understatement.

It was a witch hunt. People from all over the world were trying to destroy one of the world's few overlords of business.

There was a sudden flash of pain in his head, quickly followed by another. The phone slipped out of his hands as he collapsed face-first onto the floor.

"Mr. Hayes? Mr. Hayes!"