

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 15

Back then, he had brought Xandra back home and declared his love for her in front of Frederick. And now, he was dragging her back there. Was he not afraid that Sasha would mess up his relationship with that woman again?

As soon as her voice died away, the scum got up from the chair.

“How dare you? Don’t think too highly of yourself, Sasha. It makes no difference to me whether you are dead or alive. Even if you did not show up today, I would have taken your dead body back with me.”

There was a gleam of hostility in his bloodshot eyes as he spoke his mind.

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Sasha clenched her fists tightly until her knuckles turned white. She squeezed her eyes shut and remained silent.

What is there to look forward to after five years?

Do I expect him to say something nice to me?

Very quickly, Sasha was taken to a cabin on the lower deck of the ship. Not long afterward, the ship left the pier and set sail.

It turned out that this boat was the means of transportation for them.

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She did not dwell on the matter since she knew there was no point for her to struggle anymore. After they locked her up in the cabin, Sasha lay on the small bed and fell asleep.

“Ian, you shouldn’t. It’s dangerous...”

“Quiet! Get out of my way!”

She woke up to the sound of her stomach growling and the argument outside the cabin.

Vaguely, she also heard a child's voice.

A child's voice? Is it Ian?

Sasha's eyes flew open immediately, and within that second, she was awake like never before.

After all, Sebastian was on this ship, and they were setting off to where they came from. It wouldn't be a surprise that Ian would also be on the ship.

Her heart leaped with ecstasy at the thought of that. She hopped out of bed and dashed to the window.

She looked through the window, and sure enough, she saw two figures standing outside her cabin.

One was a burly figure in a black suit who appeared to be a bodyguard. The other figure standing next to him was short and cute. He was wearing a khaki blue coat with a black woolen hat on his head.

It was none other than Ian.

Tears welled up in Sasha's eyes as she looked at the boy.

"Little Ian? Little Ian?"

"Who is it?"

Ian, who was concentrating on controlling the drone by the ship rail, turned his head when he heard someone calling his name.

A look of annoyance came across his face for being interrupted.

Sasha waved wildly at him from the small cabin. "Here, Little Ian. Mom... It's me, Ms. Nancy. Look here."

She almost let it slip that she was his mother.

Ian caught sight of her, but he did not look as surprised as she hoped he would be. On the contrary, he was expressionless. There was a flash of impatience in his beautiful eyes, just like his father's.

"Who are you?"

"Erm... Mr. Ian, it's time, we should get back. Otherwise, you'll be punished by Mr. Hayes."

In that instant, the bodyguard stepped in front of the child.

Sasha became anxious at once and said, "Little Ian, it's me. We've met before at the hotel. Do you remember me?"

She gestured to the child at the window, hoping that he would remember her.

Fortunately, the child remembered after being prodded with the memory.

"It's you!"

"Yes. Little Ian, can you come over here so that I can have a look at you? I just want to see you." Sasha was ecstatic.

"Mr. Ian, we should get going."

"Get out of my way!"

Ian glanced at the bodyguard and strode toward the cabin.

Sasha was overjoyed. Finally, she had the opportunity to be up close and personal with this child. She did not have the chance to speak to him when they last met at the hotel.

"Little Ian..."

"Why are you locked in here? Are you not here to treat Daddy?"

Ian remained expressionless as he came over. He looked exactly like Matteo, but there wasn't the slightest smile on his face as he looked at Sasha with indifference.

She felt a sharp pain in her heart.

She blamed herself for how he turned out. If she had not left him with Sebastian, he would not end up being like this. He would be a cheerful boy, just like his younger brother.

Sasha stretched out her trembling hand from the window, wanting to touch him.

"Yes. I'm... I'm here to treat your daddy."

"Then why are you locked up? Is he going to do something to you?"

This child was just like Matteo, both were not easily fooled. When he saw the lock on the door, he knew things were not as what Sasha had told him.

Her nose tingled, and she felt a lump in her throat.

"It's alright, Little Ian. Don't worry about Mom... me. Your daddy won't do anything to me. It's late and the wind is strong. It's dangerous for you to be out here. You should go back in."