

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 21

Her face turned pale.

Seeing that she had stabbed herself with the knife without any hesitation to save the child, Sebastian's words weren't as hurtful as compared to what he would say in the past.

He was right; she didn't have the right to see Ian because she had abandoned him once. If she were to meet him as his mother and tell him the truth, wouldn't that be doing him more harm?

"Madam, it's not true when you stated that Mr. Hayes did not want this child. All these years, he has been treating Ian very well and is very involved in his life. Do you know why he always accompanies Ian for treatments? It's because Ian's physically weak and has a rare blood type. Mr. Hayes worries that if he is gone for too long, something bad might happen to Ian. That's why he's always by his side."

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It took quite a while before Sasha lifted her head and asked, "Rare... blood type?"

Luke nodded. "Yes. Same as you, his blood type is RH negative. That year, after his premature birth, Mr. Hayes flew him to Dartford Hospital that very night to save him. Madam, there's really no need for you to doubt if his capability as a father."

Luke told her everything earnestly.

After hearing that, Sasha was speechless. Her expression darkened suddenly. She felt as if Luke's words had shaken her to the core.

"I understand. You can go now. Thank you for last night. And, you should... stop calling me "Madam" from now on. That's not my position anymore, lest your president becomes upset if he hears it."

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Luke seemed as if he had something else to say, but he let out a sigh, turned around, and left the room.

Sasha did not go to Ian again. She remained in her cabin to focus on her recovery.

After witnessing her honesty, Sebastian had also stopped locking her up and gave her the freedom to roam around.

One day, out of the blue, despite Sebastian and Sasha's agreement for not letting Ian meet her, the boy suddenly appeared at her cabin just when the boat was about to arrive at their destination.

"Why are you still cooped up?"

That day, Ian was playing with his drone around the fenced area, so he wasn't exactly looking for her.

However, the moment Sasha saw him, she couldn't hold herself back that instance.

"Little Ian, what... what brought you here? Did you run out on your own? Isn't your daddy watching over you?"

"Why would he watch over me?"

He turned around impatiently and walked away with his drone controller in his hands.

Ian's personality greatly differed from Matteo's. Whenever the latter spoke to Sasha, he was always cheerful and polite.

As for Ian, there was a cold and dark aura hanging over him. He was exactly like his father, even though he was only five years old.

Sasha's heart ached at the thought.

Immediately, she followed him from behind and stood next to him while uttering cautiously, "I'm sorry, Little Ian. It was a misunderstanding. Woah! You're very good at flying the drone; it's so high up in the sky."

She was trying to create a conversation with him.

After Luke spoke to her that night, she couldn't muster the courage to face the boy anymore. She was either afraid of saying the wrong things or feeling utterly guilty whenever she was with him.

She didn't even dare to look straight into his eyes.

As a matter of fact, the child completely ignored her words. He walked towards the fenced area and started flying his drone with the controller while he pretended Sasha wasn't there.

Her heart shrank once more as she looked at the drone.

"By the way, Little Ian, I've forgotten to tell you that if you add a little tinfoil on the tail of the drone, it can fly even higher and you'll be able to control its direction better."

Finally, after hearing that, the aloof child looked in her direction.

Sasha was thrilled. "It's true. If you don't believe me, I can show you."

She immediately set out to look for tinfoil.

She had learned that method from Matteo. Even though the two brothers had never met, their hobbies were shockingly identical. Ian liked to play with drones, while her family bought a few similar ones for Matteo as well.

Based on her occasional observations when Matteo flew his drones in the past, he would use the same method, too.

In a short while, Sasha retrieved a few empty cigarette boxes on the boat and ran back to the little boy.

"Little Ian, look! Give me a minute while I removed the foil."

Panting and squatting in front of the child, she ripped it open and removed the wrapper that was inside the cigarette box. After that, she was ready to peel the foil.

Initially, Ian didn't take her words seriously. However, as a child, his curiosity spiked after seeing Sasha peeled off an entire sheet of tinfoil in front of him.

"Little Ian, have you tried using tinfoil like this before?"

No one answered. Even though Ian was standing next to her, he wasn't willing to speak to her because of his eccentric temper.