

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 37

“Why is Mommy coming?” Ian probed.

“Cause it’s a holiday, Matt! Have you forgotten? It’s Wednesday and the preschool is only open for half a day. Our teacher said they need to sanitize the place, so we must go home. That’s why I called Mrs. Grint and asked her to get you before time,” Vivian replied happily, still feeling proud of herself for saving her brother in time.

Matteo had given her Mrs. Grint’s phone number beforehand, so Vivian called the nanny and asked for her help to go look for Matteo.

She held Ian’s hand and skipped lightly into their classroom with him.

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Their teacher spotted them and waved at them. “Hey, Vivian, I see you’ve got your brother. Come on, you two, get your bags and be ready to go home. Your mom’s almost here. Let’s go.”

“Yes!” Vivian’s crispy voice rang loud and clear beside Ian’s ears. He rolled his eyes as the girl went ahead and grabbed her bag.

Despite being exasperated, Ian found his surroundings intriguing. He had never been to a preschool, and all this was totally new to him.

Actually, it was not like he did not attend preschool at all. He attended the best preschool in Avenport. The environment there was impeccable; the facilities were top-notch, and the children came from affluent families.

His teachers were never down to earth and the kids there were never friendly. To be precise, it was almost impossible to make any friends.

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Ian let Vivian had her way with him as she put Matteo's bag on his back and they followed their teacher out to the entrance.

"Mommy's here!"

Seeing Sasha from afar, Vivian squealed at the top of her voice as she ran towards her mother.

Once again, Ian went speechless.

His gaze trailed her steps, and he suddenly stopped at the door.

Huh? Isn't this the doctor who came to the house in the morning? I just parted ways with her in front of Daddy's company. What's she doing here? She's their mother?

Ian was confounded as he looked at the two of them hugging each other.

"Matt, what are you waiting for? Come to me! We're going home," Sasha cried out to him and waved enthusiastically when she realized Ian was standing still.

What's wrong with Matt today. Why isn't he smiling? Is he angry? Was I late?

Sasha let go of Vivian and came over to check if Matteo was okay.

"What's wrong, Matt? Are you angry with me? Is it because I'm late? I'm so sorry Matt. I didn't know y'all are ending early today. I got here right after I got the call. Please don't be angry, okay?"

Sasha held out her hand and reached for his head, wanting to pat his head.

But Ian shied away instinctively, avoiding her touch.

Her hand froze in the air. For a moment, she thought the boy standing in front of her was not Matteo, but the boy she saw in the morning.

"Matt?"

"I can walk over on my own," Ian told her coldly.

He did not take another look at her but walked past her towards Vivian, leaving Sasha behind as she turned around stiffly.

“Matt, are you really angry? But I have already apologized. What about I make it up to you? I’ll get you ice cream. It’s your favorite.”

Beside Ian, Vivian clapped and jumped about in joy while he looked at her apathetically from the corner of his eyes. “Yay! Mommy, I want a strawberry flavor ice-cream. Oh! Can we also have a hotdog? I miss it so much!”

After getting groceries, Sasha brought the two kids back to their rental apartment. By the time they reached home, Vivian and Ian had already finished their ice-cream and hotdogs. They even had a freshly baked egg tart.

“Wasn’t that a good treat, Matt?”

Vivian looked at her brother with a pleasant smile on her face. Looking at how the girl was caressing her belly and licking her lips, Ian could tell she was a complete foodie.

He wondered if this was what the two siblings did every day.

Ian looked at the remaining egg tart in his hand, not knowing if he should eat it.

He looked at the tasty snack and could not resist it anymore. He opened his mouth wide and munched away, savoring the delicacy with a satisfied nod.

He had never tried anything that delicious in his life. His father did not allow him to have any of these because he said they were unhealthy. That was why all Ian had ever tasted was home-cooked food. He had eaten none of the food sold outside.

Sasha looked at the two happy children and decided to let them have some fun on their own while she went into the kitchen to cook.

The telephone rang in the living area when she was busy preparing food.

“Matt, can you help me pick up the phone? See who’s on the call. I’m cooking!” she shouted from the kitchen.

Ian looked at the telephone on the TV shelf and went over reluctantly. "Hello?" he said as he picked up the receiver.

"Ian?" the voice from the other end called out.

Ian was startled that the person had called him by his name.

"Who are you?" he whispered cautiously.

"I'm Matt! You're at my house now, right? Mommy and Vivian are calling you 'Matt', aren't they?"

Ian could not help but notice the voice from the receiver sounded like his. It was playful and light, just like how those little foxes in the cartoons sounded like.

Matt?

So, this is the Matt they have been mistaking me for?

Ian finally understood everything, and gloom set on his face.

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"What's happening? Why am I here? And where are you right now?" Ian questioned impatiently.

"I'm at your house, Ian. We look exactly the same, that's why everyone blundered! If I'm correct, I think we're twins," Matteo said solemnly.

"Twins?" Ian repeated after him.

His two hands gripped the receiver as he tried to make sense of what he just heard.

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“Yes, we’re twins. I went to your dad’s office today to look for him because he bullied Mommy. But after I got there, everyone started calling me ‘lan’. Even your dad got it wrong. That’s why I think we’re twins.”

“Are you sure?” lan asked again.

“Yeah! Of course! Think about it. I’m sure Mommy and Vivi thought you were Matteo too, right? That means we really look the same! And only twins look the same, isn’t it?” Matteo insisted.

lan fell into silence.

What he said is right.

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But lan still had his doubts. He craned his neck and looked at Sasha cooking in the kitchen, and recalled having a blast with Vivian, eating all the food he had never tried before.

His face turned sour before he finally spoke again.

“If we’re really twins, why did she abandon me? Daddy even said she died.”

“What?” Matteo blurted out in surprise.

What is he talking about?

Is he talking about Mommy? Is he blaming Mommy right now? And he even said Mommy’s dead!

“Hey! Daddy is a liar! Mommy’s not dead! Mommy also told us Daddy’s dead. But is he?”

Once again, lan was rendered speechless.

He puffed his cheeks and sulked as he thought about those two annoying adults who had lied.

Meanwhile, Matteo cleared his throat, getting ready to brief Ian about their plan of action.

“Things are complicated between the adults, so we should take whatever they say with a pinch of salt. What we need to do right now is find out why they went their ways. We also have to find out why both of us ended up separated.”

“That’s a clever idea, but how are we gonna do it?” Ian asked.

“Hm... Lemme think... What about we meet up first? I think it’s just a matter of time before Daddy and Mommy realize something’s off. We need to go back to our respective homes before they find out.”

Ian contemplated his suggestion in silence before giving him an answer. Mommy already knew about my existence, but I doubt Daddy knows about Matteo and Vivian, else he would have demanded that she let him meet them.

Matteo’s right. We need to keep things the way they are and make sure none of them finds out.

“Alright, let’s meet,” Ian finally agreed.

“Matt, Vivi! Time to eat! I made pork ribs and fried chicken. They are your favorite!”

Sasha’s called out for the children when she was done cooking.

Matteo heard her from the phone and a blissful smile curved on his bright little eyes.

“Alright, off you go, Ian. I think Mommy’s calling you. You’ve never really spent time with her, so enjoy your time at home. She’s the best person in the entire world. I’m sure you’ll like her!”

Ian smacked his lips and glared at the receiver before slamming it back on the switch hook.

“Who called, Matt?” Sasha was putting the plates on the table when she realized Ian looked upset.

“I don’t know. Just some random stranger,” he answered gloomily.

“Okay...”

Sasha was busy setting up the table and decided to just drop the topic. "Come over, Matt. Have some spaghetti. And here are your favorite pork ribs."

Beside her, Vivian clung to Sasha's leg and looked at her with watery eyes. "What about me, Mommy? I want my favorite fried chicken too!"

"Of course, sweetie! Come, get a seat. Let's you a big piece of fried chicken."

It was such a heartwarming scene—the mother and two children gathered around the table for a meal.

The apartment was plain and was not the very least luxurious. It did not have the opulence of Royal Court One at Frontier Bay, but it had the warmth of a family. It was just another usual day where the family got around for a simple meal—yet they found joy in the simple pleasures of life. This was not something Ian had ever experienced in the cold and empty house back at Frontier Bay.

Ian lowered his head and looked at the mountain of food on his plate and dug in—his heart was full.

Meanwhile, Matteo was also having lunch with his family today. Sebastian cooked, and the two sat quietly at the table as they ate.

Halfway through the meal, Berta came over and announced the arrival of a guest.

"Mr. Hayes, Ms. Green's here. She brought some honey lemonade for Ian."