

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 59

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Matteo, who was in preschool at that time, had been wanting to give Ian a call. Ever since he heard from his mommy that morning that Ian had fallen ill, he had been feeling guilty and worried. He thought about calling Ian to ask how he was doing.

Unfortunately, he did not have the courage to do so, for fear that this brother would not answer his call.

Luckily, Ian called him first.

Matteo was delighted. "Ian, I'm sorry. I didn't know stopping Mommy from going to your place would cause you to fall sick. Are you okay? I really didn't mean it. I got upset after seeing Daddy bullying Mommy, and I don't ever want Mommy to be with a man like him. Ian, do you get me?"

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Matteo apologized to his twin over the phone.

After listening to him, Ian paused momentarily before he nodded. "Yeah."

Matteo sounded grateful. "Thank God you understand! That's great, Ian!"

"But," Ian had more things to say. "I want to see Mommy too. Matt, can you give Daddy another chance?"

This was the first time he managed to form several sentences at once. The fact that his tone carried a hint of grief and desperation made it even rarer.

Matteo was stunned.

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Give bad Daddy another chance?

Of course he wanted his daddy and mommy to be together. He also wanted to have a father by his side. That way, their family would be complete. But he knew that his daddy was a really nasty man. The other day, Matteo was bursting with anger when he saw him bullying his mommy.

Matteo deliberated for quite some time on the phone. Nevertheless, Ian patiently waited for his reply on the other line. In the end, Matteo finally agreed to his request.

“Okay, we’ll give him one more chance then. But remember, you must not let him bully Mommy again. Also, report to me if anything happens, do you understand?”

“Alright!”

Ian agreed as well before he hung up the phone with satisfaction. For the first time, there was a faint smile on his usually emotionless face.

Sasha knew nothing about the little secret between her two sons. After she came upstairs and noticed that the bathroom lights were still on, she quickly composed her emotions.

Warm light emitted from the gap of the closed bathroom door, and the silhouette of a small figure could be seen crouching on the floor in there.

What’s he doing? Is he doing that because he doesn’t feel safe?

Seeing him like this, Sasha’s heart wrenched in pain. She sprinted to the sofa and quickly retrieved a set of clothes for Ian to change into. She called out to him outside the door, “Little Ian? Little Ian? It’s me, Ms. Nancy. Can I come in?”

“No!”

At that moment, Ian was actually trying to put on his underwear in the bathroom. He was so nervous that beads of sweat were already trickling down his flushed cheeks.

He was not Matteo, who had been independent since he was much younger. Matteo did not require anyone to help him get dressed, among other basic tasks. On the other hand, Ian was the young master of a rich family whose daily routines had been taken care of since he was a baby. Hence, he was not accustomed to getting dressed on his own.

Fortunately, after a little struggle, he finally managed to put on his underwear. He did not have to feel ashamed in front of his mommy anymore.

Only then did he announce from the bathroom, "You can come in now."

Sasha had been waiting anxiously outside. This was the first time she had to personally help her eldest son get dressed. She actually felt both excited and blessed to be able to do so.

Moreover, she was worried that he would be scared while he was inside.

When Sasha was finally given the green light to enter, she quickly opened the door and burst into the bathroom, holding the stack of clothes in her hand.

"Little Ian? You..."

Surprisingly, after coming in, she found that her son had disappeared behind the shower curtain. Only the back of his head could be seen.

What's this kid doing?

Suspicion glinted in Sasha's eyes, and she hurried over to check on him. Standing behind Ian, she asked him gently, "Ian, is there something wrong? Why are you hiding?"

Ian's face stiffened. "You... don't look!"

Huh? Don't look?

Sasha finally understood why Ian was behaving so strangely. As she stood there, with her previous confusion vanished, she could not help but chuckle, "So our Little Ian is actually quite shy. That's alright. Do you see what I have here? I've brought you a big bath towel. We'll wrap you up in this and then get you into some clothes. How does that sound?"

Sasha waved the bath towel in front of the boy.

Behind the shower curtain, Ian stayed quiet.

Wrap my whole body?

Eventually, his little head poked out from behind the curtain. His face had turned red because of the water vapor in the bathroom. His pair of dark, charming eyes resembled his father's as they sparkled like that of a vigilant kitten.

"Give it to me."

"Oh, alright, here you go!" Sasha then passed the bath towel to him.

The experience she had as a mother came in handy. She had already foreseen the situation in the bathroom before coming in.

And so, Ian came out of the bathroom wrapped in the big bath towel. Thanks to her quick thinking, Sasha successfully helped her son dress up for the first time.

Additionally, she also found a good excuse to turn over the underwear he had put on wrongly in the bathroom.

After Ian was properly dressed, both mother and son stepped out of the bathroom.

"Little Ian, do you... want to stay here?"

Now that Ian was done with his shower, she thought about leaving again, refusing to stay in this place a moment longer.

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 60

However, instead of responding to her question, he went to the TV cabinet in the living room, where he rummaged for a large set of Lego blocks and began to play with them on his own.

Sasha was stupefied by his actions.

It's like he's telling me that he doesn't want to go back. Now what? Do I... just leave him here?

It should be fine if Ian did not want to return. This place seemed to be fully equipped with everything the boy needed, as though it was exclusively prepared for him. Furthermore, when she brought him here the last time she came over to deliver medicine, hadn't he stayed with that man the whole afternoon?

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Hence, Sasha chose to let him be for now. She planned to head downstairs and inform Luke before going back.

However, what irked her was that when she came down, not only was Luke not in the president's office, but the man she loathed the most was also nowhere to be seen.

Where did they go?

She was getting agitated as she could not find Luke and did not know where he had gone to. What now? Should I go look for him again?

Sasha's frustration was building up.

Right then, the phone on Sebastian's desk rang.

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Ring, ring...

Sasha paused in her tracks for a moment, then turned to leave.

It was impossible for her to be bothered with phone calls right now, especially when she did not even want to meet the owner of the office she was currently in or spare the man a glance. So why would she even care about his affairs?

All of a sudden, a small figure appeared across from her, "Answer the phone!"

"What?"

Sasha whipped her head around, surprised to see her son, who seemed to have followed her without her knowing.

Ian looked up at her. "Daddy's phone calls are very important. We can go home after you answer it!"

Still holding onto the Lego blocks, the boy stepped into the office.

Sasha deliberated with herself.

Fine, I'll see who's calling so that I can take him home after this.

Sasha picked up the phone and greeted, "Hello."

"Hello!"

Surprisingly, after the call got through, the caller on the other end spoke in Jetroinian.

Arching her eyebrows, Sasha replied in fluent Jetroinian, "Good day, how can I help you?"

When the other party heard that Sasha could also speak Jetroinian, they were quite pleased. Meanwhile, the little boy playing with Lego blocks in the room also turned to look at her.

Wow, silly Mommy is so awesome!

"Good day, Mr. Hayes. I am Matsushima Oka, chairman of Nikkawa-Gen. I would like to inform you that I have received the acquisition contract issued by your company and that I agree to sell Nikkawa-Gen to the Hayes Corporation! "

The speaker was fluent in Jetroinian too. From the sound of it, he must be a native Jetroinian.

When Sasha heard that, she grabbed a piece of paper and a pen to take notes. "Yes, sir. However, I am not Mr. Hayes. He has stepped out at the moment. Would you like me to leave a message for him?"

Her patience was running thin.

And so, Matsushima Oka started, "Alright, thank you, miss. Please deliver this message to him. I have a little request which I hope Mr. Hayes can agree to. You see, Nikkawa-Gen is a family business passed down from generation to generation in the Matsushima family, so I don't want this family legacy to end like that. After Mr. Hayes' acquisition, I'd like to use all the funds to buy some of the shares and become one of the new shareholders. Is that possible?"

The scribbling stopped right then.

Are all businessmen nowadays so shameless? It's like someone asking to occupy a room of the house they've sold and share part of its ownership.

Sasha sneered, "Mr. Matsushima, you have crossed the line with that request. Since you have decided to sell your company to the Hayes Corporation, there is no reason for us to make you one of the shareholders, no matter how we look at it. What's the difference between this approach and looking to the Hayes Corporation for financing needs?"

"What did you say?"

The Jetroinian man did not expect that the request he made would be summed up by a regular employee so bluntly and accurately. In a split second, he got somewhat irritated.

Is the Hayes Corporation that great? So much so that even a regular employee knows so much about finance?

"Did I say something wrong? You're selling the company, and yet you intend to become one of the shareholders yourself. What is this if not financing? Let me tell you, if you really want to raise funds, you don't need to seek out the Hayes Corporation. Sebastian Hayes is not an idiot. He won't be fooled by you. You should take your GDP to Wall Street for a spin. Maybe get an analyst who's willing to help you gain more bang for the buck. Do you hear me?"

Sasha explained herself clearly, then hung up the phone!

Ian was rendered speechless.

Is Mommy scolding someone else? Has Mommy just ruined Daddy's business? I guess it doesn't matter since he bullied her first. Let this be his punishment then.

The little boy withdrew his gaze from his mother and went on to play with the Lego blocks.

Ten minutes later, Sasha left the company and returned home with Ian.

About three o'clock in the afternoon, Sebastian finally returned to the company after ending a meeting with one of his clients.

"Mr. Hayes, we have a problem. The chairman of the Jetroinian machinery company that we intended to acquire has promptly decided not to sell the firm to us. What should we do now?"

Sebastian had just returned to the office when the company's vice president, who was in charge of marketing, came looking for him while uttering cries of anguish. According to the vice president, the acquisition project that they had been working on for so many months was suddenly disrupted.

Sebastian frowned. "Why's that?"

The vice president was aggrieved. "I don't really know. According to the staff at the Marketing Department, someone by the name of Matsushima personally called up our company. He originally proposed the possibility of becoming a shareholder after the acquisition. However, the person who answered the phone gave him a scolding and told him to take his GDP to a financial analyst on Wall Street. That way, he could perhaps gain more bang for the buck!"

Sebastian sank into his thoughts.

As he stood there, Sebastian pondered over the statement while he wiggled out of his suit jacket, his eyes twitching uncontrollably.

Take their GDP to Wall Street? This is interesting...