

# Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

## Chapter 113

Actually, Sebastian had no liking for calzone.

He was a picky eater since he was young. Being a member of the Hayes family, he grew up living a good life. Once he tasted the food and disliked it, the chef wouldn't prepare the same food again. Calzone first appeared on the Hayes' dining table that year when Sasha and her family visited them. The Hayes' had the kitchen prepare this particular dish for them, knowing that they loved Italian dishes.

At that time, Sasha clearly remembered that the boy who was five years older than her had only taken a bite of the calzone.

He said it tasted awful.

Sasha retrieved her gaze as the piece of memory surged within her mind. She cast her eyes downward to focus on feeding her daughter.

A few seconds later, she heard Matteo asking, "Daddy, does it taste good?"

"Not bad."

This time, Sebastian elegantly finished the whole calzone. Instead of showing disgust, he nodded approvingly at the savory flavor that lingered on his tongue.

Sasha was dumbstruck.

Was I hallucinating? Did he just say that it's not bad? But I remembered him hating it after just one bite...

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In a state of confusion, Sasha fixed her eyes on Sebastian.

As if he sensed her gaze, the man suddenly looked up, his eyes meeting hers.

Sasha was startled, and she almost dropped her cutlery. Why do I keep looking at him? I must be out of my mind!

At that instant, she had her heart in her throat. She quickly retrieved her gaze and then helped fetch Vivian the dipping sauce, avoiding his eyes.

Luckily, Sebastian's ringing phone spared her from further embarrassment. It was a call from the office, and the man hurried off as soon as he ended the call.

As Sebastian's figure vanished from sight, the naive Vivian suddenly leaned closer to her, whispering in her ear, "Mommy, are you afraid of Daddy?"

Nonetheless, Sasha would not admit it no matter what.

She fed Vivian a mouthful to stop her from asking any more questions. "Of course not. Hurry, sweetie. I will give you a shower after you're done eating."

Her words successfully put Vivian off.

Since Sasha would be staying with them, the kids didn't bother to ask for their dad. After taking their showers, they rushed to Sasha's room for a bedtime story.

Of course, Sasha was more than willing to spend more time with the kids.

She had made it a habit to tell Matteo and Vivian bedtime stories when they were living together. Now that Ian had joined them, the story-telling session became all the more enjoyable.

That night, the kids fell asleep in Sasha's bedroom. Later, she instructed Wendy to carry them to their respective rooms.

All of them had a good night's sleep after that.

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The next morning, Sasha was awakened by the continuous knocks on the door.

“M-Mommy, are you awake? It’s V-Vivi... Mommy, wake u-up!”

Sasha was instantly wide awake at the sound of Vivian crying. She quickly climbed out of bed to answer the door.

Standing outside her room was Vivian in her pink pajama with tear-stained cheeks, holding a bunny plush.

Sasha was worried upon seeing the poor little girl shedding tears. She crouched down to hug her. “What’s wrong, sweetie? Why are you crying? Tell me, what happened?”

She thought Vivian was not used to living in a new place.

The next moment, Vivian threw herself into her mom’s arm, sniveling sadly. “Mommy, I want to go to preschool... with Ian and Matt... but he doesn’t allow me to...”

With that, she once again broke into tears.

Preschool?

Her words reminded Sasha that the kids still needed to attend preschool. It had been at the back of her mind since she was in the hospital.

“Why didn’t he let you go? Aren’t you attending the same preschool as Matt?” she asked.

“After Daddy brought us back, he transferred Matt to Ian’s preschool, but he doesn’t allow me to join them. Mommy...”

The little girl was crying her heart out, shaking all over, especially when she said her dad refused to let her join her brothers.

Sasha finally understood the reason for her daughter crying.

She was heartbroken, and her anger spiked.

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Yet, she couldn't possibly argue with Sebastian because that man had no idea that Vivian was his daughter. Besides, she wouldn't want him to find out about it either.

There was no way she could ask him to change his mind.

Sasha hugged Vivian tighter, trying to console her, "Why don't we attend the previous preschool?"

"No! I don't want to! I want to be with Ian and Matt. Mommy, do you not love me anymore? Are you going to abandon me, just like Daddy did?"

Vivian looked at her mom through her teary eyes. The latter's heart wrung at the sight of her sad expression. Vivi, I promise I will let you go to preschool with your brothers!

With that, Sasha decided to go all out for the sake of her daughter. She asked Vivian to wait in her room while she prepared herself before heading to the third floor.

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"Sebastian? Are you awake? I need to talk to you."

Actually, Sasha was reluctant to step foot on the third floor again because every time she did, they would end up arguing.

There was not even once that they could talk peacefully.

Thinking that their upcoming conversation was a serious and unpleasant one, she backed away a little from his bedroom door to maintain a safe distance.

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About a minute later, she heard some noises from inside the room. Then, there was the sound of footsteps approaching the door.

“What is it?”

Sebastian appeared behind the opened door in his dark shirt. His collar was unbuttoned, revealing his collarbone. Underneath the leather belt and shiny gunmetal buckle was a pair of long legs. The man had a dignified grace in his appearance.

Inexplicably, Sasha felt a bit self-conscious in front of him.

“It’s nothing, actually. It’s just that I heard you’ve transferred Matteo to Ian’s preschool. I... I was just wondering if you could let Vivi join them.”

“Why should I? She’s not my child anyway,” was his curt reply.

Sasha felt a feeling of guilt washed over her. “E-Even though she’s not your child, she’s still Matt and Ian’s sister. Can’t you let her join them for the boys’ sake?”

“No!” Sebastian wouldn’t budge.

With that, the man turned to close the door.

Seeing that, Sasha stepped forward and pushed against the door, preventing him from closing it. “Hey, don’t be so harsh! Let’s talk this through.” At this moment, she had forgotten that she was determined to stay away from him earlier.

“Go away!”

“I know I’m rude toward you sometimes, so please forgive me if I ever offended you. I promise I’ll do whatever you want – just say it.”

Disregarding his reluctance, Sasha slid into his room. She went all out by making such a huge promise.

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Sebastian was about to throw her out, but he halted upon hearing her words. She'll do whatever I want?

"Anything?" he asked.

Looming over Sasha, his dark eyes bore straight into hers. The unfathomable emotion in his eyes made her shudder.

For a moment, Sasha's mind went blank as the man stared her down. She blinked her eyes and swallowed dryly, not knowing how to respond. Why is he so intimidating?

"What? Are you scared?"

Sebastian moved forward, forcing the woman to have her back against the door frame. He curled his lips into a condescending sneer when he noticed the fear and panic on her face.

Sasha's eyes widened as she put on a brave front.

"I'm not scared! Tell me, what do you want me to do? Oh, didn't you want me to treat you? I can do it now." With that, she reached out her hand to touch his tired-looking face.

Before Sebastian could even react, Sasha had accurately found the acupuncture points somewhere in between his brows and started massaging them gently. Her fingers were cold in the winter morning.

Sebastian was in a daze since he didn't expect she would be so bold as to lay her fingers on him.

Or perhaps, it was because her massaging had eased his eye strain after another sleepless night.

"Do you feel better? For people like you who have a huge workload and have yet to recover from illness, it is a great relief from pain and distress if I give you a massage every morning."

In all seriousness, Sasha was really putting in her effort to treating this man.

After all, she was counting on her massage skills to get Vivian into Empire Preschool.

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Since the man was six feet tall, she needed to lean forward to massage him. Still focusing on the task at hand, she was unaware that their current position was a bit too intimate.

Sebastian's eyes darkened at their close proximity.

In fact, they were so close to each other that he could clearly see his reflection through her crystal clear eyes.

He could sense the faint scent of her lime shower gel. Her breath was tickling him as she spoke, and he couldn't seem to move his eyes away from her tempting lips. The thought of feeling the tenderness of her lips soon surfaced in his mind.

"Argh!" Just then, Sasha cried out in pain when she accidentally stretched the tissue surrounding her wound due to overexertion of force.

The next moment, she toppled over.

Without a second thought, Sebastian grabbed her waist, pulling her into his arms. In an attempt to regain her balance, Sasha instinctively grabbed his shirt, popping a few buttons off it. At the same time, her lips brushed against his chest accidentally...

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