

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 163

Ian was still lost for words, but the Transformers figurine in his hand was clutched more firmly as he listened to his brother's analysis.

No, they can't do this to Mommy. It's our mommy, and no one can hurt her!

For the first time, the boys balled up their fists together, their eyes staring out with unswerving determination.

...

Sasha was awakened by the kids.

"Mommy, wake up. We need to get Vivian. It's almost 4 o'clock."

"What?" Sasha sat up straight from the futon, well alert in an instant. "It's almost 4 o'clock? Alright, let's go get your sister now," she said while hurriedly getting ready to leave.

Matteo quickly brought over Sasha's scarf and handbag as she was putting on her shoes.

When Sasha was all set, Matteo naturally slid his little hand into his mother's palm.

Enveloping her son's hand in her own, Sasha's eyes searched one round for Ian but to no avail. "Where's Ian?"

"Ian is staying here. Daddy will come to fetch him tonight," Matteo explained delightfully.

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Is that so...

Sasha did not say more. After all, the boys had been living separately since their births; one with her while the other with their father.

Sasha and Matteo had just stepped outside the guest room when they bumped into Frederick, who was holding onto his walking cane.

“Sasha, I suppose you’re heading back now. There’s something I’ve been meaning to give you.”

Sasha and Matteo stopped in their tracks as the old man walked toward them.

Despite what Sebastian had done to her, Sasha still felt grateful toward Frederick, especially for helping her today. He had chosen to protect her and set her free rather than siding with his own son.

“Frederick, it’s cold out here. You should’ve just gotten one of the housemaids to pass on your message to me,” Sasha said politely.

“This is too important for them to handle. Here, I want you to have this,” the old man said while handing her a red booklet.

Sasha looked down at the booklet and was startled when she saw the words “household register” on the cover. “Frederick, this is—”

“I’m really sorry that you’ve wasted the whole afternoon. I’ve checked with the office. Apparently, someone important showed up, and Sebastian had to meet with them. As such, I’ve decided to give you this. Once your identity is restored, you can apply for a divorce with this,” Frederick said apologetically while still holding out the booklet.

Sasha was still in shock.

No way... Did I hear him right? is he seriously giving me their household register?

Staring at the booklet with her gaping mouth, Sasha was still in disbelief.

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Seeing as the woman was stunned, Frederick stuffed the booklet into Matteo's hand while reminding him, "Keep this for your mommy. This is very important, so you have to take good care of it, okay?"

"I understand, Grandpa." Matteo took over the booklet happily. He then carefully slid it into his pocket.

So Mommy and Daddy are getting a divorce! Oh, just as well. Problem solved!

With that thought, Matteo left happily with Sasha.

That night, as Sasha was giving Vivian a bath, Matteo called Ian, who was now back at Frontier Bay.

"Ian, I know what's going on with Mommy and Daddy."

"What is it?"

"It turns out they're getting divorced!" Matteo exclaimed in exasperation.

He was disgruntled at their fruitless effort in carrying out all the plans in hopes that their parents would reconcile.

Now that their parents were getting a divorce, a complete family seemed like a farther dream to them.

Ian's face darkened on the other end of the line. "Is it Daddy's fault again?"

"I'm not sure. But more importantly, I need to ask you this. Do you want them to be separated?" Matteo asked over the phone.

Ian was taken aback by his twin brother's unexpected question.

What does Matteo think about this then? He must be thinking that Mommy and Daddy should separate, or he wouldn't have asked me such a question.

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Standing inside his bedroom, tears welled up in Ian's eyes the next instant, and the blood drained from his already pale face. Without any warning, he cast his smartwatch aside and dashed into the cupboard.

"Ian? Ian?" Matteo called out in panic.

There was no response from Ian, and Matteo grew anxious as he could hear loud thuds from the phone.

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Ian!

Matteo was in complete shock. Immediately, he rushed into the bathroom, where Sasha was giving Vivian a bath.

"Mommy! Mommy! Something's happened over at Ian's. Can you please check on him?"

"What?" Sasha sprung to her feet. "What happened to Ian?"

"I-I don't know. We were on the phone just then, but he went quiet all of a sudden, and then there were loud noises... Mommy, I'm so sorry."

Matteo's eyes reddened as he was in full-blown panic mode.

Sasha comforted him by saying, "Don't worry, it's not your fault. Maybe something else was going on over there. I will go over right now, and you're gonna stay home to look after Vivi, okay?"

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After taking Vivian out of the shower and dressing her up, Sasha hurried out the door.

What's happening to Little Ian? He still seemed fine at Frederick's today. How can he be in trouble so soon after?

In her frantic moments, Sasha had entertained the brief idea of calling Sebastian to ask him, but the thought of what had occurred at Frederick's earlier that day stopped her promptly.

I'd better not alert him to this. Since we're getting divorced, what if he decides to stop me from seeing Ian?

Sasha put down her phone, but her mind was still unsettled. Luckily, it was an off-peak hour, so traffic was considerably smooth. She arrived at Frontier Bay after about half an hour.

"Ms. Wand? What are you doing here so late?" The security guard at Royal Court One recognized Sasha but was still surprised to see her visiting late at night.

Sasha, on the other hand, was so flustered she had no time to explain to him. "I'm here for Ian. What's happened to him?"

The guard was puzzled by the woman's question. "Ian? He's fine. What's the matter?"

Ignoring his bewilderment, Sasha pushed open the heavy gate and walked straight in.

A few minutes later, Sasha arrived at the villa. However, once she stepped into the living room, she was met with dead silence.

The cold winter night coupled with the absolute silence made the villa seem haunted.

Why is it so quiet around here? I thought something has happened to Ian?

While Sasha stood in the living room in a daze, a voice came from behind her. "Ms. Wand? When did you get here? You should have let me know that you were coming."

The voice belonged to Wendy. She thought she heard something and came out of the kitchen to check.

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There was finally someone Sasha could talk to in the villa. “Wendy, where’s little Ian? Is he okay?”

“Ian? He’s fine. I sent him off to bed after giving him a bath just now.” Like the security guard, Wendy also seemed confused about Sasha’s late visit tonight.

Saying no more, Sasha stole a quick glance at the second floor and started striding toward Ian’s room.

Matt will never lie to me. Since he said that something has happened to Ian, then something must be wrong. The housemaids and guard may not have noticed it yet.

In no time, Sasha arrived outside Ian’s bedroom.

“Little Ian?” she called out her son’s name while trying to push open the door.

Her heart sank when she realized the door was locked from the inside.

What’s going on with this kid? Why is he doing this again all of a sudden?

Wendy, who had followed closely behind Sasha, saw what happened and hurried downstairs to retrieve the bedroom key.

This was no joking matter. Everyone in Royal Court One knew that Ian was not allowed to lock his bedroom door. Given his fragile body and unpredictable emotional state, there was no telling what would happen if he locked his bedroom door.

Therefore, Sebastian had declared that his son’s bedroom door was not allowed to be locked from the inside.

And all this while, Ian had been obeying his father in this regard.

But now, he had locked it again.

Wendy rushed back with the key in her hand. “Ms. Wand, here you go. The key.”

Sasha grabbed the key and swiftly opened the bedroom door.

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“Little Ian, what—”

Sasha’s jaw dropped as soon as she dashed inside the room. When she was told that something had happened to Ian, she thought that maybe he had fallen ill again.

But when she was inside Ian’s room, she was taken by surprise; the room was a complete mess!

What’s going on here? What happened to my little Ian?

Sasha’s face turned pale as she surveyed the room; there were over-turned furniture, broken toys, and smashed items on the floor. Panic-stricken, she started searching for her son in the room.

“Little Ian? Little Ian, where are you?”

“Ian? Ian, please tell us where you are,” Wendy called out while checking every corner of the room.

The two adults looked as though they were living their worst nightmare. They had searched every spot in the room, but there was no sign of Ian.

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