

# Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

## Chapter 173

She brought this onto herself.

When she first came back, Sebastian had opted to let bygones be bygones since they had not seen each other in years. He even had a reception party arranged in honor of her. But she had to ruin it all.

Who was to be blamed?

In the end, she only had her strong desire for control to blame.

She thought that, among the members of the Hayes family, she was the one in charge. She wanted to be involved in everything, including Sebastian's personal matters.

Little did she know that no one really took her seriously.

Sebastian took the two children away without even stepping into the private room.

Matteo, who had watched the whole thing from the sidelines, let out a sigh. "Daddy, where are we going to eat next? I'm starving."

He felt around his growling tummy.

Sebastian cast a glance his way. He was about to suggest taking them into the city to eat whatever they want but Ian, who sat on Sebastian's right side, spoke first, "Let's go to Mommy's house."

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“What did you say?” Sebastian looked at him in surprise.

Go to Mommy’s house? What does he mean by that? Everything’s going so well, why do they want to go there?

The man was not aware that his eldest son, whom he raised on his own, had spent the whole day with Sasha. They had purchased a new blanket and other daily necessities, keen on settling down for the long term.

Matteo, on the other hand, responded quickly to Sebastian’s confusion. “Yes, let’s do that. Let’s go back to our place. Daddy, you should know, Mommy bought a lot of groceries today. If Ian and I hadn’t been taken elsewhere so suddenly, we would get to eat a lot more of Mommy’s cooking. Isn’t that right, Ian?”

“Right.”

Ian nodded without hesitation.

Sebastian fell into silence.

He did not like what he was seeing.

So, has Sasha managed to bribe these brats into submission already? Seeing how they’re so supportive of her, why don’t I have the honor too? I’m their daddy, after all.

Sebastian was not pleased.

But in the end, after the trio returned to the city, Sebastian took them to Sasha’s apartment complex.

...

“Okay, Vivi. Here comes your favorite drumsticks!”

The mother-and-daughter pair in the apartment unit had no idea that the two boys were coming back home with their daddy. Sasha had just taken out two freshly cooked chicken drumsticks from the oven.

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Vivian got excited at the sight of her favorite food.

“Wow, it smells so nice! Thanks, Mommy.”

The little girl quickly picked up a fork and gobbled up the scrumptious meat. Next to her was a bowl of ravioli stuffed with shrimp meatballs that Sasha had made for her. The food was absolutely tempting.

Her two sons were not here with them, so Sasha did not make a lot. The portion was just enough for her daughter and herself.

Pleased with her daughter’s feedback about her cooking, Sasha went into the kitchen to get some for herself, only hers consisted of more ravioli and fewer meatballs.

While the two were in the middle of dinner, the video intercom downstairs buzzed to life.

Who can it be at this hour?

Sasha put down her fork and went to answer the call. When she picked up the receiver, she was not expecting to see the image of her two boys on the screen! She was astonished because she had just sent them off just a while ago!

“Little Ian? Matt? Why are you back so soon?”

“Mommy, open the door quick! We haven’t eaten because we want to have dinner at home. Oh, we brought Daddy too.”

Downstairs, Matteo, who was dressed in so many layers that he resembled a little bun, waved his hand at the camera and smiled at his mommy. Then, he yanked the tall figure standing behind him to appear on the screen as well.

Sasha did not like what she was seeing.

Instantly, she panicked at the sight of the figure on the screen.

What’s that kid thinking? Why have they come back so soon? And they’ve even brought their father with them!

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Sasha, annoyed, hung up the receiver and quickly returned to the living room. She wanted to tidy up the house as fast as she could, so that the figure on her mind would not feel repulsed when he entered.

But when she walked into the living room, she realized there was nothing much to clean at all.

Her apartment had always been tidy.

So she resorted to putting away the tableware previously left on the table and placing them in the kitchen. She was discarding the last few items when her visitors arrived at the doorstep.

“Mommy! Mommy! Open the door, we’re here!”

“Is that you, Matt? Mommy, Matt’s home!”

When Vivian, who was still dining at the table, heard her brothers’ voices, her eyes sparkled with delight. She swiftly forgot about her drumsticks as she leaped from her chair and ran as fast as her little feet could carry her to open the door for the boys.

When the door swung open, there they were. Her two brothers were right outside.

Vivian was overjoyed to see them. She was about to launch herself into their arms but stopped when she spotted a figure behind the boys. She looked up, and her marble-like eyes widened even more.

Why... Why is Daddy here?

Shocked, the little girl gave up the idea of engaging in cheeky banter with her brothers. She turned around and scurried back into the house, looking for Mommy.

Outside the door, Sebastian was taken aback by her reaction.

Am I that scary? Vivi ran away when she saw me. Has she forgotten that I was the one who tied her hair this morning?

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The man who humbled himself to come here was disappointed by the turn of events. Regardless, he still stepped into the apartment unit along with his two sons.

He stepped into a warm beam of light.

That night, with the owner of the apartment unit at home, Sebastian who dropped by again with the same chilly aura, was finally not as gloomy and cold as the night before.

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Right after he entered the house, he felt warm light enveloping him, as well as the alluring smell of food in the air. Even though the size of the apartment was only a little smaller than sixty square meters, it was very comforting.

What the heck? This dump is actually quite cozy.

He strode into the apartment and sauntered over to the worn-out sofa.

“Daddy, do you want some water? I can pour some for you,” Matteo offered sensibly. As soon as he reached home, he immediately thought of pouring a drink for his daddy.

Sebastian accepted his offer, of course.

At that moment, he took a seat on the sofa. As he waited for his son to get water for him, he took the time to examine this rundown apartment that was not even big enough for his bedroom.

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He came too late last night. There was no time to check out the place.

When he woke up in the morning, it had been chaotic, and he missed the chance again.

While the man sank into his thoughts, Sasha had already gone into the kitchen. She heard from her son that the three of them had not had their dinner yet, so of course she had to get them something to eat.

But when she looked into the refrigerator, she found herself running short for ideas.

“You... haven’t eaten either?”

She stepped out of the kitchen, cast a glance at the man on the sofa, and asked him hesitantly.

Sebastian happened to be drinking water at that time. He turned when he heard her, and his gaze naturally fell on her person.

How unsightly!

She was wearing loose and baggy loungewear, with a large, long-eared hoodie at the back. Her shoulder-length short hair was not even combed properly. She simply tied it up with a polka-dotted hairband, revealing a plain-looking face without a bit of makeup on.

Doesn’t she know how to keep up appearances? Has she forgotten that she’s the daughter of a noble family? What happened to basic grooming?

Sebastian frowned.

Strangely though, he did not find it out of place.

On the contrary, when he saw her appearing before his eyes, his mind drew up a peculiar image. He came home very late one night and, when she suddenly opened the door for him, he saw bright, orange light shining at him from within.

At that moment, he felt a sense of déjà vu.

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Sebastian arched his brows, "What do you think?"

"Didn't you go out for dinner? How is it that none of you has eaten at all?"

"Something else came up. What's wrong? There's nothing left in the fridge?"

"No, it's not that..."

Sasha quickly denied.

Of course she would not have run out of food. This was her house. She kept it well-stocked. She just wanted to confirm whether he really wanted to stay for dinner.

And it seemed like she had gotten a definite answer.

Sasha slipped back into the kitchen again and proceeded to worry about what she could make with the food in the refrigerator.

The kids were easy to deal with. She had bought a lot of shrimps and pasta dough that afternoon just to make meatball ravioli for them.

But that man was another story. He was a picky eater. He was not a fan of seafood, spicy food, and even Asian cuisine. So what could she make for him?

Perhaps I should make him some rolls?

Sasha was at a loss.

And while she was thinking about the menu, she had even forgotten that their relationship was in a deadlock at the moment. Just two days ago, they were considering a divorce. She yearned so much for the day to come when she would have nothing to do with him anymore.

Truthfully, there were times when people would deceive themselves. Once something went deep into the bones, even if they kept reminding themselves that they did not care of it at all, it was futile.

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In the end, Sasha made extra portions of meatball ravioli for Ian and Matteo, just like what she did for Vivian.

As for Sebastian?

She made him a pot of vegetable broth and some homemade rolls, cut up evenly. In addition to that, she even had an orange peeled and served on the side, especially for him.

“Dinner’s ready!”

When the three kids finally saw food on the table, they all cheered, forks and knives already in their hands.

Sebastian also came to sit at the table.

When he saw the meal in front of him, he was dumbfounded. “Why is my food different?”

Sasha explained, “There’s shrimp in the ravioli. You don’t eat seafood. So I didn’t make one for you.”

She said it so casually.

However, as soon as she said that, the man who was about to reach for his fork with his hand suddenly stopped. Then, he turned towards the woman, leveling a stern glare at Sasha with his pair of grim-looking eyes.

Sasha realized it too late.

Oh dear, I’ve misspoken.

For a second, she panicked and broke out in cold sweat.

She had been too careless. She was his ex-wife who had only been married to him for one year. And in that one year, they had only met once. How could she know this little fact about him? She was supposed to be a stranger to him.

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Sasha's face turned pale, and quickly racked her brains for an excuse. "I... I heard about it from your housemaids. Why? Did I say something wrong? Do you actually like them? If that's so, I can make some for you."

With that said, she headed to the kitchen again.

"No need. It's true, I don't eat seafood."

Sebastian finally spoke. Perhaps her explanation worked.

Sasha let out a loose sigh at this point. Then, she sat down next to her children and dug in.

This was the first time they sat down for dinner together at the same table as a family. It was not an easy feat.

Sasha secretly observed the scene before her with a hint of sadness she had not known was there.

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