

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover

Chapter 73

Sasha watched as Ian went in.

Before he left her, she assured him, "Don't worry, Little Ian. I'll be right outside waiting for you. I won't go anywhere. When you finish school at noon, we'll go have lunch together, okay?"

"Okay..."

The highly reluctant Ian finally acquiesced.

Perhaps it was because the time he needed to spend inside was short, or because Sasha was waiting for him outside, but Ian felt comforted.

Then, Sasha left.

Ian followed the teacher into the classroom where he had not been in for some time.

"What? This idiot actually came back?"

"Yeah. Why is he back? Didn't his family take him away to cure him?"

"Hahaha."

The children in the classroom immediately started mocking Ian.

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Ian's face paled, and he turned to leave.

"Where are you going, Ian? Are you being naughty again?" The teacher who led him in quickly grabbed hold of him.

With that, Ian returned to the classroom.

An autistic child required special attention. If his emotions were settled, he would not cause trouble from then on.

Unfortunately, it was clear that this teacher was not as impressive as the teacher at the gate claimed.

"Sit down now and read this book. Don't go anywhere, do you understand?"

The teacher casually grabbed a book and placed it on the desk in front of Ian.

She led the rest of the children out to play.

Read this book?

An intelligent childlike Ian was above such childish tasks.

Ian fished out a transformer toy from his schoolbag. He played and counted down the ticking hands of the clock, waiting for the time to pass so he could be released to Sasha.

Sometime later, a few children snuck back.

"Look at him, he's watching the clock again. He's not reading as the teacher told him to. Is he really an idiot?"

"Of course, he is. He doesn't look like a normal child at all."

"Hey, idiot!"

A few children started to poke fun at and ridicule Ian.

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A chubby child realized that Ian was not responding to their taunts. He moved to stand right in front of him.

“Why aren’t you saying anything, you idiot? What are you playing with?”

The child immediately reached out to snatch Ian’s transformer toy away from him.

Ian finally responded. He was introverted and was highly possessive over his things. At home, no one was allowed to touch his things without his permission.

Ian struggled to keep the chubby child from taking his transformer toy.

The chubby boy was frustrated at Ian’s refusal to hand over the transformer toy. “This idiot is refusing to give it to me. Quickly, hold him down and take it from him.”

The other children swarmed and held Ian down against the table.

Poor Ian was rather weak. He quickly ran out of strength and he could only watch as his toy was taken away.

“Give it back to me!”

“Hey, the idiot is talking. Fine, I’ll give it back to you. But, you have to kneel in the small house till I say so. I’ll only give it back to you when I’m satisfied. with that.”

Ian pointed at the small storeroom and directed Ian to kneel inside.

Thus, innocence is not a guaranteed trait of the young. The environment in which they grew up in as well as their innate personalities could unleash the monsters in them which would lead them to the path of wickedness.

As Ian was dragged to the storeroom, he did not even have the strength to fight back. Under the instruction of the chubby child, the other children soon tossed Ian into the storeroom.

After that, they locked the door.

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Somehow, the teacher had failed to witness this entire scene. Alternatively, she chose to turn a blind eye.

Sasha had no idea what had just happened in the preschool.

She was sitting in the car and searching for places where she could bring her son to eat after school.

Suddenly, out of the corner of her eye, she saw something streak across the small path outside the car.

What?

What's that? A stray cat?

She jumped, put her phone down, and peered out the window.

However, she was too slow. By the time she looked out, the thing had disappeared. At the entrance of the preschool in the distance, a child had appeared.

"Mister, I'm late. Please open the door for me."

"Why are you so late? You should have come early!"

The security guard at the entrance was not suspicious at all as the child that appeared uttered the name 'Ian'.

The security guard grumbled and opened the door.

"Ian? Why are you here? You're supposed to be studying in the classroom."

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Before he could arrive at the classroom, a teacher walked in. Her expression turned cold when she caught sight of the child and she started to berate him.

Ian grinned at the teacher. "Okay, Teacher. I just went to the washroom and forgot where our classroom was. Can you tell me please?"

The teacher was momentarily stunned.

Why is Ian so talkative all of a sudden?

He even smiled at me. He never smiles at me. All this young boy does is sit around with an aloof expression.

The teacher was still stunned. Before the rest of her could react, her finger instinctively pointed towards the right classroom.

The small child shot her another smile, waved and dashed away.

Several minutes later, in Class 2.

The small child found the classroom completely empty. His eyes, which had already emptied of all emotion, swept the surroundings. His gaze soon fell on a fallen textbook on the floor.

"Ian?"

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He ran towards the desk.

It did belong to Ian. He picked up the book, and Ian's name was inside. Moreover, he noticed a familiar transformer toy on the floor as well, and its arm was torn off.

Those jerks. How dare they bully my brother?

Ian, or rather Matteo, scanned the classroom angrily. He made a call on his smartwatch.

A few seconds later, the same brand of smartwatch rang.

"Ian..."

He saw it and rushed over, only to realize that the door was locked. He was absolutely furious. He yanked down the lock and kicked the door in.

"Are you okay, Ian? I'm here!"

Ian was curled into a ball inside. He was all withdrawn and always felt that he lacked security. After he was locked inside, he squeezed himself into a corner with his knees tucked in tightly. He remained in that position throughout.

His small face was as white as a sheet.

"Don't be scared, Ian. I'm here to save you."

Matteo's heart ached when he saw him in that condition. He crouched down next to his fraternal brother and suppressed the fury within him. Slowly, he reached out his hand and patted Ian's shoulder, trying to comfort him.

Ian was still in a daze but regained his senses gradually.

"You're finally here, Matt..."

He was sobbing as he climbed onto Matteo and hugged him tightly. His grip was so tight that Matteo struggled to breathe.

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It just so happened that Matteo had been tracking his mother's signal when Ian was locked up.

He saw she was at the preschool and guessed that his mother must have sent Ian there. Hence, he called Ian on his smartwatch to check on him.

He never expected to stumble onto such a situation.

How dare someone bullies the brother of Matteo Wand? He's as good as dead!

Matteo could feel his brother quaking in fear as he hugged him. He was so overcome with rage that flames almost started shooting out of his eyes.

"Go, take me to them. I'll avenge you!"

"Huh?"

Ian was preoccupied with the warmth he felt in his brother's embrace. After he heard what Matteo said, he released him and his eyes widened in shock.

Avenge?

Matteo could never stand to let the bullying slide and he was not going to explain to his brother. When he saw Ian's hesitation, he handed him a mask and pulled him out.

At a planter box behind the preschool.

The chubby child and his gang who had stolen Ian's transformer toy were playing there.

They were astonished by how real this transformer toy seemed. It was as though it had leaped right out of the cartoon and into their hands. They had never played with such a toy before.

Why does the idiot have something so cool?

The chubby boy was ecstatic, and he was more than prepared to claim the toy as his own.

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At this moment, a childish yet cold voice screamed down from above the chubby child's head. "Give it back!"

The chubby child's head snapped up and realized that there was a child standing behind him who was currently glaring down at the transformer toy in his hand.

"Ian? You got out? Who let you out? How dare you?"

The chubby child immediately recognized the other child. Despite his fear, his first reaction was to bellow and call upon the rest of the children into action. They quickly assumed the formation to beat Ian up.

Beat me up?

Matteo chuckled haughtily. He could not be bothered to speak, and he lunged towards the chubby child. In a flash, Matteo had swiped the transformer toy away before the chubby child even had time to react.

The chubby child was absolutely floored.

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