Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 631

Sasha was speechless.

She dried the tears on her cheeks and turned to look at the person who had sat down next to her. She was surprised to find that he was just a young boy.

His clothes were shabby and well-worn, and a guitar was strapped across his back.

"What's with that look? Is a wandering singer like me unworthy of sitting next to you?

"Huh?" Sasha immediately shook her head. "No, no! You just reminded me of my younger brother, that's all."

Her "brother"; the one who had impersonated as Lance on Wall Street.

Sasha felt like crying again at that thought.

The boy saw her expression change and quickly started strumming on his guitar. "Shall I play you a song? Maybe you'll feel better after some tunes..."

"Will I really?"

"Of course! Just listen and see!"

Then, the boy, who Sasha noticed was rather handsome, began to play a melody.

"Now that I am a man,

I can only keep running,

No matter how scared I am,

Running through the darkness,

Hello, tomorrow,

Smile through your tears,

Tomorrow will be a better day..."

The boy's voice echoed through the subway, sounding strangely familiar. Sasha just listened as he sang. She suddenly understood that she had been such a fool.

She had failed to understand such a simple philosophy. After having lived through so many ups and downs in all the years of my life, how could I let man and a divorce crush me like this? I don't belong to him; he's not my master! Why does he always have the final say in everything? Back then, we got together because he wanted to get together, and now, we're getting divorced because he wanted a divorce. I won't let him do this to me anymore!

Sasha suddenly felt enlightened. Her entire being came alive again.

The boy finished his song and smiled when he saw the change in her expression. "Do you feel better now, miss?"

Sasha nodded fervently. "Yes, I do! Thank you! Well, I'll be going now. Thank you again!"

Then, she stood up, pulled out a wad of bills from her pocket and gratefully pressed them into the boy's hands.

Sasha did not even count exactly how much she had given to him. She had to hurry back home. She wanted to get her children, pack up, and move as soon as possible. No had cleaned Royal Court One in a long time. She had been too busy to attend to that.

After Sasha had reached home, she had brought her three children together with her to Frontier Bay.

Sabrina had seen her leaving with bags of their belongings. She had protested and said she was insane for moving when Christmas was just around the corner.

Sasha had ignored Sabrina's words and instead, had brought her along with them.

"Come on, let's go! Let's celebrate Christmas there together. Besides, you've never been there, right? We'll clean up the place together and you can pick out a room. We'll spend Christmas there this year."

"Really?" Sabrina had asked in disbelief.

Nonetheless, she had scooped up Vivian, who was lagging behind, and both of them had gotten into Sasha's car together.

This sneaky woman! Sasha smiled and shook her head to herself.

The two women and the three children spent the entire afternoon cleaning up the villa in Frontier Bay. They were finally done as the sun started setting.

"Mommy, I'm hungry. When are we having dinner?"

"Aww, you're hungry? Okay, Mommy will get you some food right away. Wait a while, okay?"

Sasha immediately went into the kitchen, pulled out the groceries that she brought with her earlier, and began to prepare dinner.

After dinner was ready, right around the time when Sebastian would usually be coming home, she deliberately asked the children to turn off the lights.

"Sweeties, shall we give Daddy a surprise? Let's turn off all the lights now. We'll only turn it on when he comes in, okay?"

"Okay!" The three children happily agreed to Sasha's plan to surprise their father.

Sabrina, who was next to her, commented in a low voice, "Such innocence!"

Sasha paid her no mind and turned off all the lights.

The villa was plunged into darkness. From the outside, no one could have guessed that there were people inside.

Later, as Sebastian was on his way home, he was driving down the street when he caught sight of the lifeless villa from afar. In his mind, he thought of another small courtyard, all lit up with orange light.

All the energy drained out of him. He stopped his car in the middle of the street and stared at the dark villa.

It felt depressing to be going home to an empty and deserted home.

After a few seconds, he sighed and guided his car into the driveway.

Ding!

Just as he was about to step through the front door after parking his car, the villa was suddenly lit up brightly.

"Daddy is home!"

"Daddy, you're finally back! We tried to surprise you? Were you surprised?"

It was like magic. The villa which he had thought to be empty was suddenly bright with light and life, and his three children were running on their little feet towards him.

The jumped onto him as soon as he walked in.

Sebastian was surprised indeed. He gazed down at his children hugging his legs for a long while. His mind was still in a daze.

His children were like a dream made reality. They were just too good to be true.

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"Sebby, you're home."

Sebastian glanced up and saw Sasha in an apron, standing by the dining table with a hot bowl of soup in her hand. She had appeared, looking radiant and smiling angelically, as soon as she heard him come in.

Sebastian did not know what to say to her.

"Okay, is everyone home? Can we eat dinner now? I'm starving!" Sabrina said loudly.

Sebastian had not noticed her sitting on the sofa. She suddenly stood up and started walking towards the dining table which Sebastian noticed was heavily laden with all the food that Sasha had prepared.

Can Sasha please stop doing this?

Sasha smiled awkwardly and said, "Matt, come set the table. Your aunt is hungry."

Then, she placed the bowl of soup down in the center of the table and moved towards Sebastian, who was still standing at the front door.

"Are you tired? I made your favorite steak for dinner tonight. Go wash up and come eat."

Sasha casually bent down, pulled out a pair of house slippers from the shoe cabinet and laid them in front of Sebastian. It was as if there was nothing wrong between the two of them.

Sebastian just stared at her quietly.

He had no choice but to slip his socked feet into the slippers and hand his briefcase over to her. Then, he hugged her stiffly as he always does.

Just as the ice around his heart was beginning to melt, the image of his mother being shot and falling unconscious into his arms appeared in his mind again.

His eyes narrowed and hardened again.

"Who asked you to come over?" he asked her coldly.

"What did you say?" Sasha raised her head to look straight into his eyes.

"No one asked me to. I just thought of bringing the children over. You like living here, don't you? Then, I'll move in here with the children too. Look! We've even cleaned this place up today."

Sasha ignored the coldness of his voice and answered him in a deliberately gentle tone.

Sebastian's face darkened. "Sasha, what is it that you don't you understand? Do you really want to talk about this in front of the children?"

He had completely lost all affection for her and he had even gone as far as to bring up their children to threaten her.

Sasha's face paled, but after a few minutes, her expression returned to its usual calmness.

"I understand, but it'll be Christmas in a few days' time. Can't we just celebrate it together one last time?"

She spoke in a low, calm voice as if she was just discussing the most mundane household matters with him.

Sebastian was surprised.

He had thought that she would cry and cause a scene just as she had earlier that day at the company.

Unexpectedly, she was very much calmer now.

Sebastian felt empty. He watched her put away his briefcase and pick up their daughter who had been pestering him.

His expression turned even uglier.

"lan, go wash up and take your sister with you. Matt, go set your Daddy's place at the table. We're going to have dinner now."

"Okay, Mommy."

The children had not heard the small argument between their parents since they had kept their voices low.

It was possible that Vivian may have overheard them, but she had always been the most naïve one. It was likely that, even if she had heard them, she had not understood anything.

The children happily sat down at the dining table to eat.

Sebastian finally walked over to join them.

"Daddy, Mommy said we'll be spending Christmas over here this year. This will be the first we will all be celebrating Christmas together! Are you happy?"

Matteo was a very talkative child and as soon as Sebastian sat down, he had begun chattering straightaway. He looked at his father expectantly, waiting for his answer.

Celebrating Christmas together was indeed a happy occasion.

For the past two years, even though they had already known their real identities, they had still spent Christmas at the Hayes Residence. However, Sasha had had to be separated from Sebastian because of Xenia's little show last year.

So, their little family had been unable to spend the last Christmas together.

Sasha heard her son's remark, but kept silent.

However, she secretly glanced at Sebastian's face while she was feeding Vivian to see his reaction.

She noticed that he had paused his fork in midair on its way to his mouth.

"Yes, I'm very happy," he said to Matteo.

"Yes, we're also very happy! Mommy says we can start shopping tomorrow! We'll buy Christmas lights and decorations and lots of yummy food! Daddy, do you want to come with us?"

Matteo looked thrilled at his father's answer.

He happily dropped his fork and turned his entire attention to Sebastian as he invited him to go shopping tomorrow.

Sebastian paused, not quite sure how to reply to his son.

"Matt, stop bothering your Daddy. He has to go to work tomorrow. When Daddy has a day off then he'll take you out to play, okay? Mommy will take you shopping tomorrow."

Sasha quickly said to Matteo before Sebastian had the chance to answer.

Who knows what he'll say to Matteo? I don't want him to say anything that would break his little heart. Sasha thought to herself.

Matteo pursed his lips and pouted a little. He had no choice but to agree.

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Sasha continued to feed Vivian.

But she didn't realize that when she took over the conversation, the man on the other side looked even more gloomy. Even though this was the result he hoped to see.

But he couldn't help but feel uncomfortable!

After a while, they had finally finished their meal. Sasha kept the dishes and said, "Vivi, tell Daddy to wash your hands and face. We'll have fruits later."

"Alright, Mommy!"

The adorable little girl quickly climbed down from her chair and made her way to Daddy, who was about to leave.

"Daddy, Vivi wants to wash hands. Hug please."

She opened her chubby hands. The six-year-old girl was simply irresistible.

So Sebastian, who was about to leave, had no choice but to carry his daughter again.

"Alright, Daddy will bring you there."

And he brought the child to the washroom.

Sasha brought the dishes to the kitchen, followed by Sabrina, who was taking the leftover food.

"Sabrina, you don't have to keep them. It has been a tiring day. Go back and rest. I'll take care of the rest."

When Sasha saw that, she quickly stopped her from doing the chores.

Sabrina was the daughter of the Hayes family. It was difficult enough for her to do so much today.

But Sabrina ignored her.

She left the stuff in her hands on the kitchen counter and said, "What's going on with you two again? Are you guys tired of the good days?"

Sasha's expression turned grim.

She could tell.

"What are you talking about? Tired of what? I don't understand what you mean, Sabrina," Sasha denied.

Sabrina scoffed at that.

"Do you think I'm blind? Or do you see me as one of those brats? Sasha, let me make this clear. This is a crucial moment. Nothing is more important than a strongly-bonded family. Make your words clear if anything happens and stop playing your childish games within you two!" she scolded bluntly before leaving.

Not long after, the sound of a car being started was heard from the garden. And the woman left in the middle of the night.

Sasha was speechless.

A sense of dejection washed over her suddenly.

She wanted to live her life peacefully too. But the main concern was the younger brother.

Who knew why he wanted a divorce all of a sudden?

Sasha took a deep breath and cleared her mind before cleaning up the stove.

About half an hour later, she came out with a plate of cut fruits.

"Sweeties, come..."

She wanted to call everyone over to have the fruits.

But the moment when she was out, she only saw the three children watching TV in the living room. Her heart sank immediately.

"Little lan, where's Daddy?"

"He's upstairs finding clothes for Vivi." Ian pointed upstairs cutely.

Hm? Finding Clothes?

A sense of relief washed over Sasha and looked at her daughter in surprise.

Only then did she realize, Vivian's clothes were drenched for some reason as if someone splashed water on her.

"Mommy, it was Ian. He accidentally poured water on me and wet my pretty little dress."

Seeing Mommy starting at her dress, Vivi started pouting and complaining about her elder brother.

Sasha was at a loss for words.

Why was he so careless? It's the winter.

Sasha didn't give another doubt and carried her daughter upstairs after putting down the fruits.

After she left, the two children switched off the TV.

"lan, luckily you were clever and wet Vivi's clothes. If not, Daddy would have left."

"Yeah." Though aloof, he didn't deny it.

But his little brow was still furrowed. He felt that this matter was still not solved completely.

On the second floor.

Sasha carried her daughter upstairs.

Sure enough, when she reached the door of the pink room, she saw a tall figure rummaging through the kid's closet.

"Daddy..."

Vivi called her daddy sweetly upon seeing him.

Sebastian turned his head and saw them.

"Sebby, haven't you found yet? I'm sorry, the clothes were only moved here today. I haven't had time to tidy them. Isn't it a little messy?"

Sasha put down the child and quickly explained to the man with furrowed brows.

The moment she finished her sentence, he let go of the clothes and stood back coldly.

Sasha was stunned upon his actions.

When she was going to search for it herself, he spoke with sarcasm beside her ears. "You don't have to do this. It's useless to use the kids to keep me here."

"What?"

Sasha's eyes widened as she reached the closet.

"What do you mean by using the kids? What are you talking about?"

"Is it not the case? You let Ian deliberately pour water on Vivian to hold me back and wait for you to finish. Am I wrong?"

Sasha was at loss for words.

"So what's next? Is it your turn to do it yourself? Finding another reason? Or throwing yourself on me straightaway?"

His eyes were filled with disdain and malice.

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Even though this matter had nothing to do with Sasha, but in his eyes, everything seemed to be her deliberately scheming against him.

Why did she seem so pathetic to him now?

Sasha was hurt and smiled bleakly. "You can think however you like. But I won't admit things that I haven't done. Also, if you thought that I was trying every method to hold you back, you can leave now. I will not keep you here."

After Sasha finished her sentence, she ignored him and turned to the closet to look for Vivian's clothes.

Naturally, no one would have noticed the droplet of tears that rolled down from her eyes the moment she buried herself in the closet.

Sebastian then left.

But his expression was grim.

So much so that he was grimmer than when he was questioning the woman in the room.

However, he didn't stay in the end. He went downstairs, and prepared to leave.

"lan, since we both don't know how to do this question, shall we ask Daddy?"

"It's fine. He's busy."

In the brightly lit living room, the other two children was concentrating on their homework. They were primary school students, so they had holiday homework during their winter break.

However, when Matteo said that he didn't know how to do it, Ian, the elder brother, refused his suggestion without hesitation.

Feeling wronged, Matteo nodded his head. "Alright. Let's find Mommy when she finishes changing Vivi."

lan agreed.

The sensible conversation between the brothers didn't look like it came from six-year-old children.

Sebastian stopped behind them.

He didn't know how to describe this feeling. He could be as harsh as possible for every sentence he said against his heart to the woman just now.

However, looking at the two small figures made him reflect on himself — he couldn't stay harsh anymore.

They were the weakest spot in his heart.

"Which question do you not know?"

"Oh? Daddy, you're here? That's great, come and see for us. The teacher is being merciless with the question. We're only six-year-old, how can we do such a difficult question?"

Matteo was elated upon hearing Daddy's voice. He turned his head in surprise and exclaimed.

lan was a little surprised as well.

If he was not wrong, Daddy was going to leave tonight. So he was going to ignore him.

But he was here...

lan silently gave up his seat, feeling a little delighted in his heart.

"This is a Math Olympiad question. I've told the teachers in your school to increase the difficulty in your usual studies." Sebastian sat down and held the book in his youngest son's hand.

Indeed, this was planned by him.

The two were exceptionally smart. After they started going to school, they could repeat the content taught in class to the other children before the teacher even finished teaching.

Which put the teacher in an awkward position in the end.

Therefore, the principal found him, and he asked the teacher to increase the difficulty. The two would not learn the common things, but others.

Matteo was enlightened, "I see. No wonder the old man would always bring us to the office during class."

Ian was speechless.

Sebastian started to explain to question in detail for the brothers.

Meanwhile, upstairs.

After Sasha showered her daughter and helped her get changed, she put her to sleep.

Now that the place had no housemaid and Sabrina had left, she had to take care of three children alone and tend to them one by one. Since she put the clingiest little girl to sleep, the other two would be much easier.

Sasha crept out of the room.

"Little Ian? Matteo? Time to sleep. Come up and shower."

Intending for the sons to wash up, she came down from the second floor calling for them.

But when she was down, she saw a shocking scene. In the living room, there sat the man who she thought was long gone, watching TV with her sons.

What is he doing?

A small ray of hope ignited in her heart.

"Mommy, can we finish this cartoon? It's showing the new episode today." Leaning against on Daddy's left shoulder, Matteo pleaded with a pitiful voice upon hearing Mommy.

Sasha went silent.

Of course, you can. As long as Daddy is here, you can even watch another two episodes.

Sasha went to get the fruits from the kitchen again.

But this time, before the man felt annoyed upon seeing her, she quickly went to the third floor to keep her items after putting down the fruits.

It was his decision to stay.

However, after noting how he had gave her the cold shoulder earlier, she acknowledged that she had to clear any trace of herself from the bedroom.

If not, he would be angry, thinking she refused to give up.

Certainly she was!

Sasha moved everything to where she used to stay and let out a deep breath.

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After twenty minutes, the three of them finally finished watching the TV and Sebastian switched it off.

"Alright, shall we go to bed now?"

"Yes, Daddy."

Matteo was more clingy. After agreeing readily, he clung onto Daddy like an octopus, feeling sleepy.

Sebastian felt helpless but carried him anyway.

At the same time, he used the other hand and held his eldest son on his left.

Midnight at the villa was extremely quiet. Moreover, it was winter. Not even a sound of an insect could be heard. After the three of them came up, besides the sound of the central heater, there was a pin-drop silence on the second floor.

"Hm? why is the lights in Mommy's room on?"

Matteo was observant. He quickly spotted the room at the end of the corridor, in which there was an orange light coming from there.

A faint sound of running water could be heard.

Ian understood immediately.

Suddenly, he pulled his hands from Daddy and ran back to his room with a gloomy face.

Bam!

He shut the door violently.

Matteo and Sebastian were too stunned to speak.

Before he could speak, a woman wrapped in a towel with a head full of bubbles came running from the room at the end of the corridor.

"What happened? What's with the loud sound?" She was dumbfounded and stared at the pair of father and son, who were in shock.

So she was living there? Seems like she does have some self-awareness that she had already moved the things upstairs down here? Great!

The gaze of the man turned cold. With an unknowing smile, he said, "You're asking me?"

Then, he put down Matteo and left.

Sasha was left standing dumbfounded at the door.

Wait, what did I do wrong again that made him so angry? Haven't I already moved my things down? Not annoying him, not being an eyesore nor giving him distress. I was doing a great job. Is he not satisfied?

Sasha felt exhausted.

Without another choice, she called over the youngest son who was left in the corridor. "Come over Matteo. Mommy will help you shower after I'm done, okay?"

Matteo was silent.

After a sigh, he drooped his head and went to Mommy's room dejectedly.

Sebastian was moody as usual, just like lan! The family barely had any sleep that night. Except Vivi who was innocent and clueless. The next day. Sasha woke up early again. She wanted to prepare breakfast. Last night, after tossing and turning in bed, she finally got up and went to the third floor to take a peek. To her surprise, she found someone in the bedroom upstairs! Since someone was there, that meant he didn't leave. Feeling ecstatic, she decided to make breakfast earlier for him to eat before he left. Before the sky turned bright, Sasha headed to the kitchen and started cooking. Whether it was cake, calzone or pancake, she knew how to make everything. Before she realized, a dozen of dishes were made, without any repetition. She was out of her mind. Feeling regret, she was worried that the man could tell that she made them for

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him and quickly hid a few dishes.

Then, she came out from the kitchen.

"Sebby, you're up?"

Unexpectedly, the moment she was out, she saw the man coming down the stairs in a suit while carrying his laptop.

"You...didn't leave last night? Breakfast is ready. Would you like to have some before you leave? You have to eat when you reach the office anyway, right?"

Stepping in front of him, she invited him to breakfast cautiously.

However, as cold as he was, Sebastian ignored her and walked away as she spoke.

At last, both of them reached the entrance.

"Sasha, let me repeat this one last time. Do not speak of those five letters. Also, you don't have to act deliberately. You would only disgust me like this."

Sasha was speechless.

It's still the morning. What's wrong with him?

Consumed by anger, Sasha was finally triggered by him.

"What did I deliberately act? I make you breakfast, and is this called acting? Do the kids and I not have to eat when you're not around? Sebastian, why do you have to speak in such a manner? It's just a divorce!

"Also, as I had already told you, I didn't disagree with the divorce. I only wanted to spend the new year with everyone peacefully. If you can't agree to this, fine. Let's call the kids down right now, and let them choose between you and me."

Then the determined woman, turned to go upstairs and fetch the children, without taking off her apron.

Sebastian narrowed his eyes in shock.

He grabbed her instinctively and pressed her against the wall of the entrance. "Sasha, do you have a death wish?"

Sasha was at her last straw. "That's right, I'm asking for death, so kill me if you dare, since I killed your Mom anyway. A divorce? Might as well be widowed. You could even avenge your Mom!"

Bam!

A loud echo was heard.