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# Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 881

I wonder what the most high-end academy in Jadeborough looks like.

Sasha finally arrived at Opal Garden Academy.

“Madam, why are you here?”

“Huh?”

Upon getting out of the car, two security guards came to greet Sasha. The latter was stunned for several seconds. The old man is protecting the children to this extent?

Sasha’s heart warmed at the thought.

“I was outside and figured it was time to pick the kids up, so I came.”

“I see. Madam, please go in.”

Upon hearing that, one of the security guards handed her the admission card to enter the school.

Sasha took the card and went in.

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When she stepped into the school, she immediately noticed the difference between it and the school which her sons attended back in Avenport. In front of her were several ancient buildings. Many kids in school uniforms were roaming around the area. If it were not for that, she would have thought that it was a scenic spot instead of a school.

“Hello. Are you one of the parents?”

“Yes. I have three children studying here. These are their classes.”

Sasha quickly showed the admission card to the teacher who had just stopped her.

The teacher took over the card.

Upon seeing Ian’s name, her eyes brightened.

Her expression remained the same when she saw the second card, which was Matteo’s.

However, when she saw the third card, her face darkened.

“You’re Vivian Hayes’ mother?”

“Huh? Yes.”

Sasha was feeling anxious when she noticed the hint of anger on the teacher’s face. Did Vivi do something wrong?

“Vivian just transferred here today. She’s not considered an outstanding student, so why did she go to Rocket Class? The class teacher was

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complaining about her the whole day,” the teacher complained in dissatisfaction.

Sasha was stumped upon hearing that. Rocket Class? I don't know anything about this. Their great-grandpa sent them to school this morning. How would I know she would end up in that class?

Sasha was embarrassed yet angry. “I'm sorry, Miss. I didn't send the kids here this morning, so I don't know anything about this.”

“If you don't know anything, then why did you send them here? Do you think this is an ordinary school? All the students are enrolled here because they're truly capable!”

Sasha was rendered speechless.

She stood there blankly for a long time as she did not know how to respond.

Right at that moment, a girl came rushing toward them. “Teacher! Vivian Hayes is crying again. She doesn't want to do the homework and only wants to go home.”

Sasha could not believe her ears. The kid was complaining about Vivian to the teacher.

Feeling anxious, Sasha went after the girl and the teacher to the classroom.

Before they even entered the classroom, she could already hear Vivian wailing inside.

“I don't want to do it. I don't! My hand hurts! I want to go home! I want my brothers...”

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Everyone inside and outside the room could clearly hear her cries.

What a little brat.

Sasha ran toward Vivian after she stepped into the classroom.

She knew well that the latter was not as outstanding as her brothers. Ian and Matteo had been highly intelligent and talented since they were young. I wonder if they've spoiled her all these years? Or maybe she was injured when the doctors rescued her after her premature birth?

Either way, Vivian was not as quick-witted as her brothers.

Seeing her crying her eyes out, Sasha felt distressed.

"Vivi..."

"Mommy! Mommy!"

Upon seeing her mother, Vivian threw away the pencil in her hand and lunged toward Sasha.

The latter could only hold Vivian in her arms.

When the teacher saw that, she took the test paper from Vivian's table while staring at the mother and daughter disdainfully.

"Madam, look at her work. She can't even solve such simple questions. Also, she doesn't want to do her work and keeps crying. How are we supposed to keep her?"

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The teacher slammed the test paper on the table in front of Sasha.

Their school did not prioritize power or wealth. Hence, the teacher did not care about Sasha's social status.

The latter hurriedly picked up the test paper to read the questions. After you crack an egg and separate the yolk from the white, crack another one into the same bowl before separating the yolk again. How do you tell that there are two different eggs in there?

Sasha was speechless.

She continued reading. Half of a matchstick is burned. Then, half of another matchstick is burned again. How many matchsticks are left?

Sasha was even more puzzled. What nonsense is this?

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