

Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 101

Since Sebastian had made it explicit that he wanted Sasha out of Avenport, the bodyguard had no choice but to do as he was asked to.

After sorting things out with the bodyguard, Sebastian went upstairs again and got ready for work.

Just as he was about to leave his room, his phone rang again. He groaned and picked it up. "What is it?" he asked impatiently.

"Mr. Hayes, you don't care about your son anymore, do you? I'll kill your son if you dare hang up again!"

Sebastian rolled his eyes at the familiar voice.

"Hey, what do you want? Money? If you're thinking about ripping me off, dream on. I have no time for games!" Sebastian's patience was wearing thin. The day sure did not start well with these annoying calls bothering him.

"It seems like you don't believe that I have your son, Mr. Hayes. Fine then, I'll send you a picture of him, and you can take a look for yourself. Make sure you come prepared with one billion!"

The kidnapper hung up without waiting for a reply.

Sebastian stared at his phone in disbelief before the screen lighted up again. He just received a photo from the man.

Instantly, he tapped on it and zoomed in on the child. It was indeed a photo of a child being held hostage. Sebastian could not tell where the place was, but the kid in an orange jacket was bound up with thick ruffian ropes on a small chair. His complexion was fair, and his cheeks were chubby. Although his eyes were covered with a rugged black cloth, his mouth and his nose were still visible.

Sebastian squinted his eyes at the boy, perplexed.

Well, this sure looks like Ian.

But Ian is in my room.

Sebastian headed out of the room with his eyes on his phone, still taken aback by how much the boy in the photo looked so similar to his son. He was so surprised he did not even notice Ian was already out of bed and was standing by the staircase leading to the second floor. Still in a daze, Ian stared at him blankly with his Transformers toy in his hand.

Sebastian heaved a sigh of relief when he saw Ian.

He deleted the photo in his phone and bolted down the stairs towards Ian. "I didn't know you're awake. Why didn't you change out of your pajamas?"

Sebastian reached out toward him, wanting to bring him back to his room for a change.

But Ian took a step back and looked at Sebastian, his face white as a sheet. "Were you on the phone with someone, Daddy? I heard someone got kidnapped."

Sebastian was astonished Ian actually overheard his call.

He waved his hand dismissively, saying, "It's nothing. You heard it wrong. It's a call from the office."

"I know what I heard, Daddy. Someone said your son has been kidnapped, right?" Ian looked at Sebastian in the eyes with his hands clenched up tightly as he reiterated his question.

"Well, yeah... But you're here, so it must be a prank call." Sebastian shrugged his shoulders, not understanding why his son was so worked up.

The boy stood there quietly, and his body started quivering.

For a moment, Sebastian thought he was seeing things. Ian seemed disconcerted, and his face was so pale.

“Are you okay, Ian? Did you catch a cold?”

Sebastian dropped the topic and went closer, wanting to bring Ian back to the room. “Let’s go get changed, okay? You’re gonna catch a cold if you’re dressed so thinly.”

Ian sprang away from him instantly and dashed down the staircase towards the door. Sebastian was totally taken aback seeing the boy running amok.

“Ian! Come back! What’s wrong with you?”

Sebastian darted after him, his furious voice reverberating along the staircase. Seriously, I really have to teach this boy a good lesson!

Since when is he this rebellious?

Sebastian chased after Ian and finally caught him at the collar and tugged him back in.

“What do you think you’re doing, Ian Hayes? Do you want to stand in the corner?” Sebastian bellowed at the wild child.

“Let me go! I want to go and find Ms. Nancy! Let me go!”

Ian screamed and kicked all he could to free himself from Sebastian's grip. Even his voice was wobbling and breaking into tears.

He knew something must have happened to Matteo. Thus, he had to find Mommy and see if everything was okay. After he got home yesterday, he tried calling Matteo when he finally got a grip of himself, but none of his calls went through.

Ian called him again in the morning, but still, he could not reach Matteo. That was when Ian knew something must have gone wrong.

Hence, he was stunned when he overheard the call at the staircase. Did someone mistake Matteo for me? Did someone kidnap him?

Guilt came eating him up from the inside as these questions spun in his mind. He huffed and puffed, trying to break free from Sebastian.

His shrieks and struggles infuriated Sebastian.

The enraged father was on the verge of slapping the kid in his face to make him calm down. But Sebastian could not bring himself to do it. He felt helpless looking at Ian demanding to go back to Sasha.

Why does he insist on going back to that woman?

After everything I've done to make sure she stays away from him, he still wants to go back to her even when he doesn't know she's his mother. Is there really such a thing as an inexplicable bond between a mother and her child?

Sebastian let out a sigh and finally caved.

“Fine. I will bring you to her, but you have to promise me you’ll go get changed. You can’t go out wearing your pajamas.”

“I’ll go right now!”

Ian cried out and instantly rushed upstairs.

Behind the boy, Sebastian raised his brows in resignation and shook his head.

Whatever. This will be the last time he’s seeing her anyway. And this time, I will make sure I get this point across when I see her. She will never be seeing Ian again.

While waiting, Sebastian craned his neck impatiently and went upstairs to get his car keys.