

## Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 162

It was as though she was finally freed from the shackles of her past. The feeling of being liberated was so overwhelming that her whole body was trembling.

I'm finally free.

She would no longer allow herself to harbor the faint hope of reuniting with Sebastian and find excuses for him every time he hurt her, telling herself that he did those things for a good reason.

Who am I kidding? I was my own prisoner, but I no longer am. I'm going to have a new life after this.

While Sasha sat on that chair, tears started to roll down her cheeks. Clutching her chest, she wanted to cry her heart out. But as she took a deep breath, she realized that her aching heart did not allow her to do so.

She felt as though her heart had been pierced through with a dagger.

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Sasha remained at the Hayes residence the whole afternoon.

Since Sebastian had indicated that he would have the divorce papers sent over, she wanted to be there when the documents arrived.

But hours had passed, and there was still no sign of Sebastian.

After a while, Sasha grew drowsy from getting too worked up earlier on and fell asleep in the house.

When Matteo and Ian came over for their mother, they saw a sleeping Sasha. They then scuttled to their grandfather. "Grandpa, is Mommy sleeping?"

Frederick was looking intently at a booklet in his hand when a child's voice broke his daze. He quickly put down the booklet and replied, "Yeah, she's asleep. What are you guys doing here? I thought you were spending time with your uncle?"

"We did. But we've got to go back now," said Matteo smilingly after checking the time on his smartwatch.

It's about time to pick Vivian up from her preschool, or the crybaby will surely kick up a fuss if we're late.

After hearing that Matteo intended to go home, a hint of hesitation crept up the old man's face as he looked at his grandson and asked tentatively, "Well, I was thinking... maybe you could sleep here tonight and spend some time with me?"

"Huh?"

Frederick's unexpected suggestion startled the boys.

Ian did not resist that idea as he had spent a lot of time here growing up. Matteo, on the other hand, was instantly filled with reluctance.

He was not used to sleeping in a strange place without his parents.

"But Mommy said that we need to go back home so that we won't be late for our preschool tomorrow. Grandpa, why don't we come back to visit you on the weekend?" Matteo had cleverly turned his rejection into a visit in his sweetest voice possible.

However, Matteo's suggestion only made the old man's heart grow heavier.

Unbeknownst to the boys, the booklet their grandfather was holding onto was the Hayes family's household register. Frederick was just thinking about the custody of Matteo as they barged into his room.

Matteo is a Hayes, so it is without question that he will have to return to the Hayes family.

Moments before Matteo walked in, Frederick had tried to put himself in Sasha's shoes while considering who should get custody of the child.

After all, the Hayes family owed her that much.

Nevertheless, the moment he saw the boys walk in together, he was reminded of what a sweet and cheerful little person Matteo was compared to his frail twin brother. The old man now had second thoughts about letting him go.

"Oh, that won't be a problem. I can take you guys to school, and I promise that I won't be late. What do you think?" Frederick was insistent.

"Huh?"

"Alright, let's get the butler to show you to your room. I've re-decorated the room, and I think you'll like it."

Without waiting for a reply, Frederick beckoned his butler over and instructed him to bring the boys to their room.

Ian's face darkened in an instant before he shouted, "I'm not going!"

"You—" Frederick was once again stumped by his elder grandson.

Sensing the rising tension in the room, Matteo was quick to defuse the situation. "Don't be upset, Grandpa. It takes time with Ian. Let me talk to him."

With that, Matteo pulled his brother out of the room before Frederick could stop them.

After they reached a deserted courtyard a few minutes later, Matteo asked his brother, "Ian, you did that on purpose just now, didn't you?"

"Hmm," Ian admitted while lowering his head in embarrassment, the back of his ears turning pink.

With a big grin on his face, Matteo patted his brother's shoulder to indicate a job well done.

He then attempted to analyze the situation. "Something must have happened between Daddy and Mommy. Otherwise, Grandpa wouldn't be acting this way."

"Hmm." Ian frowned in agreement.

"We can't both stay here. We've got to find out what's going on between the two of them. Didn't you see what Grandpa was trying to do just now? He was trying to keep me here. Me!"

Ian was rendered speechless by his brother's reasoning.

Matteo's voice turned solemn when he continued, "If Grandpa is really planning to fight with Mommy over me, things will definitely turn ugly. He's way more powerful than Daddy, and there's not much we can do to help Mommy in this matter."