## Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 1394

Chapter 1394 A Normal Life

This time, Ian had chosen to leave his parents and siblings behind to stay on the island alone so he could do what he loved.

Sasha was proud of him.

However, half a month later, when Solomon and Ichika had just delivered good news from Jadeborough, Sasha received a call from Wendy.

"Mrs. Hayes, Mr. Ian rarely talks nowadays. After returning from the base, he'll lock himself in his room and continue with his experiments. When I call his name, he'll ignore me. Sometimes, he'll even skip meals even though he's starving," Wendy reported in a worried tone.

"What?" Sasha demanded, her heart clenching in distress.

Is he completely wrapped up in his experiments? But he's only eleven years old. Can he be this focused?

The more she thought about it, the more worried she got. In the end, she didn't even bother waiting until Sebastian arrive home from work and called Ambrose, who was now lan's mentor.

"Mr. Pence, it's me, Sasha," she greeted the old man.

"Sasha? Oh, hello. It's been a while since we last met. To what do I owe the pleasure?" Ambrose answered cheerfully.

After exchanging a few words of pleasantries, Sasha promptly brought up her son.

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"Mr. Pence, Wendy just told me that Little Ian has been busy with his experiments back at home until he has no time for meals. What is going on?"

"Oh, that. We've been learning about core chips recently. You have no idea how excited he was at seeing our propulsion and simulation diagram at the base!" Ambrose explained jovially.

Is that it?

Sasha was unsure how to react to that piece of news.

"Sasha, don't worry. He must've been too focused. I will talk him out of it and make sure he eats on time, all right?"

"Thank you, Mr. Pence," Sasha answered gratefully.

He was so helpful that Sasha couldn't bring herself to ask for more favors.

That evening, Sasha told Sebastian about the matter when he arrived home from work. He furrowed his brows but didn't show any adverse reaction.

"I'm busy for the next few days. After that, I might go visit him. Ambrose's right. If he refuses to eat now, there's a possibility that he feels too lonely. I'll see what I can do to change that," he offered.

Indeed, the man was smart enough to realize that something else might be the cause of their son's problem.

Hearing his explanation, Sasha felt slightly relieved.

She stopped pondering about the matter the next few days. Matteo and Vivian would be graduating from elementary school soon, so she would have to pick a suitable junior high for them.

After a parent-teacher conference, Geraldine Waldorf, Jessica's mother, stopped Sasha in her tracks by grabbing her arm excitedly. "Mrs. Hayes, let's send our children to art school. Look, Vivian and Jessica love jewelry and fashion design, right?"

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Sasha was delighted.

She loved having the kids back at school, for their lives could return to normal.

In some elite high schools, the teachers and principals had to serve the spoiled brats from the upper-class society. In her opinion, the purpose of education was long gone.

"Oh? What arts school do you recommend, then?"

"Ivy Arts School, of course. My cousin's daughter majored in dancing there, and she's now the top dancer of an opera house!"

"Really?" Envy shone in Sasha's eyes.

Right then, another parent joined their conversation.

"Mrs. Hayes, Mrs. Pole, fancy running into you here. Are you talking about schools?"

"Yes. Where are you sending your child? I heard that public schools have poor discipline, and private schools are better. My daughter isn't that smart, so I was thinking of sending her to an art school," Geraldine answered eagerly.

She started brainwashing the parent without further hesitation.

Sasha found the entire situation amusing.

In fact, she was happy that her daughter's friends' parents had struck up a conversation with her.

Though Vivian seemed adorkable, she had passed her exams with flying colors. And though she wasn't as smart as her brothers, getting enrolled in a top high school was not a problem.

"Mrs. Hayes, have you made up your mind? Where will you register Vivian at?"

"I haven't made up my mind. I have to discuss with her father first," came Sasha's hasty answer.

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"Right. I need to do that, too. We should leave. Mrs. Hayes, when you make up your mind, let me know. We can head to the school together," Geraldine reminded her heartily.

"Sure, of course."

The gathering of the parents at the entrance of the school was a hilarious sight.

That was what Sebastian saw when he came to pick up his wife. When he saw her chatting merrily with the other housewives, the corners of his lips twitched.

Is this the normal life she has been harping about?