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Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 1400

Chapter 1400 Raising Suspicion

“Mommy, wait for me. I’ll come back for the meal,” the boy said to his mother before entering.

Sasha nodded fervently. “All right. I’ll prepare the meal once I’m home, and I’ll be waiting for you to come back and eat.”

She loved seeing her son being so intimate with her as it warmed her heart and made her chest swell with maternal pride.

What she did not notice was that while her son was reminding her to wait for him, the woman standing beside her stiffened.

Even after Ian was brought into the building, her eyes were still fixed in the direction that he had gone in.

“He used to eat at my place.”

“What?”

Leah’s voice was too soft, so Sasha did not hear her clearly.

Yet Sasha’s response snapped Leah back to reality as she quickly schooled her features to a neutral look.

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“Nothing.” She chuckled. “I was just commenting about how I never knew he was so attached to his mother. Let’s hurry back now. It’s already noon. I’m sure they’re only taking a brief look at the launcher before coming back out.”

“Oh, okay.”

At that, Sasha panicked.

The two hurried back to the dormitory for the staff at the base. In each unit was a bedroom and a living room, as well as a kitchen and a bathroom. It was comfortable and convenient.

However, what made Sasha frown was that she realized her son did not have a unit of his own in the dormitory.

“This is...”

“Oh right. I forgot to explain this to you. Little Ian was still young when he was brought here, so Ambrose got him to stay with us instead. We have a living room and two bedrooms, so it was a perfect arrangement for us. It’ll be easier for me to take care of him in that way,” Leah explained when she saw the baffled look on Sasha’s face.

Sasha fell silent.

He’s staying with them?

She was a little upset, for Ian was used to solitary moments since young. When she met him, he was five, and he was already living in his own bedroom.

Yet now, he had been arranged to live with the old couple.

Furthermore, he had mysophobia, like his father. When she entered the old couple’s room, she realized that the place was rather messy and dirty.

Will Ian like a place like this?

Sasha’s frown deepened.

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Nevertheless, she voiced none of her thoughts. She planned to make lunch and raise the topic when it was the right time.

Leah was delighted to hear nothing else from Sasha. Instantly, she went into the kitchen and began cooking while Sasha helped her out.

Just as they were done preparing lunch, the sound of a car engine came from downstairs. Ambrose was back with Ian.

"Little Ian, you've done not bad today. The performance of the microchip on the spacecraft was fully compliant with the data." Ambrose showered the boy with praises as they went up the stairs.

Ian's ears reddened.

Soon, the two arrived at the unit.

"Where's Mommy?"

"Hmm? You're back. Little Ian, your mommy's cooking in the kitchen. Come on now, wash your hands so that you can eat soon."

When Leah saw that the two were back, her eyes lit up, and she hurriedly ushered the boy to wash his hands.

Yet, at that moment, something odd happened. The boy simply stood at the doorway as his eyes swept across the place. He refused to enter.

Just then, Sasha came out with the dishes. When she spotted her son standing right outside, she jogged over.

"What's the matter, Little Ian? Do you not want to eat?"

"No, that's not it."

Ian lowered his head again.

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However, it was not because of shyness this time. His brows were knitted, and it was obvious that the expression on his face was an upset one.

“Little Ian?”

“Mommy, I want to eat over there,” the boy finally said as he pointed at the cafeteria of the base.

Sasha and Ambrose blinked, stunned by his words.

Even Leah, who had two plates in her hands, froze.

“Boy, do you not like Mrs. Pence’s food? Look, Leah, you’ve got to make more of what the boy will like, like drumsticks and sausages,” Ambrose chided when he came back to his senses.

Hearing him, Leah explained, “I did. Look, these are all his favorites. I—”

“I’m sorry, Mr. and Mrs. Pence. Maybe the boy is picky. He’s always like this, even at home. His preference changes abruptly. I’m really sorry,” Sasha quickly apologized on behalf of her son when she realized the couple was about to get into an argument.

Then, she left the unit with her son.

After the mother and son went downstairs, and after making sure that the old couple was nowhere to be seen, Sasha crouched down in front of the boy and asked, “Little Ian, did you not like the environment earlier? Was it too dirty?”

It was then he nodded in affirmation.

That’s strange. Doesn’t he usually eat there? He should be staying with them. Why hasn’t he gotten used to this place? Why is he only reacting so strongly to the place now?

Many questions popped up in Sasha’s mind.

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