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The Love that Never Really Dies Chapter 6 - 10

Matteo, who was guarding their suitcases, noticed her abnormality.

He grabbed Vivi's wrist as the two rushed up to her. "Mommy, what's wrong? What happened?" "W-What?" Sasha was boiling with rage when suddenly her child's voice crept into her ears. She lowered her head to look at them standing beside her. *Oh no, how could I have forgotten about Matt and Vivi! It doesn't matter if that b*stard catches me, but I can't let him find out about them. Or I will lose my most precious babies.* Finally, she came back to her senses.

Kneeling in front of Matteo, she grabbed his arms and explained, "Matt, listen to me now. I can't bring you guys to Jetrouna because there's an emergency that I need to attend to. I'll call Ms. Fischer to come over and bring you back. Is it okay?" Matteo fell silent for a while. Although he was surprised by his mom's sudden change of decision, he nodded his agreement upon seeing the panic and the tinge of guilt in her eyes. "Alright, Mommy. Don't worry.

I will take good care of Vivi and go home with Ms. Fischer." "Matt, you're such a good boy. I'll leave everything to you then. Now I'll bring you guys to the café over there where you wait for Ms. Fischer." Sasha looked at her thoughtful son lovingly. With a heavy heart, she pulled him into her arms. Standing beside them, Vivian wanted a hug too. "Mommy, why do you only hug Matt? I want a hug too!" "Oh, I've missed out on our little Vivi. Come, let me hug you!"

Sasha let out a chuckle as she embraced her daughter, who had a plushie in her arms. Soon after that, she led them to the nearby café. Ten minutes later, she received a call from the hospital. "Dr. Nancy, are you at work? Mr. Jackson is waiting for you." "I'm on my way," she replied impassively while walking out of the airport. Then she got into her car and drove off. Actually, she was not afraid of confronting Sebastian since she didn't owe that man anything; she did nothing wrong.

Nevertheless, she avoided him because she was reluctant to meet him. Besides, she was worried that she might lose Matt and Vivi if he found out about them. She had traveled all the way across the globe to settle down in Moranta. It was beyond her expectation that he

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would show up after five years. Since the matter had already come to a head, she might as well meet him and deal with him once and for all. On her way to the hospital, she regained her usual composure.

There was not a trace of emotion on her face. In the meantime, Sebastian was toying with a doctor's ID card as he waited in Henry's office. *Nancy, huh? This name indeed sounds better than Sasha.* Besides becoming gutsier, that woman who dared fake her death under his eyes had also acquired a better taste over the past five years.

He stared intently at the photo attached to the ID card with his bloodshot eyes. Henry asked in a quivering voice, "M-Mr. Scott, i-is Mr. Hayes alright? D-Dr. Nancy is on... on her way here." The grim expression on Sebastian's face daunted him. Sitting near that man, the director couldn't help feeling suffocated by his intimidating aura. Luke didn't know how to respond since he had no idea if Sebastian was alright.

All he knew was that after the latter heard about that woman and the babies' death, he personally chose three burial plots of the best location in the cemetery and buried them in his capacity as a husband and father. Not only that, Sebastian never once mentioned marrying Xandra after that. Luke was equally unsure whether Sasha would be alright. *Perhaps Mr. Hayes will really kill Madam...* He shuddered at the thought.

All of them waited tensely in the office for about forty minutes. Finally, they heard the sound of clicking heels approaching them. "Mr. Jackson, it's me, Nancy." In an instant, her voice brought the men back to reality. Henry had never been so agile when he rushed to open the door. The elderly director's swiftness rendered Luke speechless. Sitting in the black rocking chair, Sebastian's pupils constricted the moment he heard her voice.

He was clenching on the ID card so tightly that it broke into two. *Sasha Wand! You're finally here!* Standing before the opened door, Sasha cast her eyes over the office and immediately saw the man sitting in the middle of the room. He looked the same as five years ago, with his chiseled features and thick eyebrows, a distinct feature of a mature man. His dark eyes were reddened, yet the arrogance in them was evident. The man was still full of charm, though five years had passed. It was a pity that she was now immune to his charm.

The Love that Never Really Dies Chapter 7

"Mr. Jackson, I heard you were looking for me?"

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"Sasha's tone was icy cold. Her calm, indifferent gaze swept over the man in front of her as if she had never seen him before. Sebastian narrowed his eyes. His murderous impulses only grew stronger when the doctor, dressed in a white coat and wearing a mask, entered his field of vision. "Ah! Nancy, Mr. Hayes is the patient who came to look for you last night.

Now that you're here, can you take a look and diagnose him?" "Mr. Jackson, I told you it was my mistake for accepting him as a patient yesterday. I do not have the means or medical knowledge to help him. Please ask another doctor to look at him. If there is nothing else, I will take my leave now." Sasha turned around and made to leave.

The medical director and Luke were both rendered speechless. Just as they were still looking for words to diffuse the situation, a shadow slipped out from behind them. Before they realized what was happening, Sebastian had pounced onto Sasha and pinned her against the door. *What the hell?* Tears blurred her vision as pain from the impact shot up her back.

Henry and Luke's jaws dropped. "Sasha Wand! Do you think this is a game? Fine! I'll play along with you!" Sebastian's face contorted in rage. He glared at her with his bloodshot eyes, like a feral predator hunting down its prey. Within seconds, he had torn Sasha's face mask away and wrapped his large hand around her neck, lifting her off the ground. Her face was no longer the one he knew from five years ago. Back then, she was still innocent and adorable.

Although her physical features hadn't changed much, he couldn't find a single trace of those qualities in her face anymore. Even now, as Sebastian was choking her, he couldn't see any fear or panic in her watery eyes. All he saw was disdain and apathy. "Go on... I dare you to... choke me to death...

I've already died once anyway, I'm not afraid of dying a second time... I'm telling you now, Sebastian... Either you kill me again today... Or one day, I'll... kill you myself!" He saw red. The veins on Sebastian's arm bulged as he tightened his grip on her. "Mr. Hayes, what are you doing? She's your wife! Let go of her!"

Fortunately, Luke had regained his composure in time and rushed forward to pull at his boss' arm, forcefully removing Sasha from Sebastian's clutches. *Thump!* She crumpled onto the floor, gasping for air like a fish on land. *He's a monster.* It took a few minutes for everyone to calm down. Surprisingly, the atmosphere in the office became less frigid than it was before, possibly due to the sudden frightful incident that had taken place. "Sasha, I'm

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giving you a chance to tell me honestly: what happened five years ago? Why are you still alive? What happened to the two kids?

Where did you bring them? Are they living with you now? You're not leaving until you answer every single one of my questions!" The mood in the office was calmer, but the murderous aura was still emanating off of Sebastian. As he towered over Sasha, his mind was filled with flashbacks of the incident from all those years ago, and how he had blamed and hated himself for what had happened.

He remembered how he vowed to do everything he could to make sure the sole surviving child would live a healthy life, and he would never have a relationship with another woman ever again.

Sebastian Hayes had never felt so humiliated before; he absolutely wanted to kill Sasha right there and then. Yet the only reaction she gave him was a dry laugh.

"Why am I alive? Are you upset that I didn't die? I'm really sorry about that, but it's not like I owe you anything. If it isn't your fault that I got married to you and gave birth to three of your children, then it certainly couldn't have been mine. "After all, it was just an arranged marriage; you kept emphasizing that you had the right to the freedom to love.

Now what? I went through hell to give you a child, and now I've even lost the right to continue living?" Her cruel words rendered Sebastian, who had been so worked up, speechless. Sasha continued sarcastically, "Besides, weren't you granted your wish of a perfect love story because I faked my death?

You said you loved Xandra and wanted to marry her. I made you a widower so you could do as you please. It all worked out perfectly, no?"

Sebastian silently stared at her for a while, suddenly wondering if he was talking to a stranger. *Since when did she become so cynical?* Every sentence that came out of her mouth dripped with venom. This was not the happy-go-lucky Sasha he once knew. If he remembered correctly, she didn't even dare to raise her chin and look him in the eye when they first met. Sebastian's expression turned stony.

The Love that Never Really Dies Chapter 8

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“You still think you can talk your way out of this?”

Fine! Take her away!” Sebastian suddenly roared. A group of his henchmen dressed in all-black appeared out of nowhere and grabbed Sasha’s arms. Stunned, she shot back at him. “Where do you think you’re taking me? I’m warning you, I’m now a legal citizen of Moranta! Taking me anywhere against my will is kidnapping; it is illegal!” “Illegal?” He scoffed.

“I am the law here!” “Where are you taking me? Are you crazy? You desperately wanted me out of your life, but why are you dragging me back now? Are you trying to wash the blood off your hands? Or are you trying to show off what a liberal lover you are by being a polygamist? You’re insane! Let go of me right now!”

Her yells could still be heard from the third-floor office, even as she was dragged to the first floor. Luke noticed a vein had popped in the corner of his boss’ forehead. *I wish I was anywhere but here. The farther, the better.*

This is terrifying. This ex-wife of Sebastian’s was quite a force to be reckoned with. If she dared say anything similar to any of the Larsons, she would have been skinned alive by now. Nevertheless, Sasha was still taken against her will.

The chaotic hospital finally resumed its peace with her departure. At a high-end apartment in town. Willow had just picked up Matteo and his sister. As per Sasha’s instructions, she brought them back to her own apartment instead of sending them home. “Matteo, Vivian, I’m going to leave for a minute to open shop, okay?”

You can watch TV while you wait for me. I’ll buy something yummy for you both to eat when I return.” “Yes, Ms. Fischer.” Vivian, being the ever-hungry child that she was, instantly agreed.

Matteo nodded as well, but deliberately waited until Willow had left before making a beeline for the house phone. Vivian tottered after her brother while hugging a plushie. “Matt, what are you doing?” Picking up the phone, he glanced at her. “I’m calling Mommy to see if she’s at the hospital.” “Huh?” *Why would Mommy not be at the hospital?*

Didn’t she say she went back to work? The young girl watched Matteo. After a while, she grew bored and walked away to watch cartoons. After what felt like a million rings, someone from the hospital finally answered the call. “Hello?” “Hello. I’d like to ask if Dr.

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Nancy is in today?" "Dr. Nancy... I'm sorry, she isn't here today. If you're one of her patients, you may reschedule your appointment with her," the nurse said kindly, confirming his suspicions. *How is that possible?*

If Mommy didn't go to the hospital, where else could she be? Matteo didn't believe what the nurse said, but he knew it was useless to continue asking her. So he hung up the call and climbed down from the stool he'd used to reach the phone, hiding away in Willow's study. In a few minutes, a computer screen in the study lit up with various angles of live security camera footages from Clear Hospital. He scanned through the footage and very quickly found his mother.

She had walked through the main halls, used the elevators, and then stood in the doorway to the director's office. *But why was Mommy being dragged by some men in black when she exited Mr. Jackson's office?* The young boy furrowed his eyebrows. Meanwhile, at Hilton Hotel, Sasha hadn't stopped struggling for a single moment since she left the hospital. However, no matter how she struggled, she was no match for the burly men in black. In the end, they still brought her to the penthouse suite and shoved inside. "Give it up! I'm never going to diagnose you!"

That was the first thing that came out of her mouth when she was finally set free. Instead of admiring the luxurious interior of the suite, she rubbed her wrists sullenly. Sebastian said nothing to her. From the opposite side of the ridiculously large living room, a small figure walked out. "You're home?"

They canceled my orientation at the preschool today because you were thirty-eight minutes late!" It was a child who looked eerily similar to Sebastian. With a stoic expression on his adolescent face, his chilly aura was a carbon copy of the latter's. The strangest part was that even the way he talked sounded exactly like the a*shole who had just kidnapped her.

It robbed Sasha of her ability to think. Sebastian ignored her and patiently told his son, "I was a little busy this morning, so there was a slight delay. I will make it up to you next time, okay?" Ian gave him a deadpan look.

"Do you always violate the terms when you sign contracts at work too?" As both adults were rendered speechless, one out of anger and the other out of pure shock, Ian's gaze landed on Sasha. "Who is she?" Suddenly, her heart jumped into her throat. All she could hear was the blood rushing in her ears as her entire body trembled.

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The Love that Never Really Dies Chapter 9

My son!

That's my other son! Sasha was nearly in hysterics as she jumped at the chance to tell the boy the truth. But at that moment, the piece of scum kneeling in front of Ian cut in, saying, "She's no one. If you don't want to go to preschool today, Luke can bring you downstairs to play and get a snack." Ian immediately nodded at the mention of food. Sasha could only watch helplessly as Luke brought the child away. "Why did you tell him I'm no one?"

He's my son!" "Oh, really? As far as I'm concerned, his mommy is dead. She has her own gravestone at the cemetery and everything." Sebastian walked over to the wine cooler to pour a glass of red wine for himself, elegantly drinking from it as he sat on a sofa in the living room and ignored Sasha's presence.

Although infuriated, she knew deep in her heart that what he said made sense. *He's right. From this son's point of view, I'm dead. How am I going to explain things to him if I ask him to call me "Mommy"? Am I going to tell him I was actually alive after abandoning him all those years ago?*

All the blood drained from Sasha's face as she chewed on her bottom lip. Sebastian noticed this and sneered at her, "Now do you get it? Do you still want me to tell him that you're his mommy?" She clenched her fists so tightly that her knuckles turned white. "Then what is it that you want? If you don't want our son to know I'm his mother, why did you bring me here?"

Do you still want me to diagnose you? I've told you before, I wouldn't check to see what was wrong with you, even if you were on your deathbed!" she growled through gritted teeth. Sebastian shrugged, unperturbed. "You're thinking too deeply into it. You may be a jack of all trades, but you're a master of none. I'm not so dumb as to put my life in your hands."

Sasha had grown so furious that she quieted down. "Then why did you bring me here?" "You still haven't figured it out? Sasha, do you know the suffering you caused when you "died"? Do you know the pain that everyone who cared for you had to go through?" By the end of his tirade, Sebastian's tone had grown fiercer than she'd ever heard it.

He stared at her through narrowed eyes, resisting the urge to rip her up into pieces even as he watched her stumble backwards. *How could I ever forget Frederick and Aunt Sharon?*

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Frederick Hayes had been endlessly kind to her all those years ago, even when his own son didn't like her and refused to acknowledge their marriage.

But besides that, he never really talked with her. Then, there was Aunt Sharon and her family. When the Wands had become bankrupt and Sasha's mother passed away from the shock of her father being in jail, her aunt had taken up the responsibility of looking after what remained of the Wand family. Aunt Sharon had truly cared and worried for her.

Yet Sasha repaid her by faking her death. Her eyes squeezed shut to block Sebastian's words out. "That was all because of you!" "Because of me? Hah, way to push the blame onto others! Things have ended the way they did because you agreed to the marriage! Having to sleep with you was bearable if I used drugs, but no one forced you to marry me!"

This man is the devil! She'd thought that after having grieved over her death for five years, he would at least show some mercy, but all he did was rip her old wounds apart and causing more pain with his mockery. The gut-wrenching agony clawed at her from the inside, completely consuming her. "You're right!"

No one forced me! I was an idiot for marrying you! Are you satisfied now? I gave up my whole life for nothing and deteriorated into the mess that I am now because of me! Is that enough for you? Just go away..." Losing all sense of rationality, she grabbed anything within her reach and chucked it at Sebastian.

Her bloodshot eyes filled with tears. For a second, her reaction shocked him. He probably never expected Sasha to lose control like this. *Is she mad? She can curse at me, but I'm not allowed to retaliate?* He quickly ducked the object that came flying his way. "Are you out of your mind? I'm telling you, don't go all psycho here!"

Even if you actually lose your mind, I'm still going to drag you home and let everyone take a good look at your face!" Red in the face with fury, Sebastian spat out the ultimatum and left the room.

Seeing this, Sasha instantly made a break for the door. She barely took five steps from where she'd been standing when the men in black reappeared out of nowhere and silently pulled out a handgun, aiming it at her head. "Sebastian, you scumbag; you demon; you a*shole! Come back! Let me out..."

The Love that Never Really Dies Chapter 10

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An hour later, Matteo arrived at the Hilton hotel.

Even though he was smart for his age, he was still a kid, so it took some time for him to arrive at his destination. Thankfully, he quickly spotted a car in the hotel parking lot that was the same one the men in black had driven when they took his mother away from the hospital. His heart skipping a beat in excitement, he made his way to the hotel lobby.

“Hi, pretty lady! I’d like to ask who that car outside belongs to?” The receptionist, a young woman, lowered her head to see an adorable five-year-old boy standing on his tiptoes and peeking over the counter.

With a fluffy head of dark hair and large, curious eyes, he looked like a handsome young protagonist from a Disney animation. *Isn’t... Isn’t this Ian, the young boy who lives in our hotel’s penthouse suite?* She stammered, “Mr. I-Ian? Why are... you here? Weren’t you just at the restaurant?”

Huh? Mr. Ian? Matteo quickly picked up that something was off. So, he pulled a tall stool over and climbed onto it, resting his elbows on the reception counter as he smiled brightly at the young woman whose cheeks went red. “That’s right! I just came out for a minute. Oh, do you know who the car outside belongs to, miss?”

“Doesn’t it belong to your family? Your father’s staff was driving it when he came home just now,” she replied, confused. Matteo beamed; his chubby cheeks becoming round. “Okay! Thank you, pretty lady. I’ll be going now!” “Where are you going? It’s too dangerous for you to be alone. Let me walk you back to the restaurant, or your father is going to panic if he can’t find you.”

The receptionist scrambled out of her seat, worried that the boy might get lost if he left the hotel premises. But Matteo wasn’t about to let that happen. She had recognized him as “Mr. Ian”, and he wanted to see for himself what the real Mr. Ian looked like. During class yesterday, his teacher had shown them a photo of a kid who was transferring to their preschool.

The kid in the photo looked like Matteo, but his name was “Ian.” When he got home and hacked into the preschool principal’s computer to search for more information about Ian, the registered address was the penthouse suite of the very Hilton hotel that Matteo was currently at.

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He sprinted faster than a spooked bunny and left the receptionist in the dust, making his way to the hotel's restaurant on the fourth floor. Ian was sitting like the perfect gentleman in the middle of the fancy restaurant, dressed in a small, tailored suit and a napkin tucked into his collar.

He ignored the food in front of him; his expression one of impatience as he asked his father's assistant, "Mr. Scott, when can we go home?" Ian and Matteo were completely different children. Even though their physical features looked alike, their temperaments, personalities, and even their speech patterns were opposites.

if Matteo was a refreshing ball of sunshine, then Ian was a mini Arctic Ocean just like his father, or maybe worse. Ian was not talkative, and he didn't like being around other people because of his antisocial personality. He had been raised by Sebastian to act prim and proper at all times. There wasn't a single trace of naivety or immaturity that should be found in a normal five-year-old. "Tsk, so that's Mr. Ian? I really do look like him. But is he always as uptight like an old man?"

Matteo mumbled to himself, feeling sorry for the other boy. "We can't go home yet, Ian. We came here to look for a cure for your father's illness. Don't you want your father to be cured?" Luke told Ian. The young boy was silent for a few moments. It was obvious that he still cared for his father greatly. "Then the woman whom he brought along today is supposed to cure him?"

"Sort of?" Luke laughed awkwardly, trying to give him the vaguest answer possible. Ian knitted his eyebrows together and finally picked up his fork and knife, digging into his food. "If that's the case, then tell him not to be so mean to her!" Luke nearly choked on his food. A few feet away, Matteo stiffened up in shock.

What? Who dares to be mean to Mommy? Unforgivable! Whipping around, Matteo marched all the way to the penthouse suite, tiny fists clenched by his sides. A few minutes later, the guards standing outside of the suite saw a tiny figure walked out of the elevator and was heading towards them with a stern look on his face.

For a moment, they broke out in a cold sweat. "Welcome back, Mr. Ian." "Mmm." Matteo was not an acting prodigy, but he did his best to mimic Ian's uptight attitude. "Where's Daddy?"

"Mr. Hayes just left. But he said to tell you that if you came back early, you should go inside and rest, and that he'd return very soon." The guards didn't harbor a single ounce of

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suspicion towards Matteo as they hurriedly told him where his mother's bully had gone before opening the door for the boy to enter the suite.

Matteo stepped inside the penthouse suite, taking in his unfamiliar surroundings. The living room was nearly as large as a town square, decorated with expensive-looking furniture fit for royalty. *Where's Mommy?*

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