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The Love that Never Really Dies chapter 104 - 110

“Matt! Ian, look! It’s Matt!” Vivian cried and pulled Ian over. The two gasped in terror when they saw the atrocious scene. “So, Mr. Hayes, is this your son? You’d better pay up, or I’ll kill him right here!” the man jeered with a sadistic laugh. When the man saw Sebastian’s reaction, he knew instantly that Sebastian was shocked. Sebastian’s mind went blank. He totally did not expect to see a boy who looked just like Ian. Before he could recover from the shock, Sasha had already picked up a huge wench behind the man. Though she was struggling to get on her feet, she was ready to give that man a fatal blow. Sebastian’s eyes widened in alarm. Without a second thought, he hit the command button beside his hand.

The snipers near the pier were already waiting for his order to shoot. Before Sasha could ambush the kidnapper, the man’s body froze at a muffled shot. Sasha took a step back instinctively as specks of warm blood splashed on her face. Right at that instant, she was lost for words. She stood looking at the man dropping to the ground with a blank stare. Everything happened so quickly that her body stiffened at the brutal sight. It was not until a pair of small, clammy hands tugged her that she finally came around and drooped her head, looking at the frightened child. “Mommy, Daddy’s here. He came to save us.” Sasha felt an unbearable burden lifted from her chest immediately. Then, she collapsed to the ground and passed out. She had been out looking for Matteo for the entire night, and she was spent. The wound on her body, although not fatal, had sapped her of her remaining energy with all the excessive bleeding over the past hours. Help arrived in a timely fashion.

The bodyguards took Matteo with them after Sasha was rushed to the hospital immediately. That was the first time Sebastian met his son – a son he had never seen over the past five years. Sasha had kept him well-hidden over the years. “I’m so sorry, Matt!” When Ian saw him, he ran over and apologized profusely. Matteo gave him a warm hug, a tired smile spread across his small face. “You have nothing to be sorry for, Ian. You’re my family, and I don’t want anything to happen to you either. Come to think of it, it’s good that I was the one who got kidnapped. I doubt you’ll be able to survive all this.” Tears welled up in Ian’s eyes when he heard what Matteo said. After all Matteo had been through, he was still thinking about Ian. Sebastian looked at Matteo, and an approving smile subtly settled on his lips. Indeed, he was glad to have finally met his other son, but Matteo’s commendable character was what made Sebastian pleasantly surprised. For the past five years, Sebastian had given the best education to Ian. Yet, Matteo also grew up well despite not being as privileged. His

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character and mannerism were exceptionally refined and applaudable. This sure put Sebastian in a good mood. Seeing the happiness on his father's face, Ian held his siblings' hands and suggested that they go greet Sebastian. But the smile on Matteo's face suddenly vanished as he pulled back his hand.

"I'll go wait for Mommy. Let's go, Vivi." "Sure," Vivian agreed. The two turned and left without even looking at Sebastian. In the meantime, Ian and Sebastian looked at one another, not knowing what to say. *Did my son just turn his back on me? He doesn't even care if I'm his father?* A gloom settled over Sebastian's chiseled face. Ian came over and wanted to explain Matteo and Vivian's behavior, but Sebastian just patted him gently on his head and assured him before going after the two kids. Sebastian knew he was the one who had to do the explaining. After all, he had never done anything for Matteo. "Matt. That's your name right? Matt." Sebastian asked when he caught up with the kids who were in front of the operating theater.

He then bent down towards the boy and inquired gently. Nonetheless, Matteo was not buying it at all. He turned his head and looked to another side. Although his reaction was quick, Sebastian still caught a glimpse of tears in the boy's eyes. Right then, guilt immediately crept in Sebastian's heart. "I'm sorry, Matt. I never knew about you. That's why I dismissed the kidnapper's call when he said he had my son. I would have done everything I could to save you if I knew. I really didn't mean to come so late." As a father himself, Sebastian knew why the child was angry and did not want to greet him though the kid knew he was his father. True enough, that was why Matteo was disappointed. When Matteo got carried off, the kidnapper clearly told him that he had called Sebastian three times. And yet Sebastian simply ignored those calls. On the contrary, Sasha was the one who came to his rescue. Using her tablet, she located Matteo and came to protect him.

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Matteo's eyes watered as he thought about his mother. He knew he was the reason why she was so badly wounded. The boy blinked his eyes hard to force back his tears. Before long, he finally came to terms with his emotions and turned towards Sebastian. "Do you blame Mommy?" Sebastian looked at him, puzzled. "Mommy lied to you. Do you blame her for that?" He looked at Sebastian in the eyes. From his unwavering gaze, Sebastian could tell there was worry and fear. *Do I blame her?* The question resounded in Sebastian's mind as he thought about everything that had happened. He would be lying if he said he did not blame

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her at all. She hid Matteo from him for five years and even told him that Ian was the only one who survived.

But what about now? Do I still blame her? Thoughts battled in Sebastian's mind. First, she faked her death. Now he even found out that she kept his son from him – one who was still alive. If Sasha were not in the operation room right now, Sebastian could have well thrown her into the deep seas. *But do I still blame her?* The bloody scene of how Sasha protected Matteo flashed before his mind. Sebastian pursed his lips and shook his head determinedly. "No, I don't blame her. She's the one who raised you." "Really?" A smile broke out on Matteo's face when Sebastian finally elicited an answer. "Yes, it's true. I don't blame her," Sebastian assured him. "Then will you take care of Mommy?" "Sure!" Sebastian replied without the slightest hesitation. What Sebastian said was heart-felt. Sasha was severely injured after the incident. Thus, Sebastian would definitely provide the care she needed since she was his kids' mother. After that, Matteo finally forgave his father, and the two made up. Sebastian decided to bring all the three kids back to Frontier Bay throughout Sasha's stay at the hospital, although he was still not comfortable around Vivian. "Let's go. You can't stay here since your mother's still in the ward," Sebastian called out coldly to Vivian.

Things were still a little awkward between the two. Incipient tears rolled furiously in the girl's eyes. *Why is Daddy so cold to me? He was so nice to Matt just now. I'm also his child, but he didn't recognize me...* Seeing his sister so upset, Matteo came over and comforted her. "Vivi, we have to head home first. Mommy will definitely be disappointed when she finds out that Daddy already knew about my existence. She will be even more upset if she finds out Daddy knows about you too." "Yeah, we should just wait till Mommy wakes up," Ian came over and urged. Vivian nodded firmly and went with them in the end. She was the last child Mommy could claim as her own, so Vivian was determined to keep it that way. At that moment, she had made up her mind to not let Mommy feel hurt. The three kids followed Sebastian home to Frontier Bay.

A huge reason why Sebastian did not recognize Vivian was because she was the smallest among the triplets when they were born. Sasha gave birth to the triplets prematurely eight months into pregnancy. If it were not for Dr. Kaye, who performed a C-section on her, the children would not have survived. But because Vivian was the smallest in size when they were born, she still looked like she was a year or two younger than her brothers. That was why it never occurred to Sebastian that she was one of the triplets. Besides, daughters usually took over their mothers' appearance, so Sebastian was totally unsuspecting of Vivian's identity. He brought the three kids home, thinking only Matteo and Ian were his children.

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Over at the Greens, Xandra was fuming when she found out about what happened. "That sl*t! I can't believe she actually kept another child to herself. The other twin did not even die in the first place!" Her whole face twisted in fury and hatred. Beside her, Kelly was equally mad as she was the one who arranged the whole kidnapping. The original plan was to kidnap Ian and make Sebastian realize that his son had been visiting Sasha at her place. Kelly wanted to incite Sebastian against Sasha so he would get rid of her. But just as she was feeling proud of her fool-proof plan, the long-lost twin came out of nowhere and spoiled her plan. "I can't believe she has been hiding one of the twins all this while! That cunning b*tch!" Xandra screeched.

Kelly was busy making other arrangements to make sure everything did not trace back to her when she caught Xandra wallowing at the corner. "What do you think you're doing? All you know is to complain. Will that solve the problem?" Xandra finally quietened down after her aunt scolded her, but the abhorrence in her eyes was still obvious. "With things turning out this way, Sebastian will definitely not go easy on the main culprit behind this. We have to lay low for now," Kelly warned her niece. "So I'm supposed to just sit here and watch her go into Hayes Residence like it's her own house? Do you know that her two kids are at Frontier Bay already?" Xandra howled. She knew she could not just wait and do nothing. Regardless, Sasha was not an incompetent rival, and Xandra knew it full well from her past dealings with her.

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Xandra had been under tremendous stress recently as things kept happening one after another without giving her a break. When she found out their plan failed, they shouted in vexation like a madman. Kelly glared at her useless niece from the corner of her eyes and smacked her lips. "Let's go on a vacation. We should go abroad to get your mind off this." "What? Now?" Xandra questioned in surprise. Nevertheless, Kelly ignored her disapproving gaze and proceeded to book the flight tickets. "You need some time off. As for me, it's better for me to make myself scarce, so Sebastian doesn't find out anything. It will be the end of the story if Sebastian traces things back to us." Xandra clenched her jaw, wanting to disagree, but she knew what her aunt said was true. Hence, she finally gave in. "You can take this chance to study abroad as well.

A woman of substance is always better than a woman with just a pretty face. I remember Sebastian loved all the letters you wrote him last time. You should study a little and improve yourself. Perhaps he might fall in love with you all over again," Kelly said while booking two

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tickets on the airline website. Xandra listened to her quietly and nodded. Two days passed, and Sasha finally woke up. Her injury was not fatal, but her body was weak, to begin with. Besides, she lost too much blood from her injury. That was why it took her a good two days to finally come around. Sasha was dazed and confused when she first woke up. For a long time, she stared into the white ceiling, trying to recall what happened to her. "Sasha? Are you awake? You okay?" A surprised voice came from beside her. Sasha turned her head around slowly and looked at the man. "Uncle Jackson?"

Jackson heaved a sigh of relief hearing his niece spoke. "Thank God you still know who I am. Let me get you some water." He rolled his wheelchair towards the counter and poured her a drink. Sasha struggled to get up when she saw Jackson getting her a glass of water, only to cringe in pain when she strained her wound. "Don't move. You should rest a little more so you could fully recover," her uncle said as he walked over. Sasha positioned herself back to the original posture and propped back down slowly. Then, she took a sip of water and gave the glass back to Jackson. "Where's Matt? Is he okay?" Sasha asked, her voice hoarse and dry. "He's fine. He's at Frontier Bay with Sebastian now, so you don't have to worry," he assured her. His words ended up agitating Sasha. She cocked her head towards Jackson with her eyes wide, clearly shocked at the piece of news. "What? He's with Sebastian? Does he know Matt is his son then?" Sasha showered him with a litany of questions. "Of course, he does.

The two kids look exactly the same. How would he not know?" Jackson replied. Sasha's face turned pale the moment he said that. *Shoot. What's he gonna do now? Is he gonna take Matt back as his son? I bet that's what he was trying to do, or he wouldn't even bring Matteo back to Hayes Residence!* Tears welled up in her eyes at the thought of losing Matteo to Sebastian. Meanwhile, Jackson spotted her agony and comforted her. "Just focus on recovering, Sasha. We can think about this after you feel better. You're the one who brought the kid up, so if he insists on fighting over child custody, we will see him at court."

Sasha knew her uncle was only trying to make her feel better. After all, who would stand a chance again the Hayes at the court? It was impossible to win against them. Tears streamed down her cheeks as reality sunk in. After that, Jackson decided to give her some space and left after staying on for a little while. It was not like he could hang around longer even if he wanted to. His body was weak, and he had to go home to rest. Not long after Jackson left, Sasha dozed off again. By the time she woke up, it was already dusk. Before Sasha could look at the clock to check what time it was, a child's whisper came from the outside and caught her ears. "Matt, is Mommy awake?" "Yes. Daddy got a call just now, and they said she was awake. Don't worry, Vivi.

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We just have to wait. Another familiar and loving voice followed after the girl's question. *Matteo? Vivi?* Sasha opened her eyes wide and sat up. When Vivian noticed Sasha's movement, she opened the door and dashed in with excitement. "Mommy! Are you awake, Mommy? I miss you, Mommy!" Vivi was as happy as a lark to see her mother awake. With a huge smile on her face, Sasha welcomed her daughter into her embrace as she caressed the latter's head. "Mommy misses you too, Vivi!" Behind her, the two boys came in happily. Matteo ran over when he saw Sasha and joined the happy pair. Ian, on the other hand, was less emotionally expressive. He was someone who took time to warm up to someone else, but he was undoubtedly elated to see Sasha again.

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"Mommy!" Matteo's voice echoed loudly in the ward. "Matt! My sweet little boy!" Sasha hugged him tight as she called his name, her voice almost breaking in tears. She could not believe she was holding Matteo in her arms again just when she thought she had lost him. In the meantime, Ian stood in the distance as he watched the exhilarated lot. He also wanted to run into his mother's embrace, but he did not dare to. It was his fault that his brother almost ended up dying, and it was his fault his mother was severely injured. The guilty child stood still at his place, worried that his mother would not like him anymore and that she would never forgive him.

But amidst the excitement of meeting her two children again, Sasha turned around and blinked her watery eyes, looking for her eldest son. "Ian? Ian, why are you standing there? Come here..." Sasha already knew that Ian had found out that she was his mother since Jackson had told her about it in the morning. Ian's face lighted up in joy when Sasha called out to him. He sped over and plunged himself into her mother's arms. Just as the mother and children were enjoying their reunion, a towering figure appeared at the door. Sebastian's silhouette was clearly defined under the rays of the setting sun.

He had his hands casually tucked in the pockets of his slacks and had his suit unbuttoned, revealing a moss green handmade shirt underneath. He took a step forward into the room, stepping out of the sun before leaning against the wall. His sculpted face did not show a single hint of emotion as he stood there quietly, making the ambiance tense all of a sudden. Sasha's heart skipped a beat as she watched Sebastian come in. "You're here..." she greeted him weakly. She knew she was partly to blame for the whole incident. If she had told him from the very beginning that his other son was still alive and was with her, all this might not have happened. More importantly, she had hidden that kid right under his nose. Her shifty

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gaze darted at Sebastian now and again, but he did not even look at her in the face. Instead, he went over to the table and took up her medical record.

The air in the room was getting unbearably stiff when Vivian finally spoke. "Mommy, I miss you so much. Look at my face. I've lost so much weight because I missed you too much." She crawled into her mother's bed and snuggled in her mother's blanket. The girl poked her head out of the blanket and put her face up close to Sasha so she could have a good look at her. Sasha giggled and stroke her cheeks tenderly. "Hm, I think my little sweetie did lose some weight." "Promise me you'll make me fried chicken when you feel better, Mommy? You always make the best fried chicken," Vivian requested. Her soft and affectionate voice could simply melt anybody's heart. Sasha pinched her chubby cheeks and smiled at her daughter lovingly. Just as Sasha was about to promise her daughter, she felt a piercing gaze burning in her direction. She looked up uneasily and met Sebastian's glare. He was watching Vivien intently with his brows locked when he caught Sasha looking at him. All of a sudden, he became conscious of his actions and cleared his throat awkwardly. Sebastian could not deny that he did not like that little girl, but every time he saw her being sweet to anyone but him, an unaccountable feeling of anger rose in his heart. *Come on, do I really look that fierce?*

I took care of her for two days! But she's never this nice to me! Sasha looked at the unwelcoming man and mustered her courage to strike a conversation. "Thank you for taking care of the kids for the past two days." Regardless of how he had felt towards her earlier, she was grateful to him for saving her and Matteo. Thus, Sasha could only tread carefully to see if he was still resentful. "You don't have to thank me for taking care of my own kids," Sebastian replied apathetically, "But since you're awake already, you can take the girl with you." Sasha's brows arched in surprise. "Take her with me? Where to?" "How would I know? Bring her to her dad, of course. Are you asking me where your husband is?" Sebastian questioned her back spitefully.

He had resentment written all over his face, and his tone was bitter. That man could not believe he had to talk with her about this topic that disgusted him so. Meanwhile, Sasha was completely at a loss for words. *So he doesn't know that this is his own daughter? Don't tell me he could only recognize Matteo but not Vivian.* Sasha was beyond speechless, but deep in her heart, she felt a flicker of relief. *At least I get to keep Vivian to myself. This is better than losing both Matteo and Vivian at the same time.* "What's wrong? Feeling ashamed of your past? Oh, don't you worry because I'm not interested in your love life at all. We ended five years ago, so I won't do anything to your man." "He's dead." After a long pause, Sasha muttered under her breath, her grip tightening around her little girl. It was now Sebastian's

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turn to fall into silence. *Dead again? Is she like a black widow or something? Why is everyone dead?*

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He bit her lip. Sensing the predicament he had placed himself in, he stood there fuming. However, looking at the little girl, he felt his anger dissipate without even realizing it. They remained in the ward a little longer, as Sebastian had to be at work. Before sending the children back, he summoned the doctor to enquire about Sasha's condition. "Mr. Hayes, the patient is recovering well. If nothing else happens, she will be allowed to be discharged in two days," said the doctor. "Yay! Did you hear that, Mommy? You'll be out soon," Vivian squealed happily. "Will you come live with us at Frontier Bay? We have a large house there, and it's very beautiful!" Sasha glanced at Sebastian skulking in the corner of the ward and shook her head.

"Of course not, Vivi. We don't live at Frontier Bay. He will take you there these two days because Mommy will be here at the hospital. When I get out, we'll be going home, okay?" "Okay, mommy," Vivi's face fell in disappointment. Matteo overheard and chimed in. "Yes, Mommy, I will pack our things these two days, and we will go back home together when you get out." He was a good boy, always obedient to her. Before she could respond, Sebastian, who had just finished speaking with the doctor, stomped over with a scowl on his face. "Matteo! Where do you think you're going? Royal Court One is now your home, and that's where you'll be!" he snapped, with a nasty expression that was plain that he would not take no for an answer.

Sasha and her three children felt cornered and alarmed. However, watching Matteo scrunching up his face in an effort to hold back his tears, her maternal instincts kicked in. "What did you do that for? You frightened him!" she glared at him angrily. Guilt flitted across Sebastian's face, but he quickly reasserted his uncompromising stance. "I am stating a fact," he said. "He is my son, and he will not be going back there." "And why shouldn't he?" Sasha retorted. "He is my son just as much as yours. Possibly even more so, seeing as I was the one who had raised him for five years." She was incensed but still afraid of his temper. The thing that she had feared the most had arrived. Sebastian was trying to fight for custody of her babies. Taking them away from her home would just be the first of many more to come. *Will he ban them from ever seeing her again?* Sasha hugged Matteo close at the thought. Meanwhile, Sebastian was beginning to get worked up again. "

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This is ridiculous! He is a Hayes. He will be living with me and not that dump you call a home. Heck, my maids live better than you, so I will not permit my child to live in that hell hole!" "You- " Sasha gasped for breath and clutched her chest, her anger too much for her still frail body. Matteo hugged his mother in a panic. "Mommy, are you okay? Please don't be angry. I won't go anywhere! I will live with you!" Sebastian stood motionless. Just then, Ian came over and tugged on his father's hand. "Daddy, if you bully Mommy again, I will go with them too!" he walked over and joined his brother at Sasha's side. Sebastian was furious. He had to fight the urge to spank the boys. *They don't even respect me as a father! I paid for their meals and pushed work aside to spend time with them, and this is how they repay me? Little rascals!* He ushered the three children out of the ward without another word. After that, they did not come back for two days. Despite the fight,

Sasha felt optimistic that she would be out and about in two days. When that day arrived, she was in a cheerful mood. An attendant arrived as she was changing out of her hospital robes. "Ms. Wand, Mr. Hayes has instructed that you be sent to Royal Court One at once." "What?" She leaped up. *To Royal Court One? Why? What does that scoundrel want? Is he crazy? Me, living in his house?* Sasha felt sure she had misheard. However, the guard who handled her discharge and escorted her out of the building proved otherwise. He held her firmly by her good arm and steered her towards the car. Within minutes, they took off for Frontier Bay. At this very moment, three young children were having a very important meeting at the villa's hanging garden on the second floor. "My part is done. Mommy will be able to move in immediately once she arrives. How about you, Ian?" Matteo said. "Done! I've sent someone to pick up Mommy!" Ian said confidently. "I've cleaned up Mommy's bedroom too! It's next to mine," Vivian chirped, not wanting to be left out.

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Excellent! As soon as each child reported their respective task, Matteo looked around, satisfied. "Good! The next order of business is to greet Mommy. Remember, guys, we must make her feel like Daddy wants her here, got it?" "Yes, Matteo," Vivian said, and Ian nodded briskly. An unforeseen complication occurred to Ian. He turned to Matteo and frowned. "What about Daddy? What happens when he finds out?" Matteo waved his hand impatiently. "Don't worry about that. I've taken care of it. He won't find out." His siblings sighed in relief. Half an hour later, the black Cayenne finally emerged. The children excitedly ran out. "Mommy! Mommy, come here!" The first to reach was Vivian as she loved her mother the most.

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As Sasha exited the vehicle, she pulled her child in for a big hug. As she watched Vivian clinging to her leg, she didn't realize how much she missed them. "Well, Mommy is here. Are you happy, sweetie?" "Yes, very much, Mommy," Vivian answered. "I've cleaned your bedroom for you, so you'll be living right next to me. It's beautiful." She informed her solemnly whilst watching her expression intently as if she was expecting a word of praise from Sasha. Sasha was stunned upon hearing that. *Even a bedroom was prepared? Did Sebastian really agree to let me live here? Or was it because I was still recovering and that he felt sorry for me?* As she pondered her situation, the terror she regarded him with seemed to vanish slightly. She was even feeling optimistic without realizing it. Matteo greeted his mother next, beaming from ear to ear. Instead of tackling her like his sister did, he lent a hand with her bags. "Ian," Matteo called. "Come here and give me a hand with these."

The usually reserved Ian even sprinted over and helped. Sasha watched them, and her heart was instantly filled with gratitude and joy. That wasn't even the best part. As soon as she stepped over the threshold, Wendy, the housemaid greeted her warmly. "Ms. Wand, you're here! Are you feeling any better? You poor thing. I have some broth in the kitchen for you. Once you've settled in, I'll bring you some." Sasha felt close to tears. It had been a long time since she was being cared for that way. As a single mother for five years, she was always the one giving out love and care and receiving little in return. But now, someone was even cooking for her. Sasha scrunched her nose, trying not to cry. "Sounds good, Wendy. Thank you." She hurried upstairs with her luggage before she broke down. Up on the second floor, Ian used to be the sole occupant. But now, along the corridor, Matteo, Vivian, and Sasha joined him. It was a good thing that Sebastian's villa was huge. "Mommy, do you like this room?" Matteo asked as they entered it. "Um..." Sasha avoided his gaze and busied herself with putting away her clothes and medicine.

Matteo smiled to himself. He ran through the bathroom into Ian's bedroom and huddled up with his siblings to conduct another meeting. "Did you see that? Mommy thinks that this was Daddy's idea. You guys did a great job. Ian, that move with Wendy was genius." Matteo gave his brother a thumbs up. Ian wasn't used to being directly addressed and praised like this. He looked down shyly but was secretly overjoyed.

At the same time, Vivian's eyes shone with excitement. "What's the next step, Matteo? Daddy will be home any minute." However, Matteo still did not know what to do. Sasha was oblivious about the fact that she was being discussed in hushed whispers in the neighboring room. She worked slowly as her arm was still throbbled with pain. As Sasha was taking a long time, Wendy came up to her room and knocked. "Ms. Wand, do you still have a lot to go? Here, let me help. The broth is getting cold, so go and have some while it's still warm." "Oh! That's alright, Wendy. I'm almost done here," Sasha was not used to being

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pampered. It made her feel slightly uneasy. Thus, she quickly finished up and followed Wendy downstairs. Wendy's kind demeanor was in direct contrast to Mrs. Lowe, the old maid. The latter was ill-mannered and insubordinate. The moment Sasha laid her eyes on Mrs. Lowe, she had a bad feeling about her.

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Wendy is a nice change. Much more pleasant. After that, Wendy led Sasha into the dining room. "Now, Ms. Wand, you take your time with the broth. I have to get busy. Mr. Ian has requested calzones for dinner." She rolled up her sleeves briskly. "Calzones, huh?" Sasha repeated. She felt guilty. Even though Ian was her flesh and blood, she knew nothing about him and what he liked. At that moment, she made it a point to learn everything about him, and offhand remarks such as these were stored away carefully in Sasha's mind. "Yes," Wendy nodded. "It's one of the things I don't know how to make, so I'd better figure it out now. I sure hope he'll like it." "Oh, it's a good thing that I do! Can I come in with you?" Sasha exclaimed, looking enquiringly at Wendy.

This was her chance to cook something for her son, which she had never done. Calzones were one of her specialties. Matteo and Vivian loved them. In fact, she had made a big batch not too long ago. Hearing that, Wendy was delighted. "How fortunate! I appreciate it very much, but your arm..." she hesitated. "That's not a problem," Sasha said quickly. "You can prepare the dough, and I'll do the wrapping." She brushed off the inconvenience of her arm for fear of being excluded from this endeavor. Wendy examined her for a moment before agreeing to let her help. After a hectic afternoon of unpacking and wrapping calzones, it was dusk before Sasha finally had a chance to rest. "Phew, finally done!" Wendy wiped her brow. "How's your arm, Ms. Wand?" "Oh it's fine," Sasha replied, waving her good arm. She then excused herself to wash her hands. Meanwhile, Wendy was in a fantastic mood. Touting the tray of unbaked calzones, she said, "I'd better give Mr. Hayes a call to come home early tonight.

It's not often we get to have such a delightful dinner together." The moment Sasha heard that, she froze while still bent over the kitchen sink. *Sebastian? She's asking him to come back earlier?* Out of nowhere, Sasha felt a pang of anxiety. She then tried to think of something to say. "Ms. Wand? What do you think?" Wendy probed. "Oh? That's... that's a good idea. But are you sure this is something he would like?" Sasha answered distractedly, trying to dissuade Wendy. Wendy, however, was determined to carry through with her plan. After she assured Sasha that Sebastian was not a picky eater, the former went away to call

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him. *Sebastian is not a picky eater?* Doubt arose in Sasha's mind as she recalled clearly that this was not the case.

He was extremely picky to the point of being incredibly annoying! Nonetheless, Sasha had no choice but to go along with the plan. Extracting the piping hot tray out of the oven, she followed Wendy upstairs. "Ian," she called, "The calzones are done!" She opened the door to Ian's room and exclaimed. "Matteo! Vivian! What are you two doing here?" The children, who were deep in thought with plotting, stood up hurriedly at the sudden unannounced entrance of their mother. *Wasn't she making calzones? Why is she up here?* Vivian was the most nervous, as she wasn't used to lying to her mother. On the contrary, Matteo was the first to respond. "Mommy! We were just playing, and Ian is unbelievable!" "Is that so?" Sasha smiled.

"Matteo, you are unbelievable too. All my babies are unbelievable." Luckily for them, she had no idea what they were up to. Matteo smiled widely at his mother's compliment. Since the children were all there, Sasha placed the tray on the table so they could all enjoy. "I'm hungry, Mommy," Vivian whined. "Me too, Mommy," Matteo added. "Is that pork in there?" Vivian and Matteo were big fans of her calzones. She would always try her best to make the best calzones she could for them. As they were greedily munching, she turned to look towards Ian, who was standing slightly away from them. "

Little Ian, why are you standing there? Didn't you ask for calzones today? Come and have some. I made them myself," Sasha beckoned. However, Ian hesitated. He had never had calzones before. His father never allowed him to as they were too oily to be healthy. Besides, he was used to much more exotic meals than this at Frontier Bay. Slowly, Ian shuffled forward. Watching his siblings devour one bite after another, he finally relented. Sasha smiled and fed him a bite. "Is it good?" she asked. "Mm-hmm," he nodded as his eyes shone with delight. *Huh? This child... Didn't he ask for calzones?*

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