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The Love that Never Really Dies chapter 66 - 70

Sasha wasn't sure how long she squatted there crying at the bus stop, but at some point, the light rain had turned into a downpour and drenched her completely. Spotting her, someone quickly approached. "Miss, are you alright? It's so cold out here, and it's raining too. Don't you want to go home?" At the sound of the stranger's voice, Sasha slowly raised her head which she was resting on her knees. The stranger was a middle-aged woman in her forties, wearing a thick, padded-down jacket that had lint at the hems. Even from a distance away, Sasha could tell smell the odor of oil and smoke coming off the woman. She had to be a stay-at-home mother or housewife. Shaking her head, Sasha sniffled. "I'm fine." "

Then, you should hurry back home. There's probably someone waiting for you, right? Did you miss the bus? I'm telling you, young lady, there are no buses that come around here at this time. I'll help you wave down a taxi," the woman offered kindly. "There's really no need..." Sasha hurriedly shook her head, waving her hands in front of her. The woman seemed to notice the sadness on Sasha's face, she sighed as she offered some words of advice. "You look like you've been through a lot, kiddo. It's alright. You'll always run into problems in life, but the most important thing is that you get back up and face them head-on. Think of the people who loves you and waiting for you, alright?" Sasha's mind blanked.

The people who is waiting for me? How could I have forgotten? There's someone waiting for me. Even if my parents are gone and I'm estranged from my relatives, I have my kids waiting for me back home! There's no one who needs me more than them! Sasha placed a hand on the floor to push herself upright, stumbling slightly as if having woken up from a deep slumber. "I understand now. Thank you, ma'am." "That's good. Hurry along, then." The middle-aged woman smiled, shifted the bags in her arms, and started hurrying back to her own home. Sasha's lips were already blue from the cold as she stuck a trembling arm out, waiting for a taxi to notice her. *I have to get to my son. He's waiting for me.* It was getting late.

The rain grew heavier with every passing moment, and Sasha didn't feel any warmer even though the taxi's heater was turned on. Pulling her clothes tighter around her, she tried to look for something to dry off her damp hair. It was only then did she realize that she'd left the house in such a rush, the only thing on her right now was her medical kit. *Never mind. I wonder if Ian's already asleep by now?* Staring out of the window, she couldn't help but worry.

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Fortunately, due to the late hour, there wasn't a lot of traffic on the road. The drive to Frontier Bay was only twenty minutes. "Miss, we're here." The driver had never been to this famous residential area full of rich people before, so he couldn't help but take a good look at Sasha through the rearview mirror.

Not only did the sight of her bedraggled appearance let him down, she even had to scrounge up money for the taxi fare. Sasha got down from the taxi. Turning towards the mansion, she saw that it was completely dark except for a few lamps lighting up the garden. *Does that mean Little Ian is already asleep?* Standing outside with only an umbrella above her head, she considered walking away. She'd only insisted on coming here at such a late hour because she'd promised Ian that she would come and visit him at night. If she didn't show up, he might refuse to sleep and wait up in his bedroom in thin pajamas, just like before.

Then, he ended up getting sick. *What about now?* Sasha stared at the mansion for a long while, making sure that there were no signs of life before finally mustering up the courage to walk away. "Dr. Wand? Dr. Wand!" Someone suddenly called out to her. *Who is that?* Sasha whipped around, staring curiously at the person. "Wendy? Is that you? Why aren't you asleep yet?" "Oh, I am waiting up for you! Thank goodness you made it."

Wendy was out of breath and wet from the rain as she ran out of the house, but there was also a bright smile on her face like she'd just completed a mission of sorts. *Is Little Ian really still awake?* Her heart leaping into her throat, Sasha followed Wendy in without another word. The two of them entered the mansion. Sasha quickly noticed that the downstairs living room was still brightly lit, but the rest of the house was empty, with no sign of Ian to be found. *Where is he?* Turning towards Wendy, Sasha asked, "Where's the kid?"

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"Huh? The kid? Do you mean Ian? He's asleep, why?" Wendy was busy looking for a dry towel, having noticed Sasha's soaked hair and clothes and afraid that she was going to catch a cold. Sasha blinked owlshly. *Ian is asleep? Then, why is Wendy still waiting up for me...?* "Found it! Dr. Wand, please dry yourself off with this first. I'll make some chicken soup for you before you go off to the third floor." "The third floor?" "Yes. You came here to do acupuncture on Mr. Hayes, didn't you? I think he's still awake, although I haven't seen him come out of the study since he first went in. You should hurry up and see him before he goes to sleep, and then you can go home early too," Wendy explained as she handed Sasha the towel, ushering her up the stairs.

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Sasha just remained quiet. Wendy had merely made her own choice to wait up for her. Maybe it was Berta who, before leaving, had told her that Sasha would come over every night to provide medical care for that scum. *Should I go up?* Sasha didn't want to budge an inch, feeling especially drained when she recalled how they'd fought in his office that morning. Other than disgust, she realized that she could find no word to describe her emotions towards him. "Dr. Wand?" "Okay," Sasha sighed. After all, she had promised her son that she would help to treat his Daddy. Sasha trudged up the stairs with heavy footsteps.

On the third floor. in fact, Sebastian was still awake and currently having a video conference with some of the higher-ups from his company. It was the middle of the night. If Sebastian chose to have this kind of video conference at this ungodly hour while he was still sick, his colleagues would understand. After all, he had to share the pain of not being able to sleep at night with someone, even if it meant torturing his subordinates. But he was apparently receiving treatment for his illness, and the treatment was effective! *So why is he still doing this? Doesn't he think that he's being too unreasonable?*

"Uh... Mr. Hayes, my son is crying, may I go feed him?" Having had to sit through the meeting for two hours straight, one of the higher-ups finally couldn't take it anymore and bravely raised a hand up in front of the camera. The meeting instantly went quiet. On the other side of the computer, Sebastian's expression darkened. "You're not a woman. Why do you need to feed your child?" "It's not that, Mr. Hayes. My wife has been carrying my son and trying to get him to feed him for two hours, but she has not eaten anything. So nothing is coming out and I need to try and feed him some formula milk." There was a full five seconds of silence before Sebastian growled out, "Scram!" The new father happily left the meeting as ordered.

Almost instantly, everyone else started following suit, their eyes sparkled with hope as they started to speak up. "Mr. Hayes, may I go take a shower?" "Mr. Hayes, I'd like to leave for a second. My wife has been calling for me and complaining that she's cold. Can I go warm the bed for her?" Just as everyone thought their boss was going to start breathing fire through the screen like a dragon, they heard a knock through Sebastian's video camera. "Sebastian Hayes? Are you there?" *What? "Sebastian Hayes"? Who dares talk to Mr. Hayes like that? And to call him by his full name, too? Who is that? Not even the boss' future wife, Xandra is that casual with him. So who could it be...?* Everyone's eyes widened, completely forgetting the racket they had caused. Unfortunately for them, Sebastian immediately slammed the laptop shut in the next second.

Sasha, standing outside his door, had planned on knocking once and then leaving if there was no immediate response from him. It was already hard enough for her to come this far.

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But she didn't expect to instantly hear the sound of a chair being scraped against the floor, followed by the door opening from the inside. A warm light illuminated Sebastian from behind, and she could see cream-colored walls and wooden furniture when she looked past him.

The study was clearly designed with a warm-toned palette in mind, completely different from the rest of the house. He was also wearing comfortable, casual clothing that contrasted starkly with his usual cold and stern demeanor. "I'm here to help with your acupuncture treatments. Since you're not asleep yet, we should get it over with as soon as possible." Sasha avoided looking at him, her tone was cold and hollow as if talking to a stranger. She was just doing her job as a doctor, and he was just her patient. Sebastian's mood worsened at the sight of her expression.

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"What happened to you?" Sebastian's gaze swept over her wet hair and rumpled clothes. Sasha was still wearing the same clothes from when she went to his office in the afternoon. They weren't particularly special clothes, but at the very least they were clean and dry. *Was she robbed or something? Why does she look like this? And what's wrong with her face?* Sebastian looked at her closely with a more critical gaze. Her appearance was rather presentable. Although she wasn't as pretty as Xandra, her features were still fairly attractive in their own right. Her eyes stood out especially, looking bright and clear like jewels sparkling under the moonlight. But now, those eyes were swollen and red. *What happened?* "It's nothing.

The wind was really strong when I was coming in," Sasha explained curtly. She didn't stop to consider if his question was out of concern for her. After all, why would he be? *What a joke!* He was probably just scared that she might lose control of her emotions again and disturb his work, or something else along those lines. Brushing a stray lock of hair aside, she asked impatiently, "Have you decided where you want to be while you I perform the procedure on you?" He felt a flash of anger at the woman's ignorance but decided to show no sign of it as he left the study without another word.

Sasha following behind him. Two minutes later, they arrived at a large bedroom decorated entirely in monochrome colors. As they walked in, Sebastian picked up a remote control and turned on the heater. Sasha suddenly did a double take. *Is this his bedroom?* She instantly grew uneasy and disgusted, remembering that another woman used to sleep in this very

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room. But what puzzled her was that when Sebastian went to the closet to take a blanket, Sasha only saw rows of men's shirts and suits. She didn't seem to spot a single piece of female clothing. *Huh?* As she tried to take another look, a white towel was suddenly flung in her direction.

"I don't have any women's clothes, so dry your hair off with this." Pausing for a moment, Sebastian seemed to realize that his gesture seemed a little too caring for his taste. "Don't fall sick and pass it on to the kids!" Sasha stood unmoving for a moment before finally placing the towel over her head, and slowly drying her hair. She knew that people were more prone to fall sick after standing in the rain, especially during this time of the year. Even though she escaped death a few years ago, she had given birth to three premature babies at once. As a result, her health was already severely compromised, and her body might not be able to handle a simple illness. So, she wasn't really in a position to refuse him.

With the rising temperature in the room and her hair finally dried, Sasha felt much more comfortable. She picked up her medical kit and walked towards Sebastian, who was lying on the sofa. "Have you slept today?" "No." "What about your medication?" "I have taken it..." Just like a normal conversation between a doctor and a patient. Holding her hand out, Sasha said, "Your arm, please. I need to check your pulse." He turned his head slightly to stare at her outstretched hand. Her slim, pale fingers were slightly red at the joints. After a long while, he finally stretched his arm out.

This was a very strange feeling. He still saw her as the nineteen-year-old girl he married several years ago. Back then, as soon as she first set eyes on him, she'd stumbled all over herself and was too shy to even look him in the eye. *Since when did she become so... cold?* As she gripped his arm, Sebastian couldn't sense a single trace of the fear and nervousness she once had. "When did you learn to do all this?" "What?" Sasha's eyes darted towards him, still focused on taking his pulse. "Do you mean this?" "Yes. I remember that you didn't study medicine. How do you know how to do all this?"

"Sebastian's gaze fell on his wrist. There was still a hint of leftover coolness on his skin from where Sasha had taken his pulse. It wasn't a large area nor very cold, but there was a little sensation on the small spot of flesh. "Have you forgotten that I come from a family of doctors? My mom studied under my grandfather ever since she was young. Then, she inherited his legacy after she grew up. If she hadn't married my father, she would likely be set to inherit the Blackwood family business right now," Sasha told him, her tone slightly sour as she pulled out a long needle from her kit. Sebastian coughed awkwardly. He had, indeed, forgotten that her Uncle Jackson and his family were running a healthcare business.

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Unfortunately, Jackson was not interested in the family business at all. Hence, the once successful Blackwood family company was slowly declining under his management. If it weren't for the intervention of his wife, Sharon, there was no telling what the company would look like now. Sebastian decided to stop prying into Sasha's life and just wait for her to finish the procedure. "Ugh..." Almost immediately, there was a flash of pain that struck his head, quickly followed by a numb sensation spreading all the way down his body. Sasha gave him a cold sidelong glance. "Bear with it!"

Damned woman. I never said I couldn't take it. A few needles later, the painful throbbing in his head subsided considerably. Finally feeling at ease, Sebastian's mood lightened and he continued to ask her questions. "Besides this, what have you been doing while you were out of the country in the past few years? I mean academic achievement." "Academic achievement?" Sasha chuckled dryly. "Mr. Hayes, I've been solely focused on surviving for the past few years.

I wasn't on vacation, nor did I have time to pursue an academic degree." "So you're telling me that after failing the university entrance exam all those years ago, you never resumed studying after leaving the country?" "Yep, I never continued studying. My education level is still at the high school level. So what about it? Do you regret letting me into your fancy, schmancy house? And you even let me treat your illness." Sasha retorted, her tone was sharp and defensive as she set down the needle. She hadn't studied once in the past five years. She barely had the time to do so while taking care of two babies. Of course, her top priority when bringing her children to a foreign land would be surviving. Where would she find the time to study?

This man would never understand all the pain and the suffering she had to go through for those five years. Besides, she gave up on her academic career not because she didn't pass the university entrance test, but because she wanted to marry him! She'd secretly tore up her acceptance letter to Yartran's most famous School of Economics, as well as the full scholarship that she had rightfully earned. The needle in Sasha's hand was nearly bent from how strongly she was gripping it. Sebastian didn't think she would get so worked up over the subject. He'd only asked her some questions in order to confirm something.

But why did she lose her temper all of a sudden? *Does she blame me for not getting into university? What a crazy woman!* Sebastian's expression clouded over and he stopped

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talking. But he didn't need to continue with his questions. Unbeknownst to him, Sasha would soon leave behind a piece of paper that she'd written his prescription on, and her handwriting on the paper would match the Jetroinian handwriting on the paper she'd left at his office during the daytime. *What else is this woman hiding from me?* Sebastian slowly grew dizzier with every passing moment. Sasha was still agitated from all the quarrels she'd been through that day. She quickly set down the written prescription on a table and packed up her bag to leave.

She'd had enough of this hellish place and never wanted to come back. But just as she was getting up, Sebastian suddenly opened his mouth and said, "Your request about letting Ian go to preschool. If you can find a way, I'll let you try it out." *Huh?* Sasha stopped in her tracks. She would always grow soft as soon as her children were involved. It didn't matter how indignant she felt, or how much pain she was in. "Are you... serious?" "

Yes, but you need to keep me updated on what exactly you are planning to do! Ian has already expressed that he's against the idea. If you use any inappropriate methods and end up hurting him, then you can never see him again!" Due to the treatment, he was slowly starting to trip over his words as he lay there with his eyes closed. "Don't worry, I won't. I'm a doctor, so I understand that at the very least," she instantly reassured. She was trying to remain as calm as possible, but if one listened closely, they would be able to hear that the underlying hatred and impatience that was in her voice earlier was no longer present.

Now, she was clearly more energized. Sebastian let out a huff, then finally drifted off to sleep. Sasha's mind blanked out. After her constant state of distress throughout the night, her brain needed some time to catch up with the happiness of the sudden surprise. It took her nearly a minute to process the new information before jumping up from the stool and giddily twirling around in circles. "I'm so happy, Little Ian! Mommy gets to bring you to preschool now!"

A genuine smile appeared on Sasha's face for the first time that entire day. Even though she was still tired and fatigued, relief overwhelmed her as if she had finally grabbed ahold of a floatation device after having drifted at sea for hours. Sometimes, a mother's happiness was just that simple.

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Sasha went back home in high spirits. Due to the late hour, her two children were already asleep when she arrived. She went into the nursery to give them both a kiss and then went to take a shower. It was a quiet night. The next morning, Sasha was woken up by a commotion outside her room. "What about Mommy?" "Shh, Mommy's not awake yet. She must have come home very late last night. Go get dressed quickly, I'll cook some eggs for you."

Those were the voices of her two children. Sasha's eyes open immediately and she bolted out of bed and rushed out, yelling, "Matt, don't touch the stove! It's too dangerous! Mommy will do it!" Even though her son was quite independent and responsible for his age, he was only five years old. She couldn't let him attempt to operate a stove of all things. Thankfully, both kids had yet to start doing anything. With that, Sasha started rushing about cooking breakfast and making sure her kids were well-fed. Suddenly, she remembered that Ian also had to go to preschool starting today.

"Come on, sweeties. Let's go to school quickly," she told them, hurrying them out the door. "Okay," they replied. But Matteo wanted to ask her if she went to Frontier Bay yesterday. He had texted Ian using his smartwatch yesterday after she left, but that boy didn't even reply to any single one of his messages! *Is he really mad at me?* Matteo was a little worried. About ten minutes later, the two kids arrived at their preschool. "Bye, sweeties! Mommy will come earlier in the afternoon to pick you up!" "Okay, Mommy!" Her two children obediently waved her goodbye. But once she was out of sight, the two of them went to find a corner in the preschool to hide in. "Matt, look! Mommy's here!" Vivian cried out.

She had sharp eyes, and she spotted Sasha's signal tracker pop up on the screen of Matteo's tablet as soon as she sat down. Matteo found the signal too and stared silently at it until it eventually stopped moving. "Frontier Bay? Mommy went there again?" "Huh? Isn't that where mean Daddy lives? Why did Mommy go there? Isn't she scared that Daddy will bully her again?" Vivian's chubby face scrunched up with worry as soon as she heard her brother's words. Matteo's eyebrows were also furrowed. He had no idea what had been going on for the past two days, and Ian refused to reply to his texts.

Should I go over and take a look for myself? The idea planted itself in the little boy's mind... Sasha rushed all the way to Frontier Bay. Unfortunately, it was already past nine o'clock when she arrived. To make things worse, Sebastian hadn't left for work yet. He sat on a chair in front of the main entrance with his legs crossed as if he was waiting for her specifically. Slightly apprehensive and out of breath, Sasha approached him. "You... You haven't gone to work yet?" "Can't you see that I'm waiting for you?" Those words that came out of his mouth were cold and hostile. "

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I... I'm sorry. There were just too many cars on the road and I got stuck in the morning traffic. I had to wait for a long time before I could get a taxi. The road on the way here was jammed as well..." she explained, panicking. She really hoped that she hadn't thrown a wrench into their plans after Sebastian had finally agreed to let Ian go to preschool. But Sebastian refused to listen to her explanation, uncrossing his legs and standing up straight to tower over her. "You've lost your chance, Sasha! You can't even be punctual! How am I supposed to trust you to resolve our kid's problems?"

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