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The Love that Never Really Dies chapter 81 - 85

"Does it hurt a lot?" "No!" lied Sasha angrily. She was stubborn in denying her pain. However... *He's not listening at all!* After that scum heard that she wasn't in pain, he tossed her to the side. She was staring in surprise when he picked up the ointment and pinched her chin. "Open your mouth," ordered the man. Sasha couldn't speak. She swore that it only lasted a second, but she could sense her brain exploding with a loud boom! Every thought in her mind stopped running. She was sitting so close to him that she could hear his breathing. In the end, she opened her mouth obediently.

That was the first time they were that close to one another. It didn't matter if it was five years ago or right this moment in the washroom. Sasha's heart still couldn't help but beat faster and out of rhythm. At first, Sebastian didn't think much of it. He simply wanted to help that woman put the ointment on. *She is so stupid. I honestly have never seen a woman this dumb before.* Things changed when he put some ointment on his finger and tapped gently on the woman's soft lips.

A sense of familiarity suddenly zipped up his fingers to his heart. He was taken aback, and his mind immediately recalled that wedding night from five years ago. He had always been a loner and had never had much interest in women. Hence, he hadn't been with any other woman over the past five years, and she was his one and only. He remembered that he was drugged that night. There were many things that he could no longer recall, but he retained some memories of how he spent the night with a woman in his arms. He recalled how she was as soft as a kitten and how her lips were especially soft.

That sweet, peach-like taste and her watery lips... Sebastian remembered what she tasted like, even after all those years. His gaze suddenly turned wilder. He stared at those lips that had no lipstick on but still looked soft and sexy. There was a moment when he actually felt the urge to kiss her. He wondered if she tasted as good as she did five years ago.

"S-Sebastian? A-are you done?" Sasha couldn't bear with it any longer. She had never been that close to him before, and his warm breath was caressing her face. His other hand was also pinching her chin. That made her feel hot, and her heart raced. She didn't dare to look into his eyes because she was worried about falling for them again. *Those eyes... They were my downfall five years ago.*

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Fortunately, the man came around after she called out. All she saw was uncertainty and confusion zipping past his eyes before he immediately applied the medicine to her lips and let her go. "How did someone as stupid as you become a doctor?" The man immediately started dissing her again after he let her go and walked out of the washroom. Sasha's heart was still beating wildly. It took her a while to gather herself and look into the mirror. She saw that her ears were still a little red from blushing too much, so she turned on the tap. She only felt better after splashing some cold water on her face.

"What does any of this have to do with me being a doctor? I am not a nurse, and that is their job." "Excuses!" dissed Sebastian before he left. Sasha didn't know where he went or what he planned to do. She put her things away, then got out of the room to walk down the stairs. "Ms. Wand? D-did you just come from Mr. Hayes' room?" Sasha was surprised to bump into Wendy immediately after exiting the room. The latter was holding a men's suit at the time, and it looked like she was there to deliver the clothes. *Has he already left?* Sasha nodded to answer Wendy's question before adding, "Yeah, I was in there to put some ointment on. What's wrong? Wendy?" Wendy couldn't speak. *What's wrong? This is rather peculiar. This employer of mine rarely lets anyone enter his room, and he usually instructs me to disinfect the entire room after the visitor left.*

That even applies to Ms. Green. So... why wasn't I instructed to disinfect the room this time? Wendy was a little stumped by all that. Sasha, however, had no idea what Wendy was thinking about, so she walked down the stairs when the latter didn't respond. Sasha had to go home. She left a note for her sleeping son before asking Wendy to take care of the kid. Then, she left the place. Sasha had some extra time that day, so after she went home, she decided to make good use of it.

Her two babies were still studying in their preschool, so she wanted to cook a great meal to make up for her two angels. It had been a while since she prepared a nice meal for them. Sasha went to the grocery store. "Nancy, what a coincidence." Sasha was picking out the ingredients when she suddenly heard someone approaching and greeting her in a surprised tone. Sasha shifted her gaze over and turned to the person beside her. "Solomon," said Sasha, "

Hi, I just got here. I'm thinking about buying some ingredients to make some calzone for dinner. What brought you here?" "I had a meeting nearby with a client, and I just finished discussing work with him." Solomon had always been a gentleman. He was wearing a pair of glasses with gold frames, and a light grey windbreaker. He looked relax and handsome.

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"I see. Would you like to drop by my place for a while? The weather is freezing today," offered Sasha, who would swear that she was just making small talk when she made that offer. She never expected him to take up on that offer immediately. "Sure," replied Solomon, "I happen to have a few law books for you. These are the books you asked me to buy for you earlier. I'll take them to your place." Sasha didn't know how to respond to that. *Shoot! I forgot all about this. Is it too late now to tell him that I won't take the matter to court?* In the end, Sasha brought that man to the place she rented.

The season was changing, and winter was right around the corner, so it was actually pretty cold. The place was too old, and both the windows and walls were too thin, so no one felt warmer after Sasha opened the door. In fact, walking into the house made one feel even colder. "I'm so sorry about this. Let me turn the heater on," said Sasha before she hurried to the heater. Solomon circled around the house absent-mindedly. That was only the second time he went into that house, but he didn't seem unfamiliar with the place. "Nancy, this place is too old, and it's not warm enough. Would you like to rent another place?" "Huh? Oh, there's no need for that. This place is actually pretty good. It's close to the preschool, so it's convenient," replied Sasha, who was busy getting the heater to work. *Are you kidding?*

It took me forever to find an old and dingy place like this. That scum definitely won't set foot in this place, so why would I want to move? It's not like I enjoy being annoyed. It didn't take Sasha long to set the heater up, but she busied away in the kitchen soon after. What she wasn't aware of was that as she was busying away and focused on her cooking, her guest in her living room had poured himself a glass of water. He suddenly got up and walked to the kitchen door. The dim light from the evening sun illuminated the place, and the steam filled the kitchen, but he never shifted his gaze from her. And his gaze... It looked like love, but it also seemed like a simple, platonic gaze. Still, if anyone were to take a closer look, they would see a fiery passion that was as hot as the working heater in the living room. In fact, it was so hot that it was alarming!

"Sorry to make you wait. I have to get everything done before the kids are back. That way, they can fill their tummies as soon as they come home." Maybe it was because she sensed the burning gaze, but Sasha turned around, looked at him, and uttered those words soon after. Solomon saw how awkward she seemed, so he retracted his gaze unwillingly. "It's fine. Do you need any help?" "No. You can relax in the living room," said Sasha without a hint of hesitation. The two of them knew each other well, but there was still a distance between the

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two. Sasha continued for about twenty minutes before she finally finished preparing everything. "Let's head out together," said Sasha bluntly. when she left. She didn't beat around the bush and suggested that the man leave with her.

It was impossible for Solomon to not know what she meant. At that moment, all he could do was grin wryly before walking down the stairs with her. All in all, he stayed for less than thirty minutes with her. "Mr. George, is Ms. Wand still going to court?" "No, not anymore." The man who had been smiling gently a moment ago looked distant and cruel inside the car. The name that they used in their conversation was no longer Nancy but Sasha. "Have they patch up?" asked the personal assistant who steeled up after hearing everything. However, the man never answered that question. His expression simply changed and he looked grim, and the look in the eyes behind his glasses turned cold too. "

Didn't you say that Sebastian never told his father about her return?" "That's right." "Why?" "I'm thinking it's because Ms. Wand is categorized as someone who has cheated death. Her identity and record would have been erased back then. Which means they would have to submit an application to the court to reclaim her name once they take her back." The man was quiet for a second. *Reclaim her name? So does that mean the Sebastian guy doesn't want her to claim her identity and the record she held now? Why though? Is it because she would be recognized as part of the Hayes family once she claims her identity? Could it be that Sebastian Hayes doesn't want that to happen?* Solomon suddenly acted like he realized something.

The grim expression on his face instantly eased up a lot. "Spread the news right away!" "Huh?" blurted the assistant in confusion, "Spread the news? W-won't that make things worse for you? Once the news got out, Frederick will learn about her survival and would want her identity to be recovered immediately. That would turn her into Sebastian's legal wife once more." "No, you're wrong. She will never become one of them." After saying his piece, the man's gaze reverted to its solemn and gentle stance. It might even carry a hint of glee.

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"Huh?" The assistant was utterly confused. *Make it public? Won't that backfire immediately? Won't it give Ms. Wand a reason to stay with the Hayes after her identity is reclaimed? No...no way!* The first thing he had to confirm should he make the news public was whether Sasha's household register was still tied to the Hayes. She would find out soon enough that Old Mr. Hayes had yet to learn of her return, and that would reveal to her Sebastian's reasons for doing what he did.

The assistant nodded as he put two and two together in his mind. He glanced at the lawyer sitting in the backseat, slightly shocked by this revelation. Meanwhile, Sasha made her way to her kids' preschool to pick them up after school. She had thought that they would leap into her embrace the moment they saw her as usual, but she was instead greeted by several teachers, much to her confusion. "Ms. Wand, we need to inform you that your son got into a little scuffle with another kid and got injured as a result," a teacher said with her head bowed low apologetically. "Huh?" Sasha exclaimed with a gasp. *No way...didn't his twin brother just get in a fight today? Can they communicate telepathically or something?*

Without wasting another second, Sasha rushed into the building to look for her son. Matteo was sitting in the middle of the room while being surrounded by teachers, who were trying their best to comfort him. "Does it hurt, Matt? I can apply some ointment on the wound," a teacher offered, only for Matteo to turn her down with a wave of his injured hand. "No need. I'm a brave young man!" he declared with a large grin. The truth was, he had sustained that injury while beating up another kid with his twin brother, and the fight with his classmate was just to dispel suspicion. Vivian, having taken part in the same fight as her big brother, watched everything from the sidelines. After a while, she stood up and announced, "He's fine, don't worry! My brother never loses a fight!" Matteo and the teachers fell silent, confused by her sudden declaration. Luckily, Sasha rushed in at that very moment before any of the teachers could figure out what Vivian meant. "Are you alright, Matt?

I heard that someone beat you up!" she exclaimed, scooping her son into her arms to check him for injuries. However, much to her bewilderment, aside from the bruises and swelling on his knuckles, he was completely unscathed. *Wait...did he get beaten up or did he beat someone else up?* Sasha gave Matteo a sidelong glance, and he panicked a little on the inside. Wrapping his arms around her neck, he cooed, "Alright, Mommy. I didn't do it on purpose. Weren't you the one who taught us to forgive and forget?" Sasha opened her mouth to say something in response, but nothing came. In the end, they left the preschool to return home as the teachers thanked them profusely in the background. Back home, Sasha disappeared into the kitchen to cook dinner with Vivian following close behind. Seeing that both of them were distracted,

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Matteo snuck back to his room and dialed Ian's number. "Hey, Ian! How are things at your end?" "I'm good. What about you?" Ian was still rather concise, but he seemed to be working on his communication skills. Matteo patted his chest proudly. "I'm fine! I even got into a fight with another kid in my class after I went back, and my teacher and Mommy didn't suspect a thing! Don't you think I am smart?" "Yeah," Ian said without much thought. "By the way... I don't want to go to that preschool anymore." "Huh? Where do you want to go then?" Matteo asked, confused. Ian fell silent as memories of Matteo's preschool resurfaced in his mind.

When they accidentally switched places that day, Ian had had the time of his life in Matteo's preschool. It was not as big or well-furnished as his own preschool, but the kids and teachers there treated him well. Most importantly, Vivian was there as well. "Oh, do you want to come to my preschool? We can just switch places again! I can help you teach those rascals a lesson before we switch back!" Matteo said with a smirk. Ian was pleasantly surprised by the suggestion, and his eyes lit up immediately. "Really?" "Of course! Though... Mommy won't have anything to do in Frontier Bay once we switched places. Then, she might go and work at Uncle Solomon's company once that happens," Matteo said.

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Matteo suddenly recalled how Solomon had told Sasha to go to his company should she ever need a job, and he decided to mention it to Ian. Much to his surprise, Ian rejected the idea immediately. "No way! We can't let her go there!" Matteo fell silent in shock. *Wow! That's the most you've spoken at a time!* "What's wrong? She's going to look for a job anyway," he said. "Tell her to go to Daddy's company!" "Huh? Daddy's company?" "That's right! I'll settle this." Before Matteo could say anything else, Ian cut the line decisively. *Why would I let Mommy work at someone else's company when she can work in Daddy's company and visit him every day? I need to talk to Daddy about this when he comes back!* Unfortunately for him,

Xandra had already gone to look for Sebastian at his company after the scuffle at the preschool. "Greetings, Ms. Green. Long time no see! May I ask where you're headed to?" "Yeah, Ms. Green! It's been a long time since we last saw you around!" Xandra walked through the crowds in silence. Unlike Sasha, whom the employees usually ignored or regarded as Ian's caregiver, everyone treated Xandra like she was a celebrity walking down the red carpet whenever she appeared at the Hayes Corporation. After five years of staying by Sebastian's side, his subordinates have long since bestowed her the unofficial title of

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'Mrs. Hayes'. Her ego was greatly inflated because of that, but she continued to keep a low profile to make herself less vulnerable should she ever become Mrs. Hayes in the future. When she arrived at the President's office, the secretary greeted her warmly. She nodded in response and asked, "Is Mr. Hayes free now?" "He is. Do you need me to tell him that you're here?" the secretary asked. Luke was busy elsewhere, and a clerk in charge of receiving the President's guests picked up the phone and called Sebastian to get his permission immediately. That applied to any guest who wishes to see Sebastian, and Xandra was no exception. However, unbeknownst to her, Sasha had the privilege of skipping the formalities when she visited a few days back. A few minutes later, the clerk informed her that Sebastian had approved her visit, and her shoulders sagged in relief immediately. Without wasting another second, she picked up her bag and walked into his office. "Sebastian... it's been so long... "

she cooed, walking up to him as he sat upright behind his desk. Tears began to flow down her cheeks as she stared at the man she had wanted to see for the longest time. They have never been separated for so long before, but Sebastian seemed less than excited to see her. "What's wrong?" he asked calmly. "I... came to apologize, Sebastian. I got a call from the preschool today, and they told me that the secretary general's son assaulted Ian first. I have prior knowledge of that. Moreover, his injuries looked pretty bad, and I was scared that it would affect the company's reputation... I'm so sorry, Sebastian! I didn't do it on purpose!" she blurted, looking pitiful and regretful. She would have easily fooled anyone who did not know the truth with those top-tier acting skills, but things were different this time round. Sebastian glared at her coldly.

"Is that your excuse? You took care of Ian for five years, and yet you don't know what his personality is like? Do you think the company's reputation would be ruined by a preschool, of all things?" His voice was colder than the chilliest caves in the world, and it made Xandra shiver. She turned pale in an instant, and the tears in her eyes disappeared into thin air. "No, Sebastian, that's not what I meant..." "Xandra, you should have stayed put instead of making a fuss. Do you know what I hate the most?" Sebastian asked. His gaze almost burning a hole through her eyes, sending another shiver down her spine. "Sasha was right. You wouldn't have thought of anything else but Ian's safety should you regard him as your own child. You're really fake, don't you know that?" Xandra's defenses collapsed the moment he said those last words. She felt as though someone had slapped her across the face, turning it into a red, burning mess. *Sasha Wand! It's you again!*

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What do I do? What can I do to gain his trust again? How do I make sure he doesn't get distracted by anyone else? She looked down and let the tears fall as she clenched her fists tightly. "Yes, I don't see Ian as my own child, because I want to have one of my own!" "What?" Sebastian exclaimed, rising from his seat abruptly. "Your own child?" Xandra looked into his eyes and continued, "Yes, Sebastian, I want a child of my own. I have craved for reciprocated love and emotional contribution from your end for five whole years?" Sebastian fell silent with a grim expression on his face. However, Xandra was not going to give up.

This was her chance to fight back, and she would not let that chance slip by. "I feel neglected and scared every night, and I see nothing but you leaving me behind every time I close my eyes," she said sorrowfully. "Don't you know, Sebastian? I was the girl who left you those letters under that magnolia tree for ten years. I didn't want to reveal myself, simply because I was scared that you'll treat me like I was transparent!" She opened her bag with shaking hands and took something out. Sebastian narrowed his eyes at the sight of the object that she took out. It was just an old fountain pen wrapped in an old and yellowing handkerchief, but Sebastian could see the magnolia flower embroidery on its edges from where he was standing.

He curled his fingers instinctively. "I've never thought of sucking up to you, so I never expected you to write back. You told me afterwards that you'll take care of me for the decades to come in return for the warmth I gave you those ten years, and that's why I went home with you. Don't you remember, Sebastian?" Xandra cried, almost choking on her tears. Sebastian pinched his fingers together. He prided himself on his self-control, and he knew Xandra's true intentions. Somehow, he managed to keep his emotions in check despite her irritating attempts to get his attention. "What do you want, exactly?" he asked. Xandra looked up with a start, her pitiful act completely forgotten. *What do I want? I want to return to your side and live like how we used to before!* Without even bothering to wipe her crocodile tears off her face, Xandra blabbered,

"No, nothing much. I just wish to go back to Frontier Bay and make up for my mistakes... " "There's no need, Xandra," Sebastian said coldly. "Now listen up. I won't let you touch my son ever again." Xandra's hopeful expression disappeared immediately, and her face turned as pale as a sheet. Left with no choice, she decided to change gears. "Can I come and work here instead? I really miss you, Sebastian. Is there any position that I can fill?" she asked. "Work here?" Sebastian repeated quietly, eyes still trained on her. By the time Sasha heard of Ian's plan to get her a job at the Hayes Corporation, it was already the next afternoon. Her eyes widened when he told her about his plan. "Why are you telling me to work at your Daddy's company? I'm a doctor! I can work in a hospital!" Ian raised his head to look at her in the eyes as he slung his bag over his shoulders. "

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I'll go to school if you agree to work at Daddy's company." *Huh?* Sasha stared at him with a perplexed expression on her face. *What has going to school got to do with me working at the scum's company? Since when did he learn to strike deals with people?* Sasha pondered over it for a moment and decided to mention a certain person as a last resort. "You see, Ian, getting into your Daddy's company isn't as easy as you think. Your Daddy doesn't even like me."

She bent down and looked into his eyes as she spoke those words while trying her best to hide her sorrow. *Isn't it true? He'll never let someone like me work at his company. He wouldn't even have let me into his life if not for Ian's illness!* However, Ian simply grabbed her hand and dragged her out of the house. "Let's go and see Daddy!" *Huh? What in the world is happening?* Sasha's eyes widened in shock as she stumbled after Ian.

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