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The Love that Never Really Dies chapter 21 - 25

Her face turned pale. Seeing that she had stabbed herself with the knife without any hesitation to save the child, Sebastian's words weren't as hurtful as compared to what he would say in the past. He was right; she didn't have the right to see Ian because she had abandoned him once. If she were to meet him as his mother and tell him the truth, wouldn't that be doing him more harm? "Madam, it's not true when you stated that Mr. Hayes did not want this child.

All these years, he has been treating Ian very well and is very involved in his life. Do you know why he always accompanies Ian for treatments? It's because Ian's physically weak and has a rare blood type. Mr. Hayes worries that if he is gone for too long, something bad might happen to Ian. That's why he's always by his side."

It took quite a while before Sasha lifted her head and asked, "Rare... blood type?" Luke nodded. "Yes. Same as you, his blood type is RH negative. That year, after his premature birth, Mr. Hayes flew him to Dartford Hospital that very night to save him. Madam, there's really no need for you to doubt if his capability as a father." Luke told her everything earnestly. After hearing that, Sasha was speechless. Her expression darkened suddenly. She felt as if Luke's words had shaken her to the core.

"I understand. You can go now. Thank you for last night. And, you should... stop calling me "Madam" from now on. That's not my position anymore, lest your president becomes upset if he hears it." Luke seemed as if he had something else to say, but he let out a sigh, turned around, and left the room.

Sasha did not go to Ian again. She remained in her cabin to focus on her recovery. After witnessing her honesty, Sebastian had also stopped locking her up and gave her the freedom to roam around. One day, out of the blue, despite Sebastian and Sasha's agreement for not letting Ian meet her, the boy suddenly appeared at her cabin just when the boat was about to arrive at their destination. "Why are you still cooped up?" That day, Ian was playing with his drone around the fenced area, so he wasn't exactly looking for her. However, the moment Sasha saw him, she couldn't hold herself back that instance.

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“Little Ian, what... what brought you here? Did you run out on your own? Isn't your daddy watching over you?” “Why would he watch over me?” He turned around impatiently and walked away with his drone controller in his hands. Ian's personality greatly differed from Matteo's.

Whenever the latter spoke to Sasha, he was always cheerful and polite. As for Ian, there was a cold and dark aura hanging over him. He was exactly like his father, even though he was only five years old. Sasha's heart ached at the thought. Immediately, she followed him from behind and stood next to him while uttering cautiously, “I'm sorry, Little Ian. It was a misunderstanding. Woah! You're very good at flying the drone; it's so high up in the sky.”

She was trying to create a conversation with him. After Luke spoke to her that night, she couldn't muster the courage to face the boy anymore. She was either afraid of saying the wrong things or feeling utterly guilty whenever she was with him. She didn't even dare to look straight into his eyes.

As a matter of fact, the child completely ignored her words. He walked towards the fenced area and started flying his drone with the controller while he pretended Sasha wasn't there. Her heart shrank once more as she looked at the drone. “By the way, Little Ian, I've forgotten to tell you that if you add a little tinfoil on the tail of the drone, it can fly even higher and you'll be able to control its direction better.”

Finally, after hearing that, the aloof child looked in her direction. Sasha was thrilled. “It's true. If you don't believe me, I can show you.” She immediately set out to look for tinfoil. She had learned that method from Matteo. Even though the two brothers had never met, their hobbies were shockingly identical. Ian liked to play with drones, while her family bought a few similar ones for Matteo as well.

Based on her occasional observations when Matteo flew his drones in the past, he would use the same method, too. In a short while, Sasha retrieved a few empty cigarette boxes on the boat and ran back to the little boy.

“Little Ian, look! Give me a minute while I removed the foil.” Panting and squatting in front of the child, she ripped it open and removed the wrapper that was inside the cigarette box. After that, she was ready to peel the foil. Initially, Ian didn't take her words seriously. However, as a child, his curiosity spiked after seeing Sasha peeled off an entire sheet of tinfoil in front of him. “Little Ian, have you tried using tinfoil like this before?”

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No one answered. Even though Ian was standing next to her, he wasn't willing to speak to her because of his eccentric temper.

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Sasha stopped forcing the little boy. Instead, she started unwrapping the box of cigarettes and crouched in front of the little boy to peel the tinfoil out of the box. "Ian, look!" Although Ian went dead silent at that score, she could see a glistering pair of eyes on his dead-panned face. *His eyes gleamed! Does that mean he's attracted by what I'm doing?* Sasha felt a sense of relief and rode the wave of success, handing over a box to her son.

"Why don't you come over and help me? I think we're going to need a lot of these! It's going to be so much more efficient if you can help me! What do you think?" "Mmm..." Ian nodded and took over the empty box from Sasha, crouching by her side while removing the tinfoil from the box. *This is amazing!* Sasha was on cloud nine. She secretly peeked at her son while he was focusing on removing the tinfoil from the empty boxes.

From her point of view, Ian was a delicate Russian doll because of his chiseled features, including thick, feather-like eyelashes. To a certain extent, he resembled Matteo. She noticed he was no longer the wrathful little boy after he started focusing on getting the job done. *Ian, don't worry! I'll definitely atone for my sins and get you to forgive me!*

Ten minutes later, the mother and son duo finally finished patching the drone with the tinfoil patches they had removed from the cigarette boxes. "Ian! It's done! Why don't you give it a try and see if it's able to travel beyond its height limit?" "O-Okay," he replied with a different word. Seconds later, he started maneuvering the drone around again. To his surprise, the moment he started flying the drone, it leaped into the air, at least a dozen feet away from sea level.

"See! I'm not lying, right? Patching tinfoil patches allow the drone to travel beyond its initial limit!" The excited Sasha wouldn't stop applauding by her son's side. Meanwhile, a barely noticeable smile could be seen on Ian's face. He was equally satisfied, yet he wouldn't express his emotions verbally.

By the time Sebastian noticed his son was missing and reached the duo, he was taken aback by the scene in front of him. Standing right by the damned woman's side, his aloof son had a faint smile. While they were right next to the fence, Sasha wouldn't stop clapping

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her hands in exhilaration. It seemed as though she was immersing herself while having fun with Ian! *Sasha!* Rage was written all over Sebastian's handsome face. "What the heck are you guys doing here? *Sasha*, who the hell gave you the permission to meet him? How dare you lie to me? Have you been deceiving me all this while?"

Those harsh words seemed to have morphed out of his wrath, enabling him to express his frustration verbally. *Sasha's* face turned pale as her heart sank. She had the best time with her beloved son, yet the Sebastian's presence ruined her wonderful day. "I-I... N-No..." "Will someone bring Ian back in at once! Also, I want her to be imprisoned again! No one is allowed to set her free without my consent!" The man, who had a pair of bloodshot eyes, wouldn't allow her to explain herself. He had no intention to listen to her.

Immediately after he delivered his instructions, a few men showed up and took the little boy away with them. Two of Sebastian's bodyguards pinned *Sasha* to the ground, rendering her incapable of movement. She knew she couldn't blame him because she had promised to stay away from Ian after the man said he would never allow others to hurt his son. Moreover, Sebastian was a possessive man. Since he had brought Ian up single-handedly, he would never allow others to assert dominance over his son.

They dragged *Sasha* back to the cabin. Her mind was all over the place because of the drastic turn of events. "No! Listen to me, Sebastian! I have been thinking about it lately, and I think I can atone for my sins! I will never allow others to hurt him! Please have faith in me!" *Sasha* tried to talk some sense into Sebastian to salvage her relationship with the little boy. Judging by the fact they had been spending some quality time together,

she was confident he would forgive her if she could prove herself. However, Sebastian started sneering and directed a rhetorical question at her. "How are you going to atone for your sins, *Sasha*? You're willing to play pretend as though you're deceased because you value nothing above your precious freedom!

"Do you really think you deserve another chance?" He paused for a few seconds before going on with his orated speech. "I'm warning you for the last time! If you want your family members in Avenport to be safe and sound, you better behave yourself! Otherwise, don't blame me for what's in store for them!"

Prior to his departure, he left those brutal warnings and remarks to *Sasha* without showing her any mercy. Upon hearing the warning, no matter how she felt deep down, *Sasha* had no choice but to keep her emotions to herself. The family he was referring to was her aunt in

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Avenport. She gritted her teeth in anger because she had sent her two precious babies there.

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Sasha was imprisoned again, but the session merely lasted for a few hours because she was set free the moment the yacht nosed up to the bay. "Ms. Wand, we have arrived at our destination. However, we'll send you to another accommodation instead of having you stay at Hayes Residence." Luke delivered the news as he brought her out of the cabin.

Great! Visiting the Hayes is the last thing on my to-do list! If they really send me there, I have no idea how Mr. Hayes Sr. will react when he sees me! Back in the day, Frederick played the role of a doting father-in-law and treated Sasha like his own. He might pass out from the shock of seeing her alive after all these years. Luke's words caused Sasha to heave a huge breath of relief. "Great! Let's get going then!" She couldn't wait to see Matteo and Vivian.

She wondered how they were doing over the past few days. Luke nodded and led the way. She was bemused to be given the opportunity to return after being away for five whole years. At a glance, nothing much had changed in Avenport. It was still the city she used to know, full of skyscrapers, and yet it felt so foreign to her. "What's taking you so long? Get into the car already!"

The bodyguard by her side urged impatiently. Sasha snapped out of the nostalgic moment and marched towards the car that was parked nearby. "Where's Ian? Has he disembarked yet?" The bodyguard replied petulantly, "Seriously? Do you have a death wish or something? How dare you poke your nose into his business?"

Sasha decided to keep her mouth shut and look out the window instead. She put everything aside, including why she wasn't brought to the Hayes or the whereabouts of that hateful man. Since she wouldn't be joining the rest at Hayes Residence, she thought she might get to sneak out and see her beloved children. To her surprise, she was brought to an apartment in an unknown location that had three bedrooms, a dining hall, and a living room.

It also had a state-of-the-art security system that prevented her from escaping. *He's such a scum!* The bodyguard was about to leave when an anxious Sasha ran up to him. "Hey! Where's my phone? Give it back!" "Who exactly are you trying to reach? Do you want them to come to your rescue? Ms. Wand, you should forget about it since this apartment has

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countless surveillance cameras everywhere. If anyone shows up here, they're going to end up with a miserable death."

That shut her up immediately. *Sebastian, you're a complete douchebag!* Imprisoned against her will, Sasha tried to sneak by climbing down the window, but the moment she craned over and noticed she was on the thirtieth floor, she gulped and changed her mind. The only option left was to pick the lock.

Over the past five years, she had gone through all sorts of situations because she had to survive with her children without strong backings or connections. Picking the lock became an essential skill that ensured they had a roof over their heads during those trying times. However, when she found the tools she needed and was going to pick the lock, she heard a click from the other side. A few seconds later, someone made his way into the apartment.

Sasha was speechless when she saw the miniature figure in front of her. "Mommy, what are you doing? Are you going to pick the lock? Correct me if I'm wrong, but have some criminals imprisoned you again? Who have you offended this time?" She never thought her savior would be a child. When the little boy caught a glimpse of Sasha crouching on the ground holding the different tools for picking a lock, his chubby face puckered as his expression darkened.

He clenched his fists in anger. On the other hand, she thought she was hallucinating his presence. *What is Matteo doing here? Wait! How did he locate me in the first place? I just arrived thirty minutes ago!* Seconds after she saw her son, Sasha lost herself in a train of thoughts. "M-Matt, what are you doing here? How did you find me?" "You're such a silly mom! By using a tracking device, of course! How was I supposed to do it otherwise? Wat you have been up to for the past few days?

Why did you show up on the high seas? Have you been abducted by the meanie again?" Matteo was enraged. After he marched into the apartment, he stretched his arm and retrieved the tracking device he had secretly planted on his mother's clothes. *I'm his mom for heaven's sake! Why is he always treating me like a baby?*

"I guess the meanie has yet to learn his lesson, huh? Why don't I teach him a lesson?" Matteo couldn't suppress his wrath anymore. He started leaving notes behind like he did the last time. Sasha finally returned to her usual self and stop her son when she figured out the things he was up to. "No, Matteo! You have misunderstood my response! He didn't abduct or bully me. Actually, he's a patient of mine. His condition requires me to keep an eye on him.

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That's why I have been spending the past few days on the yacht with him." "Really?" "Of course! You have to believe me! He can't make his take the plane. Therefore, we have to go by sea. I can't contact you because there's no signal. I'm so sorry, Matt. It's my fault for not informing you beforehand." In order to persuade her son, Sasha tried her best to make up a convincing excuse to ease his wrath.

If he continues wreaking havoc, Sebastian will figure out about him! Matt is a smart boy who has been doing all sorts of things behind my back, including planting the tracking device without my knowledge. It goes without saying if he continues getting to the bottom of the entire trip, he will eventually know the scum's identity.

Sasha smiled anxiously at her son. Although Matteo was a smart boy, he was, at the end of the day, an innocent little boy. Since the things his mother said made perfect sense, he decided to stay put for the time being. "Why has he imprisoned you when he needs you to keep an eye on his condition?"

"N-No... I-I'm not being imprisoned... He has brought me here and prepared this apartment as my temporary accommodation. I-I was just trying to enhance the structure of the lock because I think it's not secured enough!" Matteo saw right through her lies immediately. Nevertheless, he couldn't link the missing pieces together or figure out why she was lying. *I guess I need to run a background check on the meanie! Sebastian, the President of Hayes Corporation, huh? I'll keep that in mind and pay you a visit soon!*

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In the afternoon, Luke received news of Sasha's escape while he was in the hospital. *She has fled! Again!* His heart skipped a beat, but soon, the distressed man received a call from an anonymous number.

"Hello?" "Hey, Mr. Scott. It's me, Sasha. I'm so sorry, but I snuck out to see my aunt. Don't worry. I'll make my way back to the apartment once I'm done visiting them!" Sasha, the source of his distress, gave him a call and explained the reasons behind her sudden departure. Luke was uncertain if he should be glad. After he peeked at Sebastian who was still unconscious in the ward. "Alright. But can you please hurry before Mr. Hayes is aware of your disappearance?"

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“Don’t worry! I’ll definitely keep that in mind and return once I’m done!” Sasha felt as though a boulder had been lifted off her shoulders since Luke wasn’t particularly against the idea. She hung up after assuring him. Luke could feel his head throbbing. He should be glad Sasha could remember his contact number after five years.

He doubted she even knew Sebastian’s number. Due to her escape, he knew he would have to deal with all sorts of issues soon. When Luke was about to enter the ward, the doctor approached him, “Mr. Luke, Mr. Hayes’s CT scan shows no sign of brain hemorrhaging. However, we can’t ignore the symptoms. To be frank, hemorrhage is unavoidable because of his current condition.” “What should we do, doctor?” Luke was anxious.

The doctor shook his head and said, “I’m sure after visiting countless doctors domestically, you would know his condition better than me, right?” The doctor continued, “I know you went abroad to seek another doctor’s opinion in Clear Hospital. Why have you returned so soon? Speaking of which, why was he unconscious and rushed to the hospital the moment you returned?”

Can’t that doctor do anything about it?” Luke heaved a long sigh at that. Who would’ve known that famous doctor from Clear Hospital was Sebastian’s “dead” wife from five years ago? “As Mr. Hayes’ specialist, are you overestimating the effects of TCM?” “No. I believe you should do some research into TCM.

It is a skill that originated in our country thousands of years ago. Take acupuncture, for example. It controls a patient’s condition by administering the needles to the pressure points. This can be more beneficial to the patient compared to surgery that is usually a recommendation for Western medicine.”

There was conviction, even a hint of admiration in the specialist’s voice as he explained the benefits of TCM, especially acupuncture, to Luke. When the assistant glanced at the unconscious Sebastian and fell into a deep thought. *There’s no harm in asking Madam to take a look at Mr. Hayes, right?* In the afternoon, Sasha returned to her aunt’s home with her son. As expected, Jackson Blackwood started scolding her the moment she stepped into the house. Although he was an ill-tempered man, Sasha could barely defend herself because everything her uncle had said was right.

She might have told them about her “death” five years ago, but she left the country with her two children without their knowledge and she hadn’t sent word of how she was doing over the years. “Sasha Wand! What brings you here today? Aren’t you going to stay away from us for the rest of your life since you don’t need us anymore?”

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"N-No, Uncle... T-This will always be my home... H-How could I possibly stay away from my loved ones forever?" "Ha! What a joke! A Wand is not one of us! You don't belong here!" Meanwhile, Vivian, who was upstairs, heard the commotion and rushed out of the room. She held on to her brother and asked, "Why is Uncle Jackson scolding Mommy? Does he hate her?"

"Matteo noticed his sister had pouted her lips and was about to cry. He patted her back and assured her, "It's fine, Vivian. he's scolding Mommy because she has been naughty lately. It's just like how she would scold us when we're being naughty." The little boy understood his frustration. Vivian fought back the urge to cry after the explanation.

Finally, Sasha's aunt Sharon couldn't hold it back anymore. She rushed out of the room and said, "I believe that's enough. Can Sasha undo history with all your scolding? Why don't you cut the conversation short and stop wasting our time?" Jackson stopped immediately. Sasha's eyes were brimming with tears of guilt from Sharon's words.

"A-Aunt Sharon..." "You don't have to explain yourself, but I want you to tell me what's your next best course of action? Are you going to meet that old fella?"

Her aunt was relatively calm as compared to her frustrated uncle. Nonetheless, her callous tone wasn't a good sign. Literally, she dead-panned her question as though she couldn't be bothered by her niece's decision. Sasha avoided her aunt's gaze. "I have no intention of seeing them. If the Hayes knows I'm still alive, they'll force me to return to the family."

"I guess you're not a fool, huh? However, if he insists on having you back, I don't think there's anything you can do about it." "Aunt, you're right. I'm still thinking of a way to deal with that. Speaking of which, I'm afraid I can't allow Matteo and Vivian to stay with you anymore. If they drop by and the children are here, I..." "Feel free to do as you desire!"

The Love that Never Really Dies chapter 25

To Sasha's surprise, Sharon shrugged her off nonchalantly. The words formed a lump in the former's throat as she stood rooted on the spot. Truth be told, Sasha had held her aunt in awe since she was young. Coming from different backgrounds meant they had little in common. After Sasha turned into an adult, the Wand family had brought upon their misfortune on Sharon.

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Out of a guilty conscience, she never dared to look her aunt in the eyes. In the end, Sasha took her children and left for their rental apartment. While they were alone in the courtyard, Jackson asked, "Sharon, are you still blaming Sasha for what happened in the past? She was just an innocent girl back then." "Xenia will be back soon."

Do you think we'll get to spend our days peacefully if Sasha's children stay with us?" Sharon asked callously and left her wheelchair-bound husband behind. Xenia was Sasha's younger cousin. She used to hold a grudge against the latter. Shortly after their departure, Sasha brought her children to the apartment she had leased beforehand. It was situated in Old Town, but there was a preschool that was nearby. "Vivi, Matt, I have enrolled both of you in a nearby preschool. I'll bring you there tomorrow, okay?"

Sasha announced the plan she had for her children. "Mommy, are we going to attend preschool in this city? Does that mean we're not going back anymore?"

" Vivian stared at her mother, open-mouthed, and expressed her disbelief. The little girl got sentimental all of a sudden; she started recalling the times she spent with her friends in her previous preschool. She would miss her friends and her teachers a lot. Sasha caressed the little girl's chubby cheek. "We'll only stay here for a short period of time because I have to look after a patient of mine. Once I'm done, we'll move back, okay? Can you please deal with it for the time being?"

" The little girl finally returned to her usual sprightly self when she heard her mother's assurance. "Alright, Mommy! If that's the case, I'll prepare myself for school tomorrow!" Meanwhile, Matteo was occupied with the background check on Sebastian, the man behind Hayes Corporation. He decided to pay the meanie a visit in person.

Matteo wanted to determine if Sebastian was worthy of his mother's time since he had always bullied Sasha. Shortly after the little boy accessed the domestic website and got his hands on Sebastian's photo, his jaw dropped. *What the hell is going on? Who the heck is this scum that resembles me? Literally, he looks like an adult version of me! Is he my biological father?* A wild idea flashed across Matteo's mind. He stared at Sebastian's photo, completely baffled.

"Matt, what are you doing? Can you come over and do me a favor? I can need an extra pair of hands now!" Sasha was in the middle of unpacking the stuff she had brought along with them. She had to repeat herself a few times before her son finally responded to her and switched off his tablet. Matteo walked towards Sasha in a daze. "Mommy, is Daddy dead?"

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"Yes. Why?" Sasha was completely drenched in sweat after spending her time unpacking their stuff.

Therefore, she blurted out the things in mind when she heard her son's question. That was the version of the white lies she had told her children. As she spent the past five years abroad, others would occasionally ask her the whereabouts of her children's father since was a single parent. Now that the children were older, they were naturally curious about their father. In order to save herself the agony, she told everyone her husband was dead.

That scum is as good as dead, isn't he? She thought Matteo would forget about it as usual, but he continued to probe after a prolonged silence. "How did he die?" Sasha was taken aback by the question. She stuttered in return, "H-Huh? H-He died in... a-a car accident." Matteo was completely speechless by his mother's uncertainty.

Mommy, you're obviously lying to us! Is that meanie our father? Unable to suppress his frustration any longer, Matteo decided to pay Sebastian a visit to get to the bottom of their relationship and why he wouldn't stop picking on his mother. Most importantly, he wanted to know if Sebastian had abandoned him and his sister.

Sasha was oblivious of her son's plans as she rushed to finish cleaning the place so she could return to the damned confinement space. Suddenly, her brand new phone, that was on the coffee table, rang. "Hello?" "Madam? It's me, Luke." *Seriously? Oh, God! Speak of the devil! Here comes the assistant of the scum!* Sasha started explaining herself after she heard the man on the other end of the call.

"I'm so sorry, Luke! It has been a long time since I last met my uncle and aunt! They insist on having me for dinner! I..." "It's fine! I'm not calling to rush you. I have something else to discuss with you." "Huh? What is it?" *Ever since that scum got his hands on me, he has always forced me into submission. What could he want to discuss with me?*

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