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The Love that Never Really Dies chapter 51 - 55

"You may stop coming altogether," he enunciated every word and uttered them through gritted teeth while wearing a frosty expression on his face. Sasha was rendered speechless. *F**k!* "Just ignore him, Mommy. He's always like that." Unexpectedly, Ian came out just then. Witnessing his father being an insufferable bully again, he put on an icy look and immediately came to his mother's aid. Sasha instantly broke out in cold sweat. However, Sebastian only shot his son a glare before turning to leave. *Thank God this a**hole is tolerant toward his own son.* Sasha finally loosened up after he was gone.

"Little Ian, umm... I won't be coming tonight, so be a good boy and don't forget to eat your medicine before going to bed, okay? I'll visit you tomorrow morning." "Mm." Ian nodded expressionlessly and went back to his room. Of course, he understood why his mommy wasn't coming later. He had a brother and a sister out there, and he didn't wish for them to be neglected because of him. Hence, Sasha picked up the two children from preschool that evening and didn't go back to the villa anymore. "Mommy, did you go look after that sick boy today? How is he?" This was the first thing that came out of Matteo's mouth after coming back from preschool. Sasha was cooking in the kitchen just then and didn't think much about her son's question, so she merely replied, "He's doing alright. It's not that serious, so he's almost fully recovered."

"Really? That's great!" Matteo could finally relax after a whole day of worrying. Vivian walked over right then and sprawled next to her brother. "Matt, does that mean Ian's okay now?" "I guess so, but I don't think we should try to matchmake Uncle Solomon and Mommy anymore. I think Ian got sick because of this." "Ah? Really?" Vivian gasped softly. "Yeah, you know how smart he is. When we didn't let Mommy go there, he must've figured out why and started worrying. That's why he became sick." Matteo was smart as well. After a whole day of thinking, he managed to put two and two together. Hearing her brother's explanation, Vivian lost interest in the cartoon playing on the television, scooting closer to Matteo with a cute frown on her face.

"Then what should we do? Bad Daddy is always so mean to Mommy. I don't want him to be with Mommy." Matteo fell silent. *What else can we do? We can only think of a way to stop bad Daddy from bullying Mommy.* Matteo decided to wait until Ian was fully recovered to call him and discuss this matter. It was a cozy and peaceful night for the family of three. The next day, Sasha woke up very early. Her mind was filled with thoughts of her eldest son who was sick. Besides getting up early to bake some pastries, she also made some medicinal soup that could boost his energy, planning to bring everything over to the villa later.

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Matteo had always been a sensible child. When he woke up and saw that his mother was busy in the kitchen, he took it upon himself to put on his clothes and also helped his sister to get ready before walking into the kitchen together. "Mommy, are you cooking this for that boy?" "Yes. He's sick, so I made some soup for him, hoping that he'll get better soon." When Sasha saw both children fully dressed, she was touched and delighted at the same time. Vivian came over to sniff the pastries just then. "Mommy, are these all for him too?" "No, no. Some of them are for the two of you. How could I forget about my two precious babies?" Sasha hurriedly explained. Then, she picked up a warm pastry and gave it to her daughter. They were all her children, so of course she would never be biased toward any one of them. Once Sasha made sure they had eaten their fill, she went downstairs while holding Matteo in one hand and Vivian in the other. After sending them to preschool, she rushed to Frontier Bay. "Little Ian, are you awake?" Royal Court One was beautiful in the morning, with various types of flowers blooming around the garden. As the sun glowed brilliantly, the entire place seemed to be enveloped in a golden veil. It was a sight to behold. Sasha entered the villa with the medicinal soup in hand and was about to go upstairs to see her son.

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However, a figure appeared behind her all of a sudden. "Ms. Wand, where are you going?" "Ahh?" Sasha almost jumped out of her skin, instantly halting in her steps to look behind her as her heart raced with lingering shock. "Oh, it's you, Berta. I... I'm going upstairs to see if Little Ian's awake." "You're going up to see Ian? Ms. Wand, he isn't awake yet, so don't disturb him. Also, what did you bring here? Why does it look like that?" Berta, who seemed to have materialized out of thin air, didn't just prevent Sasha from seeing her son. She even poked her nose into Sasha's business, asking about the things the latter had placed on the dining table. Sasha explained, "Those are some pastries and medicinal soup I brought from home.

I personally made them for Little Ian." "Ms. Wand, I've told you before that Ian can't eat outside food. He's sick, remember?" Resentment was written on the housemaid's face. Sasha started to feel uneasy. Glancing at the food she brought, she reigned in her temper and insisted, "I personally made them. There won't be a problem." "Who knows? He did come down with diarrhea because of the brownies you made." Sasha's brows drew together at that. *Little Ian fell sick because he ate the brownies I made him?* As the possibility surfaced in her mind, she remained motionless on the spot. Of course, she didn't think that her food itself was the problem since she was confident in her own skills. However, listening to what the housemaid said, she began to suspect that Ian was allergic to certain ingredients. It was a possibility that couldn't be ruled out completely.

Sasha's face turned pale, thinking that she had caused Ian's sickness. "What are both of you doing?" Right then, a tall figure descended the stairs, wearing a black tailored suit over a

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white shirt. The moment he appeared, the noble and imposing aura he emanated caused Sasha to hold her breath subconsciously. *I thought he should be at the company by now.* “Mr. Hayes, Ms. Wand brought food over again. I was afraid that Ian’s condition would worsen after eating whatever she brought, so I was offering her a word of advice.” Berta immediately began complaining about Sasha to the head of the household. Sasha became frantic. “No, I-I didn’t know that Little Ian fell sick because he ate the brownies I made. I-I really didn’t do it on purpose,” she stammered out an explanation, afraid that Sebastian would misunderstand her and never allow her to see her son again.

Sebastian narrowed his eyes. His eyes that were always devoid of warmth swept across the food on the table before returning to stare at the woman who had her head bowed. “Who told you that he fell sick because of the brownies?” “Huh?” Sasha whipped her head up and stared blankly at the man. “H-He didn’t? But Berta said—” “I didn’t say that, Ms. Wand. I clearly said that the child is sick and needs to be careful of what he eats lest his condition worsens!” Berta interrupted her and raised her voice to deny it. Sasha stared at her in wide-eyed disbelief. *Wow, look how quickly she changed her statement.*

Does she think I’m stupid? Sasha went purple with rage. “That’s enough. Since you have so much free time, you should think about how to take good care of him because if something happens to him again, you’ll have to answer to me, Sasha Wand!” Sebastian withdrew his indifferent gaze but didn’t do anything else about the matter. A strange feeling slithered into his heart. Although he constantly wanted her to be at his mercy, when he saw the crestfallen look on her face just now, he realized that it didn’t bring him any pleasure whatsoever. Shaking off this peculiar feeling, he strode out the door.

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Due to Sebastian’s intervention, Sasha managed to untangle herself from Berta. Without a moment’s delay, she carried the food and went upstairs. “Little Ian, Ms. Nancy is here. Are you awake?” “Mm.” She was happy to see how obedient her son was. After softly calling out to him, he opened his eyes on the bed and got up with her help. Sasha was more than pleased with their progress. This was a rare heartwarming moment she shared with her son. After dressing Ian up, she coaxed him into drinking the soup she made, causing Berta to grit her teeth in irritation. “Little Ian, let’s go to the garden for a walk, hmm?” After Ian finished his breakfast, Sasha noticed that the weather was particularly good. With her son’s health in mind, Sasha thought it would be good to let Ian go out and sweat a little. However, Ian’s face instantly sank.

“No!” Sasha was taken aback. “Why not, sweetie? Children should exercise more to become stronger. Once you’re all better, you can start going to preschool where you can make lots of new friends who will play with you. Isn’t that fun?” “No, it’s not fun! It’s not fun at all!” Sasha never expected that what she said would make things worse. Ian hurled the Transformers

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figurine in his hand and ran away. Anxious, Sasha got to her feet and went after him. "Ian, don't run! Wait for me." *What's going on? Why did he become so worked up all of a sudden?* Sasha was dumbfounded. She raced after him to his room, planning to coax him. However, he slammed the door before she could reach him and locked her out.

"Little Ian? Please open the door. Don't be angry. Did I say something wrong? Let me in so that we can talk, okay?" "Weren't you oh-so confident in yourself? What's wrong? Are things not going well?" Berta came upstairs at some point and began mocking her. Sasha was in an irritable mood, and what Berta said was the last straw. Her gaze turned icy as she shot a fierce glare at the latter. "One more word from you, and I'll make sure it's the last thing you say." Berta was stunned, having never seen this side of Sasha. In an instant, fear gripped her as she cowered slightly, feeling a chill travel down her spine. *Since when did this woman become so scary?* Her arrogance was instantly knocked down several notches, and she stuttered, "I-It's because you mentioned preschool. Ian has always hated going to preschool." "He doesn't like it? Why?" Sasha was perplexed.

He hates going to preschool? Why? I know that he doesn't like to interact with others, but why doesn't he like going to preschool too? His condition shouldn't be that serious. Sasha felt that something was amiss and decided to wait for Sebastian to come home to ask him the reason behind it. However, Sebastian didn't come back all afternoon. Instead, someone else came to visit the villa. "Quick! Tidy the place up. Mr. Hayes will be here soon, so make sure everything is spotless, or we'll never hear the end of it from him." Sasha had come down to make lunch for her son when she overheard this. When she saw Berta ordering the housemaids in the garden, she almost missed a step and stumbled down the stairs from shock. *Sebastian's father is coming? Oh God! Why all of a sudden? Why wasn't I told about this?*

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What am I going to do? I'm not ready to meet his father yet! Besides, that scum and I agreed that he'd be the one to take me to see his father. That way, I'd have more time to make myself more presentable so that when his father sees that I'm sincere, he wouldn't be as mad. That was the deal! In her state of panic, Sasha was about to tuck tail and leave. "Ms. Wand, where are you going?" "Huh? Umm... I just remembered that there's something I have to do. I'll be back later," Sasha formulated a response in haste. *Yeah, it's not the right time. I'll avoid him for now and come back here after he's gone.* However, something seemed off about Berta this time as she tried to make her stay. "Ms. Wand, Mr. Hayes is going to be here soon. Since you saved Ian and have been caring for him all this time, you should stay and meet his grandfather. He's a nice person, so I'm sure he'll be very grateful to you when he finds out that you're his grandson's savior." The housemaid's attitude toward Sasha took a hundred and eighty-degree turn. Sasha couldn't help but feel skeptical. Despite her rising suspicions,

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there were more pressing matters at hand, and she couldn't be bothered figuring out Berta's motives. "No thanks. It's not a big deal anyway. Well then, I'll be leaving now." With that, Sasha put down the bowl in her hand and prepared to leave. Suddenly, Berta rushed over to grab her arm. She was about to stop the latter from leaving when a small figure appeared at the stairs. "What are you doing?" Ian asked. Having locked himself in his bedroom for the whole afternoon ever since Sasha brought up preschool, he finally made an appearance right then. Although Sasha was delighted to see him, she made sure to approach him carefully. "Little Ian, there's something I have to do back home, so I need to leave for a while, but I'll come here again at night. Is that okay?" Ian remained silent.

None of them knew that it wasn't a coincidence that he had come down at that moment.

When he was upstairs, he had actually heard that his grandfather was visiting and noticed the panic in his mother's voice as she argued with the annoying housemaid. That was why he came down. *Why is Mommy so scared? Why is she rushing to go home? Could she be...*

scared of Grandpa? Is it because she lied about being dead last time, then secretly took Matteo and Vivian with her? There was no change in his expression when he glanced at his mother, but a brief moment later, he commanded in an adorable voice, "Don't let him in!" "What?"

The moment he said that, Sasha stopped in her tracks, and even Berta snapped her gaze to him with a look of shock on her face. "Ian, w-what do you mean? Don't let who in?"

"Grandpa!" "Grandpa? What? Ian, how could we possibly do that to Mr. Hayes? How can we stop him from entering?" Berta instantly rejected, disagreeing with the little boy's decision.

Ian's face turned gloomy. He then padded down the stairs on his short legs and went straight to the living room to grab the phone. Sasha snapped out of her daze and quickly went over to him.

As she neared her son, she found that his call had connected and he was speaking stiffly into the phone. "I just don't want you to come!" *Oh my God!* Sasha was so

anxious she had the sudden urge to pull at her own hair. "Little brat, why don't you want Grandpa to come? You're sick, so Grandpa just wants to see you." "

No need!" Ian's expression remained stoic as he stubbornly stood his ground. Sasha put her hand on her chest, feeling as if her heart was about to leap out of her throat. In her mind,

she was picturing a gray-haired old man holding the phone while clutching his chest in anger. *Oh God, will he be p*ssed at his grandson?* After they talked on the phone for several

minutes, just like Sasha had predicted, Frederick remained adamant as her son failed to stop him from coming. Sasha grimaced. After a moment, she squatted in front of her

brooding son and cautiously coaxed him,

"It's okay, Little Ian. Just let him come. I will be fine." "Well, I won't! I don't wanna see him!"

Out of everyone's expectations, Ian abruptly gritted out such shocking words. *Did I*

misunderstand the situation? So my son wasn't trying to help me at all, but he actually doesn't want to see his Grandpa? Oh. Sasha was lost for words all of a sudden. "Can you drive?" Ian

asked. "What?" "Come with me!" With that, Ian went upstairs again. Sasha was still

confused when he came down once again with something held tightly in his hand. When

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she took a closer look at it, she was so stunned her jaw almost hit the ground. *My dear son, does your daddy know that you're such a genius?* Sasha reacted after a beat and scurried after Ian. Ten minutes later, she finally drove a blue and sleek Ferrari out of the villa's garage, feeling like she was treading on air!

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"Little Ian, how come you have the keys to this car? Mom... I love you to bits!" She was so excited that she started babbling incoherently. A glance at the rearview mirror showed the housemaid whose face had gone red from anger outside the villa, but Sasha was too far gone to care. Seated on the front passenger seat, Ian cast a cold glance at her. *This car is mine, okay? Silly Mommy!* The mother and son duo zoomed out of Frontier Bay in no time, shoving the villa to the back of their minds. "Little Ian, where should we go next? Do you want some good food? Or do you want me to bring you somewhere to play?"

As the car sped along the road, Sasha's spirits were lifted considerably, and she started to think about where she could bring her son to have fun since they had already left the villa. Ian's eyes finally lit up with excitement. Indeed, he rarely came out to play. Even going for a simple stroll happened only once in a blue moon. Every time he went to places frequented by children of his age, everyone would call him a weirdo and laugh at him when they saw how quiet and introverted he was. Thus, he hated going to preschool and refused to go to crowded places. His father rarely allowed him to go out as well because of his frail body, and whenever he did, he would make sure Ian was escorted by many bodyguards, which Ian found to be a hindrance.

"The amusement park," he finally said the words at the tip of his tongue after remaining silent throughout the whole ride. Sasha shot a furtive glance at her son. Upon noticing the bright gleam in his eyes, she readily agreed to his request, "Alright! The amusement park it is! I will make sure you have fun today. I promise!" Then, she floored the accelerator and headed straight for their destination. Her curiosity was piqued. *Didn't Ian refuse to go for a walk earlier? I'm sure he knows that there's gonna be a lot of walking at the amusement park. Then why is he so excited about it?* Sasha decided to use this opportunity to understand her son better. ... Sebastian only found out about what happened at Frontier Bay when he returned to his office after a meeting. As soon as he was informed, he slammed the document in his hand onto the table. "How did my father find out about this?" "I-I

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investigated. No one at the villa would've dared to speak a word about it, so could it be one of the doctors?" Luke stammered as he trembled slightly. The moment he was done, Sebastian uttered in a frightening voice, "Did you leave your brain at home today? Do you really think any of the doctors I hired would dare to breathe a word about it? Investigate this at once and find out who leaked it." "Yes, yes! Right away!" Luke nodded profusely. What Sebastian said was right. Ever since Frederick's health deteriorated, no one dared to tell him about Ian's health condition. Otherwise, death would be the only outcome for them. The doctors undoubtedly knew this as well. At that moment, Luke felt that he had indeed left his brain at home. "What about her? Where is she now?" "Huh? Oh, you mean... Ms. Wand? She... ran away with Ian." "What did you say? Ran away? With my son?" As Sebastian whipped his head up, the temperature in the office plummeted drastically, scaring the daylights out of Luke. He hastily explained, "Well, when Ian heard that your father was going to visit, he was very against it. So, he called your father and told him not to come, but of course, your father didn't listen. Then, Ian... He took the keys to the blue Ferrari you gave him for his birthday and asked Ms. Wand to take him away..." Cold sweat was dripping down Luke's forehead because truth be told, this was the first time Ian had done something like this. Sure enough, Sebastian's expression became even more terrifying, and he exuded a menacing aura that seemed to fill every inch of the office. "And you believe that?"

"Uh... Come again?" "He's only five, but you're telling me he's capable of something like this? Then why wasn't he this bold in the past?" Sebastian enunciated each word slowly as anger radiated off his body. Luke did not dare to say a word. *So does Boss mean that it wasn't Ian's idea but Ms. Wand's? Oh boy, she is so screwed!* "Call... Call that damned woman and tell her if... if she doesn't bring my son back in... in twenty minutes, I will bury her uncle... and his entire family along with her!"

Beside himself with rage, pain began to spread through his skull as though a bomb was about to go off in his head. The pain was so excruciating that he wanted so badly to strangle that woman alive at that moment! *Sasha Wand, I showed you some leniency and you start acting out already? Very well. Just you wait!* ... Sasha and Ian both had a blast at the amusement park. Since the latter had never been here before, he had eagerly tried every ride with Sasha. Right then, Sasha glimpsed a shadow of Matteo in him as he finally seemed more like a child of his age.

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