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The Love that Never Really Dies chapter 71 - 75

He turned and walked away with a dour expression on his face.

Sasha dashed over anxiously with the intention of explaining to him. However, a loud 'bang' sounded out from inside the villa in the next moment.

What happened?

Her eyes immediately darted to the man.

She saw that his expression had changed, and he briskly marched over to the door. "What are you doing, Ian? Open the door now!"

Oh my god, it's Little Ian!

Sasha's heart started pounding at a breakneck pace as she started to run.

When she reached the second floor, she saw that there was already someone there. A woman was knocking on the closed door of the nursery and pleading, "Please come out, Ian. We won't take you to preschool. Please don't lock yourself in there and come out, okay?"

It was Wendy.

It turned out that the child had started throwing a tantrum from the moment that he heard Wendy say that he had to go to preschool that day. He pushed her away while she was trying to dress him and violently slammed the door shut.

What to do now?

Once Sasha understood the situation, she started to panic.

Frankly, she had anticipated something like this happening yesterday.

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Which was why she had planned on keeping it a secret from the child till she had a chance to coax him slowly.

He had formed a deep trauma associated with preschool. She needed to talk things through with him and convince him to let down his guard in order for him to go back to school.

However, she did not expect to turn up late. Now, everything was ruined.

“Be a good boy, Ian. Open the door. Daddy has something to say to you.”

Sebastian had also arrived at the door. He suppressed the rage within him and coaxed the child in a very gentle tone.

They were soon disappointed to realize that there was no reply from the other side of the door. The only sound was a constant banging. Who knew what the child was doing? They were all extremely worried.

Sebastian’s expression grew darker.

The vein in his temple was throbbing. He reached out his hand and was about to forcefully break the door open.

“No!”

Sasha quickly stopped him.

“You can’t go in like that. He’ll only get even madder. We have to try another method, one that’ll be easier for him to accept,” she explained as she used her body to block his access to the door.

Sebastian remembered how he had forced his way inside the last time. The child was even more provoked and his tantrum became worse.

“Do you know what to do?”

“I’ll try...”

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Sasha could not see his expression and had no choice but to utter her reply through gritted teeth.

“Little Ian, this is Ms. Nancy. I’m sorry. We shouldn’t have decided to take you to preschool without asking you first. I’m sorry.”

She stood outside the door and used her most gentle voice in an attempt to coax the child. She used to do this for her other two babies as well.

Her heart sank when no reply followed once again. The banging continued.

Sebastian sneered, “Is this the method you were talking about?”

She pretended not to hear him as she pressed her ear to the door and continued trying to talk to the child. “Little Ian, we can undo the decision. If you don’t want to go, I’ll come here every day to play with you from now on, okay? It’ll be just like yesterday. We’ll go to many fun places, places where you’ve never been. We’ll go see mountains, the sea, and other beautiful sceneries, okay?”

Sebastian’s vein continued to twitch.

Is this woman insane?

When did I undo my decision?

Isn’t she the one who’s been pestering me to send him to preschool? What is she doing now? Mountains? The sea? Is she having a stroke?

However, once the last word fell from Sasha’s lips, the banging slowly stopped.

Shortly after, the soft pattering of a child’s footsteps grew louder. There was the sound of the lock unlatching and the tightly shut door was finally open.

“Are you telling the truth?”

“Of course, it’s the truth. When have I ever lied to you? I’ll go anywhere with you. When I was making this decision with your Daddy last night, I was already thinking that I’ll go with you to the preschool if you’re scared. I won’t leave your side for even one second!”

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Sasha squatted and pulled the child into her embrace.

She gazed kindly upon him. He was sweating profusely after smashing things in the room. She gently helped him to wipe the beads of sweat away.

Sebastian was dumbfounded.

The stick and carrot approach?

It looks like she's not stupid, after all.

Sebastian was stunned. He never expected Sasha to bring up the preschool again after Ian came out. But, the moment that she said she would accompany him anywhere, even to the preschool, his resentment-filled eyes softened.

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In the end, Ian agreed to go to preschool. Sasha was delighted. She immediately started packing his bag and dressed him up smartly. The pair strolled out of the door hand in hand and drove away in the minivan. Luke had arrived to fetch Sebastian. He glanced at the high-and-mighty Sebastian who had just stepped out. "Mr. Hayes, do you really trust her to take Ian to preschool?" "What's the issue?" "Nothing. I just can't believe it. Even you have trouble handling Ian. Is Ms. Wand really up to it?" Luke quickly shook his head to indicate that he had no issue and was only doubtful of the woman's capabilities. Surprisingly, Sebastian who had always given that woman the cold shoulder did not have much of a reaction.

His gait was relaxed as he climbed into the car. Luke was speechless. *Forget it. I won't ask anymore.* Luke hastily rushed over and climbed into the car as well. Just as he was about to start the car's engine, Sebastian, who had been leafing through a document ordered, "Look into what Sasha has been doing overseas the past five years." "Huh? What do you mean?" Luke looked towards the rearview mirror. "I want to know everything about her, including what she does in this country!"

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Sebastian kept his eyes trained on the document. His piercing obsidian eyes obscured his true feelings. However, his tone was cold and he was more serious than ever. He finally wanted to know more about his ex-wife after five years. Technically, they were not divorced. He was 'widowed', which meant that he wanted to look into his 'deceased wife'. Luke sighed and started the car. This was the first time Sasha had seen such a luxurious preschool. *Holy crap, is this really a preschool? Is this an elite academy? Look at the beautiful buildings and the sprawling field. It might as well be a park. If not for the small carrot on the school gate, I would be convinced that I'm in a high-end university.* Compared to this place, Matt and Vivian were attending a slum of a preschool.

Sadness pricked Sasha. "What's wrong?" "Nothing. Your preschool is so beautiful. Let me take you to your teacher." Sasha composed herself and led the child to the entrance of the school. "Isn't this Ian? I'm surprised to see you at school today." The teacher in charge of greeting the children was shocked to see Ian. Ian immediately retreated behind his mother. Sasha hugged him tightly. "Yes. Ian wasn't feeling well for a while and couldn't come. He's better now, so here he is." "Oh, he wasn't well? I thought he wasn't coming anymore." The teacher clearly did not believe Sasha when she saw her and Ian.

Forget it. I won't start a row with her. Sasha held Ian's hand. "Excuse me, but can I take him in? He still isn't feeling his best and I just want to let his teacher know." "Of course not. Is this your first time at the preschool? Don't you know the rules here?" "I just..." "Ma'am, our teachers are famous globally. Do you know how many parents in the city rack their brains trying to find a way to send their child here? How dare you doubt that our teachers won't be able to properly care for your child? You can leave if you want!" The teacher's extremely rude outburst angered Sasha.

She debated whether she should allow Ian to go in or take him home. *What kind of preschool is this? She's so arrogant!* Sasha had no choice but to allow Ian to go in on his own. She had no idea how amazing this preschool was. The children that were chosen for enrolment based on their family background. If they were not of a certain standard, they would be promptly rejected. When they registered Ian, Sebastian did not allow Ian's identity to be revealed. Hence, Ian was somewhat of a pariah.

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Sasha watched as Ian went in. Before he left her, she assured him, "Don't worry, Little Ian. I'll be right outside waiting for you. I won't go anywhere. When you finish school at noon, we'll

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go have lunch together, okay?" "Okay..." The highly reluctant Ian finally acquiesced. Perhaps it was because the time he needed to spend inside was short, or because Sasha was waiting for him outside, but Ian felt comforted. Then, Sasha left. Ian followed the teacher into the classroom where he had not been in for some time. "What? This idiot actually came back?" "Yeah. Why is he back?"

Didn't his family take him away to cure him?" "Hahaha." The children in the classroom immediately started mocking Ian. Ian's face paled, and he turned to leave. "Where are you going, Ian? Are you being naughty again?" The teacher who led him in quickly grabbed hold of him. With that, Ian returned to the classroom. An autistic child required special attention. If his emotions were settled, he would not cause trouble from then on. Unfortunately, it was clear that this teacher was not as impressive as the teacher at the gate claimed. "Sit down now and read this book. Don't go anywhere, do you understand?" The teacher casually grabbed a book and placed it on the desk in front of Ian. She led the rest of the children out to play. *Read this book?*

An intelligent childlike Ian was above such childish tasks. Ian fished out a transformer toy from his schoolbag. He played and counted down the ticking hands of the clock, waiting for the time to pass so he could be released to Sasha. Sometime later, a few children snuck back. "Look at him, he's watching the clock again. He's not reading as the teacher told him to. Is he really an idiot?" "Of course, he is. He doesn't look like a normal child at all." "Hey, idiot!" A few children started to poke fun at and ridicule Ian. A chubby child realized that Ian was not responding to their taunts. He moved to stand right in front of him. "

Why aren't you saying anything, you idiot? What are you playing with?" The child immediately reached out to snatch Ian's transformer toy away from him. Ian finally responded. He was introverted and was highly possessive over his things. At home, no one was allowed to touch his things without his permission. Ian struggled to keep the chubby child from taking his transformer toy. The chubby boy was frustrated at Ian's refusal to hand over the transformer toy. "This idiot is refusing to give it to me. Quickly, hold him down and take it from him." The other children swarmed and held Ian down against the table.

Poor Ian was rather weak. He quickly ran out of strength and he could only watch as his toy was taken away. "Give it back to me!" "Hey, the idiot is talking. Fine, I'll give it back to you. But, you have to kneel in the small house till I say so. I'll only give it back to you when I'm satisfied. with that." Ian pointed at the small storeroom and directed Ian to kneel inside. Thus, innocence is not a guaranteed trait of the young. The environment in which they grew up in as well as their innate personalities could unleash the monsters in them which would lead them to the path of wickedness.

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As Ian was dragged to the storeroom, he did not even have the strength to fight back. Under the instruction of the chubby child, the other children soon tossed Ian into the storeroom. After that, they locked the door. Somehow, the teacher had failed to witness this entire scene. Alternatively, she chose to turn a blind eye. Sasha had no idea what had just happened in the preschool. She was sitting in the car and searching for places where she could bring her son to eat after school. Suddenly, out of the corner of her eye, she saw something streak across the small path outside the car. *What? What's that?*

A stray cat? She jumped, put her phone down, and peered out the window. However, she was too slow. By the time she looked out, the thing had disappeared. At the entrance of the preschool in the distance, a child had appeared. "Mister, I'm late. Please open the door for me." "Why are you so late? You should have come early!" The security guard at the entrance was not suspicious at all as the child that appeared uttered the name 'Ian'. The security guard grumbled and opened the door. "Ian? Why are you here? You're supposed to be studying in the classroom."

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Before he could arrive at the classroom, a teacher walked in. Her expression turned cold when she caught sight of the child and she started to berate him. Ian grinned at the teacher. "Okay, Teacher. I just went to the washroom and forgot where our classroom was. Can you tell me please?" The teacher was momentarily stunned. *Why is Ian so talkative all of a sudden? He even smiled at me. He never smiles at me. All this young boy does is sit around with an aloof expression.*

The teacher was still stunned. Before the rest of her could react, her finger instinctively pointed towards the right classroom. The small child shot her another smile, waved and dashed away. Several minutes later, in Class 2. The small child found the classroom completely empty. His eyes, which had already emptied of all emotion, swept the surroundings. His gaze soon fell on a fallen textbook on the floor. "Ian?" He ran towards the desk. It did belong to Ian. He picked up the book, and Ian's name was inside. Moreover, he noticed a familiar transformer toy on the floor as well, and its arm was torn off. *Those jerks. How dare they bully my brother?* Ian, or rather Matteo, scanned the classroom angrily. He made a call on his smartwatch. A few seconds later, the same brand of smartwatch rang. "Ian..." He saw it and rushed over, only to realize that the door was locked.

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He was absolutely furious. He yanked down the lock and kicked the door in. "Are you okay, Ian? I'm here!" Ian was curled into a ball inside. He was all withdrawn and always felt that he lacked security. After he was locked inside, he squeezed himself into a corner with his knees tucked in tightly. He remained in that position throughout. His small face was as white as a sheet. "Don't be scared, Ian. I'm here to save you." Matteo's heart ached when he saw him in that condition. He crouched down next to his fraternal brother and suppressed the fury within him. Slowly, he reached out his hand and patted Ian's shoulder, trying to comfort him. Ian was still in a daze but regained his senses gradually. "You're finally here, Matt..."

He was sobbing as he climbed onto Matteo and hugged him tightly. His grip was so tight that Matteo struggled to breathe. It just so happened that Matteo had been tracking his mother's signal when Ian was locked up. He saw she was at the preschool and guessed that his mother must have sent Ian there. Hence, he called Ian on his smartwatch to check on him. He never expected to stumble onto such a situation. *How dare someone bullies the brother of Matteo Wand? He's as good as dead!* Matteo could feel his brother quaking in fear as he hugged him. He was so overcome with rage that flames almost started shooting out of his eyes. "Go, take me to them. I'll avenge you!" "Huh?" Ian was preoccupied with the warmth he felt in his brother's embrace. After he heard what Matteo said, he released him and his eyes widened in shock.

Avenge? Matteo could never stand to let the bullying slide and he was not going to explain to his brother. When he saw Ian's hesitation, he handed him a mask and pulled him out. At a planter box behind the preschool. The chubby child and his gang who had stolen Ian's transformer toy were playing there. They were astonished by how real this transformer toy seemed. It was as though it had leaped right out of the cartoon and into their hands. They had never played with such a toy before. *Why does the idiot have something so cool?* The chubby boy was ecstatic, and he was more than prepared to claim the toy as his own. At this moment, a childish yet cold voice screamed down from above the chubby child's head. "Give it back!"

The chubby child's head snapped up and realized that there was a child standing behind him who was currently glaring down at the transformer toy in his hand. "Ian? You got out? Who let you out? How dare you?" The chubby child immediately recognized the other child. Despite his fear, his first reaction was to bellow and call upon the rest of the children into action. They quickly assumed the formation to beat Ian up. *Beat me up?* Matteo chuckled haughtily. He could not be bothered to speak, and he lunged towards the chubby child. In a flash, Matteo had swiped the transformer toy away before the chubby child even had time to react. The chubby child was absolutely floored.

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They never expected that the idiot they were used to pushing around would suddenly become a force to be reckoned with. He had taken the toy away with one quick motion. "Beat him! Beat him now! Make sure you beat him up!" The chubby child was livid. He was shrieking as he waved his fists around in the air. Matteo watched as the chubby child and the children he was playing with charged towards him. *You want to fight? He really doesn't know who he's up against. I haven't fought in a while. When I was in the preschool overseas, I would send every child in my taekwondo class crashing to the mat.* Matteo hitched up his sleeves. He launched a flying kick effortlessly and his opponent collapsed to the ground. *Crap!*

The chubby child was utterly stunned. Ian, who was wearing the mask and hiding behind the planter box, was just as appalled. His eyes were as wide as saucers. *Matt is... so amazing.* He looked extremely jealous. When the chubby child saw his first friend collapse, panic set in. He charged towards Matteo with his fists flailing. "I'm going to kill you, Ian!" he shrieked furiously. Matteo attacked the child who had grabbed him with a left hook. Next, he leaped up from the ground and planted a kick right in the chubby child's face. With a strangled cry, the chubby child fell to the ground.

They want to take me on? Dream on! Matteo swept his gaze over the rest of the terrified children. He chuckled evilly and waved towards the planter box behind him. After a moment's hesitation, the masked Ian stiffly walked out from behind the planter box. "How did he bully you just now?" "Was it this hand? Did he pinch you and take your toy? Hit him! Hit him till he remembers you!" Matteo shot daggers at the chubby child on the ground. He wanted to teach the child the lesson that if anyone were to bully him, he should retaliate immediately! This would be a lesson the chubby child would never forget.

Just like how Mommy taught me! Ian was stupefied. *Daddy never taught me such rough measures. He only showed me how to win without shedding blood. Daddy always says that that's true strength.* Despite his envy, he was a little glad that he had never hit anyone. Ian finally brandished his small fists and under his brother's encouragement, he punched the chubby child with all his might. It took a while, but Sasha eventually settled on a restaurant. She decided to bring her children to a Jetroina restaurant after school. Right as she made her reservation, she caught sight of a black car speeding past the entrance of the preschool. The car stopped, and its passenger rushed into the preschool. *What's going on?*

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How can they go into the preschool at this hour? Sasha thought it was rather strange. She wanted to go in out of worry for her child. She climbed out of the car and walked in that direction. "Hello, may I ask why that person was allowed to go in?" "Why did she go in? It's because some children are fighting inside. Someone hit her child and broke his nose. Even his hand is broken as well. Of course, she has to go in," snapped the security guard. *Oh my god! Is there even bullying in preschools now? His nose and hand were even broken. This is so scary! What about my Little Ian? Is he okay?* Sasha's face turned as white as a sheet. She could not stop worrying about her son who was inside. She quickly started to plead,

"Can I go in to take a look? My child is inside too. He's Ian from Class 2." "What? Your son is Ian? What are you still doing here? Your son hit another child!" The moment Sasha mentioned her son's name, the security guard started to shriek at her. He claimed that Ian was the one who had hit someone. *Ian fights?* Sasha stood there blankly. She was still trying to wrap her head around it when the jarring sounds of arguing and children's wails came from the other side of the door.

Sasha realized that the person from the car had emerged. It was a middle-aged woman wearing a black mink fur coat. She was pointing at the person who had gone in with her, and two children were brought out. One of the children was being carried out on someone's back. The other child was being led by the woman. The small child was struggling against her talons. *Little Ian? Isn't that my Ian?* Sasha's eyes were extremely wide. A burst of anger erupted from within her. She no longer cared if she was allowed in or not. She kicked the door open and charged in. "What are you doing? Why are you grabbing my child? Let go of him!"

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