

The Love that Never Really Dies chapter 231

"I know it now."

In a few short minutes, Sebastian's composed himself back to his old, cold and calculating self. He stood up and left with purposeful strides.

Frederick watched him, fingers clenched tightly around his cane.

Soon after, Tim Holt, Frederick's butler, entered. Upon observing the strange look on his master's face, he inquired with concern. "Is everything all right? How is Mr. Sebastian? How did the girl know what was going on? Even we didn't." He fired off one question after another.

The most pertinent question, however, he saved for last.

Frederick's expression turned icy. "I do not know. Perhaps, Sebastian's killing of the dog was not the first murder she had witnessed."

"What do you mean by that?" Tim pressed, intrigued.

"When Rufus Wand brought his wife over, Sebastian was just ten years old. It was at that age when he killed that dog. After that, Rufus seldom let his daughter visit us."

"So, when Mr. Sebastian accidentally murdered at age eleven, the girl shouldn't have seen it. How could this be?" the butler reasoned, intent on solving this mystery.

Rufus Wand was Sasha's father. During that unfortunate incident when Sasha caught a glimpse of Sebastian's illness taking over, it had scarred her, which was why they do not visit as they used to. Rufus did not explicitly state his reasons for the reduced frequency of visits, but it was not subtle to the average observer.

Sebastian was eleven when he started his treatments.

But how on earth did the girl know about what happened there? The timeline doesn't add up.

The only people who knew about this were Tim, Mr. Hayes Sr., and the doctor. To tie up loose ends, Frederick had the doctor taken care of.

So how did she know?

How was it possible that the sweet, obedient boy turned into one with deceit and rebellion in his heart? Had he neglected his son?

Frederick cast an eye towards the door through which Sebastian had departed with uncharacteristic ferocity.

In a ward at the People's Hospital in town, the three children stood staring at their mother with a heavily bandaged head. Tears ran freely down their cheeks.

"This is all Daddy's fault. Why couldn't he rescue Mommy earlier? I told him she was in danger," Matteo cried.

Ian stood silently. But underneath his grievous appearance, for the first time, he felt disappointment towards their father who couldn't even protect one woman.

"Guys, I think we should get another daddy," Vivian sobbed. "He can't even protect Mommy. Let's go to Uncle Solomon, okay?"

Her brothers stared at her in disbelief.

At this moment, Luke entered with Sasha's medication. His knees buckled when he heard Vivian's proposal.

"Children, let us all calm down. This incident happened so quickly; it caught your father completely unaware. If he had known, he would have done everything in his power to prevent that from happening and keep your mother safe."

"Would he really?" Matteo asked.

"Of course, Mr. Matteo. Do you remember who rescued you when you were kidnapped?"

Luke liked Matteo because he was the smartest child, and also because he was the easiest to lead into conforming among the three.

Sure enough, at those words, Matteo began to doubt his earlier assertion.

“And you, Mr. Ian,” Luke continued, taking advantage of the moment. “You’ve seen it with your own eyes how your father treats your mother. When your mother took you away to Yartran, who appeared when she was being bullied?”

Ian was embarrassed as well. He said nothing.

Luke turned to Vivian.

Of course, she did not mean what she said about changing her father. Solomon was no relation of hers; she spoke figuratively.

But it was the intensity of her speech that struck Luke the most; it was a huge contrast to her simple mind. When he approached her, Vivian ran to her mother and clung on to her.

“Don’t try to change my mind. I don’t like him! It was because of him that Mommy keeps getting hurt over and over again. Uncle Solomon would never allow that. I want him!”

She spoke so loudly that Luke covered the space between them in two strides and clasped her mouth shut.

“Alright, young lady. Say no more, we will go to Uncle Solomon right now, okay?” He was mortified that Sebastian, who was at the doctor’s office, would come back and hear her.

With Vivian in his arms, Luke marched out of the ward. Her brothers followed suit.

When Sebastian returned to the ward, having obtained the latest updates from the doctor, there was no one in there except the unconscious Sasha.

The Love that Never Really Dies chapter 232

Did Luke take them?

He pulled a chair and sat in it, turning his attention to the report clutched in his hand.

Sebastian spent the past two days in the hospital without returning to his office. He attributed the uneasy feeling that was haunting him to fear of Sasha's death.

He squinted at the report.

As a doctor, Sasha had struck her head with such precision using the hairpiece without killing herself. However, there were damages to the nerves in her brain. She might not be the same when she wakes up.

May not be the same, in what sense?

Will she lose her mind? Her sight?

He balled up the report in his fist. His mind was cast back to the day at the hotel.

Sasha was intense and passionate. It was something Sebastian had experienced on several occasions. First, she faked her death and left the country with her two newborns. On the yacht, she had stabbed herself just to expose Xandra. And that time when Matteo was in trouble, she went on a solo mission to rescue her son.

She wasn't afraid to die for her children.

He did not expect the day to come when she would use her life to defend his secret for him.

Is she really that courageous in the face of death?

His fingers ached from the tension. Back at the hotel when she was about to expose his secret, a murderous intent leaped to his heart before he could stop it.

At that very second, he thought he was going to kill her.

However, she would rather sacrifice herself than expose his secret.

The irony was painful.

Sebastian ripped up the report in anger and threw it into the bin. He looked up with bloodshot eyes and cursed. "Serves you right for being stabbed. You saved a man who has been constantly a thorn by your side. Are you stupid?"

Insults and sarcasm were the only way he knew how to communicate with her.

Nevertheless, he couldn't bring himself to keep up the tirade. The lump in his throat was getting bigger, impeding his speech.

The buzzing of his phone spared Sebastian. "Hello?" he cleared his throat, looking out the window as he picked up.

"Mr. Hayes, we're on to something," his guard said. "The doctor who hypnotized Ms. Wand was not an acquaintance of Dr. Kaye. But we did a facial reconstruction on him. Turns out he's a student of psychology from Moranta."

"What else?" Sebastian demanded.

"We know Philip Emmanuel opened his bank account."

Upon piecing the information together, Sebastian was on his feet, with a terrible aura of cold fury about him that seemed to lower the temperature of the room.

His guard sensed it over the phone. "And what's more, Mr. Hayes," he concluded hastily. "the journalist has been interrogated. Someone wanted to find out about us. It's the Emmanuels."

This time, there was no mistaking the deafening roar of silent rage on the other side.

"Never mention the Eternal Group to me ever again," said Sebastian quietly.

"Yes, Mr. Hayes."

“Confiscate every asset belonging to the Emmanuels; send the evidence to the cops, and tell them that without my permission, no Emmanuel is allowed out. Especially. Mathilda. Emmanuel.”

At the last sentence, Sebastian spat out each word with vehemence.

This is madness! They’re over the line!

I will root out every single one of them and force their family name into extinction!

His uncontrollable rage might have something to do with his genetic deformity.

On the same day that afternoon, the Emmanuel family within the walls of their home in Imperial Garden was not expecting a calamity to befall their family.

Sasha woke up at night. She stared at the inviting warmth of the yellow bulb above her. The room was spinning as she worked hard to recall the events that had landed her in her present predicament.

She had used up all her leave for the month. If she didn’t return to Clear Hospital soon, she wouldn’t be entitled to her incentive.

With that notion, she attempted to get out of bed.

Before she could prop herself upright, a searing pain at the side of her head forced her eyes shut. It was so intense and sudden, she could not help but let out a cry before falling back down.

What is going on? Why did my head hurt so much?

Clenching her teeth to steady herself, she gingerly touched her head. A series of hurried footsteps and a familiar voice greeted her ears.

“You’re awake? Don’t move too much, you’re still hurt.” The voice was low and pleasant, tinged with panicked concern.

Sasha froze in surprise, not believing what she heard. Gazing upwards slowly, she saw the familiar broad frame and handsome features, like the magnum opus of a master artist, striding towards her.

It felt like a century ago that she had this déjà vu of him approaching her. She lay for a long time motionless, staring at him.

The blank, confused look in her beautiful eyes caused Sebastian's heart to sink

The Love that Never Really Dies chapter 233

She doesn't recognize me?

Can she remember me? Am I losing my mind?

Sebastian steadied himself and approached her cautiously. "Sasha?"

Sasha gazed back at him unblinkingly, through wide and tear-streaked eyes.

However, he saw the recognition in her gaze. It almost seemed as if she was waiting for something.

Sebastian was unable to restrain himself any longer. He took another step towards her. Sasha shrank away from him immediately.

"What are you doing? You are still hurt! Don't move!" He grabbed hold of her.

His touch seemed to agitate Sasha. Distrust became horror as she screamed and twisted herself free from him.

"Let go! Let go of me!"

Distraught and afraid of hurting her, Sebastian let her go.

He watched as Sasha cower on her bed like a cornered deer. She buried her head under the blanket and began chastising herself.

Has she really lost her mind?

Sebastian stood by the bed. His limbs and face felt unnaturally cold. He did not know what or how to feel.

Thump.

Under the cover of her quilt, Sasha's thin wrist appeared stealthily.

She was like a thief, feeling her way around the cabinet by her bed, and knocked over a glass bottle.

What is she doing?

Sebastian went towards it, intending on cleaning up the shattered glass.

Sasha watched him through a crack in her quilt and waited for her chance. He was kneeling over the broken glass and caught sight of her staring at him through the bottom of the bed.

"Argh! Why won't you leave me alone? Are you an evil spirit or something? Why am I always dreaming about a scum like you?" Sasha yelled in frustration.

She remained huddled under her quilt, exposing only her angry eyes to glare at Sebastian.

He froze, still on the floor.

In her dreams? Scum?

"Am I missing my son so much that I'm dreaming of the scum?" Sasha furrowed her brows in confusion as she continued to mumble to herself out loud.

It was true that she did not think of Sebastian much or dreamed of him for the past five years.

During her time in Moranta, she had worked incessantly to set up a new life. Besides, she had to sever all ties with her past connections when she faked her death.

Now he stood before Sasha, as clear as day. Just like the same old domineering and stubborn Sebastian that she remembered.

I must be dreaming. Sasha concluded.

She decided to go back to sleep, but before she could, her bare arm outside of the blanket was met with a sudden warmth. It surprised her to see a muscular hand closing over hers.

“Is it true?”

“What?”

“Can you feel me touching you?” The man kneeling before her sounded hoarse. He could wrap her thin wrists in one palm.

All she could feel was her hand being caressed with a gentleness that was shocking to her. Sasha’s eyes widened.

How could this be?

Am I still dreaming? He feels so real.

It scared her. Sasha felt overwhelmed by emotions and her throbbing temple. She moaned quietly.

“What’s wrong? Are you in pain?” Sebastian asked, panicking slightly.

Several memories surfaced in Sasha’s mind. She pictured the man holding her and struggled to form the words from her quivering lips.

“Matteo is missing. Please... find him.”

With that, she passed out.

At this moment, the doctors burst in upon the immediate cessation of noise.

After order had been restored, Sebastian heard the doctor’s verdict.

"There's nothing wrong with her," he said. "You mentioned she was confused. That may just be a lingering side effect of trauma. Thankfully, Mr. Hayes, she did not lose her sight, or her mind. She is a superb doctor."

The doctor could not help but marvel at Sasha's medical skills.

Sebastian was beyond relieved. His twenty-eight years of life had not been as torturous as the ten minutes it took to wait for the doctor's examination. The suffering was akin to a visit to hell.

He was unwilling to admit it, but it had been the darkest point in his life.

The Love that Never Really Dies chapter 234

"That memory disorder of hers, will she recover from it?"

"She will. Didn't you say that while she passed out, her consciousness was in another time period? That tells us that that part of the brain was affected. With some rest, she'll be back to normal in no time."

The doctor gave Sebastian some final reassurance.

Truth be told, Sasha's situation was exactly like what the doctor said. When she woke up the next day, Sebastian noticed that she had remembered everything, including the things that happened before she fainted.

Having said that, Sasha would occasionally be slow to react to things around her.

"Sasha?"

"Huh?" It took some time before she responded as she sat on the bed. Her tiny face turned, looking at Sebastian with a blank stare.

Seeing that she responded, Sebastian picked up the glass of warm water he poured in advance; and the medicine that was left on the side. "Take your medicine. The water's going cold."

She looked tired and took a while to react. "Okay..."

Sasha proceeded to pick up the pills from Sebastian's hand with her cold fingers and stuffed them in her mouth, swallowing them just like that.

Sebastian did not say anything.

He kept his temper at bay and held up the water, directly to her lips this time.

His action astonished Sasha.

Even though her reaction time was a bit slow, she still remembered the things that happened between them. Especially what happened before she blacked out.

Did this man's personality change? Why is he treating me like this? Is it because I'm injured?

As a matter of fact, that was certainly not the case. Even if Sasha was injured, she was injured because she did not want to expose his secrets. Sebastian was oblivious as he thought that Sasha only saw him violently snap a dog's neck when he was five. He did not know that she also saw him do something even more terrifying and violent when he was eleven.

The thought sent shivers down Sasha's back, and she immediately shut her mouth tight.

Her action caused Sebastian to knit his eyebrows.

What's this woman doing? The doctor did tell me she'd be a little slow, but there was nothing about her not listening to me. Truth be told, to him, it looked like Sasha was afraid of him.

Sebastian felt uncomfortable with how she swallowed the pills, worried that she might choke herself. So, he raised an eyebrow before squeezing her chin in his hand.

"Open up!"

Sasha stayed quiet as her eyes widened, staring at him.

Is he... Forcing me to drink? What's he trying to do? Murder?

Her face instantly paled. Looking at him, a layer of moisture formed within her eyes, expressing the fear and shock she was feeling at the moment.

Sebastian was rendered speechless by her reaction.

What's she crying about? I'm just feeding her some water because she might choke herself! But she's crying?

Sebastian's temper was rising as he scolded, "What are you crying for? Do you think I'm going to poison you? Just drink the water, you dumb fool. What's gotten into your head?"

Sasha was stunned. He just wants me to drink? Nothing else?

She was stumped as she looked at him for quite a while before confirming that the man in front of her had no other intentions. Thus, she lowered her gaze and opened her mouth to take a few sips of water.

To her surprise, it was actually just water, and it made Sasha feel a bit awkward.

"Alright, you get some rest. I'll be back after work."

Sebastian, on the other hand, did not notice her unusual behavior. To him, those were all normal because Sasha injured her head.

He picked up his coat and headed towards the door, about to go back to the company.

Sasha remained silent.

However, when Sebastian reached the door, it was like Sasha just heard what he said. So, she immediately stopped him. "You don't have to come. I can take care of myself."

"What did you just say?" Sebastian stopped in place. He was most likely still getting used to how slow Sasha was, so he did not hear her properly.

"I don't think my injury is that serious. I should be discharged soon. Can you send Matteo and Vivian to my apartment? I'll be back in the afternoon," she told him.

Does she actually want to leave? More than that, she's asking me to send her children to her apartment?

Once Sebastian caught on, his expression immediately darkened. "Are you disobeying me again? Maybe I should lock you up."

"Huh?" Sasha was dumbfounded and her expression bleached.

Lock me up?

Sebastian was quiet as he calmed himself down.

Eventually, he softened his tone, "You've not fully recovered yet, so you need to stay here for a few more days. I'll let you go back once you're healed. Can you please listen to me?"

The last part of his sentence was spoken very mannerly, as though he was coaxing a child.

That being said, Sasha was still pretty much afraid of what Sebastian said in his previous statement.

Indeed, she had not fully recovered. That was why her reactions were all very slow. And all she could think about now was what Sebastian said prior because of the shock it gave her.

Does he actually want to lock me up? He's afraid that I would run away. Now that he knows I saw what happened that year, he's trying to keep me by his side at all times; so I don't spill his secret.

For Sasha, locking her up seemed to make sense.

What then? Imprison me forever? Or... He might just execute me!

That idea sent chills down her spine. It felt like she got stabbed as a sharp pain came pulsing from her heart, making it hard for her to breathe.

The Love that Never Really Dies chapter 235

But why? If I wanted to do that, I wouldn't have put my life on the line at yesterday's banquet.

Sasha was still sitting on the bed. The colors on her eyes faded like a blossom that suddenly lost all its life force as she idled there. For an extended period of time, she did not move a single inch.

She stayed like that until noon when she heard cheery footsteps scampering outside.

"Mommy! We're here to see you, Mommy! Do you miss us?" A child's voice echoed through the hallway.

Hearing that, Sasha looked towards the door. Soon after, a little girl appeared in a pink dress, dashing towards her as soon as she got there.

It was Vivian.

Seeing her finally put a smile on Sasha's face, and she immediately pulled off the blanket and got out of bed. "Vivi, come give me a hug! I missed you guys so much!"

The cute little kid happily ran towards her mother and hugged her with a smile on her face.

Ian and Matteo came in shortly after. One of them carried a fruit basket, and the other had a thermos as they came in with Wendy.

"Mommy, are you getting better? You were still asleep when we came here yesterday." Matteo was concerned about his mother's health.

He approached Sasha as soon as he saw that she was finally awake and checked on the bandage on her head.

Sasha felt extremely touched, so she lowered her head and positioned it in front of the child. "Touch it. See if I'm fine now."

Matteo and Ian went quiet.

However, Vivian raised her chubby hand and placed it on top of the bandage on Sasha's head.

"You dumb boys, if Mommy let us touch her head, it has to mean that she's all better now. She's a doctor, remember? Would she not understand her own situation? Right, Mommy?"

"That's right. Vivi's the smartest after all," Sasha said as she gave Vivian a peck on the cheek.

After hearing that from their mother, Ian and Matteo were able to relax. Both of them opened up their arms and proceeded to dive into Sasha's embrace.

Wendy, who was on the side, placed the things that they brought on the table with a smile on her face as she watched them. When she was done, she approached the family that was still reluctant to let go of each other.

"Alright now, you kids. Let your mommy have some food first, okay?"

"Okay," the triplets spoke as one.

After that, Sasha went to eat at a small table while the three children were very thoughtful. They just played on the sofa on their own, not wanting to disturb their mother's meal.

"How are you, Ms. Wand?" Wendy poured some water for Sasha. "Is everything okay?"

"... Yes, thank you, Wendy." Sasha nodded and started drinking the soup.

Seeing Sasha like this, Wendy was finally able to lift the weight on her chest. At that moment, she sat down beside her.

"That's wonderful. Ms. Wand, you really are too kind for your own good. If you listened to your kids and didn't go out, this wouldn't have happened. Look at what happened to you." Wendy was genuinely concerned about Sasha.

Wendy had looked after Sebastian for many years and watched him become who he was every step of the way. Naturally, she would want his spouse to treat him faithfully.

To her, Sasha was the best candidate as she treated Sebastian better than anyone else.

However, when Wendy finished her sentence, it felt as though Sasha was ignoring her, drinking the soup. She showed no reactions whatsoever.

Maybe she's just hungry.

Wendy did not give it too much thought and got up to do some chores.

After about two minutes, Sasha finally responded with a spoon in her hand as she looked towards Wendy. "It's okay. It was just an accident. I didn't know something like that could happen when I got out that day."

"Huh?" Wendy was caught off guard. "What accident? You mean the incident at the Emmanuels?"

"Yea." Sasha nodded.

Wendy immediately got riled up. "Bull*hit! How can you call that an accident? They were clearly waiting for you to step into their trap! You don't know this, but the Emmanuels made an elaborate scheme just to set you up. Even Brandon Emmanuel personally came to the house to look for you."

The housemaid even followed that with a few more curses.

Sasha was stumped by her comment.

What does she mean? What elaborate scheme? They were waiting for me? And what has Brandon got to do with any of this?

Sasha could quickly comprehend what Wendy said this time and flooded her mind with thoughts regarding that.

"What's actually going on here? Why is Brandon involved in this?"

"Why are you still mentioning him?"

“But, I went to help him that day because his family had arranged for an engagement he did not like. What happened to me is totally unrelated,” Sasha explained to the housemaid as she tried her best to defend Brandon.

She actually did not believe that Brandon was involved in what happened as she understood what kind of person Brandon was.

Back in the day, even though he always visited the Hayes family to make fun of her, Brandon had never done anything harmful to her.

However, Wendy was not buying it and got even angrier. “How can you confirm that this had nothing to do with him? Now that Mr. Hayes destroyed that entire family, do you still think Brandon wasn’t involved?”