

The Love that Never Really Dies chapter 266

Sebastian tilted his head and looked at her. Sasha felt he appeared to be less hostile after hearing what she said.

“Fine. You’re smart but too bad, you’re not a member of the Blackwood family,” he responded.

“The Blackwoods?” Sasha had no clue what he was talking about.

“Yes. Just so you know, Roxanne is Heyman Rocke’s granddaughter.” Sebastian gave her a smirk.

Sasha’s eyes widened in shock.

She knew who Heyman was. He was Avenport’s top neurosurgeon in the eighties.

Heyman was as popular as her mother’s father, Hannick Blackwood. Hannick came from a family of Chinese physicians, and he was the *crème de la crème* of them all. While they were known for their expertise in TCM in Avenport, the Rockes were experts in Western medicine. Had the two families worked with each other, they would be invincible.

Unfortunately, the Blackwoods had eventually lost their influence in the healthcare industry.

I thought the Rocke family had left the country? I’ve not heard about them for ages,” Sasha asked.

“That’s because you and the Blackwoods were ignorant. The Rocke family had set up a big healthcare corporation overseas, and they have many hospitals all over the world,” he explained. “And Roxanne is one of the persons who manages the corporation.”

“Meanwhile, the Blackwoods...” he let out a mirthless laugh.

Sasha gritted her teeth. When will he stop humiliating me?

Sebastian's remark triggered Sasha, especially when she thought of how miserable Jackson was. Yet, what he said was true.

Once, the Rocke family and the Blackwoods were the most prominent families in the city. While the former continued to thrive, the latter had lost everything they owned, including a roof over their heads.

What else could she say to refute Sebastian? She could only feel sorry for the Blackwoods, especially Xenia.

Sasha's eyes darkened.

"Are you done with your questions?" Sebastian suddenly asked and got her out of a trance.

Sasha looked at him and froze right there.

"Are you just gonna stand there for the entire night?" The man had finally lost his patience.

His tyrannical voice sent chills down Sasha's spine.

"Yeah... I'll sleep now." Sasha then turned around and was ready to return to her bed.

Suddenly, the man grabbed her by the shoulder.

Before Sasha could react, Sebastian picked up her up and carried her in his muscular arms!

The unexpected move caused Sasha to let out a scream as she was dumbstruck with fear.

Her eyes widened as she stared at the man and grabbed his collar. "What are you doing?" she asked in a trembling voice.

Her heart was racing so fast that she thought her heart was about to burst out of her chest.

But the man was bothered by how distressed she was. "You expect me to wait for you to crawl slowly to your bed?"

He then carried her to the bed.

What Sebastian did not notice was how her body scent had caused him to speak in an awkward tone.

Even his eyes had darkened.

Damn it!

He immediately pulled himself together and tucked her into bed.

Sasha did not know how to react to his action.

Though her cheeks were all red, she heaved a sigh of relief.

Thank goodness he didn't do anything crazy.

Just when she thought she could go to sleep in peace, Sebastian turned on the light. She took a glance at the man, who only had a bathrobe on, went to the other side of the bed.

What?

Once again, Sasha was thunderstruck. She tilted her head to his side and stared at him, not knowing what to do.

Wait a second. Are my eyes playing tricks on me?

Or has he gone mad? Did something possess him? What nonsense is this!

Despite lying in bed, Sasha was so flabbergasted that she could not keep her eyes shut.

"What is wrong with you? Are you not going to sleep?" Sebastian asked.

Once again, Sasha shuddered.

A few seconds later, she asked sheepishly, "Are you... are you going to sleep here?"

A sudden frown warped Sebastian's face. "Do you have a problem with that?"

Sasha replied, "No, I mean..."

"First of all, this is my bedroom. Where else can I sleep?" he said in a deep and impatient tone. "Secondly, we're still married. Is it illegal for us to sleep together?"

Upon sensing the impatience in his tone, Sasha kept mum. The room was so quiet that she could hear his breathing clearly.

There was nothing wrong for a married couple to sleep together.

But ever since they got married, they had never shared the same bed before.

Sasha's body stiffened, and her heart palpitated.

She kept staring at the ceiling in total darkness as she had a hard time trying to sleep.

But perhaps due to the injuries on her body, she eventually got tired and fell asleep an hour later.

When Sasha was finally sound asleep, the man beside her opened his eyes all of a sudden.

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"What a dumbass."

Sebastian turned toward her, fixing his gaze on the woman who was slipping into slumber.

"Is it painful?" he asked.

"No..."

Sasha was drifting into sleep when she heard him speaking vaguely.

For the past five years, she had constantly kept her suffering to herself and told her children she was fine despite how much pain she felt.

Her brows stitched tightly because of the pain and she flipped on her side to cuddle in his arms. His warm embrace made her pain much more bearable.

“You’ll be fine.” His voice echoed softly in her ears as he patted her to sleep.

Over at the Hayes Residence, the somber house instantly became vivacious with the arrival of the three children.

Everyone—except for Frederick—was electrified when they knew they were coming.

“Matteo, do you want to go to my house? I happen to have a lot of delicious food at home,” one of the relatives offered.

“Matt, you and Ian should come to my house instead. I have a huge playground at my place. You guys will love it!”

“Cut it out. I asked them first.”

Everyone seemed to be enthusiastic about having the children over at their respective places, but it went without saying that they had ulterior motives.

Although their intentions were not pure, part of the reason why they wanted the kids to visit their places was that they were adorable. There was not a single person who would say no to the children, but the main reason was that they wanted to curry favor with Frederick.

Matteo and his siblings were caught in a dilemma. Since they could not get out of the situation, Matteo decided to just flash the trump card.

“What about y’all ask Grandpa?”

Ian quickly nodded in agreement.

Only Vivian seemed unfazed by the relatives’ passionate entreats. She kept herself occupied with the little yam plant in the garden, trying to dig it out of the soil. She had heard that Frederick was the one who planted this.

When the adults heard Matteo's suggestion, they had no other choice but to let Frederick make the decision for them.

The old man was pleased when all the adults came to ask for his permission.

Everyone who stayed at the residential compound was a member of the Hayes family. After Frederick's father built the family business and had three sons of his own, he asked all of them to come over and stay together to make sure the family never grew apart.

The residence was capacious. There were more than ten courtyards and the whole area was able to house everyone. One would easily get lost wandering around the compound unguided. It would take more than a day to finish going around the residence.

It was for this reason that the Hayes did not break away from the family residence and go out to stay on their own.

Frederick was elated when he found out that everyone was eager to invite his grandchildren over.

"They can go to your place, Roderick." Frederick spelled the verdict after some thoughts.

"Alrighty!"

When Roderick found out the children were going home with him, he leaped like a happy kid in front of Frederick.

He held his head high in pride and marched out of the door under everyone's jealous gazes.

"Follow me, kids. Your grandpa has given y'all the green light to come to my place."

"We're going to grand-uncle's place?"

Matteo shot Ian a curious gaze. "He's the one who gave me the gold pendant last time, right?"

Ian nodded briefly.

The child did not seem excited about the news at all. To be precise, there was a hint of despise on his face when he found out Roderick was bringing them home.

Ian's reluctance elicited a frown on Matteo's brows.

Meanwhile, everyone was disgruntled when they found out the children were following Roderick.

"He's a real good bootlicker, isn't he? First, it was Ian. Then, it was Matteo. What is Roderick trying to get at? Help his son score some brownie points?"

"Exactly. He only has one son, so he's doing everything he can to make sure he gets on his eldest brother's good book. God knows he'll even get any inheritance since they are so incompetent."

The two women complained bitterly and vented.

There was a kernel of truth in their words.

Roderick only had one son himself. Not only was his child unambitious, but he was also a failure. The family had tried putting him in Hayes Corporation a few times, but he disappointed the family over and over again.

"Let's just wait and see how long he can last," the women resumed.

"Do you remember what happened to Ian? Roderick used to bring him over a lot until he fell sick. Now that the other boy is added to the family, it's a good chance for Roderick to extend his claws again."

Despite their loathing, the women could only rant at each other.

There was nothing they could do since Roderick was elderly.

He was the second oldest in the family now after Frederick himself.

While the two women were busy gossiping, Roderick walked over to the garden with a wide smile on his face.

"Matt, Ian, where are you? Let's go over to my place. I've got lots of tasty food for you."

Ian stood up straight when he heard the familiar voice, his expression turning cold. His sudden reaction disconcerted Matteo.

"What's the matter, Ian?"

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Ian refused to say a word as Roderick hurried over, exhilarated.

"Now, now, Matt, aren't you a fine boy? Come over here and give your grand-uncle a hug."

Matteo looked at the zealous old man awkwardly.

Although both he and Vivian were there together, Roderick ignored the girl and talked only to Matteo.

Matteo's gaze darted around as he thought of a way to get away. He went closer to Vivian and pulled her up from the ground.

"I'm sorry grand-uncle. I have to hold Vivi's hand. She's scared whenever she's in a new environment."

"Okay..."

Roderick was disheartened to hear this.

He really liked the boy and badly wanted to give him a hug.

"What about you hug Vivi, grand-uncle? She's a good girl too."

This girl?

She's not even one of our us!

"It's okay. You can walk with her. Let's go over to my place. Your grand-aunt has made some really good food."

Vivian was too naive to read between the lines. She followed her brothers cheerfully when she heard there would be delicious food.

Meanwhile, Ian was altogether quiet.

Although he was unwilling to go to Roderick's place, he did not throw a tantrum because his siblings were thrilled to visit a new place.

They hopped on the buggy and reached Roderick's house after ten minutes.

"Alright, kids. We're here! Be careful when you get down."

Roderick got off first and carried the children down one by one.

He was particularly careful when it came to Matteo's turn.

Roderick's wife, Gladys, treated the guests to the best food at home.

"Wow! These look so good!"

Vivian went ahead and reached for a juicy peach when she saw a huge plate of fruits, but Gladys quickly moved the plate away.

"Matteo and Ian, come over and have some fruits," she quickly beckoned, "These are all imported fruits."

She completely ignored Vivian and took the plate of fruits over to Matteo and Ian.

Tears welled up in Vivian's eyes when she saw this.

Ian's face turned gloomy seeing the dejection in the girl's eyes. "Come here, Vivi."

Matteo was vexed too.

He knew the people at the residence looked down on Vivian because she was not Sebastian's child. It was apparent from how they treated her ever since she came, but Vivian was still a child. However, she was too innocent to notice any of this.

Matteo could not believe they would go to such lengths to exclude her.

He would not allow these two old people to despise her so blatantly.

Matteo turned toward Gladys and shot her a fake smile. "We won't eat unless Vivi eats too, Grand-aunt."

"That's really thoughtless of you. Didn't you see the girl wanted it too?" Roderick interjected tactfully and gave the whole plate of fruits to Vivian.

Gladys had no choice but to let Vivian have the peaches in the end.

The children had a hearty meal and played in the courtyard for a while before Frederick sent someone to pick them up.

The kids spent the night at Frederick's and went to bed early.

It could have been an enjoyable and memorable day for the children if Matteo had not fallen sick in the middle of the night.

"What's the matter? Why is he having a fever all of a sudden?" Frederick summoned the butler immediately when he was informed of Matteo's situation.

"He probably caught a cold when he was playing in the afternoon. It's no big deal. I'll call the doctor over."

Tim hurried to get the doctor after assuring his frantic master that everything was under control.

After the doctor arrived, he did a thorough check on Matteo and said it was no big deal.

"The boy just caught a cold, so there's nothing you need to worry about, Mr. Hayes," the doctor said, "I'll prescribe him some medication and give him a jab."

"That's good news. Thanks."

Frederick heaved a sigh of relief when he heard the doctor.

Ian and Vivian were awake too. They ran over to Matteo's bedside when they found out he was sick.

Ian was especially agitated when he saw Matteo unwell. He was not just worried, he was pissed too.

"It must be them!"

Everyone in the room turned and stared at the angry boy.

"What are you talking about? Who made Matteo sick?"

"It must be that old witch. I know it must be them!"

Ian clenched his fists tightly as his breaths seethed with hatred. No one had expected so much negativity from a five-year-old.

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Frederick was shocked looking at Ian. "What are you talking about, Ian? Who wants to harm Matteo? Are you talking about your grand-uncle and grand-aunt?"

"Yes."

Everyone in the room blinked their eyes in disbelief—not because Ian was able to express himself articulately—but because what he revealed was frightening.

"Ian, I know you don't like your grand-uncle, but you can't accuse them just like that. The doctor said that Matteo just caught a cold."

There was no way Frederick would buy what the kid said, but he still tried to understand the boy.

"I know it's them. I fell sick after I went to their place too!" Ian shouted back. He could not control his emotions anymore.

Tim stepped in and wanted to speak some sense into Ian, but Frederick quickly stopped him.

"Alright, Ian. I won't let Matteo go over to Roderick's place anymore, is that okay? It's already late at night, why not you go back to bed?"

Ian glared at Frederick coldly and walked out with the butler.

Frederick did not believe a word Ian said. After all, he had had the whole incident checked the last time Ian fell sick. It was just pure coincidence. No one in the whole residence would believe what Ian said.

Frederick wondered if he should also do another investigation this time, but he did not translate that fleeting thought into actions.

When Sasha woke up again the next day, there was already no one beside her.

She looked around and felt the remaining warmth on her bed. Everything felt like a dream last night.

"Are you awake, Ms. Wand? Mr. Hayes asked us to make you some herbal soup."

Wendy's voice called Sasha back to reality.

Soup?

Sasha was not expecting Sebastian to be so nice.

"Alright. I'm coming."

Sasha got out of bed and went to wash up in the bathroom.

She could not help but feel uneasy thinking about meeting Wendy again later since even she herself could not explain her relationship with Sebastian. Sasha was his children's mother, but she and Sebastian were not on good terms.

Yet, despite their rocky relationship, she slept here last night.

When Sasha opened the room door after washing up, Wendy had already gone downstairs.

Sasha went to her own room on the second floor and got changed.

A flush of embarrassment rushed through her when she looked at the pajama she was wearing. Sebastian must have helped me change.

After having breakfast, Sasha asked Wendy where the children were. "All of them went to the Hayes residence? Even Vivi?" she asked worriedly.

"Yeah. Don't worry, Ms. Wand. Mr. Hayes already called them this morning. They're doing just fine."

"Alright."

Sasha was not disturbed about Matteo and Ian going over. It was Vivian that she worried about. Since the Hayes did not know about her real identity, they might mistreat her.

After getting the assurance that the children were having a good time there, Sasha grabbed her phone and went back up again.

It was already toward the end of the year. The blue sky was clear and the weather was blissful. Over at the hanging garden on the second floor, blue hydrangea and moth orchids blossomed under the warm sun as if they were in their prime. They danced to the breeze and their soothing scent wafted through the garden like a dream.

Sasha found herself a seat and fell into deep thoughts. Before long, she scrolled all the way down through her call log and called a number.

"Hello?"

Beep.

To her surprise, the person hung up right after the call got through without even giving her a chance to say more than just a simple 'hello'.

Sasha felt the last strand of hope she was holding on to just snapped, but anger soon rose in her heart and she punched the call button again.

"What do you want, Sasha Wand?"

An impatient and spiteful female voice pierced through the phone.

"What do I want? It's more like what do you want, Xenia Blackwood! Have you forgotten what you did to me? You're not afraid of karma, aren't you?"

"You must be kidding me, Sasha." There was no fear in her voice. In fact, she was emboldened.

"There's nothing I should be afraid of," Xenia added.

"You stole my manuscripts and gave them to Xandra, didn't you? You're the only one who knows how I came out with the story for The Tattoo. You're the only one who has a copy of it. It can't be anybody else."

Sasha sat in the garden shouting into her phone.

She was infuriated. Wrath glimmered in her bloodshot eyes. If Xenia were in front of her right now, she could rip her to pieces with her bare hands.

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"Are you crazy? Don't blame everything on me just because things went wrong for you. I don't understand a word of what you're talking about. I don't even know what manuscript it is!" Xenia was not apologetic at all.

"Don't lie. I know you know who Xandra Green is."

"I'm sorry, but I really have no idea who she is. What's wrong with you, huh? I know you're having a hard time with the Hayes, but don't blame it on me. I'll still help you because you're my cousin, but you'll have to ask nicely instead of accusing me like this!"

Sasha could not believe Xenia would still try to play the good person at this point, but she calmed herself down and thought about what she said.

"Fine. Don't say I didn't give you a chance to admit what you did. I'll make sure you pay for what you did to me. You will regret you're born by then."

Sasha vented all her hatred over the phone. She was never this aggressive toward Xenia because back then, she would still be polite toward her for the sake of Jackson and Sharon.

But, Xenia brought this on herself.

She took Sasha for a pushover ever since they were young. Xenia never once thought Sasha would take revenge on her.

You want to make me pay?

In your dreams, Sasha!

After ending the call, Sasha got ready to go out in the afternoon.

"Ms. Wand, are you sure you want to head out? It's better for you to stay in until you recover. Mr. Hayes will be furious if he finds out."

Sasha had no choice but to call Sebastian.

“Hey... Are you busy?”

Sasha was nervous calling him. She decided to ask if he was available before she continued talking.

He was usually busy at this hour.

Besides, it was almost new year already.

Sebastian glanced at the pile of documents on his table and put her on speaker before he continued working. “What is it?”

Sasha bit her lips and mustered her courage. “I need to go to Uncle Jackson’s place. I haven’t seen them for a while and it’s almost the new year now. It’ll be great if I visit them. They must really miss me after marrying me off.”

She thought of a random excuse.

Does this mean she thinks we’re still legally married?

A faint smile curved on Sebastian’s lips without even him noticing. “Sure. Ask Karl to send you over,” he said, signing his name on a document.

“It’s okay. I can drive there on my own. I’m thinking of going to buy some stuff for them. It’ll be inconvenient if Karl follows me around.”

The real reason why Sasha wanted to go over was not that she missed them, but rather, she wanted to give them a heads up because Xenia was their daughter.

After getting Sebastian’s approval, Sasha hopped on the white Cayenne and drove off.

Karl was at Royal Court One as he watched Sasha drove away. He adjusted his earpiece. “Mr. Hayes, should I follow her?”

“Yes. Don’t get spotted and don’t get involved. Just make sure she’s safe.”

Sebastian stole a glance at the document file on the side of his table. Those were the information about Sasha's family before they went bankrupt. There was no anger on Sebastian's face. Instead, he looked calm and composed.

Has she finally figured out who betrayed her?

Good job.

Another smile broke out on his face before he dived into work again.

When Sasha reached the Blackwood residence, Jackson was out under the sun in the garden in his wheelchair. Sharon and the maids were busy cleaning and decorating the house.

"Dust that area, and I want the wallpaper changed over here."

"Yes, Mrs. Blackwood."

The maids hurried off to carry out the orders given.

Sasha came in and greeted her. "Aunt Sharon."

Sharon turned around and looked at her apathetically.

She never changed even the slightest bit. It did not matter how long she had not seen Sasha, nor what happened between them. Her attitude was always distant.

"Hi, Sasha."

"Can we talk in your room, Aunt Sharon?" Sasha was afraid she would not be able to take it, so she asked to talk to her privately.

The two went upstairs without letting Jackson know. For the first time in her life, Sasha saw horror in Sharon's eyes after Sasha filled her in on what happened.