

# The Love that Never Really Dies chapter 276

However, the man didn't seem to have much of a reaction. Roxanne clutched his arm, but he broke free from her grip with a mere flick of his hand.

"Get lost from my sight in three seconds."

"Sure, but remember to come and look for me. Oh yes, lend me some money as well. My father froze my cards again."

All of a sudden, the woman uttered that remark indignantly as she stood there staunchly.

Hearing that, the veins on Sebastian's forehead popped up. Exasperated beyond belief, he finally shot a look at her again. "What did you do now? Your father already gave you five million before you came. You've only come back for a while, yet he has already frozen your cards?"

"Are you blaming me now? Do you know that a bottle of reagent costs a million? Five million is only enough for five bottles!"

Sebastian was speechless for a moment before he muttered, "What a nut!"

They, then continued bickering.

When Sasha returned to her room, those three words out of Sebastian's mouth echoed in her ears.

What a nut... He said that she's a nut, but I just can't shake off the sense of vexation, exasperation, and even a hint of indulgence those words seemed to convey.

Stepping into the bathroom again, Sasha regarded the reflection of her countenance that was obviously much dimmer at present. As time ticked by, she realized that the envy within her was growing and spread uncontrollably, just like a vine.

Why are they so familiar with each other? He even knows the amount of her pocket money, and it sounded as though it wasn't the first time her cards had been frozen. Instead, it seems to be a repeated occurrence. What exactly has their relationship been in those eight years?

Sheer jealousy inundated her, and that was a feeling she never had toward Xandra.

In the end, Sebastian went to Roxanne's place.

Indeed, it was Frederick who called Roxanne back. Sebastian once suffered a mental breakdown during the Emmanuel family's birthday party, so he was a tad worried and convinced her to drop by.

Sasha didn't see the man when she came down, but she didn't ask any questions about his whereabouts either.

"Is there anything to do today, Wendy?"

"No, no. Mr. Hayes asked you to wait for him to come back, and he'll visit your father with you. I actually prepared some pastries. Do you want to take them with you?"

"Huh?"

Sasha was taken aback for a moment, and she couldn't quite wrap her head around it.

He actually knew about that?

The heavy stone that had been crushing her abruptly lifted. She didn't want to admit it, but her mood improved significantly at once.

"Sure."

After giving her agreement, she stayed in the villa and waited for him.

But to her disappointment, the person who had gone out didn't come back even after she had waited from morning until afternoon. Conversely, it was Frederick who phoned when she made no move to visit her father despite the hour.

“Sasha, why haven’t you gone over yet? The person whom I’ve contacted at the prison has been waiting for you a long time.”

“Eh? Uh... In that case, I’ll go over right away. Please ask him to wait for a bit longer. I’ll be there in a jiffy. Is that okay?” Sasha instantly panicked upon hearing that, and she frantically beseeched with the phone in hand.

Fortunately, Frederick didn’t censure her.

A few minutes later, Sasha drove off by herself and headed straight to the prison.

Unbeknownst to her, the reason Sebastian wasn’t home yet was that he had been hypnotized by Roxanne at Rocke residence.

Roxanne was indeed an expert in psychology. When she was still a child, she had already exhibited the ability to read other people’s thoughts through their eyes. And as she grew older, she could even manipulate people with her own methods.

For that reason, she had actually been dubbed a prodigy in Avenport at a tender age.

Back then, it made up a major part of the reason Sebastian’s uncle took him abroad.

It was because Frederick heard that the Rocke family would be treating him, so he agreed.

As Roxanne regarded the man whom she had hypnotized, she habitually turned off his cell phone beside him.

“Let him sleep for a bit, and don’t allow anyone to disrupt him.”

“Understood, Dr. Rocke.”

Her assistant promptly nodded when she heard that.

Shortly after, Roxanne left and only came back late at night.

Hypnosis was different from the usual sleep by the ordinary person. If the patient weren’t awakened by the person who conducted the hypnosis in the first place, he wouldn’t rouse naturally. What was more, the hypnotist in question was the incredibly talented Roxanne.

When her assistant saw that Roxanne was back, she initially wanted to remind her to awaken Sebastian.

However, after stepping in for a look, Roxanne did nothing at all. Instead, she went to the bathroom with her pajamas in hand.

When she exited the bathroom half an hour later, Sasha had just arrived in front of her house.

"Excuse me, but is Dr. Rocke in?"

"Yes, she is. May I know who you are?" Roxanne's assistant was quite polite.

Sasha's lips compressed into a thin line. Casting the black Bentley parked at the parking space of the small villa a glance, she took a step forward.

"I'm here to pick my husband, Sebastian Hayes, up. Dr. Rocke said she's bringing him over for an examination, but it's been an entire day. So, I came over for a look since he's not home yet."

"Pardon me? You're... Mrs. Hayes?"

Sure enough, the assistant's expression changed. She gaped at her in shock and even started stuttering.

At that, Sasha's heart sank for some inexplicable reason.

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“What’s the matter, Caite?”

While Sasha and Roxanne’s assistant were in a stalemate at the door, Roxanne was just done showering in the villa. Hearing the commotion outside, she hollered from upstairs.

Only then did the assistant snap back to her senses and hastened back into the house.

A few minutes later, Sasha, who had been waiting at the door, was finally led into the house.

“I’m really surprised that you would come to pick him up.”

When Sasha again saw Roxanne, the latter was only wearing a bathrobe, with her long and velvety chestnut hair casually draped over her shoulder. She sashayed over with two glasses of red wine before placing one of them before Sasha.

Then, she languid savored the other glass herself.

Nevertheless, Sasha didn’t pick up the glass of wine. Ever since she entered the house, her gaze had been darting around in search of the man she was here for.

Alas, she saw no sign of him anywhere.

“Why are you surprised? Isn’t it normal for me to come and pick him up?”

“Of course not. Firstly, the two of you aren’t truly husband and wife. And secondly, I’ll drive him back myself. Ms. Wand, my relationship with him is far more intimate than you think.”

Roxanne was exceedingly blunt. Not only did she immediately refute Sasha, but she even deliberately mentioned the word “intimate.”

All at once, Sasha’s face went pale.

What the hell? So, she actually knows that we're not truly husband and wife? Also, why did she suddenly mention that word? Could it be that she spotted me on the third floor when she came over this morning?

Out of the blue, she recalled the rumor she heard during her childhood of Roxanne being a "prodigy." As she locked gazes with the woman's mocking eyes, she abruptly felt as though she had been stripped naked.

Utter mortification engulfed her.

"Are you spying on me?"

"You read too much into things. Why should I spy on you? Your emotions are written all over your face. Look, you're not even really here to pick him up tonight. The truth is, you're merely using that as an excuse to confront me, no?"

Stunned, Sasha said nothing to Roxanne's psychoanalysis of her motives.

With a wine glass in her hand, Roxanne then continued languidly, "You want to ask me why I called you a ticking time bomb back then. Besides, you also want to know what exactly my relationship with him is. Is that not so?"

It was terrifying to the bone, yet she sounded as though she was casually making conversation at that moment.

By then, Sasha's face had lost all color.

She was a doctor herself, and she also had some knowledge of psychology. But after hearing everything the other woman said, a chill encased her, and the hair on the back of her neck stood up that very moment.

Oh my God, she doesn't even seem human! Instead, she's more of a demon that crawled out of hell, peering into the deepest part of my heart with her piercing eyes before peeling every single thought apart and putting them on the table one by one! How horrifying!

"What are you..."

"Calm down, and rest assured that I'll tell you everything you want to know. Your most pressing question is my relationship with him, yes? Okay, we'll start with that, then. Indeed,

our relationship was one between a doctor and a patient in the beginning. But as I started treating him, he gradually developed a great attachment to me since we were always together and saw each other night and day. Later, our families proposed that we tie the knot, and he didn't object either."

What?

It was as though a bolt of lightning struck Sasha, and her eyes went wide with shock.

Tie the knot? They were actually going to get married?

Her mind went blank.

At her expression, the sneer tugging at Roxanne's lips deepened. "Are you shocked? Don't worry, for I didn't agree. I had no interest in marriage, so I took off after they proposed marriage."

Sasha was struck dumb upon hearing that.

An eternity seemingly passed as she stood there gaping at the woman blankly without twitching a muscle.

So, it turned out that she was the one who left between the two of them. In other words, if she hadn't left back then, she would have been his wife. Most importantly, he wanted to marry her. Is that it? Then, what am I to him? Is she the love of his life instead? Back when he was truly at his most tormented, she must have been the sum of his confidante and hope to hang on to life as his psychologist. Who can ever compare to someone that important to him?

Recalling the intimacy and familiarity of the scene she witnessed on the third floor that morning which had her so envious to the point of no return, a suffocating sense of distress assailed her. She could feel her heart that had just healed some time ago being ripped open bit by bit again, blood dripping from the wound that radiated crippling pain.

"Thus, I was really puzzled when you suddenly married him at that time. I didn't understand why Frederick would do such a thing when he understood his son's condition better than anyone else."

This time, Sasha was entirely dumbstruck.

The implication was too horrifying that almost a lifetime passed before she heard herself asking, "W-What do you mean?"

Roxanne merely shrugged. "I don't know, but I found it strange. After I took off, his mental condition was at an all-time low. As such, shouldn't he have been stabilized first at that time? Why was he forced to marry you instead? Could it be that Frederick wanted to use such a method to keep you shackled?"

Her eyes suddenly glinted after saying that.

She's an incredibly intelligent woman, yet she's an idiot in some aspects!

Meanwhile, Sasha plunged into silence.

She felt as though someone had poured a bucket of cold water on her, drenching her from head to toe. All the light was extinguished from her life in the blink of an eye. She stood there like a puppet whose strings had been cut, and she almost stumbled on her feet.

That was probably the pinnacle of utter devastation and despair.

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I thought Frederick was helping me at my lowest, but it turned out that he was taking advantage of my situation. And the debt of gratitude I thought I owed him had also turned into a pathetic joke in the end. How naive was I? Ultimately, he had never regarded me humanely. How ludicrous!

Sasha had no inkling how she left in the end. She only remembered dragging her feet that felt as though they were filled with lead. When she finally snapped back to reality, she found herself standing in front of the prison she had just visited that morning.

"I made a mistake, Dad. I shouldn't have done that. If I could ever turn back time, I'd never make the same choice."

She fell to her knees in front of the prison in the pitch-dark night.

And when I went in today, I even told him that I was living a good life and didn't regret my decision back then. How ironic!

She remained kneeling like an abandoned waif as time continued ticking by...

Meanwhile, it was an hour later when Sebastian was finally awakened.

When he blinked open his eyes, he was briefly dazed after having been under hypnosis for such a long time. A few minutes later, awareness gradually returned to him. When he saw that the lights were turned on in the room, his eyes narrowed, and he immediately shot up from the bed.

"Roxanne Rocke! How long did you have me sleep?" His voice was steely, making his current mood known in uncertain terms.

Roxanne had been a tad uneasy ever since Sasha left in a stupor, so her expression turned even more apprehensive at his wrath.

"I just wanted to let you sleep. Look, you haven't slept well in a long time."

Sebastian didn't even dignify that with a response.

Cutting her a glare, he got out of bed and stalked out after snagging his suit jacket by the chair.

Uh... He's leaving? Should I tell him that Sasha Wand was here?

Roxanne hesitated for a moment.

But in the end, she still said nothing. Instead, she watched the man leave until his car disappeared into the dark night.

“Dr. Rocke, are we not telling Mr. Hayes that his wife was here? She looked very pale when she left. Would something happen to her?” her assistant couldn’t resist asking after having seen it all from behind her.

When Roxanne heard that, her expression instantly darkened.

“Why should we do so? She was here to look for me, not him! And I only granted her wish by telling her everything she wanted to know, so there’s no one to be blamed if she can’t accept the truth!”

Unexpectedly, she was incensed for the first time in her life.

In the past, such an emotion would never have manifested on her.

Sebastian drove back to Frontier Bay.

He was about to enter the villa in search of Sasha to explain why he hadn’t returned on time to accompany her to the prison visit when his cell phone rang without notice.

“Hello?”

“It’s bad, Mr. Hayes! Xenia Blackwood is dead!”

It was Karl’s voice. His declaration was akin to a deafening explosion in the cold and wintry night. Sebastian felt as though his ears were buzzing as those few words fell into his ears.

“Dead? I didn’t ask you to kill her!”

“Indeed. I didn’t make a move against her either, but she was found dead on the street just after she ran out of the house following a huge row with her parents. And the person standing next to her was affiliated with us,” Karl explained hastily.

He seemed desperate to clarify that he had nothing to do with the incident, but his denial became extremely flimsy from the moment he said that someone affiliated with Hayes Corporation was at the scene.

A shiver ran down Sebastian's spine, and his expression turned grim in the dark night.

"Then, why are you tarrying now? Go and investigate this matter quickly!"

"It's being investigated now. But Mr. Hayes, Sharon Goldstein ran out and witnessed it, so I'm afraid that..."

Smash!

Karl's voice cut off. On the heels of that, the sound of the man smashing his cell phone to the ground in unadulterated rage rang out.

Even after he had done that, his fingers trembled slightly.

Xenia is dead, and someone affiliated with Hayes Corporation was at the scene. Worse still, all that happened to have been witnessed by Sharon!

When Sebastian came back to his senses, the first thought that occurred to him was to quicken his pace. He sprinted into the villa to find that woman posthaste and explain the matter to her.

However, he couldn't find her anywhere in the villa.

"Where's my wife?"

"She went out to look for you. Didn't you see her, Mr. Hayes?"

When Wendy saw her employer looking frantic upon scurrying out of the children's room, bemusement swamped her.

Hearing that, Sebastian froze for a moment.

Huh? She went out to look for me? Where did she go in search of me?

All of a sudden, Roxanne's unusual nonchalance when he left her place earlier flashed across his mind. Surprisingly, she didn't cling to him as she was apt to do. In a thrice, the sense of dread within him grew all the more intense.

“Mr. Hayes?”

Unbidden, unease started permeating Wendy when she abruptly noticed that the man’s expression had turned awfully bleak.

Nonetheless, Sebastian didn’t answer her.

Snatching up his keys, he only ordered her to take good care of the three children before pivoting and leaving in huge strides.

Wendy could vaguely sense that he had lost his usual calmness and unflappability.

Don’t tell me something happened? Oh no, I really hope not! Dear Lord, it’s hasn’t been easy for them to get to this point, so won’t You please have mercy on them?

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Wendy was exceedingly worried, but little did she know that there were too many things between the two people whom she was praying for.

Many a time, it was something beyond their control in which they had absolutely no say.

Sasha only received news of Xenia’s death when it was almost dawn. Disregarding her sorry state, she rushed over to the hospital right away.

But just after she arrived at the hospital, Sharon slapped her.

“Get out of here! Leave! I don’t want to see you ever again, so get lost!”

It was the first time her aunt had ever said such callous words to her, and it was also the first time she had ever struck her.

Instantly, Sasha went cold.

Ignoring the smarting of her cheek and the metallic taste that trickled out the corner of her mouth, she grabbed Sharon's arm and dropped to her knees before her with a resounding thud.

"No, let me explain, Aunt Sharon! I really... I really never harbored any intention of killing Xenia."

"No?" Sharon shot daggers at her with eyes blazing scarlet. "If so, why did you have Sebastian's men keeping an eye on my house? Didn't you team up with him to deal with Xenia? You would've spared her if she assented to having her memories erased, but if otherwise, you would then kill her! Is that not so?"

"No, that's not true!"

"No? You're still trying to deny it at this time, Sasha Wand? I witnessed it with my own eyes! I saw her dying at the hands of someone affiliated with the Hayes family! Was I blind? Is that it, then?"

As Sharon roared at the top of her lungs, her usually indifferent face was contorted with fury and intense hatred at that moment. It was as though she wanted to rip Sasha into pieces.

Sasha fell into a trance.

At long last, she no longer said anything else. Tears gushed out of her eyes that were teeming with terror and despair.

Likewise, Jackson ignored her.

He was settling the procedures to have Xenia transferred to the funeral parlor, and he never spared her a single glance throughout it all.

True enough, Xenia was still their biological daughter despite her faults.

Sasha closed her eyes.

When she opened her eyes again a few minutes later, they had turned scarlet even as tears clung to the eyelashes. She stood up and promptly disappeared into the hospital.

Coincidentally, Sebastian had also rushed over at this time.

When he saw the familiar white Cayenne in the parking lot that was about to leave, he immediately sped over and blocked its path. He hemmed it in before it could leave the hospital.

“You’re really here, Sasha! Do you know that I’ve been looking for you for a long time?”

When the man saw that the person in the car he blocked off was indeed the woman he was looking for, his heart that was lodged in his throat finally settled back into his chest. Alighting from the car, he strode toward her.

Right then, he was still relatively calm.

Such a trivial matter was truly nothing to the man who always had all situations under control in the business world, so he was wholly confident that he could resolve the problem.

But when he had gone over, he realized that the woman in the car was no longer the same.

“Sasha?”

“Were you the one who sent men to keep an eye on Blackwood residence?”

Sebastian was silent for a moment before he honestly admitted, “Yes.” Then, he wanted to explain, saying, “I only kept an eye on her because...”

“So, it was you who had her killed.”

“No!” Upon hearing the accusation he dreaded most, the man grew irate. “Her death has nothing to do with me. I didn’t order them to kill her.”

“And where’s the proof? What evidence do you have to prove that it wasn’t you?” Sasha sneered. “Sebastian Hayes, did you know from the very beginning that it was actually Xenia who stole my manuscript?”

At that, Sebastian went silent.

He couldn’t deny that, for it was indeed the truth. Ever since Xandra told him that she didn’t know who the mastermind was, he focused his attention on the woman before him.

Later, after asking Luke to investigate everything about Sasha's family before they went bankrupt and learning about Xenia's interaction with Sasha over those few years, he was pretty certain that it was indeed her.

"I thought you wouldn't pursue the matter anymore, so I was both surprised and moved. I wanted to resolve everything discreetly and tell Aunt Sharon that I would let Xenia off the hook as long as she allowed me to erase her memories. But what did you do, Sebastian?"

Sasha's gaze was hollow as she sat in the car. One side of her petite face was as white as a sheet, while the other side was marred with a red and swollen imprint that was distinctly visible once Sebastian leaned closer.

What the hell? She was slapped?

He ignored her words as his eyes narrowed and blazed with murder.

"Who hit you? Was it Jackson?"

"Do you truly care that I was hit, Mr. Hayes? It was all thanks to you, after all. Would I have been slapped if you hadn't killed her? It's already a miracle that I got out of there alive."

Sasha started cackling, the sound grating and maniacal.

At that, Sebastian's brows furrowed, and his patience finally snapped.

"How many times do you want me to repeat this? I didn't give any orders to kill her! Yes, I knew long ago that she was the one who gave the manuscript to Xandra, but I only had her followed to... protect you."

At long last, he revealed his motives to her.

While saying that, his voice was tinged with a hint of stiffness and awkwardness.

Regretfully, the woman before him didn't believe that. Or more accurately speaking, the series of events that transpired that night had already destroyed her, so she would never believe that such a wonderful thing would happen to her.

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“Protect me? Sebastian, do you dare say that you didn’t make any contingency plans if she were to flee?”

At Sasha’s accusation, the man finally went silent without any retort.

Well, I naturally did so since it was a great threat to me. I couldn’t possibly do nothing in case she couldn’t handle this matter well, no? And anyhow, I gave her the opportunity to do things her way, didn’t I?

Anger began to bubble within Sebastian. “Yes, you’re right in that I indeed had a contingency plan. However, I already gave you leave to handle the matter, so I wouldn’t interfere before you were done.”

“Who would believe that?”

“What did you just say?” The man’s gaze suddenly turned exceedingly menacing. He almost went ballistic from her distrust and refusal to believe his words. “Why don’t you repeat that, Sasha?”

“Fine by me. The facts are right before our eyes now. Xenia is dead, and she died at the hands of someone affiliated with you. You’ve admitted to it as well, so who else killed her if not you? Also, even if it wasn’t you, it must certainly be someone from the Hayes family. Back then, your father wanted to “eliminate” the only survivor from my family, so he tricked me into marrying you when I was eighteen years old. And after the Emmanuel family’s birthday party, he wanted to confine me to Hayes residence. Is there anything the two of you wouldn’t do? Well? Spit it out, then!” Sasha shrieked hysterically in her car with tears streaming down her face.

In that moment, she truly looked like a lunatic.

After all, she was utterly devastated to the point that she could see no hope anymore.

Meanwhile, Sebastian went entirely mum.

The color drained from his handsome countenance bit by bit. As he stared intently at her complete breakdown, his stoic heart finally started to crumble slowly.

What? She even knows about that? Who told her? No, that's not important anymore. The thing is, her allegation might be true since my father is definitely the kind of person who has no qualms doing something like that!

"No, Sasha, would you please listen to me first?" He started panicking and yanked at the car door to swing it open so that he could forcefully carry the woman out.

However, Sasha, who was already in a state of total breakdown, lost it completely.

"I hate you, Sebastian Hayes! Look what my life has become because of you! I only wronged you once when I was a child who didn't know better, yet I've been reduced to this sorry state! I ruined the Wand family, and now, I've also destroyed the Blackwood family! Why must you do this to me, Sebastian Hayes?"

She seemingly bellowed out his name with all the anguish in the world.

Sebastian's hands shook, and the panic within him was so intense that he couldn't quite breathe. He clutched the car door with all his might and beseeched her in a humble voice that he had never once used in his entire life.

"Yes, it's all my fault. I apologize, so please unlock the car door first, okay? Listen to me."

He truly started to coax her as though cajoling a child.

Alas, the woman who had waited for him for years on end would never listen to him anymore. Screwing her eyes shut in the car, she then floored the gas pedal.

In the blink of an eye, the car shot away.

"Come back, Sasha Wand!" Sebastian roared at the top of his lungs from the back, his eyes blazing with rage.

Nonetheless, all that greeted him in return was the cloud of exhaust and the swiftly disappearing back of the car.

Right that moment, the woman was truly determined not to give him any quarter.

Meanwhile, when Frederick learned of the news at Hayes residence, he was so shocked that he instantly shot up from the bed.

“Who did you say is dead?”

“It’s Jackson Blackwood’s daughter, Mr. Hayes. His wife, Sharon Goldstein, claimed that she witnessed her daughter dying at the hands of a man sent by Mr. Sebastian. As such, Mr. Sebastian and Ms. Wand are again at odds.”

Tim narrated the entire incident without holding back anything.

After hearing that, Frederick’s expression darkened at once. “Is he a fool? Why did he do such a thing when he wants to live the rest of his life with that girl?”

He was so anxious that he scrambled out of bed to personally make a trip to the hospital.

But at that precise moment, a figure abruptly barged in from outside. When the person reached the door, he kicked it open with a bang regardless of the people trying to hold him back. Then, he stumbled in.

“Frederick Hayes! Come out, Frederick!” the person howled like a beast, shattering the silence of the night.

In no time, everyone in Hayes residence was alerted to the commotion.

Tim’s expression changed as well.

Isn’t that Mr. Sebastian? Why is he suddenly here? Furthermore, he actually showed such disrespect by addressing Mr. Hayes by name? Jeez, has he lost his mind?

Tim immediately rushed over to stop him, but Frederick had already made his way over by then. He was infuriated to hear someone bellowing his name, so he charged over on his cane.

“What are you doing, Sebastian Hayes? Have you gone mad with excessive drinking?”

“You’re saying that I’m mad? That’s my line! Have you gone mad? Why did you kill her? Have you gotten addicted to the thrill of killing? You simply can’t rest easy without having someone dying at your hands every day, huh?”

The man whose eyes were bloodshot seemed a tad manic. He pounced and grabbed Frederick by the collar before roaring, his face pale.

His appearance right then was horrifying, to say the least.

Discerning that something was amiss, Frederick promptly grabbed his wrist. "Who did I kill? Get ahold of yourself, Sebastian! What on earth are you saying?"