

The Love that Never Really Dies chapter 281

“Who do you think I meant? Don’t you know who you killed? Do believe that I’ll kill you right now since you love killing so much?”

After saying that, the man who had lost all sanity truly reached out and strangled his own father with both hands.

“No, Mr. Sebastian!”

Seeing that, Tim was so stricken that he hastily rushed over to stop him.

At that exact moment, Karl, who came with Sebastian, streaked over and hit him on the back of the head.

Finally, the living room went quiet once again.

A few minutes later, Frederick returned to the living room after having settled Sebastian in. He stared at Karl, who was still waiting there.

“What exactly happened? Why did he suddenly go crazy like that? Also, why would he think that I was the one who killed Xenia Blackwood?”

“Wasn’t it you, Mr. Hayes?” the bodyguard blurted, momentarily taken aback.

Hearing that, Tim’s temper flared. “What absolute nonsense! Would Mr. Hayes ask you such a question now if he was truly the one who did it?”

Karl was instantly floored by the revelation.

What? It wasn’t Mr. Hayes? Then, who could it be? I didn’t make a move either, so how could it still be a bodyguard under Hayes Corporation who killed Xenia Blackwood?

He abruptly broke into a cold sweat.

"Mr. Hayes, she indeed died at the hands of a bodyguard from Hayes Corporation. Both Sharon Goldstein and I witnessed it. Mr. Hayes already gave orders not to make a move unless it was the last resort, so I am certain that my men didn't do it. But you're also now claiming..."

"I had no idea of this matter, so how could it have been me?"

This time, Frederick personally denied the allegation.

His voice was filled with indignant fury, and his weathered face was flushed bright red.

Once more, the living room plunged into silence.

Due to the clearing of the air between two parties, the matter was now brought to light, making the atmosphere exceedingly strange. At the same time, a sense of spine-tingling chill hung in the air.

Who was the real culprit if it was neither my men nor those from Hayes residence? Why did he masquerade as a bodyguard from Hayes Corporation? And what exactly is his motive?

"Mr. Hayes, could it be a competitor of Hayes Corporation?"

"Why would a competitor of Hayes Corporation involve the Blackwood family? The Blackwood family is already in tatters, so it wouldn't yield any benefit to do so. If anyone were to be affected, then it'd be Sasha and Sebastian."

Frederick was rather perceptive, so he could tell right away that the matter would ultimately affect Sebastian and Sasha's relationship.

But then again, Xandra and her aunt, Kelly, who wanted to fragment their relationship, are now done for... So, who else could it be?

Frederick had no answer, so he could only heave a sigh in the end. "Alright, I'll go and explain things to her tomorrow. She's been a smart one since young, so she'll probably understand easily enough."

"She won't, Mr. Hayes," Karl unexpectedly refuted. "To tell you the truth, Mr. Sebastian actually went into such a frenzy because Ms. Wand said that she'll never again believe him."

“Why?”

“Um... Because she said her entire life had been a lie after her parents were gone—you tricked her into marriage with the Hayes family when she was eighteen, and she was toyed around by Mr. Sebastian when she later came back. She said... she said she doesn’t want to see Mr. Sebastian anymore, never again for the rest of her life.”

Karl articulated the conversation he heard at the hospital entrance back then.

Of course, he still kept some things to himself, afraid that Frederick wouldn’t be able to take it if he were too blunt.

Unfortunately, he didn’t realize that he had already revealed the most crucial part of it. Just as his words fell, Tim, who was standing at the side, noticed Frederick’s face draining of color before he stumbled back several steps on his cane.

“A-Are you okay, Mr. Hayes?”

He hurried forward to steady Frederick, only to discover that the elderly man was now cold all over in mere seconds, and even the arm in his hand was trembling.

“Mr. Hayes...”

“She knows... she has finally found out the truth...” In the blink of an eye, Frederick’s voice seemed to have grown decades older, and he seemed so frail that it was as though he had been drained of all energy.

When it came to Sasha, Sebastian’s remonstrations of him after the Emmanuel family’s birthday party had actually struck his conscience.

In reality, he didn’t really harbor zero guilt toward Sasha, nor was he totally unremorseful toward his best friend, Rufus.

That wasn’t true at all, for it was the exact opposite.

However, when it involved the safety of his son, Sebastian, sanity still took second fiddle. As such, it led him to commit mistake after mistake.

It wasn't until the day when Sebastian charged in and mocked him did he finally realize his blunder.

Back then, Sebastian called him out for prioritizing him because he was his son when Rufus' daughter was likewise precious to her father. And so, there was no reason to sacrifice someone else's child for his own.

It was from then that he slowly let go of the resentment he held toward Sasha and started to accept her.

In fact, his visit to Frontier Bay that day was the best evidence.

Nonetheless, a past mistake couldn't be erased by all the kindness in the world. Sasha had lost too much because of him, and now, even the Blackwood family became part of the sacrifice.

No matter the identity of the real culprit behind the murder of Xenia Blackwood, this matter was still linked to the Hayes family at the end of the day.

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The sky was brightly lit when Sebastian woke up.

Where am I?

He was knocked out, so he was lost for a moment when he woke up and saw the carved vintage canopy above his head.

Shortly after, Frederick came in on his cane. When he saw that Sebastian was awake, he sat down at the head of the bed.

"You're awake? Are you hungry? Should I have Tim bring you some breakfast?"

Sebastian said nothing as his consciousness gradually returned to him.

In the next moment, his terrifyingly dark eyes instantly turned cold. He flipped open the covers and sat up to leave.

Frederick merely observed him without making any move to stop him.

But when the man got off the bed and bent down to put on his shoes, he slowly spoke while staring at his young back. "Don't worry, for I already have people out there looking for Sasha. Also, I really didn't send anyone to kill Jackson Blackwood's daughter. I've always been a person who dares to admit my actions throughout the years, and you know that full well."

The moment his words fell, the young man who was bent over jolted.

Truth be told, it appeared that he was contemplating the veracity of that statement.

Seeing that, Frederick took out the CD he brought with him and held it out.

"If you don't believe me, here's the record of the whereabouts of everyone under my command last night. I had Tim compile it overnight, so you can take it home and see for yourself."

Still, he was greeted by silence.

Sebastian cast a glance at the CD, but he didn't take it. Instead, he lowered his head and continued putting on his shoes.

Two minutes later, he was done wearing his socks and clothes. Only then did he turn around and look down at his father condescendingly with his usual handsome countenance.

"Who was it if not you?"

"I don't know, but I've already ordered someone to investigate the matter. I gave it a lot of thought last night, and I realized that while the culprit seemed intent on driving a wedge between you and Sasha, he's actually trying to damage my relationship with you. What do you think?"

Despite being regarded with such derision, Frederick didn't seem affected. His voice remained calm and gentle.

However, his final comment seemed to have an underlying meaning to it, and one could even sense a faint chill emanating from it.

Hah! Our relationship?

Sebastian's thin lips finally curved into a frosty arc.

He was very emotional last night, so he didn't consider that possibility. But it was a different story now that he was calm.

On second thought, that's indeed true. However, the culprit was probably not vying for a physical or verbal conflict between us. Instead, it's probably strife and dissension.

"Was it those old shareholders again? Or was it those people from the Hayes family? Are they hoping to pull me down from the position of the heir of Hayes Corporation upon seeing that I'm relapsing again?"

"Shut up!" Frederick's veins throbbed at once. "I'll investigate this matter, so you don't have to worry about it anymore!"

He truly abhorred hearing that since he had expended tremendous effort back then to put him into that position, both in dealing with the protestors and Sebastian himself.

Subsequently, Sebastian started walking away.

"Where are you going? Don't go and look for Sasha, for I already have people looking for her. Go home. Wendy called this morning and said that the little girl fell sick after crying the entire night because she couldn't find her mother. She has been sent to the hospital."

"What? The little girl is sick?"

A trace of concern flashed across Sebastian's face, and he quickly left.

Vivian, on the other hand, was indeed sick.

Nonetheless, she didn't cry the entire night because she wanted her mother. Instead, it was because she was sick.

“Why are you now only sending her to the hospital when she’s obviously been having an allergic reaction? Fortunately, it’s not severe, or it might be fatal!” the doctor chastised in distress upon seeing the rashes littering Vivian’s body when he was assigned to her case.

When Wendy heard that, guilt instantly flooded her.

Oh God, I didn’t know she’s been having an allergic reaction! Besides, I didn’t give her anything weird last night. I just made some leek quiche which she ate. Does leek cause allergy?

The doctor put Vivian on an IV drip. Finally, the child who had been wailing from the incessant itch fell asleep on the hospital bed from her exhaustion.

Half an hour later, Sebastian arrived at the hospital.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Hayes. I didn’t know that it was an allergic reaction. I thought she was bitten by mosquitoes, so I kept trying to keep them at bay. I’m really sorry for not sending her to the hospital right away.”

Brimming with self-recrimination and stark regret, Wendy apologized when she saw that her employer had arrived.

An allergic reaction?

Sebastian walked over to Vivian’s bed and took a gander. Upon seeing that her chubby face had grown much thinner within the span of a night, a wave of anguish inexorably swept over him.

“Why did she suffer an allergic reaction? What did she eat? And didn’t her mother tell you about it previously?”

“No, and she only ate a bit of leek quiche. The doctor confirmed that it was the cause. Mr. Hayes, is there actually someone who’s allergic to leek?”

Unbidden, Sebastian was immediately rooted to the spot, shellshocked at the mention of that word.

After all, he was also allergic to leek.

When he was young, his family once made calzone with leek. Finding it delicious, he ate a lot, and it ended up with him being sent to the hospital that day itself.

After that, leek never again appeared in his house, nor did he ever eat calzone again.

It was only after he had brought Sasha back from Clear that he finally started eating it once more since she always made it.

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“Are you the child’s parent?”

While Sebastian was spacing out as he stood in front of Vivian’s hospital bed and stared at the medical chart, Vivian’s attending doctor came in. Upon seeing him, he asked that question.

Putting down the medical chart, Sebastian nodded. “Yes. How is she doing right now?”

“Her condition has stabilized now. This is her blood test report that just came out. Her blood type is very rare—RhB. Is the blood type of either you or her mother Rh?”

The doctor handed him a blood test report.

Hearing that, Sebastian was stunned for a moment.

RhB? I know Sasha’s blood type is Rh, and Ian inherited it. But this little girl is actually RhB? For her blood type to be RhB, the father’s blood type must be B, theoretically speaking. Only then is there a high possibility of having a child with a blood type of that combination. And my blood type just happens to be B.

Unwittingly, that thought flashed through his mind.

"Mister? Are you okay?"

There was a brief moment of silence before Sebastian gathered his wits about him. "I'm fine. To answer your question, her mother's blood type is Rh." Then, he took the blood test report in chagrin.

Ugh! What has that got to do with me? Tens of thousands of men in this world have the blood type of B! I must have gotten my wires crossed to have such an absurd thought!

He didn't pay more attention. Glancing at the watch on his wrist, he told Wendy to go back and take care of the other two children since it was getting late.

Meanwhile, he stayed at the hospital and waited for Vivian to wake up.

"Mommy..."

Vivian's sleep was fitful, and one could discern her discomfort every so often from the twitching of her red, swollen eyelids. Her petite mouth was in a moue as childish sobs escaped.

Even in her dreams, she was calling out for her mother.

Gah! Why are you still calling out to her? She doesn't want you anymore!

Irritation abruptly pervaded Sebastian again. It was as though a fist was squeezing his heart, the pain so great that he couldn't quite breathe.

Honestly speaking, he was actually aware that things were truly disastrous this time.

After all, Sasha's greatest attachment was the children. In the past, she never gave up battling him for them, even at the cost of her own life.

Now, however, she simply left without any regard for the children.

As Sebastian pinned his gaze on Vivian, his thin lips pressed into a white line. For a long time, he sat there staring at her face that resembled her mother's without moving a muscle.

When a mother and her daughter across them in the emergency room saw his dedication, they started talking about him. "He's really a good father. It's New Year's Eve today, yet he's keeping watch over his daughter in the hospital alone."

"Exactly! There are few young men who are so patient nowadays."

"Oh, perhaps it's not her father, but her uncle instead," the young daughter mused.

"How could he possibly be her uncle? He's obviously her father. Look at her distinct resemblance with her father!" the mother countered.

Nevertheless, the debate quickly ended when Vivian woke up.

Sebastian didn't hear a single word either since his mind had been otherwise occupied.

"You're awake? Are you feeling unwell anywhere?"

When the man saw that the little girl was awake, he exhibited great patience. Getting to his feet, he approached the hospital bed and leaned down before Vivian, putting a hand on her forehead.

As Vivian had just woken, her pale face still carried a pallid complexion.

Nonetheless, her big eyes that resembled crystal marbles instantly lit up at the sight of Sebastian. "Is Mommy back, Uncle Sebastian? I want Mommy."

The moment she spoke, she asked for her mother, and her childish voice was thick with tears.

All at once, Sebastian's heart clenched.

After a moment's deliberation, he reached out and scooped her up from the hospital bed. "Your mommy has something to do, so she's not here. But I promise she'll come and visit you soon, Vivi."

"Really?"

Despite being in his arms, Vivian's aversion was much milder this time, perhaps because she was still feeling sick.

She stretched out her tiny arms and hooked them around his neck.

Sebastian had never cradled her in such a manner. In the past, he either carried her or simply scooped her up with a hand out of distaste. But now, he suddenly had his arms full with a tiny and soft body.

Out of the blue, a strong sense of resentment surged within him.

Why? Why isn't she my daughter?

Half an hour later, they both left the hospital and went to a restaurant specializing in pastries and soups.

"What would you like to have? I'll order it for you."

"Are we going to see Mommy after we're done eating?" Vivian was still tenaciously fixated on that question as she sat in the wooden high chair.

The veins on Sebastian's forehead throbbed, but he stifled his temper.

Patiently, he continued cajoling her. "Of course! We'll only have energy after eating, and that will keep her from realizing that you were sick. Don't you agree, Vivi?"

While Vivian said nothing, her big eyes sparkled as she felt that he indeed made sense.

Thus, they ordered some food. The pastries and nourishing soups were served in no time, and Sebastian scooped the chicken soup that he had ordered specially for Vivian into a small bowl before placing it in front of her.

Not only were the carrots and celery in the chicken soup nutritious, but they were also particularly beneficial for someone who had just suffered an allergic reaction.

Having done so, Sebastian picked up his cutlery to eat.

But to his astonishment, Vivian started clumsily picking out the carrots one by one with the small spoon in her hand after having brought the bowl to closer herself with her fair and chubby hands.

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Sebastian was speechless.

There was a moment when he felt like something had knocked his head hard. He stared at the carrots that were put aside, and for a long while, he couldn't find the right words to say.

Vivian saw that he was acting weird, so she tilted her tiny head up and asked in her baby voice, "Uncle Sebastian, what's wrong?"

Sebastian felt a bomb going off in his mind again.

It took him a long while before he heard himself ask, "Why did you put the carrots aside? Do you not like them?"

Vivian's tiny head nodded before she claimed, "You're right. I don't like them. Mommy said that carrots are nutritious and told me to have more, but you have no idea how bad they taste."

Sebastian was speechless once again.

Of course, he knew that those things taste horrible. He didn't like carrots either.

Sebastian's fingers trembled. He felt like a bomb had gone off inside his chest, and his expression froze over as he stared at the tiny mountain of shredded carrots.

Wild emotions swirled around in his eyes.

His emotions were spiraling so quick and so out of control that even a tornado would be envious.

In the end, the father-daughter duo didn't finish their breakfast together because the guy was too excited. He hugged the kid and took her to the hospital again.

He went straight to the relevant department to do a paternity test.

Sasha was already on the ship that would take her to a faraway country.

She was well aware of that, and that was why she was practically up all night in her cabin. She had been sitting there like a statue and had been staring blankly at the dark waters outside her window.

That “statue” remained stuck until the sun rose from the east and illuminated the sea. A silhouette entered the room with a bag.

“D-did you not sleep the entire night? What the hell? Are you okay?”

The first thing the visitor noticed was that Sasha had not moved a muscle since he left her alone the night before. The bed remained untouched as it sat at the side, and seeing that got the man’s pretty face to light up with anger.

Yep, the man in question was Brandon.

Sasha remained motionless. Perhaps it was because she had been staring out the window for too long, but she didn’t even bother turning around.

It’ll only hurt if I try to move or turn around.

Brandon was so angry that he was on the verge of going nuts. He had no choice but to toss aside the stuffs he brought along with him. After that, he went and got a basin of warm water for Sasha.

“Come on, stop staring already! You’ve already decided to let go of everything, so don’t think about it anymore. I know Sebastian well. He may be cruel, but he will never hurt his kids.”

Sasha didn’t reply.

“Think about it. You have your own goals and purpose now. You have to get the Wand family back to the top and pay the Blackwood family back, so you shouldn’t think about anything else. Instead, you should pick yourself up.”

Brandon was patient as he tried to convince Sasha to get back up on her feet.

Fortunately, the last bit of his words got through to her. Sasha's dry lips quivered. She had been motionless for an entire night, but she finally turned around slowly.

"You are right. I need to pick myself back up and make up for my past mistake," murmured Sasha, before she grabbed the food from the table and shoved it into her mouth.

Brandon was also worried when he saw her like that. He reminded, "Hey, calm down... and slow down."

Someday, I will die of worry because of this woman!

Fortunately, Sasha became much more energetic after she had her breakfast, and she started behaving like a normal person again.

"Remember the money I loan from you earlier? Have you handed the money to my uncle?"

"Yes, I did. I even followed your weird request and pretended that the money was a loan from an old family friend of the Wand family," replied Brandon in an irritated tone.

He was truly annoyed when he delivered the money to the Blackwood residence. Sasha was the one who requested the loan because she wanted to help Jackson pull through that tough time.

However, she worried that Jackson would refuse to accept the money from her, so she had no choice but to make all that arrangements.

Huh!

Sasha turned pale again. It took her some time before she continued, "What about my other request? Have you found any other members of the Wand family?"

Brandon nodded again and replied, "Yeah, but there are only few members around. I looked for days, but the only person I can find is your cousin from your father's side."

"Yeah, there's not many members of the Wand family around," replied Sasha.

Sorrow and grief donned her pale face as she parted her lips and spoke earlier.

I guess that makes sense. If we had more family members, it would not have been that difficult for us to find someone to help us out when we were in trouble.

Our legacy would not end so badly if we had just a little more people in our network.

Sasha looked out the window again. Perhaps it was because Brandon informed Sasha that he had found someone, but Sasha's gaze was no longer as blank as it used to be.

Her eyes glowed with just a little more hope and a tad more persistence.

Two days later, Sasha arrived at Clear, and with the help of her friend, Willow, Sasha emerged once more as a new person. She even broke into the finance industry.

However, she didn't expect to bump into someone she knew on the very first day she joined Willow to attend a banquet hosted for those in the finance industry. I can't believe I bumped into Solomon, who I have not seen in ages!

"Nancy, what a coincidence. Are you back for good? Why didn't you tell me about it? I actually thought you are still in Avenport."

Solomon still had the same glasses on, even though he had changed his style and was wearing a tuxedo. The expression on his handsome face changed when he saw Sasha there, and his gaze rippled with a sweet emotion. He immediately left the date he took to the party and approached Sasha and Willow.

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Sasha was stunned.

Yep, even she found it strange. What is he doing here? Shouldn't he be in Avenport and working at Prime Cloud Corporation?

Sasha saw how happy the guy was when he saw her, so she thought that it wasn't right for her to comment on anything. She simply grinned and replied, "Yeah, I just got back. What about you? What brought you here?"

"Me?" blurted Solomon. His shoulders slumped down as a bitter smile crept up.

Sasha couldn't speak.

A revelation suddenly hit her, and she discovered something. At that moment, she couldn't stop herself from saying, "Are you here because of me? Did Sebastian chase you away?"

Solomon shook his hands and denied, "No, not at all. The truth is that I have been thinking about leaving that place for a while now. Progress there is slow, and it was affecting my career, so I moved back here."

The way he said everything... His words may sound innocent from the surface, but he is obviously confirming my suspicion in the most blatant way.

F*ck!

Are men nowadays all such assh*les?

Brandon, who had been drinking and enjoying himself some distance away, almost spat in disgust.

Naturally, Sasha caught that as well. She was even angrier.

"That freaking j*rk Sebastian Hayes! He's always doing inhumane sh*ts. I am so sorry, Solomon. This is all my fault. I didn't know that he would do something like that, and I got you in trouble."

"It's fine. By the way, do you have any special reason for coming to this party? If not, I can introduce you to some of my friends hanging out over there."

"What friends are you talking about?"

"They're not celebrities or anything, but they are all businessmen. Getting to know them can help you down the road if you plan on working in Clear as a doctor. I'm sure they can look out for you and send business your way."

Solomon was suddenly chatting sweetly. His lips were curved into a small grin, and his aura was warm. He was an absolute gentleman at that moment.

Sasha's eyes glowed.

Businessmen? No, I don't need them to come to me as patients. What I need is for them to teach me how to run a business.

Sasha ended up holding her glass of wine and following Solomon along to go meet his friends.

Willow didn't think it was appropriate to tag along because it was a private social call. Hence, she held her glass of wine and turned around to head over to the other side. She was surprised to see an extremely handsome but gloomy face almost immediately after.

"Who the hell is that? What is his intention with my little idiot?"

It was Brandon!

Willow's eye twitched as she stared at his downright grouchy expression. She demanded, "Your little idiot? When did the two of you become so close? Who do you think she is to you?"

Brandon shifted his gaze. There was a moment when his mesmerizing eyes swept past Willow's face. One look was all it took to knock her off her feet a little.

"Oh, why do you care? Stop being so nosy. I will say this, though. That punk better not have any funny ideas or I will make him suffer!" spat Brandon before he left in a puff.

Sometimes, a man's instinct was pretty accurate when he read another man.

Sasha ended up meeting the most prestigious guests that night, thanks to Solomon's introductions. It just so happened that those were the very people she needed to meet the most.

Hence, Sasha was ecstatic. She kept sharing her stories with Willow and Brandon as they went home together.

She spoke all the way home. When she opened her front door, she suddenly realized that a tall man was sitting on her sofa with his legs crossed.

“Leaving me makes you that happy, huh?”

Only a small lamp was turned on, so it didn't illuminate the place much. It was quite the contrary. The dark environment engulfed most parts of the figure and made him look especially terrifying.

It was as if he had just crawled out of the darkness.

Sasha felt all of her limbs going cold. She hadn't even registered what had happened before she stumbled backwards a few steps. Then... Bang! She fell right at the side of the door.

The man inside the house was speechless.

She's actually afraid of me? It's only been a few days, but she's already mastered how to flirt and chat happily with other men. Then, to add insult to injury, she acts like she has seen a ghost when she sees me?

The man had been suppressing his emotions for a while by then. His fury and viciousness finally revealed themselves. He glared at the woman, who looked horrified, and sprang up from the sofa.

“What? Sasha Wand. Are you afraid of me?”

Sasha didn't reply.

Her first instinct was to panic and scan the room.

Of course, I'm afraid of you!

She cut off all connections with him at the very second she discovered the truth. Still, she was terrified of him. She worried that he would drag her back and make it so that she could never leave or see the light of day again.

If that actually happened, then there would be nothing else she could do.

She would not be able to build the Wand family back up, nor could she compensate the Blackwood family for the mistakes she made.

Sasha glared at the man that seemed like a malicious spirit that was there to haunt her. It took her some time, but she eventually suppressed the terror in her heart and spat through her teeth, "What are you doing here? Are you here to take me back? Well, then let me tell you something. I will not grant you that wish, so you will just have to drag my body over!"

Sebastian's irises narrowed rapidly.