

The Love that Never Really Dies Chapter No 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.

Patience, 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.

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She’s actually threatening me with her life?

The man rushed there overnight, and at that moment, he felt so sorrowful that it imprinted into his very bones. Then, he hovered over that woman. His dark brown eyes carried no warmth and the menacing danger was the only thing those eyes exuded.

“You are so adamant about leaving me now. Have you forgotten how you went all out and tried to court me in the past?”

Sasha couldn’t speak.

Her entire body trembled, and her pretty face paled even more.

She remembered that all too well.

That was why she hated herself at that moment. If she could turn back time, she would never have acted that way.

Anger and humiliation maxed out in Sasha’s heart. Her eyes glowed with pain and regret when she replied, “How could I forget that, Sebastian Hayes? For you, I abandoned everything, including the Wand family, the

Blackwood family, and myself. Are you reminding me of that past because you want to know why I insist on torturing myself over and over again?”

Sebastian didn't know what to say.

He was stunned and immediately wanted to say that wasn't what he meant.

Unfortunately, the woman in front of him suddenly developed a surprising strength. She pushed him away.

“It's good that you're here today. We can take this opportunity to clear the air. From now on, Sebastian Hayes, we are nothing but strangers. I will ask my lawyer to send you the divorce papers, so you can leave now.”

Sasha was especially mean and cruel when she said that last sentence.

This woman... she no longer fears me, and she does not panic anymore. Her tone is even as she spoke, and her eyes glow like she is an entirely different person.

Sebastian's expression suddenly became downright terrifying.

The only reason it took him that long to reach her was because he wanted to give her some time to think. Everybody makes stupid mistakes when they act impulsively. That is why I am willing to wait and give her some time.

What Sebastian never anticipated was that even after waiting patiently for a few days, she still said something that cruel.

Am I really that unforgivable? Even if the matter with Xenia is just a misunderstanding? Am I guilty even though I had nothing to do with what my father did?

Sebastian was utterly disappointed. His face had a grouchy expression on, and it was almost visibly turning paler. It was clear that his suppressed emotions were acting up and threatening to break free.

“Are you still hung up on the incident involving Xenia? If so, let me share something with you. I have investigated the matter, and my father is innocent!”

“None of that is important, Sebastian. I am tired. I no longer want to have anything to do with the Hayes, and my only wish is that I can build the Wand family back up. My dad will be out soon.”

“What about the kids? Do you not want to have anything to do with them anymore as well?”

Sasha hesitated. It seemed she had gathered a lot of courage when she closed her eyes, and her pale lips said, “No, I don’t. They’re all yours now.”

The aura in the room froze over.

How disappointed and tired did a person have to be to say something like that?

The man started breaking down.

He had always been the one to determine others’ fate and could do whatever he wanted. However, at that moment, hearing those words... it felt like something was slipping out of his control, and it frightened him to his core.

His fingers were trembling.

She's actually abandoning the kids! They were her everything...

Sasha had been waiting for his response. Unfortunately, she couldn't see his expression in the dark and could only detect his movement.

What she saw was that he had remained motionless.

I guess that makes sense. Why would he do anything? He's probably ecstatic now. All three kids are with him, and he has everything now.

Sasha grinned bitterly and turned around.

"Where are you going?"

To Sasha's surprise, the man reached out and grabbed her as soon as she moved. His hold on her was so strong that she frowned in discomfort.

"You don't get to care about where I'm headed. Let me go!"

"Not even in your dreams. I'm warning you, Sasha. You are mine, and you will remain that way unless I give you permission to leave. If not, you will be mine forever!"

The man with bloodshot eyes howled. He was like an untamed beast that had been infuriated, and he shoved her to the side of the door before he planted countless kisses on her.

Sasha couldn't speak.

She was stunned for a second before she struggled and demanded,

"Mmm... Sebastian Hayes... You... Assh*le! Let me go."

He was the poison she should never touch. That was what Sasha convinced herself of. It took her so long to accept that truth, and she refused to make the same mistake again.

Unfortunately, the more she struggled, the wilder he got.

It eventually got to the point where he carried her and walked into the bedroom right away!

At Prime Cloud Corporation's Headquarter in Clear.

Solomon tossed his coat and slumped down on the sofa aside as soon as he got back.

He had too much to drink that night, and it was likely that he wouldn't make it home if he hadn't pushed hard.

His assistant went over at that moment. Seeing that scenario got the dutiful assistant to hurry over and pour Solomon a glass of warm water.

"Mr. George, are you okay? Why did you drink so much? You can't hold your drink very well."

The assistant felt bad upon seeing Solomon like that because the two of them had been working together for a while.

Solomon, however, smiled. He rested on the sofa and tilted his head up to look at the ceiling. He seemed utterly satisfied.

"I was happy, so I drank a little more."

"Happy? Is it because of Ms. Nancy? Did she finally show up?"

"Yes, she did."

Solomon didn't deny anything. He picked up the glass of water his assistant got him and downed it in one gulp.

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The assistant was speechless.

What could he say, anyway? His boss had always been smart and diligent, except when things involved a particular woman. That was when Solomon would act completely out of character.

The situation at the time, for example, was something the assistant simply couldn't understand. Why would he jump through so many hoops for that one woman?

"Is everything done? I have been gathering information lately, and it seems that Ms. Nancy is actually thinking about stepping back into the finance industry. The Leonard family, who she collaborated with previously, had fallen. It is likely that she will need someone who is even more powerful to rise back up to the top."

"Yeah, that's why I drank so much tonight," muttered the man before he smiled once more.

He had rarely been that happy. Although he grinned often and sounded cheery when he spoke to others, he rarely smiled genuinely.

The assistant stopped talking and started packing up to get ready and leave.

“By the way, is there any interesting place nearby? Make the necessary arrangements. I will take Nancy and some friends out tomorrow to hang out together.”

“Understood.”

The assistant turned around and took one look at Solomon before making a mental note of the matter.

He works so hard and so carefully to court this woman. If only he is as hardworking at his job...

The next morning soon rolled by and Solomon got the booking number for a country club. What no one expected was that when Solomon called Sasha to invite her out, she rejected him.

“Sorry, Solomon. Today is... Something came up, and I can't hang out anymore.”

Sasha had a tough time rejecting Solomon's invitation at the time. If her action wouldn't get the blanket off of her naked body, Sasha would've truly wanted to kick the man beside her off of the bed.

Je*k!

Hearing that response instantly got Solomon disappointed. He asked, “Can't you postpone that? It is rare that my friends gathered over today. Andy Rind, in particular, is usually busy because he plays a major role in Wall Street.”

Sasha said nothing. She hesitated.

Before she got to say anything, a huge palm slipped to her side and caressed her before pulling her into a hug. Sasha's entire body instantly

trembled, and she was affected so much that even her voice seemed off. “N-no,” replied Sasha, “Let’s meet up some other time...”

“Meet up? Where? And with who? It’s so early in the morning. Are you heading out to flirt with that guy again? Did I not satisfy you last night?”

The sexy and deep voice of a man came from the other side of the line, and that got Solomon to clench his fist.

He hadn’t had the chance to get to the bottom of the issue before Sasha hung up. Hence, Solomon gripped his phone as he stared at the scrumptious breakfast in front of him. He smashed the phone onto the floor at the very next second and got it to break in two.

“What’s wrong?” asked the assistant, who hurried over after hearing the noise.

Solomon, however, never answered.

He stared ahead, and his gaze was murderous and wild, like a tsunami.

Sebastian Hayes!

Yep, he guessed right. The person who interrupted and cut the phone call short was none other than Sebastian.

However, justice was served. Sasha had already kicked the perpetrator off of the bed. After a night of intense love-making, she kicked the annoying man off the bed before he could act up again and demand more time together.

“Get the f*ck out of here!”

Sebastian didn’t respond.

After a night like that, any man would be in a good mood, and Sebastian was so delighted that he wasn't angry despite being kicked out of the bed.

“Fine, I'll f*ck out of here, but... shouldn't you get me something to wear?”

“Excuse me?”

“Look! You tore my clothes off yesterday, and it's in shreds now. You don't expect me to walk out of here like this, do you? I don't mind at all, but you're renting this place, and who knows what the owner would think of you?”

That freaking pe*vert! He actually stood up as he spoke and revealed himself completely in front of me.

When Sasha's gaze swept past his exposed private part, her blood rushed right to her head and got her to blush hard. At that moment, she was tempted to gauge her eyes out and just live blindly!

“Sebastian Hayes, you freaking.... Ugh, just you wait, I will castrate you, you lunatic!”

After saying her piece, Sasha used the blanket to shield herself and fled.

The naked man remained standing there. His smile became brighter because his tease was successful.

Going against me? You're bound to lose!

Sasha had no idea where she could go after she ran out of the house. She ended up going to Willow's place.

Willow was still making breakfast when she suddenly saw a disheveled Sasha rushing in. That surprised Willow, and she blurted, “Nancy? What brought you here? Why were you running this early in the morning? Were you chased by a ghost or something?”

Sasha was speechless.

Ghost? Hell no, the thing that is after me is a monster that is much scarier than ghosts!

Sasha took some time to calm herself down before she entered the place while ignoring the discomfort on a certain part of her body.

“I’m fine. What are you cooking? Is Brandon up? He’s going to go pick Lance up today, so let’s not be late.”

“How would I know if he’s up? He locked himself in the room and played video games all night after he got back. Who knows when he went to bed?” replied Willow as she glared angrily at the second floor.

Willow let Brandon stay in her place because Sasha’s place was too cramped, and the buses didn’t go to that region.

Unfortunately, the second son of the Emmanuel family was like a kid who didn’t know how to behave. He was already in his twenties, but Matilda had been spoiling him since he was a kid. Moreover, his uncle had been playing favorites with him whenever he visited, so he remained immature.

Despite being an adult, the guy still didn’t understand responsibilities and discipline. He stubbornly played and messed around whenever he wanted.

Sasha shook her head. In the end, she had no choice but to walk up the stairs.

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“Brandon? Are you awake? It’s time to go pick Lance up.”

No one spoke.

Sasha knocked on the door for quite some time before she heard a groggy voice saying, “Got it.”

Sasha didn’t leave until she heard his reply.

When it came to Lance, Sasha’s plan went as follows. He was willing to follow her lead, so she will make him begin as her assistant. She planned on making a killing in the finance industry, then had Lance manage the money she made.

I heard that the kid majored in accounting when he was in university.

Brandon left the house an hour later.

To his surprise, someone blocked the road while he was on his way over.

“Holy f*ck, when did you get here? Darn it, we’re already ridiculously careful at covering our tracks. How did you find us so quickly? Do you have super hearing or something?”

Brandon cursed aloud as soon as he saw who the person was.

Sebastian scoffed. He didn't say anything. Instead, he flicked his finger and got several men in black to show up behind him. They rushed toward Brandon immediately after.

F*ck! He's not going to kill me, is he?

Brandon was frightened. He opened the door to his car, got out, and admitted defeat right away. "My dear, sweet cousin, w-what are you doing? I-I've never done anything to hurt you before."

"You kidnapped my wife. Does that not count as hurting me?"

"What? She's your wife? No way! She's just your ex-wife," complained Brandon aloud. He refused to accept the fake crime that was forced onto him.

The part that got Brandon utterly hopeless, however, was when Sebastian toss him a booklet after hearing his protest.

"Take a good, long look at the valid marriage certificate. Is she my ex-wife?"

Brandon could no longer speak. His handsome face instantly lost its colors, and it was as if someone had sucked the life out of him.

They're married? Then w-why would he treat her like that? Does he not know how much she had sacrificed for him?

Brandon's eyes reddened with tears. He recalled that fateful night when Sasha went to look for him. She looked drained and sorrowful. A sharp pain tugged at Brandon's heart upon recalling that memory, and immense fury rose.

“Fine, so she’s not your ex-wife, but that doesn’t mean you get to treat her like this. She is a human being. She’s not an inanimate object that has no feelings! What gives you the right to hurt her repeatedly?”

Sebastian was speechless.

He narrowed his eyes and scanned the man, who roared and scolded him.

If I am right, this cousin of mine has finally lost his last brain cell. How dare he fall for my wife?

Sebastian walked over and hovered over Brandon. The former wasn’t angry, but his handsome face exuded a chilly aura that told the latter to back off.

“That was just a misunderstanding. I came to talk to her to solve the issue.”

“A misunderstanding? You killed her uncle’s daughter! How is that a misunderstanding?” challenged Brandon before he scoffed.

The vein on Sebastian’s head was jumping, and he almost couldn’t contain his anger.

This jacka*s really needs a good beating. He took my wife away multiple times! Who the hell gave him permission to do so?

Sebastian was mostly jealous, though. And that woman actually regards him as the person she trusts the most. She went to him whenever our arguments spiraled out of control!

Sebastian forced himself to calm down before he did anything else.

“I’ve done my part and told you that I am innocent. I don’t care if you believe me. All I want to know is what she has been doing lately. What is her plan?”

“Pfft, you’re asking me? Too bad I won’t tell...”

Brandon didn’t get to say that last word because someone had dragged him out of the car. It was obvious that the men in black that Sebastian brought with him were all highly trained.

What the hell?

“Mr. Emmanuel, you better answer Mr. Hayes question without delay or you will never see Mrs. Emmanuel or your brother and his family ever again,” threatened the man in black as he whispered in an icy tone.

Brandon heard everything and was instantly infuriated.

This f*cking ass*le!

Unfortunately, Brandon was too cowardly to do anything. It seemed that Sebastian was the only one in the family who could scare Brandon.

Gah, I am so f*cking mad!

In the end, Brandon was dragged into a cafe where he was forced to share Sasha’s plan with Sebastian.

“She won’t do anything to hurt Hayes Corporation. All she wants is to go back into the finance industry and help rebuild the Wand family. Why would someone like her, who doesn’t have a mean bone in her body, go after Hayes Corporation?”

Brandon’s last sentence was nothing more than an angry interrogation.

Sebastian's expression froze over. He couldn't speak.

Brandon is right. That woman doesn't have a mean bone in her body, but... she wants to work in the finance industry again!

Sebastian's expression turned grim.

"Is she going at it alone?"

"Who else can she do it with? Do you not think that she can do it on her own? Hah! If so, then you are sadly mistaken. You have no idea what her true strength is or what she is capable of!"

Sebastian was rendered speechless once more.

Naturally, Sebastian knew what Sasha was truly capable of.

What upset him was the fact that Brandon knew everything that Sebastian had just recently learned. Were they already that close back in the days?

Sebastian couldn't contain his emotions as jealousy ran wild again.

"So what if she is skilled? The finance industry is not an industry where anyone can just thrive in. She cooperated with the Leonard family in the past, but that was only because she was lucky. She'd need a lot of money to use as capital if she really wants to jump back into it."

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Sebastian's tone was extremely vicious, and his expression was grouchier than anyone had ever seen.

Brandon knew nothing about stocks and investment, but seeing Sebastian's expression still scared Brandon.

“W-what does that mean? Is it still difficult for her to venture into the field even though she is skilled?”

“What do you think?”

Sebastian, who had reached the epitome of his anger, scoffed aloud.

Brandon became quiet.

He honestly knew nothing about finance, but his cousin, the man standing right in front of him, managed Hayes Corporation’s matters daily. He defeated countless brokers and experts, so he must know a lot about it.

Many claimed that investment was a tool to help others grow and manage their wealth.

The truth was that investment was just a way of profiting off of other’s misfortune. Those with the analytical skills would often try to sneak into legitimate, large-scale corporations. Once they were on the inside, they would milk the corporation dry.

That was why there were special departments within most large-scale companies. These departments’ primary task was to keep those parasites away from the company.

A multinational corporation like Hayes Corporation attracted many parasites, and they had to deal with every single one of them.

Brandon didn’t know what Sebastian was really talking about, but the latter’s expression was too serious. Hence, he said, “You don’t need to worry that much either. Last night, we went to a party hosted for workers

in the finance industry. Sasha was pretty lucky and found someone she could work with.”

“Who did she find?”

“I think his name is Andy Rind. Do you know the guy?”

“Andy Rind?” blurted Sebastian. His expression turned even worse, and his gaze became icier than it initially was.

“Andy Rind? She actually knows the guy? Who introduced him to her?”

“A lawyer named Solomon. W-what is up with you this time? Why do you look like you want to kill someone? Is it a trick? Is she in danger?” asked Brandon, who couldn’t stop worrying upon seeing Sebastian’s expression.

However, Sebastian didn’t reply. At that moment, his expression could only be described as nerve-wrecking. He is so scary, thought Brandon.

Andy Rind was actually the biggest player in Wall Street.

He didn’t play by the rules, though. Instead, he hired countless subordinates to manipulate the share prices from behind the scenes. He truly was a monster in that field.

Andy even made Hayes Corporation suffer a sizeable loss when Frederick was still the person-in-charge.

Yet, that woman got acquainted with him.

Solomon George! He definitely knows all about that past.

Back in Avenport, I almost destroyed Sasha because of what he did.

I thought he has accepted his defeat and left with his head down. Who would've thought that he ended up hiding here? Did that woman get in touch with him before she came over?

Sebastian was uncomfortable when he heard about how someone else was helping the love of his life. Hearing that name exacerbated that feeling, and his expression could only be described as catastrophic.

Crack! The coffee mug Sebastian held in his hand cracked under the force of his grip.

Seeing that got Brandon to jump in fear. He asked, "What the hell? You're not going to kill him or anything, right?"

Surprisingly, Brandon knew his cousin quite well.

Sebastian tossed an evil glare over and asked, "Am I not allowed to do so?"

F*ck!

Brandon almost fell from his chair.

"Of course not! Did you hit your head or something? Have you gone nuts? Do you think Sasha will ever forgive you if you kill him? She'll flip out and come murder you herself!"

Those words were too impactful, and Sebastian practically reacted to it in an instant. He stared at Brandon and felt something stuck in his throat and chest.

She would kill me for that stupid, good-for-nothing Solomon George?

Sebastian felt that someone had mercilessly stabbed his heart. He didn't want to admit it, but given the situation at that time, it was likely that Brandon was right.

It doesn't even matter if we had just slept together last night.

Hopelessness washed over Sebastian like an angry tsunami and overwhelmed him. The all-powerful man's fingers actually trembled slightly in fear upon coming to that conclusion.

He had never felt that powerless before.

"I understand that you are worried, but you shouldn't act impulsively, unless you want Sasha to cut all ties with you. You're a smart guy. Is there really no other way to solve the matter?" advised Brandon, whose heart softened at the end of the day.

Sebastian remained quiet for a long time.

He sat there until Sasha called Brandon to ask if he had already picked Lance up.

Brandon replied, "I'll be there soon. I'm on my way over now, and I'll call you once I pick him up. By the way, do you know what your cousin looks like? If so, please send me a photo," said Brandon to get Sasha to send him a photo.

Sebastian, who had been sitting idly at the side, suddenly reacted upon hearing a particular word. His eyes glowed.

"Cousin?" asked Sebastian after Brandon had hung up.

As Brandon packed up, he answered, “We were talking about her uncle’s son. The boy’s name is Lance, and she wants to train him, so that they could rebuild the Wand family together.”

Sebastian didn’t comment.

That... is actually a pretty good idea.

Trustworthy aides are essential for the success of a family business, and family members are, no doubt, the best choice.

Training... does that mean he will be staying by her side 24/7 ?

The hopeless and grouchy man that had been sitting at the side suddenly became inspired. His gaze brightened.

“You don’t need to go pick him up anymore. I’ll do it.”

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“Huh ?” blurted Brandon as his beautiful eyes instantly bulged. He asked, “You’re going to go pick the guy up ? W-what are you planning to do ?”

“I want to meet him and see if he is worthy of rebuilding and being a successor to the Wand family’s legacy.”

The man, who had regained his composure, left Brandon with a simple answer.

Naturally, Brandon wouldn’t keep asking after hearing what Sebastian said.

This cousin of mine might be an idiot sometimes, but he is rather good at judging a person.

Sasha waited for three long hours before she met her cousin.

She was infuriated when she did.

“What the hell, Brandon? Why did it take you so long to go pick him up? I thought that something had happened, and I got so worried!”

Brandon’s scalp went tingly.

He saw how angry she was and knew that there was no other way out, so he confessed, “I ran into Sebastian. That asshole actually managed to track us all the way here. You don’t have to worry, though. He left, and I never told him that you are here.”

Sasha was speechless.

She stared at the man in front of her and was at a total loss of words.

That scum found me ages ago and even spent the night torturing me. Is Brandon really so innocent that he actually thinks his shutting up would p*prevent Sebastian from locating me?

Sasha simply didn’t know how to respond to that.

The two of them were at an impasse when Lance walked over timidly and asked, “Uh, Sha, where should I put my luggage?”

“Oh, that? Just hand it over to Willow. That reminds me. You must be hungry now. We’ve already made lunch, so I’ll get it for you now, okay?”

Hearing her cousin call out to her made Sasha snifle a little. Her attention was shifted to her cousin right away.

The tall young man was still innocent because he hadn't worked or set foot in the corporate world yet. How did he behave?

Well, he was obedient and listened to Sasha. As requested, he went to wash his hands before having his lunch.

Willow praised the guy when she saw how he acted. She commented, "He's a good kid."

That got Sasha even happier.

Her uncle was actually on pretty good terms with her immediate family. Sasha remembered how when she was still living in her family home, he used to drop by to help them out a lot.

Sasha didn't go back to her own place that night.

She worried that she would see Sebastian there again and end up being badgered for the entire night. Hence, she used her cousin as an excuse and shamelessly stayed the night at Willow's place.

What Sasha didn't realize, however, was that no one was actually staying in her place that night.

A week later, Solomon finally convinced Sasha to follow him over to Moranta to meet Andy.

Sasha actually knew about Andy. She might've only helped the Leonard family out back in the days as a favor, but she was extremely sensitive about financial news. Her instinct would prompt her to pay attention to the happenings within the industry.

That was why she knew about Andy Rind of Wall Street.

She knew that he was a Wall Street titan, and she was aware that he only recruit talented people like her to make them work for his own benefit. However, what they actually do behind the scenes ? Sasha was smart, and she could guess it right away.

However, none of that mattered to her.

After the incident with the Leonard family, her alias, Nancy, was practically blacklisted in the finance industry.

That was why the only way she could make it big was to align herself with someone like Andy.

Sasha brought Lance along.

At first, she planned on taking Brandon and Willow along as well, but Brandon needed to go shoot a movie, so he left. Similarly, Willow had to clock in, so she couldn't make it either. Hence, only the cousins went over.

“Nancy, would you like the window seat ? If I remember correctly, you get a little airsick.”

“Huh ?”

Sasha was about to take a seat when she suddenly heard Solomon offering to switch seats. She couldn't help feeling a little touched because she tended to get airsick.

That was when Lance, who had been following them around, asked timidly and suddenly, “Sha, c-can I sit next to you ? I'm a little acrophobic.”

“Oh, I see. No problem. Just sit next to me.”

Sasha was quick to change her mind and took her cousin to go sit in the middle aisle where the two of them could sit together.

Solomon was about to earn some brownie points, so at that moment, he looked grouchy.

It didn't take long before he regained his footing, though. He knew that the young man was Sasha's cousin, so there was no need for Solomon to feel threatened.

The group reached Moranta soon after.

Solomon might just be a lawyer, but his network was still pretty incredible. It wasn't convenient to go to Andy's place, which was secluded, so Solomon took everyone to a friend's house instead.

“Don't worry, guys. My friend is a businessman, and he knows many people from Wall Street. It will be much more convenient to go to Andy's place if we are staying in my friend's house.”

“Okay.”

Sasha didn't really mind, so she was quick to agree to Solomon's suggestion.

Lance followed along obediently after Sasha agreed to it.

However, when the cousins reached the place, Sasha worried about Lance because he couldn't speak the language. She thought it would be difficult for him to communicate with others, so she had him stay in the room right beside hers.

The abandoned Solomon didn't know what to say.

“Thanks, Solomon. Should I help you carry your luggage? I am very strong.”