

The Love that Never Really Dies chapter 411

“Ms. Wand?” Sasha jerked out of her musings at the impatience in Karl’s voice. “Huh?”

He tossed her a set of business attire and makeup. “Change into these and put on some makeup. Mr. Hayes is waiting for you in the next cabin. Make sure that you look professional,” he instructed curtly and turned to leave without waiting for a reply.

What’s his problem? Begrudgingly, Sasha went to change into the provided outfit and applied some makeup.

Ten minutes later, she walked into the cabin where Sebastian was waiting, looking perfectly like a white-collar executive.

She looks great in any outfit. The sight of her stole his breath away. With dainty makeup on, she appeared even prettier than before. The stylish blouse highlighted her petite and slender frame, while the pencil skirt hugged her sensual hips snugly, showing off a pair of fair and shapely legs.

Sasha’s lips thinned the moment she saw Sebastian. “What’s all this about?” She gestured at her outfit. “Why are you making me dress like this?”

The subject of her displeasure remained unfazed by her glower. “You said you wanted to help with the Wand family business. I’m taking you to a business summit today,” he said matter-of-factly before leaving without waiting to see if she would follow.

Business summit? His reply took her by surprise. So he's not holding me captive. He brought me here to help me with my business?

A smile bloomed on her face at the thought. She grabbed a nearby notebook and hastened to catch up with Sebastian. "Wait up!"

Karl shook his head inwardly as he followed them.

An hour later, Sasha found herself standing in the busiest part of the world's most bustling city. She stared, slack-jawed, at the majestic skyscraper that was the iconic landmark of the city. "Isn't this the Empire State Tower? This is the venue for the business summit?"

"It's the Global Commerce Summit," Karl said unfeelingly. "Ms. Wand, I must remind you to carry out your duties properly as a secretary later at the summit. You represent Hayes Corporation. Please watch your conduct."

Eyes wide, Sasha closed her jaw with an audible click. Whoa, a global summit? That's huge. She fidgeted with her clothes and hair, feeling her hands turn clammy. Why didn't Sebastian give me a heads up? I'm totally unprepared.

She followed the man inside. Once they went into the lobby, the huge LED screen lit up to showcase Sebastian's profile. A man with a staff pass around his neck came over to greet them.

"Welcome, Mr. Hayes." He extended a hand enthusiastically. "It's a pleasure to have you at our event again."

Sebastian shook his hand. “The pleasure’s mine.”

Too nervous to do or say anything, Sasha stayed silent, practically holding her breath all the way until she and Sebastian were in the elevator. With no others present, she finally allowed herself to breathe normally. “What do I need to do later?” she asked in an anxious tone.

“What do you mean?” The other tucked his hands into his pockets casually, appearing calm and collected as always.

Sasha gnashed her teeth in exasperation. She was about to speak up when the elevator doors pinged open. A man and woman stepped in.

The former recognized Sebastian at once. “Hayes,” he called, grinning widely. “Didn’t expect to bump into you here.”

“Long time no see. How have you been?”

Seeing that Sebastian was engaged in the conversation, Sasha reluctantly shuffled aside, casting a smile at the woman as she did so.

The lady returned the smile. “Hi there.”

“Hey.”

Taking it as an opening cue for small talk, the woman asked pleasantly, “Are you Mr. Hayes’ secretary?”

“I am... What about you?”

“I’m a secretary myself. It’s my first time here, actually,” the woman whispered. “I’m pretty nervous.”

Sasha perked up, happy to find a fellow newbie at the summit. When the elevator reached the designated floor, the four of them exited together, with Sebastian and the businessman still engrossed in discussion. The two secretaries followed behind, chatting amicably.

“Do you know what we have to do later?” Sasha took the opportunity to ask her companion. “It’s my first time here, too. I’m quite lost, to be honest.”

“Hey, no worries. When we enter the conference hall later, we just need to find our seats and get our bosses’ laptops and documents ready. Have you gotten the info deck with the documents already?”

Sasha panicked inwardly at the mention of the previously unheard-of info deck. “No... Where can I get it?”

Her companion immediately offered to take her to the organizers to collect the info deck.

They were about to leave when Sebastian abruptly halted talking. He stopped in his tracks and turned around. “Sasha, where do you think you’re going?”

His ex-wife froze. “I’m going to get the... info deck?” She glanced at the other secretary. “She said she can take me.”

“What do you need that for? Just come here and stay close,” he said with unmasked impatience. The command for her to go over to him was clear in his eyes.

The Love that Never Really Dies chapter 412

Sasha did not have it in her to disobey. She muttered a quick apology to the other secretary and went to Sebastian’s side.

The two of them parted ways with their acquaintances. “Why did you stop me? Don’t you need some documents for the summit?” she asked uncomprehendingly.

Sebastian scoffed like she just asked something stupid but deigned to explain. “Use your brain for a second. If the documents are so important, the organizers would’ve emailed us in advance already.” He spared a glance at the girl beside him. “Which they have, by the way.”

Oh. Sasha clamped her mouth shut and meekly followed him into the conference hall.

The grandeur of the hall and its setup immediately awed her. Despite having a background in finance and experiencing her fair share of formal business events, the summit was certainly something else.

“Are you sure this is a summit for business leaders?” she muttered incredulously.

“What else would it be?”

She shrugged and found her seat behind Sebastian. “The way it’s arranged... It’s like a summit for the heads of governments.”

The latter’s eye twitched, but he said nothing.

Soon after they took their seats, other business leaders started filing in. As Sasha took out her notebook, the man in front passed her the program booklet.

“You just need to focus on what these few people are saying later on,” Sebastian told her, pointing at several profiles who were due to give talks during the summit.

“Why them?”

“They are in manufacturing,” he said by way of explanation. “If you want to get into the business of plastics, you should know that the market has already reached saturation. The only way to stand out from the competition is to innovate and absorb new knowledge. Otherwise, you’ll get flushed out even if you revamp the business.”

Sasha stared at him, moved to the point of speechlessness. Internally, she was awash in a turmoil of emotions.

She might be gifted in financial acumen, but she lacked the hands-on experience and understanding of conducting an actual business. Though she wanted to rebuild the Wand family business, she had been undecided about the best approach to take beyond following in her father’s footsteps.

I didn’t tell anyone about my dilemma, and yet, he knows somehow. That’s why he brought me here to this top-level

summit to learn the strategic vision and business wisdom from those who are at the top in their fields... Sasha could feel her throat tighten. Tears were forming, but she struggled not to let them fall.

Dipping her head to avoid being seen by Sebastian, she pretended to scrutinize the programme booklet and busied herself with getting the notebook ready.

The last to arrive at the conference hall, just a few minutes before the start of the conference, was a business representative from Terrandya.

Sasha let out an involuntary gasp the moment she saw who it was. “Solomon! What’s he doing here?”

As if hearing her gasp of surprise, Solomon cast a glance in her direction. Their eyes met. There was a warm smile lurking in the depths of the man’s hazel orbs.

Sasha, on the other hand, was dumbfounded. It was not until she felt the chilly aura emanating from the person in front of her that she jolted out of her stupor. In the next instant, her vision was obstructed by Sebastian, who had deliberately shifted so that his back occupied her entire line of sight.

“Hey...” Sasha hastily tried to appease the man. “Don’t be mad. I was just surprised to see him.”

She knew he must be angry, judging by the cold shoulder he was giving her.

Sebastian did not turn around, nor did he say a word.

Sasha had no choice but to put her thoughts aside as the summit began. Over the next few hours, she listened attentively to the talks, especially those by the manufacturing tycoons as highlighted by Sebastian, and took down notes in the process.

When the summit ended, Sebastian stood up at once. His mood had been soured ever since Solomon made an unexpected appearance, and he was eager to drag Sasha away from the conference hall as soon as possible.

“Give me a while more, please,” she said without looking up, never pausing for a second in her furious scribbling. “I just need to finish my train of thought.”

It was then that Sebastian saw the pages of her notebook filled with notes. The sight assured him that her attention had been solely on the summit, rather than Solomon.

Relaxing slightly, he sat back down and grabbed a trade publication to pass the time as he waited for her.

Sasha continued to jot down her thoughts in the notebook.

However, such a rare moment of peace between the two was soon disrupted by an intruder.

“Nancy. It’s really you. Fancy meeting you here,” Solomon called as he approached the pair. The affection in his voice was as blatant as the tenderness in his eyes.

Sasha sighed inwardly in resignation. Here he comes.

Putting down the pen, she peered at Sebastian. As expected, the man's expression had darkened significantly, which curdled her mood as well.

The Love that Never Really Dies chapter 413

Her brows furrowed. "I can say the same to you, Solomon. What are you doing here?"

The other smiled placatingly. "Sinch Enterprise recently hired me and they sent me here as a representative."

Sasha eyed him dubiously. Ever since she came to realize that he had lied to her time and again, she took his words with a grain of salt. Knowing that he took down Prime Cloud Corporation just so he could get close to her, she felt she could no longer trust him as before.

"I see. Well, we're leaving now. Have a good day," she said simply and turned to her companion with a beseeching expression. "Shall we go, Sebastian?" If we don't, I'm afraid you'll explode.

The business tycoon remained seated in the chair as if Sasha had not spoken. He thumbed the pages of the publication leisurely, but the air around him was frosty enough to make alarms ring in her mind.

"As far as I know, Sinch Enterprise in Jetroina is a family business leaning quite heavily toward nepotism. The senior management, including their legal team, is run by an oligarchy." He drilled Solomon with a penetrating gaze. "So pray tell, Mr.

George, how did you manage this impressive feat of getting into the company?”

Solomon’s expression chilled considerably as he levelled the other man with a meaningful look. “You think too highly of me, Mr. Hayes. I’m only an ordinary employee in the company.”

“Oh, yeah?” Sebastian returned smoothly, a seemingly genuine smile of civility curling his lips. “For someone who was, and I quote, recently hired by Sinch Enterprise, you must be quite competent for them to send an ordinary employee to this summit.”

His remarks were loaded with insinuation. The air between the two men tensed while Sasha gulped imperceptibly.

Solomon scowled, his pleasant countenance long gone. There was a moment when he appeared ready to toss out a retort. In the end, however, he merely glowered at Sebastian and turned to leave after giving Sasha a parting nod.

“What did you mean by that?” she asked. “Is Solomon somehow related to Sinch Enterprise?”

The cordial smile dropped off his face like it had never been there. “Who knows? Maybe he owns the company.”

He narrowed his eyes at her darkly. “Why? Did that strike your fancy?” The tone of his voice was almost petulant, like a temperamental child who refused to be reasoned with.

“No way,” Sasha was quick to deny. “Your Hayes Corporation didn’t even strike my fancy back then. Why would Sinch Enterprise be any different?”

Oddly, that somehow seemed to have appeased him.

The two of them made their way out of the conference hall. It was not long before Sebastian probed again. “So you didn’t fancy me back then?”

“I didn’t!”

“Why did you marry me if that was the case?”

Sasha searched her brain for an answer but could only supply with, “I wonder that myself, sometimes.”

As soon as those words left her lips, she found herself pressed against the wall of the elevator as Sebastian towered over her. “Say that again?”

The man’s large hand gripped her shoulder as he leaned in close. His breath was so hot it was almost scorching.

What’s he doing? Sasha blushed crimson, pulse pounding in her ears. “W-What are you doing? Let go. We’re in public,” she hissed and tried to push him away. It was like trying to push a brick wall.

“No. Tell me what made you marry me first,” Sebastian demanded stubbornly.

His childishness was driving her crazy. She glanced at the display panel and was dismayed to see that they were almost at the lobby. “Okay! All right. It’s because I love you, happy?” she said, closing her eyes in surrender.

Satisfied with the answer, Sebastian pushed away from the wall but did not release his grip on Sasha. Taking in the sight of her adorably pouty expression, he bent down instead and placed a quick peck on her lips.

Her eyes snapped open at the same time the elevator doors reached the ground floor.

The doors opened and a straight-faced Sebastian sauntered out like nothing had happened, leaving her behind to stare at his retreating figure disbelievingly. Ugh, that jerk!

As the summit would be held over three days, Sebastian made arrangements for them to stay in a hotel.

“Erm... Should I book a room for myself?” Sasha asked carefully when she followed him to the hotel and realized that he had booked the presidential suite.

The latter did not even dignify that with a response and headed straight inside.

He removed his tie, grabbed a bathrobe, and disappeared into the shower.

Not knowing what else to do, Sasha stepped in reluctantly.

The Love that Never Really Dies chapter 414

Once inside, she could tell why Sebastian had not replied to her. The presidential suite had multiple rooms, including several bedrooms, living room, study, mini indoor gym, and even direct access to the rooftop pool. Hence, it would be redundant for her to book another room.

Sasha claimed one bedroom as her own and changed into a set of comfy lounge wear. Phew, finally able to relax a little.

Meanwhile, Karl arrived at the suite to fetch his boss. “Mr. Hayes, the organizers called. Tonight’s ball is starting at seven. Would you like to leave now?”

“What time is it?”

“It’s six-thirty now, sir.”

The ball was an age-old tradition of the summit, to welcome the business elites and to act as a platform for networking.

Sebastian nodded and headed to his room to change, emerging shortly after in a different business suit. Clasp the watch on his wrist, he glanced sideways at the door to Sasha’s room. “Go get her too,” he told Karl.

The latter tried to hide his surprise. Does that woman have to go too? She’s so green and inexperienced... What if she makes a fool of herself at the ball and ruins Hayes Corporation’s reputation?

Since his boss had given him the order, however, Karl had to set his qualms aside. He went to knock on Sasha’s door.

A muffled voice came from within. “Who is it?”

“Ms. Wand, Mr. Hayes sent me to ask if you would like to attend the ball tonight.”

The door clicked open, revealing Sasha sprouting a messy hair bun and wearing a pair of nerdy, black-rimmed glasses that appeared to be too big for her face.

“Do I have to go?” She waved the notebook in her hand. “I want to go over the notes I’ve taken earlier today.”

Karl cocked a brow in condescension. She wants to give the ball a miss? This woman really can’t tell chalk from cheese, can she?

“Forget it, then,” Sebastian said coolly. “Karl, we’re leaving.” He pocketed his phone and made for the door with his bodyguard in tow.

Happy to have some peace to herself, Sasha retreated to her room where she continued to pour over the notebook. The knowledge contained within was more important to her than anything else, much less the ball.

However, her train of thought was once again interrupted when the phone rang.

“Hello. Who’s this?”

“Nancy, will you come down to the hotel lobby? I’d like to talk to you,” Solomon said on the other end.

A frown marred her pretty features at the sound of his voice. “No, sorry, I’m busy.”

Despite her outright rejection, Solomon was persistent. “I’ll wait for you. You can take as long as you like.”

Why can’t he take no for an answer? Annoyed, she put aside the notebook. “Solomon George, what is it that you want? I’ve already told you we shouldn’t meet again.”

“But why? I don’t understand. It isn’t fair to me if you’re breaking off relations with me just because I’ve lied to you.”

“How is this not fair to you?” Sasha raised her voice incredulously.

“Sure, I did lie to you, but everything I’ve done is for your good. I helped and took care of you. What has Sebastian done? He treated you like trash and trampled all over your heart, yet you’ve forgiven him over and over again. This isn’t fair!”

Self-absorbed, much? A frosty anger settled over her face. If there was one thing she hated, it was to have others butting their noses into her personal affairs. Whatever transpired between her and Sebastian, it was their problem and no one else’s. Solomon had clearly crossed a line when he compared himself with Sebastian.

“You’re wrong, Solomon,” she replied bluntly, no longer caring if it would hurt his feelings. “Sebastian is my children’s father. He’s family. You, on the other hand, are nothing to me. Can you see the difference now?”

There was nothing except deathly silence from the phone after she finished speaking.

She was about to hang up when Solomon spoke up again. “Okay, so that’s how it is. I’ll get out of your hair for good once I return you your mom’s stuff.”

His words caused her heart to skip a beat. Sasha tightened her grip on the phone. “What do you mean? Why are you bringing up my mom all of a sudden? What does she have to do with anything!”

Solomon laughed coldly. “Because Yancy Young is my mother. I’m the orphan your mom sponsored for a decade!”

The Love that Never Really Dies chapter 415

The phone disconnected after his proclamation.

Sasha was in a state of shock. Yancy’s son? Solomon is Yancy’s son? Impossible!

Meanwhile, the ball was in full swing at the Empire State Tower. To accentuate the summit, the organizers had spared no expense in making the ball into an extravagant affair, including inviting various prominent stars and socialites to attend as guests.

The sound of mingling murmurs and clinking of champagne flutes filled the ballroom. Inhibition lowered under the effect of alcohol as several of Sebastian’s acquaintances were beginning to eye the socialites suggestively.

One of them nudged him. “Hayes, want to try your luck with any of the girls over there?”

The latter gave a perfunctory smile in response. “I’ll pass,” he said with an air of indifference.

Sensing his disinterest, the others left him alone and went to chat up the socialites.

There were two women in the ball who stood out among the rest. However, even the most brazen tycoons present were loath to hit on them.

One of them was an award-winning actress, while the other was the heiress of the Benson family that was practically royalty.

Almost every one of the business magnates had set their sights on the two women, but none of them had the guts to approach them, fearing rejection.

The two ladies cruised their gaze upon the crowd before settling on the lone figure lounging on the ballroom couch.

The said individual was browsing lazily on his phone, mile-long legs crossing over each other indolently. He seemed molded from a different cast as he appeared completely detached from the ball. However, the bored look on his face did nothing to hide his gorgeous features. With dark eyes and angular cheekbones carving downward to a flinty jaw, he was easily the best-looking man in the whole room.

“Who is that?” the heiress asked, her gaze glued on the figure.

One of the organizers caught the question and stepped forth. “Ms. Benson, he’s Mr. Sebastian Hayes, one of the top business elites in Astoria.”

She hummed by way of acknowledgement. Without further ado, she headed straight to where Sebastian was sitting.

“Hi, I’m Millie Benson.” She smiled sweetly, extending a perfectly manicured hand at him. “May I invite you to a dance?”

The rest of the magnates were green with envy. They knew that having the Benson heiress’ affection could only mean good things for one’s business.

However, they were shocked to see that Sebastian continued looking at his phone as if she was invisible. It was a long moment later that he looked up, apparently finally realizing her presence. “You may not,” he said with a hint of annoyance. “Invite someone else, please.”

Millie’s face fell. “Excuse me?” Her voice was sharp with disbelief. “Don’t you know who I am?”

“I don’t care,” he said tersely. His patience with this woman was quickly running thin.

The organizer from earlier hurried over and tried to salvage the situation. “Mr. Hayes, Millie is the heiress to the famous Benson family.”

“And?”

“A-And... It’s a good opportunity...?” The man was flabbergasted. Doesn’t he realize it’s a golden opportunity for him to get the backing of the Bensons and have his business expand internationally?

Sebastian appeared enlightened. He took a leisure sip of champagne from the glass. “I see. You can have the opportunity then.”

The crowd was in an uproar. From the way they were looking at Sebastian, one would think he was crazy.

Enraged at being belittled, Millie was ready to teach the Astorian man a lesson.

Before she could do so, however, Karl walked up to Sebastian with a message. “Mr. Hayes, Ms. Wand left the hotel.”

“Where’s she going?”

“Unclear, but she got into Solomon’s car.”

The stem of the champagne flute in Sebastian’s hand cracked cleanly into half, spilling the liquid all over the luxurious carpet.

The Love that Never Really Dies chapter 416

A hush fell over the ballroom. Even Millie, who was about to lash out at Sebastian, kept quiet after seeing the thunderous look on the latter’s face.

“So that’s why she didn’t want to attend the ball with me?” he muttered. The rising anger was like a blazing inferno that threatened to boil him from the inside out.

Karl silently agreed, but he did not dare to say that out loud. Instead, he gestured at Sebastian’s hand, from which a piece of

broken glass shard was protruding. “Mr. Hayes, are you all right... ? You’re bleeding.”

His words fell on deaf ears as Sebastian stood. “Excuse me,” he addressed the crowd, “I have some matters to attend. Enjoy the rest of your evening.”

The rest watched him leave in stunned silence. None dared to question his abrupt departure, but the murderous look on his face had everyone speculating about what had happened.

Eager to write off the episode, Millie quickly found someone else as her beau for the night.

Meanwhile, Sasha and Solomon were sitting face to face at a cafe.

She had assumed it would take another two hours before Sebastian returned from the ball. By her calculations, there would be plenty of time for her to meet with Solomon and head back to the hotel with her roommate none the wiser.

Expressionless, she demanded, “Go on, what evidence do you have to prove that you are Yancy’s son?”

Yancy Young was the best friend of Sasha’s mother, Heather.

Back in the day, Heather, Sharon, Matilda, and Yancy were the most well-known socialites in Avenport’s upper class.

Coming from a long line of doctors and scholars respectively, Heather and Sharon were renowned for being as beautiful as they were accomplished.

Though somewhat lacking in the looks and talents department, Matilda was one of the wealthiest socialites in the city, thanks to the powerful Hayes family.

The Young family, too, was well endowed, having struck it rich from the real estate business. With riches abound and coupled with good looks, Yancy had never been short of suitors over the years.

Her parents had intended her to marry one who was well-matched in social and economic status. However, Yancy staunchly opposed to such an arrangement. After several fights with her parents, she left home for several months, only to return with a bun in her oven. To say that the rest of her family was displeased would be the understatement of the century.

The news had also sent the entire Avenport into upheaval. Speculations and rumors about the baby's father circulated wildly within the city for months on end.

Heather finally managed to see her best friend after the latter was disowned by her family and evicted from the Young residence.

Yancy told her that she did not regret becoming pregnant, but she had refused to divulge the identity of the baby's father. Not knowing how else to help, Heather had provided her friend with a hefty amount of money before Yancy vanished from the public.

When Sasha's mother received news about her again, it was when someone showed up at her doorstep with an eight-year-old boy. The person told Heather that Yancy had died, leaving behind her son who was now orphaned.

Heather was shocked beyond words. A part of her had always believed that Yancy left to be with the man she loved, especially when she had said, in a firm tone, that she did not regret the pregnancy.

Even till her death, Sasha's mother never found out what had happened all those years ago and who was the child's father.

“I know my mom was sponsoring an orphan who's the child of one of her friends. But she didn't tell me it's someone around me. Why would she hide this from me if it's really you?” Frustrated at the situation, Sasha asked with an irked expression. Solomon said it himself that he attended the same elementary school as I did.

After a long moment of silence, the man sitting opposite her took out an envelope. “My mother told her not to say anything. When I was sent back to Avenport, your mom made arrangements to register my name under a welfare organization. You can take a look—all the documents are here.”

Sasha took the envelope and pulled out the contents with shaking fingers.

She could recognize her mother's handwriting on the papers yellowed with age. There was even a photograph of her mother with a young boy.

It's all true then. The shaking had spread from her fingers to the rest of her body, while tears welled up in her eyes.

“Why didn't your mom want people to know who you are? What was she afraid of?”

“She was afraid that someone would try to kill me.”

Sasha’s eyes, still wet with tears, widened in shock. “What? Do you mean the Youngs would...”

Solomon shook his head. “No, not the Youngs. It’s my father. He’s a man who would kill his own flesh and blood if it meant covering up his past mistake.”

A sardonic laughter burst forth from his throat. The mention of his father warped his expression into one of pure hatred and contempt.

At that moment, he looked more like a vengeful spirit than anything else. It was the first time Sasha saw him like this. The hairs on the back of her neck stood up at the sight.

The Love that Never Really Dies chapter 417

Sasha was stunned by the bombshell Solomon had just dropped regarding his past. It seemed like something straight out of a drama; a chance encounter had reunited two long-lost friends once more.

The evidence he had shown her made it nigh impossible to deny his words.

Sasha took a sip of coffee to calm herself down.

Just then, the doors to the café were slammed open. Shocked, Sasha turned around.

She had not even figured out what was going on when she found herself dragged roughly from her seat by a man.

“Ah!” She screamed in pain.

Solomon, who was seated opposite her, stood up immediately and confronted the man. “Sebastian, what the h*ll are you doing?”

“Shut the f*ck up! I’ll blow your brains out if you say one more word!”

Sebastian was the absolute picture of a madman. To the café-goers’ shock, he pulled out a gun and aimed it at Solomon’s head.

Everyone paled in fear, including Solomon, who stood stock-still, allowing Sebastian to lead Sasha away without further protest.

Well, other than Sasha herself. “What are you doing? Sebastian, let me go! You’re hurting me!” She pleaded frightfully.

She had never seen him this unhinged.

Technically I’ve seen him like this twice, though we were kids back then. Her memory of his monstrous behavior back then only added to her fear, especially since he seemed to be taking it out on her this time.

What is he trying to do? Is he going to shoot me?

Sasha shuddered in fright as she begged, “Sebastian, d-don’t freak out. Listen to me, things aren’t what they seem. Won’t you calm down, hmm?”

Sebastian seemed impervious to her pleas as he dragged her to his car. Opening the front passenger door, he pushed her inside and slammed the door.

Sasha winced as she fell into the car.

Has he gone mad? What on earth is he doing?

Crawling into a sitting position, she banged on the car windows and shouted, “Sebastian, what are you doing? Let me out!”

Instead, her captor boarded the car wordlessly and drove them away.

Sasha had a bad feeling about how things were about to turn out.

Barely a quarter of an hour later, the car stopped in front of their hotel. Sebastian dragged her out of the vehicle and took the lift to the top floor. Kicking open the door, he shoved her unceremoniously into the penthouse suite.

“Sebastian, p-please stop it. Just calm down, ok?” Sasha was near-tears when she eked out her plea.

Ignoring her, Sebastian grabbed her wrists and pulled her to the bedroom before tossing her onto the bed.

“Ah!” Sasha yelped, overcome with pain and nausea at the same time.

Still, the worst was yet to come.

She could only watch as Sebastian ripped off his shirt and tie, approaching the bed like a predator approaching its prey.

“You’re a wild one, huh? Is fooling around with two men the only way you’ll feel satisfied? Well, let’s see how you feel about this!”

He pulled her closer by yanking on her blouse collar. His bloodshot eyes bored into Sasha, emanating a kaleidoscope of emotions ranging from lust to hatred.

Petrified by his actions, the words caught in her throat.

In the next instant, a near deranged Sebastian seized her lips in a biting kiss. The sensation felt like a beast was sinking its teeth into her.

Soon enough, Sasha tasted blood on her lips, which had begun throbbing with pain.

“Argh, S-Sebastian. L-let go of me. P-please.”

Fat drops of tears trickled down her face. The pain and the fear were utterly unbearable. She struggled fiercely against Sebastian’s restraint.

I don’t want this at all. How can he treat me like this?

Despite her repeated attempts to dissuade him, Sebastian seemed to have lost his mind. Instead, he pinned her more firmly to the bed, his movements rough and cruel.

Suddenly, he had lifted her skirts without warning and plunged into her, not even bothering to undress her.

“Urgh.”

After a prolonged celibacy, Sasha visibly recoiled at the pain of his invasion.

Her reaction did not induce Sebastian’s sympathy. After sinking himself into her, he began plundering her ferociously and mindlessly.

It was not an exaggeration to say that she was nothing but a tool for him to vent his hatred.

Sasha had no recollection of how it eventually ended, having passed out sometime in the night.

The Love that Never Really Dies chapter 418

Day had broken by the time Sasha woke up.

Cracking open her eyes, Sasha was momentarily confused by the sunlight streaming in through the windows. Where am I?

The moment she tried to sit up in bed, pain shot through her entire body. Moaning, she collapsed back into the bed as memories of last night flooded her mind.

Last night was h*ll.

Her eyes welled with tears as she lay down for a long time. Eventually, Sasha forced herself out of bed, gritting her teeth at the pain.

She entered the bathroom and assessed the damage.

It was worse than she had expected; there was a visible tear.

Does he hate me so much? Why else would he be so cruel to me for having a cup of coffee with Solomon?

Standing under the showerhead, she bit back the pain she felt as the water washed over her bruises and wounds. Much to her annoyance, tears began streaming down her face.

Ding!

Her phone began ringing outside the bathroom.

Sasha dried her tears hastily and exited the bathroom in a towel.

“Hello?”

“Nancy, I finally caught you. Are you ok? Did he do anything to you last night? I’m outside the hotel right now. Could I come up to see you?”

Solomon was calling her early in the morning again.

Already upset by last night’s events, Solomon’s call caused Sasha’s anger to bubble over. “Solomon, can’t you leave me alone? Do you know how much I hate you right now? Why are you always turning my life into a mess? Who gave you the right

to do that, huh? Did you think you could do anything you liked just because my mom asked you to take care of me? Get lost! The further, the better! Don't you ever appear before me again. Understood?"

She was close to yelling by the time she ended her shelling.

Solomon was silent on the other end of the phone.

His face had turned as white as a sheet as he sat in his car.

In truth, he had been lurking near the hotel since last night, worried about Sasha.

Initially, he had kept a moderate distance from the hotel since Sebastian's men were still around. Only after spying Sebastian leaving at dawn with his men in tow did Solomon dare to park his car in front of the hotel.

She's asking me to get lost?

His fingers were clenched so tightly around his phone that the tips had turned white. The last bit of hope in his heart was extinguished, followed rapidly by anger and hatred.

"Sir, a-are we still heading up?"

"No. Where's Sebastian Hayes?"

"I saw his bodyguard heading to the pier; the rest of his men should be leaving today as well. I didn't see Sebastian, and I'm not sure if he'll be attending tonight's summit." Solomon's assistant, who had driven him here, explained carefully.

The anger on Solomon's face immediately morphed into a calm mask.

“It's time to pull out the big guns, then. Let's see how Sebastian is going to save himself this time. He's been arrogant for far too long; I want him to remember the kind of monster he truly is.”

Solomon had said all this lazily, though it could not keep the eeriness in his tone from seeping into every syllable of this threat.

His assistant gulped in surprise before carrying out his orders.

Meanwhile, Sasha had been in the suite for two hours.

She had no idea what she should do next; the only wish on her mind was to go home.

However, she did not have her travel documents with her.

Having been brought here against her will, she had not managed to grab them. Without those, she could kiss her dreams of buying a plane ticket home goodbye.

What should I do now? Do I wait for him to come back and bring me home?

The questions replayed in Sasha's mind like a broken radio.

Finally, she decided to stay in that foreign land. A moment later, she boarded a cab to a locally-renowned shopping mall.

After some pondering, Sasha had decided to forgive Sebastian's transgressions last night, chalking them up to an unfortunate trigger to his already unstable condition.

Still, she had suffered immensely last night; she was not about to let him off the hook.

I'm going to empty your bank account, then wait for you to come back and grovel at my feet.

Once she reached the shopping mall, Sasha embarked on an extravagant shopping spree.

“Good afternoon, miss. These two sets will cost three hundred thousand. May I know which payment method you'd prefer?”

“Could you send this to the penthouse suite at the Hilton? Someone there will settle the bill.”

“Of course, right away, miss.”

Tossing out the name of the hotel had worked like a charm. The salesperson did not question her further and merely followed her instructions. Sasha's haul was packed up for delivery to the Hilton, while the lady herself sauntered over to another store.

All these years, Sasha had never shopped much. Her job and her kids kept her busy enough, though truth be told, she did not like shopping very much either.

That day, however, she spent a fortune.

She had not forgotten to get some clothes for her children as well.

The Love that Never Really Dies chapter 419

“Good day, miss. Taken by this princess’ frock? It’s a custom design by our boss.”

“Really?” “Of course. Our store carries many original designs. Please come in and have a look.”

A promoter in the children’s apparel store that Sasha had been ogling came out to entice a prospective customer.

The pastel-pink dress that Sasha had been eyeing was gorgeous, featuring a pair of butterfly wings. It would instantly transform any young girl into a fairy princess.

Sasha imagined how her daughter would look in the dress. Excitedly, she entered the store.

About ten minutes later, she came out with the dress and two sets of boys’ apparel in the latest fashion.

These are their birthday presents then!

In a significantly greater mood, Sasha began to feel her stomach rumbling with hunger. She decided to grab a bite at a restaurant.

“What? This Astorian dude is the man who rejected you? What’s up with his taste? How could he scoff at the Benson family’s heiress?”

“That’s enough. I just feel lucky that I never got involved with him.”

Sasha had picked a rather expensive restaurant. Once she sat down, she overheard two elegant and young foreign ladies gossiping to her right.

Gossip was not Sasha's cup of tea. Instead, she looked through the menu and ordered immediately. "I'll have these two, please. Thank you."

"Alright. Please wait a moment, miss."

The waiter left quickly with the menu.

Bored, Sasha whipped out her phone to check if she had received any calls or WhatsApp messages.

Before she could even unlock her screen, the two ladies to her right launched into another impassioned discussion.

"Yeah, you're totally right. You could've been in trouble by association after what went down today. Still, isn't the Hayes Corporation pretty huge? They wouldn't be at this global summit otherwise, right? They seem pretty careless about how they choose their CEO."

"Who knows? Maybe they're digging their own grave."

The Benson heiress cackled evilly after the words left her mouth.

Sasha's fingers, on the other hand, paused.

The mention of Hayes Corporation was a shock.

Finally, she turned her gaze to the two ladies and asked, “Excuse me, did you mention the Hayes Corporation just now? What happened to it?”

The ladies turned to stare at her, looking rather displeased.

The taller lady explained, “Yes. The corporation’s CEO had an incident at the summit. Someone broke a scandal about him murdering his mother when he was young.”

“What did you just say?” Dumbfounded, Sasha’s mind blanked.

No, no, this can’t be! It’s impossible! The only people who know about his secret will bring it to their graves! Why would anyone expose it at a global event?

Sasha was in complete disbelief.

“That’s a joke, right? How could that happen?”

“Hey, weirdo, you can read the news yourself if you don’t believe us. I’m sure the whole world knows by now!”

The two ladies began taunting Sasha for her naïve ignorance.

She felt a shudder run through her body at their mockery.

Sasha unlocked her phone in trepidation.

Before she even opened her browser, a headline notification had appeared on the screen.

Breaking News: CEO Of Astoria Corporate Giant Hayes Corporation Revealed To Be The Murderer Of His Mother At Global Commerce Summit.

The title of the article was as eye-catching as it was bone-chilling.

Still, a more horrifying sight awaited Sasha once she clicked into the article.

There was a video in the article, barely ten seconds long; watching it felt like taking a time machine to when she was six years old. Her brain pounded.

The traumatizing scene she had tried so hard to forget resurfaced in her mind.

What was Sebastian's deepest, darkest secret?

It was indeed the fact that he had accidentally killed his mother. At Matilda's birthday party, a psychologist had attempted to hypnotize Sasha into exposing this very secret as well.

Everything happened when she was six years old.

Back then, after she confessed about Sebastian's atrocious dog-killing incident, the Hayes family finally noticed that something was amiss with Sebastian and sent him off to a hospital.

They hid him from the public and started him on a therapy regimen as well.

In the beginning, Sebastian refused to admit that something was wrong with him. He refused to take any medication or participate

in any of the therapy programs suggested by the doctors. All this only worsened his condition.

Unwilling to see her son's decline, Margaret Hayes had snuck out to the hospital one day to advise him.

No one would ever know what she had told him. When Sasha decided to pop by for a secret visit later that day, all she saw was an unhinged Sebastian slashing his mom on the neck with a shard of glass from a broken cup on the floor.

The Love that Never Really Dies chapter 420

Oh, the scene... Sasha thought to herself, too horrified to revisit it in her memory.

It was too cruel for words. Despite being a doctor for so many years, the sight of blood splattered everywhere frightened her so much that she felt a wave of nausea just thinking of it.

Frederick, who arrived as soon as he heard the news promptly settled the matter.

Around the same time, Sebastian was locked up, losing his freedom, and branded as one of the most dangerous men in the country. After six years, his uncle had appeared and with much effort, persuaded Frederick to allow him to bring Sebastian abroad.

All of these were kept secret back then.

These secrets were well sealed. The medical staff who had handled Margaret's body back then had been exterminated by Frederick to ensure their everlasting silence.

How was it possible for loose ends to still appear? Also, there was that broadcast of the incident from back then!

Sasha stood up without knowing what to do. Trembling from head to toe, she grasped clumsily at objects in her path to steady herself as she headed out.

She had made up her mind to see Sebastian.

Sasha was certain that he would undoubtedly have an adverse reaction when he finds out as this was his worst recurring nightmare and the darkest secret buried in his heart.

The exposure of his deeds would consume him like a rabid beast if she did not speak to him.

Finally deciding on a course of action, Sasha hailed a cab and made haste for Empire State Tower.

Things were chaotic at the Tower.

The reporters and police had arrived in droves, prompted by the short clip broadcasted from the press conference at the summit. In less than half an hour, Empire State Tower had been heavily surrounded.

They were waiting for the man who had just committed a murder at the summit of the building.

He would be apprehended the minute he appeared. Even worse, he would be killed on sight.

They had waited for over half an hour without any sign of movement from within. On the other hand, the crowd that had gathered outside grew larger, including some from a nearby asylum.

“Mr. Hayes, please calm down. I’m begging you, calm down!”

In a storeroom at the middle level of the Tower, Karl had seen the crowd that had gathered down below from his vantage point at the window. In response, the strength he applied on Sebastian who appeared increasingly deranged increased.

Looking pale and distracted, his bloodshot eyes stared at Karl with hatred.

A sense of murder glinted malevolently in Sebastian’s eyes which grew more powerful with each passing minute until every bit of his rationality had been consumed in blind anger.

Karl was losing faith in his ability to keep his employer under control.

“Mr. Hayes, please think of Ian, will you? Or... Think of Ms. Wand! Remember her? Sasha?”

Sebastian gave a start at the sound of Sasha’s name.

Overjoyed, Karl took advantage of his distraction as he attempted to knock him out.

However, Sebastian slipped back into insanity a second later. At the slightest hint of Karl's fingers loosening, Sebastian's grip tightened powerfully.

Crack!

Karl's wrist snapped with a sickening crunch. He gasped, feeling as if he was about to black out from the pain.

Despite the pain, he still did not loosen his grip on Sebastian. Barring his employer's path with his body, he pleaded once more. "Mr. Hayes, don't go..."

However, Sebastian had lost all control of his faculties from his earlier trauma, as evidenced by how he had snapped the wrist of his own bodyguard.

"I know he intends to kill me."

"What?"

"The bast*rd. He has returned and wants to get rid of me to take back what he thinks is his."

Sebastian had regained his composure, though sounding strangely monotonous with cruel indifference on his face. The only thing of interest to him was the gun in his hand.

Karl felt his heart drop out of his stomach.

Despite doing all he can, he had no way of stopping Sebastian.

“Can we... can we talk about it? Let’s wait for them to get here, shall we? Mr. Hayes, those are his men outside. We can’t just go out.”

“You think I will die by his hand?” Sebastian demanded, brutally pressing his gun against Karl’s forehead as the latter was frightened into silence.

The only thing he could do was to gaze up hopelessly at his employer who had a gun to his head. Looking like a bloodthirsty wolf, he prowled out of the storeroom.

Thump!

At almost the same time, the door slammed open from the outside.

Instantaneously, Sebastian raised his gun.

“Don’t shoot, Mr. Hayes! That is Ms. W-”

Bang!

Karl’s shout was cut short by the gunshot.

In half a second, the world returned to silence as the intruder fell over. With his gun still raised, Sebastian stood motionless. For the first time, his mechanical gaze shifted ever so slightly, as though he second-guessed himself.

“Ms. Wand, are you okay?” Karl rushed over and held Sasha up from a pool of her blood, the pain in his own broken wrist forgotten.

Sasha's vision grew blurry.

With several deep breaths, she steadied herself and procured a silver needle, a sliver of blood trailing from the pointed end.

“Help me up...” she murmured weakly. “I’ll deal with him. Get... get him out of here.”