

# The Love that Never Really Dies

## Chapter No 13

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Sebastian rubbed the center of his brows for a long time.

Finally, he looked at the piece of note on the coffee table with bloodshot eyes. It was a simple note that seemed to be a piece of tissue drawn out of a tissue box. Despite that, the handwriting on it was childish, with a streak of boldness to it. "What kind of handwriting is this?" "A man's?" Luke blurted out.

There was a terrifying look in Sebastian's reddened eyes as though he could barely hold himself back from murder. "A man? Her adulterer?"

How could one say that the man was an adulterer? Sasha and Sebastian were no longer related to each other in any way. Furthermore, the man should be labeled as the boyfriend or lover, definitely not an adulterer. Luke continued bluntly, "You must be joking, Mr. Hayes. That man can't be the adulterer. I believe he's more like a boyfriend, or maybe the husband..." *Slap!*

Before he could finish speaking, he was being hit across the face by an object. "Husband, you say? Find this person by today, or else you will be punished!" He flew into a rage and glared at his assistant. In his anger, he was as terrifying as the Devil. "Huh?" Luke stood with shaky legs as realization slowly dawned upon him.

"No, Mr. Hayes. I was wrong. That's not what I meant." "Get lost!" In the end, Luke descended from the top floor of the hotel and went in search of that person. As soon as he left, a woman in a short skirt with exquisite makeup appeared at the back of the hotel. She watched him leave the hotel; resentment and hatred filled her eyes.

*You're not dead, Sasha? It's been five years, and I have not been able to step foot into the Hayes family since your death. As for that man, he has not mentioned that incident ever again. I thought it would be better to wait a few years, and that time heals everything. But now, you've actually appeared out of nowhere, alive?*

The woman's face distorted in anger as she gritted her teeth. It was as though she couldn't wait to rip Sasha into pieces. *I'll make you pay for this, Sasha Wand!* The journey went well. By evening, Sasha and the two children arrived at Aunt Karina's house in the countryside. Aunt Karina was in fact a patient Sasha had treated at Clear Hospital after she came to Moranta. Karina had been suffering from a mysterious ailment.

When western medication and treatments failed to improve her condition, she was referred to Sasha, who cured her using Chinese medicine and acupuncture. After her recovery, Karina would often bring fresh fruits and vegetables

whenever she paid a visit to Sasha and her two children since she owned a farm in the countryside.

Over time, she became one of the few close friends with them in this foreign land. "Nancy, that's great! You really brought the kids here." As soon as they arrived at the farm, Aunt Karina, who had received Sasha's call earlier, came running out and welcomed them happily. "Aunt, Vivi is here too. Pick me up, please." Vivian loved this place the most.

When she saw Karina coming towards her, she immediately jumped out of the car and stretched out her chubby arms for a hug. Karina's heart melted upon that sight. She picked up the little girl at once and held her in her arms. The family of three stayed at the farm, where Sasha thought they could lie low for the time being. Two days later, a phone call.

"Nancy, there's a call from Ms. Fischer. She said she's looking for you." *Ms. Fischer? Willow Fischer?* Without much thought, Sasha got up and went into the house to take the call. "Hello? Willow?"

"Sasha, I'm... I'm sorry. I didn't mean to betray you. But they said... they said they'll feed me to the sharks. Sasha, I... I don't want to die..." No one would have thought that Willow would make the call and wail into the phone, begging for her life. Sasha's expression turned ghastly. *Who is feeding her to the sharks? Sebastian?*

*That scumbag went to her?* She was so angry that she couldn't almost drop the receiver. Her face turned livid with rage. "Where are you now?" Willow uttered, "I..."

"Tell her, she only has thirty minutes. If she doesn't show up by then, I'll throw you to the sharks!" Before Willow could utter another word, there was a sinister voice on the other end of the phone.

Even though he was speaking from afar, Sasha could sense his murderous intent. *It's that scumbag, indeed. What should I do now? I can't leave Willow behind. She has nothing to do with this!* Sasha was shaking in anger. Finally, she hung up by slamming the phone down. *Sebastian, you scumbag!*

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"Is something wrong,

Mommy? What happened?" Seeing that his mother had been away for a little too long, Matteo went into the house to check on her. When he saw how angry she was, his brow furrowed with concern. *Is that bad guy bullying Mommy again? He's making her so mad.* "It's alright, Matt. Erm... I want to discuss something with you..."

Do you and your sister want to go back to great-aunt's place?" Sasha knelt in front of her son and kept a tight lid on her emotions as she discussed the matter carefully with him.

There was no point for her to hide now. Her next move was to rescue Willow from the scum's hands. It was definitely impossible for her to bring the children along, and she couldn't leave them here alone, either. It would be too dangerous. She couldn't rule out the possibility of both children being discovered by the scum.

Therefore, the only way was to send them back to their homeland so he wouldn't find them. Matteo looked at his mother and asked, "Go back to great-aunt's place? Do you mean back to our homeland? Is Mommy coming with us too?" "Yes, I am. But a little later than you. I will arrange for someone to send you and your sister back first, okay?"

"Okay. Mommy, you must come soon." Matteo soft-pedaled his mother's decision in sending him and his sister back. Sasha immediately booked the flights for her two children and contacted another trustworthy friend to take them in. Half an hour later, at a local pier. Sasha huffed and puffed as she sped all the way.

Finally, she caught sight of Willow being tied up and dangled on the outer deck. Her friend was crying in fear as she struggled to free herself from the ropes. *That monster!* Sasha was absolutely livid.

She got out of the car, dashed onto the deck, and stopped in front of the ship. "Sebastian! You b\*stard! Let go of her now. Why did you tie her up? I'm the one you're looking for. Let go of her immediately!" Sasha was seething, and she would have stabbed the monster if she had a knife in her hand. The scum finally appeared from the ship after hearing her shouts.

It was a chilly day, and the bitterly cold winds cut like a knife. The piteous cries of a woman bounded by ropes filled the air. But the crazy man stood nonchalantly with a glass of red wine in his hand. He was wearing a dark suit, and his white shirt was neatly pressed. His outfit made him seem even more dashing and domineering. After stepping onto the deck, he sat lazily on a chair that was set out by his men as he turned his gaze on her. "You've finally showed up?"

"Sasha took a deep breath and suppressed the anger deep within her. "Let her go. You want me to go back with you? Fine, I'll do as you say." "That's it? I'm not finished playing with you yet." Sasha shut her eyes tightly. With her fists clenched, she told herself not to argue with a lunatic like him.

A few minutes later, Willow was finally released, and Sasha boarded the ship. "I'm sorry, Nancy..." Still in shock and her wrists rubbed raw from the tight ropes, Willow sobbed guiltily in front of her. Sasha quickly hugged the woman and patted her on the back. "It's alright. You don't have to apologize. I should be the one apologizing."

Willow was speechless. After a while, the trembling woman glanced at the figure who was standing behind Sasha and whispered hoarsely, "Who are these people? What have you gotten yourself into, Nancy? Where are they taking you?" Willow was worried. After all, they had been good friends for many years.

But how could Sasha tell her the truth? Her biggest hope right now was to stop Sebastian from implicating her other friends. After Willow was taken away, Sasha stood on the deck and stared coldly at him. She appeared peaceful as she had calmed down a while ago. But her eyes were cold, without a hint of warmth in them.

Sebastian even saw her disdain. *She hates me that much?* He held the glass of red wine and narrowed his bloodshot eyes at her. "You don't have to stare at me like that. I've said it before.

As your penance, I'm going to bring you back with me. Be it dead or alive."  
"Penance? Sometimes I find it strange. Why are you trying so hard to get me back there? Are you not afraid that I will ruin your love life again? Don't forget, you were with her after a rough history together." Sasha snorted at him.

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**Back then,**

he had brought Xandra back home and declared his love for her in front of Frederick. And now, he was dragging her back there. Was he not afraid that Sasha would mess up his relationship with that woman again? As soon as her voice died away, the scum got up from the chair. "How dare you? Don't think too highly of yourself, Sasha. It makes no difference to me whether you are dead or alive. Even if you did not show up today, I would have taken your dead body back with me."

There was a gleam of hostility in his bloodshot eyes as he spoke his mind. Sasha clenched her fists tightly until her knuckles turned white. She squeezed her eyes shut and remained silent. *What is there to look forward to after five years? Do I expect him to say something nice to me?* Very quickly, Sasha was taken to a cabin on the lower deck of the ship.

Not long afterward, the ship left the pier and set sail. It turned out that this boat was the means of transportation for them. She did not dwell on the matter since she knew there was no point for her to struggle anymore. After they locked her up in the cabin, Sasha lay on the small bed and fell asleep. "Ian, you shouldn't. It's dangerous..."

" "Quiet! Get out of my way!" She woke up to the sound of her stomach growling and the argument outside the cabin. Vaguely, she also heard a child's voice. *A child's voice? Is it Ian?* Sasha's eyes flew open immediately, and within that second, she was awake like never before.

After all, Sebastian was on this ship, and they were setting off to where they came from. It wouldn't be a surprise that Ian would also be on the ship. Her heart leaped with ecstasy at the thought of that. She hopped out of bed and dashed to the window. She looked through the window, and sure enough, she saw two figures standing outside her cabin. One was a burly figure in a black suit who appeared to be a bodyguard.

The other figure standing next to him was short and cute. He was wearing a khaki blue coat with a black woolen hat on his head. It was none other than Ian. Tears welled up in Sasha's eyes as she looked at the boy. "Little Ian? Little Ian?" "Who is it?" Ian, who was concentrating on controlling the drone by the ship rail, turned his head when he heard someone calling his name.

A look of annoyance came across his face for being interrupted. Sasha waved wildly at him from the small cabin. "Here, Little Ian. Mom... It's me, Ms. Nancy. Look here." She almost let it slip that she was his mother. Ian caught sight of her, but he did not look as surprised as she hoped he would be. On the contrary, he was expressionless.

There was a flash of impatience in his beautiful eyes, just like his father's. "Who are you?" "Erm... Mr. Ian, it's time, we should get back. Otherwise, you'll be punished by Mr. Hayes." In that instant, the bodyguard stepped in front of the child. Sasha became anxious at once and said, "Little Ian, it's me. We've met before at the hotel.

Do you remember me?" She gestured to the child at the window, hoping that he would remember her. Fortunately, the child remembered after being prodded with the memory. "It's you!" "Yes. Little Ian, can you come over here so that I can have a look at you? I just want to see you." Sasha was ecstatic.

"Mr. Ian, we should get going." "Get out of my way!" Ian glanced at the bodyguard and strode toward the cabin. Sasha was overjoyed. Finally, she had the opportunity to be up close and personal with this child. She did not have the chance to speak to him when they last met at the hotel. "Little Ian...

" "Why are you locked in here? Are you not here to treat Daddy?" Ian remained expressionless as he came over. He looked exactly like Matteo, but there wasn't the slightest smile on his face as he looked at Sasha with indifference. She felt a sharp pain in her heart. She blamed herself for how he turned out. If she had not left him with Sebastian, he would not end up being like this.

He would be a cheerful boy, just like his younger brother. Sasha stretched out her trembling hand from the window, wanting to touch him. "Yes. I'm... I'm here to treat your daddy."

“Then why are you locked up? Is he going to do something to you?” This child was just like Matteo, both were not easily fooled. When he saw the lock on the door, he knew things were not as what Sasha had told him.

Her nose tingled, and she felt a lump in her throat. “It’s alright, Little Ian. Don’t worry about Mom... me. Your daddy won’t do anything to me. It’s late and the wind is strong. It’s dangerous for you to be out here. You should go back in.”