

# The Love that Never Really Dies

## Chapter No 61

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The Love that Never Really Dies Chapter No 61 – Sebastian returned to his desk, lit a cigarette, and took a long puff. He then tapped on the desk with a slender finger, signaling the vice president to pass him the project document, which he proceeded to review then and there. Several minutes later, he finished reading the report and tossed the document onto his desk. “What’s the problem with what she said?” “Pardon me, sir?” Sebastian’s reaction was so different from his own, so much so that the vice president became baffled in an instant. Sebastian leveled an icy glare at him. “The chairman wants to sell his company, but then he wants to own it too. How is that different from a whore claiming that she’s still a virgin? Telling him to take his GDP to Wall Street is a relatively polite comeback, in my opinion.

If I were the one who answered that call, I would have told him to set his bloody factory and himself on fire!” The vice president was certainly not expecting that. For a full five seconds, he stared blankly at the foul-mouthed president before him. He was so flummoxed that he had forgotten what he wanted to say. *Is it really that serious?* It was merely a matter of letting the old owner become the new shareholder. This had happened in other companies too.

So why did it become such a major issue here? The vice president could not understand what was on Sebastian’s mind. But if he had a deeper understanding of finance, he might get the gist of it. Allowing such behavior would be akin to approving the other party’s investment using alternate means. Due to their identity as the previous owner, according to the rules, they could have many rights as a shareholder after becoming one themselves. This was equivalent to putting old wine in a new bottle. Hence, what was the point of the acquisition in the first place?

The vice president eventually left in a fluster. Luke came knocking after he heard about the incident. He was perplexed as to how such an employee existed in their company. *Who is this haughty person who dared to bicker with a client so blatantly?* “Mr. Hayes, I’ve talked to the Marketing Department. It wasn’t them, and they have no idea who it was either.” “Find that person. Whoever did it has a solid understanding of finance and could be helpful to the company,” Sebastian instructed after listening to Luke’s report. He then started burying himself in work. He might have a bad temper, but he would never spare a good talent whenever he came across one. Luke nodded and agreed to carry out the investigation. Just when he was about to leave, he incidentally spotted a piece of paper on his boss’ desk. The message on it was written in another language.

“Oh. Mr. Hayes, what’s this?” Bewildered, he reached out and picked it up. Sebastian looked toward Luke when he heard a stir. Surprise crept up his face as well. “Jetroinian? Mr. Hayes, I didn’t know you can write Jetroinian. At least, I haven’t seen you do it before. It looks neat! Wow, you’re really talented!” Luke

was stunned when he realized that it was Jetroinian written on the scrap paper. He regarded his boss in amazement, unable to believe what he was seeing. Indeed, Sebastian had never written Jetroinian in the company. As a matter of fact, he knew the language.

He just did not write it much because there was little need for it. Moreover, few companies demanded the Hayes Corporation to communicate in their language. *So, exactly who scribbled these Jetroinian words on this piece of paper? More importantly, who had the guts to barge into my office?* Sebastian took in the note with solemn eyes, only to find that the words were beautifully written indeed. The handwriting was graceful yet unmistakably firm, as free-flowing as nature intended. Even the Jetroinian translator recruited by the company could not write the letters as neatly. As for its content... "Nikkawa-Gen? Acquisition?" "What? Mr. Hayes, what do you mean?" Luke was instantly shocked when he heard those words. *Isn't this what they were just talking about? It actually happened in Mr. Hayes' office! In that case, does that mean the call was received and answered here?*

*Oh God! Who could it be? I most certainly wouldn't do such a thing, and Mr. Hayes just returned to the company with me. Who else would dare to enter this office? This is the president's office. Usually, other than Mr. Hayes and I, no one else would dare to enter without permission. Unless...* An utterly absurd idea suddenly emerged in his mind. He immediately turned to face the president and found that the man had the same reaction he had. Holding the note between his fingers, the president had stopped talking, but on his face hung a grave expression. He examined the note in his hand before his eyes flitted to the sofa at the other end of the room, where several Lego blocks could be found. Things were becoming increasingly strange indeed.

How mortifying! ... Meanwhile, Sasha had taken Ian back to Frontier Bay. Just as she expected, by the time she brought Ian back, Frederick was already long gone. Peace was once again restored to the villa. However, there was something odd about the place. Even the pesky housemaid Berta was nowhere to be seen.

"Oh, are you wondering about Berta? Mr. Hayes thought she was getting old and seemed to be slacking in her work, so he dismissed her. I'm the new housemaid. You can call me Wendy." The new housemaid seemed nice. Wendy noticed the doubtful look on Sasha's face and actively explained the story behind her employment to Sasha. *Berta has been dismissed? Just as well, I don't like her very much.* Sasha felt a little better. She decided to stay here and accompany Ian until it was time to fetch Matteo and Vivian from preschool. Although she hated this place and did not want to stay for a minute longer, Ian was her child, so as long as he was here, she would endure it no matter how uncomfortable she felt. Sasha stayed until about four o'clock in the afternoon. Then, she was ready to head back.

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"What would you like to eat after you get discharged? I'll have them prepare it for you," Oscar suddenly said as he reached out to touch her forehead. "If I'd known that you'd be so good to me once you knew I was pregnant, I'd have told you a long time ago," said Amelia, though there was no telling whether she genuinely felt that way. Oscar said indifferently, "Stop thinking too much. Your only job now is to rest well." Amelia stared at him for a long time. Suddenly, she flung her arms wide open and said, "Hold me, Mr. Clinton. For a split second during the accident this morning, I thought I saw the Grim Reaper calling for me.

My mind was completely blank at that time and when the car crashed onto the pillar, all I could think of was that I may not ever see you again in this lifetime." A hint of surprise flashed across Oscar's eyes. He continued listening to Amelia, his heart aching uncontrollably. "Mr. Clinton, forgive me for being too sappy. At that very moment of the car accident, all I could think of was that we are actually a legally wedded couple, but look at us now? We are like complete strangers.

Now that I have finally woken up, I feel completely different. So, if you are thinking what I'm thinking, I'd like to stay with you like a regular couple. We can be a simple yet happy family of three when the baby comes." Oscar's heart skipped a beat. "Mr. Clinton, when I am discharged, can we just live in peace like a normal family?" Amelia looked at him expectantly. Oscar's eyes betrayed his tangled emotions before they slowly regained calmness. Retracting his hand, he said, "You are still in a daze after the accident. Rest well and don't think too much." A frosty chill invaded Amelia's heart instantly.

*At the end of the day, to him, I am still Cassie's replacement. I am completely dispensable. He doesn't have an ounce of true feelings for me.* Amelia concealed her emotions and smiled sweetly. "Mr. Clinton, I'm a little tired and I'd like to get some rest. Go on with your day if you are busy. The nurses can take care of me here." Oscar tucked her in and said, "Just close your eyes and sleep. I'll stay here with you." With conflicted emotions, Amelia closed her eyes. She thought she would not be able to sleep, but she was knocked out within ten seconds. Tiffany only found out about Amelia's car accident when she called her later that night. Instantly, she ignored her editors' incessant calls and rushed to the hospital. Without even knocking,

Tiffany pushed the door open and cried out loud, "What happened to you, Amelia? How did you get into a car accident? What did the doctor say? Are you all right?" It was only then that she realized the large group of people in the room. They were either from the Clinton family or their business associates. Tiffany's face began to burn. She chuckled nervously at her blunder before saying, "Oh, so everyone's here." Olivia, being the first to spot her, welcomed her quite heartily. "Oh, so it's you, Tiffany. Come over here. We were so worried when Amelia got into the accident we forgot to inform you.

However, you are her best friend, and it is so kind of you to come and see her." Tiffany smiled and replied, "As her mother-in-law, Mrs. Clinton, I'm sure you are having a tough time now that this happened to Amelia." Olivia tugged her closer to herself and said, "You are so sweet. The doctor says her fetus could have been

slightly startled, so she needs to have plenty of rest. I was just about to find something to entertain her, but you appeared just at the right time.

You stay with her, and I'll bring the rest of the people outside." Tiffany replied, "Take your time, Mrs. Clinton. You can leave Amelia with me." When the whole group left, Tiffany's face fell instantly. "Amelia, how did you get into a car accident? What did the doctor say? Are you all right? What about the baby?" Amelia recounted the accident briefly and comforted her by saying, "Tiff, I'm fine, so don't worry about me." Seeing that Amelia was not severely wounded, Tiffany finally relaxed and teased her, "We are really sisters in arms, with you getting into an accident not long after my accident. Thankfully, both you and the baby are fine. Otherwise, I'll definitely hunt down the culprit and chop him into pieces."

Amelia burst out laughing. Tiffany then asked her seriously, "What are your plans now that the Clintons know that you are pregnant?" Amelia replied, "I don't know yet. I can only take one step at a time now, considering how powerful and influential the Clintons are. Before they knew I was pregnant, I could still have the child secretly. Now, I think I can only give birth under their supervision." "What's Oscar take on this?" Amelia shook her head. "I can't read his thoughts. We have been married for four years, but I've barely been able to understand what really goes through his mind. He says I can have the child, but it looks like he wants the child to remain with the Clintons. Even if we were to get a divorce, he wouldn't allow me to bring the child with me."

Tiffany knew that the Clintons were the most influential family in the entire city. If they were to have a divorce, Amelia would probably get a small settlement and she would never be allowed to bring the child with her. "Amelia, would you be willing to let the child stay with the Clintons?" "It's not like I have a choice here, do I? This accident has messed up all of my plans, so I am panicking too. The only thing I can do now is to take things as they come," Amelia said rather defeatedly. Tiffany then came up with an idea. "Relax, Amelia. It is probably for the best that the Clintons know about your pregnancy. Look, this is the Clintons' first grandchild and they are fairly reasonable people. On top of all that, Mrs. Clinton is fond of you.

As long as you give birth to the child, I'm sure she will not stand to see her grandchild without a mother. So as long as you keep yourself close to Mrs. Clinton, you will definitely be able to control Oscar." Amelia glanced at her and said suddenly, "I've thought of this before, but I don't want to involve her in my marriage unless it's absolutely necessary." "Babe, are you out of your mind? How could you still say that when things have escalated now? You have to know that she's your only support now." Amelia nodded. She looked at Tiffany and said earnestly, "Tiff, out of all the Clintons, my mother-in-law is the only elder that treats me well. Given the choice, I wouldn't want to lie to her nor use her. Do you understand?" "Go ahead and be the kind soul.

We'll see if you can still be that magnanimous when Oscar divorce you." Amelia fell into silence. Tiffany added, "Look, Amelia, I don't want to sound like some naggy old lady who mutters about the divorce and the child all day long. It's just that you are an intelligent woman, and I think you should start planning for yourself. You can't keep doing things for others and have nothing left for yourself. I can't even bear to look at your situation even though you are doing

this willingly." Amelia reached out for the apples on the table and changed the topic. "Tiff, you must be parched after talking so much. Peel this apple for me and let's share it." Tiffany knew very well that Amelia was just trying to escape from reality. Hence, she obediently picked up the apple before peeling and slicing it. With a piece of apple in her mouth, she asked, "Babe, did the doctor say that you can have fruits?"

"He needs to observe me for another two days. I can still have some light food if there are no other issues." "I'll just finish this apple on my own then." "Go ahead. I meant to stuff your mouth with it anyway." Amelia smiled. "Babe, these words hurt, all right?" Amelia sighed and said, "Tiff, I know you only want the best for me. However, I still don't have the perfect plan yet, so I can only handle things as they come." Tiffany munched on the apple leisurely before changing the topic. "I spouted all those nonsense only because I was too worried about you. The most important thing now is for you to regain your health. We can talk about the rest later." Amelia nodded. After staying in the hospital for another fortnight, the Clintons had arranged for her discharge when the doctor declared that both she and her child were in the clear. Olivia had arranged an extravagant ceremony to welcome Amelia home. When the latter saw the dozen Rolls Royces lined up outside the hospital, her eyes nearly popped out in shock.

She turned to Olivia uncomfortably and said feebly, "Mom, I'm just getting discharged from the hospital. You didn't need to arrange for such fanfare. Others may think that you are welcoming a president or something." Olivia led her into the first car. "You are very precious now that you are pregnant with a Clinton. Of course, we have to welcome you home with pomp and circumstance." Amelia felt rather pressured. "Mom, I could very well be carrying a girl. I am worried that you will be disappointed if that is so, especially after all this fanfare." Olivia was not concerned. "Girls are good too, and they are the ones who are closest to their mother. I am not too bothered with the gender of the child.

As long as the child is a Clinton, I will love him or her." Amelia smiled. "Mom, you are so good to me. I'm afraid I could never leave you." "Then don't leave. You are our daughter-in-law, and when your dad and I pass away, Oscar will be inheriting the entire family business. As his wife, you will naturally have to help him. In other words, all these will eventually belong to you." Amelia merely smiled. Olivia assured her, "Amelia, your most important job now is to take care of the baby. I assure you that you *are* and you *will* be my only daughter-in-law. If Oscar were to hurt you, I would not let him get away with it." Amelia smiled.

The two of them got along very pleasantly, so it felt like it took no time before they arrived home. Their merry group was all smiles until they saw the unwelcomed guest on the couch. Stephanie stood up and said beamingly, "Dad, Mom, Oscar, you are all back. Cassie and her parents have been waiting for quite a while. If you took any longer, I'd have brought them to the hospital." Olivia snuck a glare at Stephanie before turning to the Yard family. "What brings you here, Liz? You should have told me earlier, and I could have informed our chef to prepare something for you."

Charlie and Elizabeth stood up. Resentment flashed across Elizabeth's eyes as she saw that Amelia was surrounded from left to right. She said spitefully, "Olivia, your daughter-in-law is a little precious, isn't she? Does she really need such a large entourage to accompany her as she gets discharged from the hospital? Are

you that afraid that she will fall?" Olivia looked rather displeased. She used to think that the Yards were an educated and refined family.

This was why they could remain as friends even after Cassie had left the altar. Who would have thought that the seemingly level-headed Elizabeth would say something like this? To her, her daughter-in-law was perfect in every way. In any case, it was not up to an outsider to make any comments about her. "Liz, that's not very kind of you. Amelia is our only daughter-in-law, and she is pregnant with our precious grandchild. It is only natural that I protect and care for her. In fact, I'd get her the stars from the skies if she asked for them."

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The Love that Never Really Dies Chapter No 63 – Elizabeth's face changed. "Pregnant? When I visited her in the hospital you didn't mention anything about it. How could she be pregnant suddenly?" Olivia suppressed her anger and said, "Liz, what is wrong with you today? How could you talk like this? I couldn't say that much considering the crowd in the hospital the other day. Amelia is already five months pregnant, and I'll be a grandmother next year." "What's going to happen to Cassie now that she is pregnant? Cassie is pregnant with Oscar's child too. We are here today to discuss their marriage matters with you."

Amelia's eyes flashed with pain while utter disbelief darted across Oscar's eyes. He looked at Amelia only to see the hurt hidden in her eyes. His heart twitched uncontrollably at that. Increasingly, he could not bear the sight of Amelia being sad. However, the news of Cassie's pregnancy caught him by complete surprise. He had said that he loved Cassie, but he had never expected to have children with her. Olivia's face fell immediately. "Liz, our families have been friends for a long time, so you can't say malicious things like that. I would have been overjoyed to hear this if Cassie and Oscar were still engaged.

However, Oscar is married now and his wife is pregnant. Even though it is very normal to have mistresses in our society, it is not acceptable for our family as it is not aligned with our family values. I congratulate Cassie on her pregnancy, but please don't link it to Oscar. We Clintons cannot offer to house your precious daughter." Elizabeth flicked her perfectly coiffed hair and said, "Olivia, you've said so yourself that our families have been friends for years. No matter what, I wouldn't make up something like this. Cassie is pregnant and she is really bearing Oscar's child. If you don't believe it, just ask Oscar. If he is a man he will own up to it." Olivia turned to Oscar who actually nodded and said, "Mom, I did have a thing with Cassie.

I plan to marry her as well." Olivia was so angry she raised her hand to give Oscar a loud resounding slap. Everyone was taken aback by the crisp sound of that slap. Nobody had expected Olivia to slap her own son. Oscar was a legendary figure in

the business world and everyone looked up to him. His words were as good as the king's decree. "Mom, how could you hit Oscar?" Stephanie exclaimed. Heartbroken, Olivia stared at Oscar and lamented, "Oscar, you've brought the company to such great heights, it led me to think that you were an honorable and upright man."

Never did I expect you to be such a mess when it came to your personal relationships. You have such a wonderful wife, yet you gave her up for a woman that had not only hurt you but had multiple relationships with other men. Is this how you're going to repay me?" Oscar pursed his lips and silently allowed his mother to vent her fury. However, his silence angered her further, which led her to pant heavily while clutching her chest in agony. Worried that something would happen to her, Amelia quickly went up to support her. "Mom, don't be too worried. I'm sure that there must be some misunderstanding here. Take it easy, and let's just talk properly." It was only then that Olivia looked a little more relieved.

Owen stepped forward to support Olivia and said gently, "Look at you. You are pushing sixty and you still have such a raring temper. I am still the head of this family, so as long as you disapprove, I will not allow her to marry into the family. So don't worry, all right?" Olivia finally looked better. She nodded and said, "Owen, remember what you said, and don't disappoint me. Amelia is the only daughter-in-law I will ever have. If you make her suffer in any way, I'll pack my bags and leave the family together with her." Owen comforted, "Don't worry. I will not allow that to happen."

Stephanie stomped her feet angrily and protested, "Mom, what are you talking about? What's wrong with Cassie? Why must you protect a woman who has nothing?" Olivia glared at her coldly. "Steph, I'll talk to you properly when this is settled. I thought you were just a little strong-willed, but I didn't expect you to be so rude that you wouldn't even acknowledge your own sister-in-law." Stephanie held her head up high and retorted, "Mom, Cassie is my only sister-in-law as far as I am concerned. This woman? She's just a materialistic woman that only has her sights set on marrying rich."

Olivia's suppressed anger began bubbling away again. "Shut up!" "Steph, another word from you, and I'll send you overseas again to learn some respect," Owen said impassively. However, every single person in the room could sense the gravity in his words. Stephanie glowered at Amelia before looking down and muttering, "Sorry, Mom. I shouldn't have said that." Olivia did not say anything in response. Instead, she asked the other relatives and friends to leave with the promise of an upcoming party.

They were very understanding and all left one after another. Owen brought Olivia to the couch while Oscar took Amelia in his arms to settle down on the other end of the couch. Amelia looked up at the palm print on his face, asking, "Does it still hurt?" Oscar looked down and his heart warmed up when he saw the distress in her eyes. He shook his head and replied, "I'm fine." At this very moment, Oscar was actually somewhat resentful of Cassie's willful actions. In fact, when he first heard of her pregnancy, his first reaction was not of joy but of suspicion. *Is her child really mine?*

He did not want to be suspicious but he was not dumb either. He did try to recall the one-night stand they had in the hotel, only he had no memory of what had happened halfway through his drinking that night. He was an excellent drinker. If not for Cassie spiking his drink, he definitely would not have difficulty recalling that night. He did not want to be cynical toward Cassie who looked pure and innocent on the surface, so he suppressed his suspicion. However, he was truly disgusted today, especially after she brought her parents to force this marriage on him. While he was willing to admit that he loved Cassie, there was still a bottom line. The moment that line was crossed, he would no longer dote on her unconditionally. “

Ms. Yard, so I heard that you are pregnant?” Oscar’s train of thought was interrupted when Olivia suddenly spoke up. Cassie glanced at Oscar and replied aggrievedly, “Mrs. Clinton, I know you can’t forgive me since I left Oscar at the altar. But we are truly in love, and I already knew about my pregnancy when I was doing up my papers to leave the country. It’s been one month, and here is the report. You can take a look if you don’t believe me.” Olivia took a look at the report and sniggered,

“Ms. Yard, I’ve gotten some people to check up on you. Even though it was not particularly easy to find out more about your doings while you were overseas, nothing is impossible with money.” Cassie’s heart beat wildly when she heard that. Olivia got up from Owen’s arms and looked at Cassie. “Ms. Yard, I was going to give you some respect due to the fact that your parents and I have been friends for many years. But who knew you could be so shameless?” Charlie and Elizabeth’s blanched. “Olivia, how could you say something like this? We have been friends for decades, and you have watched Cassie grow up since she was a little girl. Is this what you think of her?” To that, Olivia said, “If I had known that this little girl would use such despicable ways to destroy my son’s family, I’d rather that we’d never known each other.” The Yards’ faces fell and Elizabeth spoke up sharply, “Olivia, that is just mean and spiteful.

My daughter is now pregnant with Oscar’s child. No matter what, my daughter is at the losing end. You don’t have to acknowledge it, but how could you say that? Yes, the Clintons own a large business empire, but the Yard family is not to be trifled with either. If you don’t settle this properly today, this will spell the end of our families’ friendship.” Olivia smirked. “Sure. Let’s settle this once and for all then, shall we?” Then, she went upstairs amidst everyone’s puzzled eyes and soon reappeared with a manila envelope in her hands. “This envelope contains the results of my team’s investigation this past month.

I’m sure Ms. Yard would be very interested to see what’s in here. This is also for my silly son, for him to realize that this supposedly pure and innocent girl is not what she seems after all. My son is perfect in every way, but he has just lost himself to this woman. As his mother, I need to wake him up just so he would not be tricked by the same woman twice.” Cassie’s expression changed when she looked at the manila envelope in Olivia’s hands. She had an impulse to snatch the envelope from the latter’s hands, but she restrained herself and waited painfully instead. Olivia poured out the contents of the envelope. There were many photos inside, with Cassie featuring in each photo. However, there was a different man in each photo.

They were either holding her by her waist, kissing her, or dancing closely with her. There were even some photos of Cassie stuck closely to some muscular foreign men. Everyone was flabbergasted at how liberal she was. "Ms. Yard, could you explain the photos, please?" Olivia said coolly. Cassie's face turned white when she saw the photos. Meanwhile, Charlie and Elizabeth were in complete disbelief as they had not expected their daughter to be that broad-minded.

"Cassie, what's going on here?" Elizabeth asked, clearly beside herself. Even though Elizabeth was almost sixty years old, she had gone to great lengths to take care of herself and she looked barely forty with her fair skin and fashionable outfits. But today, she looked like a miserable old shrew who had completely lost all control over herself. Cassie's face was pale. *I remember being very careful each time I went partying. How did she get all these pictures?* She subconsciously glanced at Oscar who had pain and disappointment written on his gloomy face. *If I don't get hold of Oscar today, the distance between us would only get farther and farther away.*

*After four years apart, Oscar does not love me as much as he proclaims to. In fact, he does not even realize that he has been rejecting my body. Even though he has never admitted it, my feminine instincts are definitely right. I know this child is definitely June's, but there is no way I'm going back to him. This is the child that could help me tie Oscar down. However, who would have thought that Amelia would be pregnant and that Mrs. Clinton would run all those checks on me?*

*Am I still Cassie Yard if I admit defeat without putting on a fight? If I have been able to utilize a man's influence to reach the peak of my career, I have my ways to persuade Oscar again. As long as I am sincere enough, Oscar will definitely love me again. I really love Oscar. I truly do! I was playful in my youth, but now that I have grown up, I am more than able to be a good wife and help Oscar with his family business. "Oscar, I can explain the pictures. It's not what it seems."*

Cassie gulped and looked at Oscar pleadingly. Oscar's eyes returned to their usual calmness. It was almost as if she had merely imagined the anguish and helplessness in his eyes just now. "Just speak, Cassie. I'm listening," Oscar said coolly. Amelia knew him very well. The calmer he was, the more it indicated an impending storm. However, Cassie did not know that, and she assumed that he was about to forgive her.

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The Love that Never Really Dies Chapter No 64 – "Oscar, these were all my orchestra mates. After our final performance, we had a celebratory dinner where everyone had too much to drink. We were playing a game where the loser had to be kissed, no matter men or women. I did share a little kiss with a female colleague as well, but I don't know why they only took pictures of me with my male colleagues. You can go and investigate yourself if you don't trust me. Oscar, you are the only one that I love in my life. That is the truth. Now that I am

pregnant with your child, I don't want you to misunderstand me just because of a few photos."

Oscar picked up a photo of Cassie passionately kissing someone at a bar. His voice betrayed not a trace of his emotions as he said, "Cassie, I'd always thought that you were pure and innocent. When I had sex with you a month ago, there was real blood on the bedsheet. But could you explain to me what was going on in this picture?" "Oz, I can explain. It was my roommate Julie's birthday, and we decided to party at the bar. Before we knew it, we were carried away by the bar's atmosphere and had too much to drink. I don't know how I ended up kissing that person in the picture,

but I can guarantee that nothing happened after that. Oz, when I left you to go to Erihal, I was very down, and I thought that I'd never meet another man that could make me fall in love so deeply. All I wanted to do was to let loose so I went to all the bars and clubs. I wanted to find a man for a quick one-night stand but you remained in my mind. All I shared with those men was a kiss, and nothing else. You have to believe me, Oz. You are the only one in my heart. I've really never slept with anyone else." Tears rolled down her cheeks as she spoke. Even Amelia could not help but praise her acting skills. *With her looks, figure, and acting skills, it is a waste for her to not join the entertainment industry.*

Oscar frowned and before he could speak, Olivia said, "Ms. Yard, you have excellent acting chops there. Regular men would definitely fall for it. However, our family is a proper business family, and we cannot allow such a wild woman into our family." Elizabeth scowled with displeasure. "Olivia, I don't like what you are implying there. Our financial capacity is not that far behind yours, and our Cassie is a pure and innocent girl. So what if you have those pictures? They're all from the past and they took place when she was single." Olivia laughed. "Liz, we have been good friends for years. To be honest, I am not as big-hearted as you are. For you to say that shows that you are very patient and magnanimous.

However, as a mother, I cannot handle the misgiving that my son could be cheated on in the future. We can't afford to have a girl that is so wild and frivolous. Who knows if she would cheat on my son in the future? Nobody can be certain about that." The Yards' expression darkened. "Olivia, that is too much. We've been friends for years and you've watched Cassie grow up. Shouldn't you know what kind of person she is by now?" Charlie finally spoke up. Charlie and Olivia were university friends and they shared quite a solid friendship. Olivia met Owen through Charlie, so she was still willing to respect him.

Olivia sighed. "Charlie, it's not that I have insulted you. Look at how you barged in today. Not only did you destroy Oscar and Amelia's marriage, but you also made Cassie become the mistress. Is that what you wanted?" "Olivia, I don't want Cassie to be the hated mistress either. However, Cassie and Oscar love each other, and I cannot bring it upon myself to separate them. You are Oscar's mother, so how could you just stand by and watch him miss out on his happiness?" Olivia smirked. "I thought you were the most logical person out of all the people here, Charlie. I did not expect you to turn out to be just like Liz and allow your daughter to do anything she wants. I don't care about Cassie's

character, but she cannot blame things on Oscar. Yes, our families' standings are similar, but my son already has a wife, and they are welcoming their own baby soon.

If you still have any ounce of self-respect, please bring Cassie with you as you leave now. Otherwise, I will have worse things to say about you." Elizabeth's face darkened instantly. "You can't say that, Olivia. Cassie and Oscar were in love back then, and it was Oscar who requested for Cassie to come back now. On top of that, she is pregnant with Oscar's child, and that is why we came here despite the shame. If not for Oscar looking for Cassie despite being married, our daughter would have never been someone else's mistress. Are you trying to break off our friendship here?" Elizabeth questioned Olivia grimly. Olivia was prepared to burn all bridges today. No matter what, she would never allow Cassie to marry into the family. Cassie was the woman who abandoned Oscar at the altar and made the Clintons the laughing stock of the upper echelons.

The mere thought of that disgusted her. She could have just thrown Cassie out of the door if not for her consideration for the Yards' reputation. However, she had to go for broke with the Yards right now. She had no choice as based on her son's character, he could very well abandon his wife to marry Cassie. Olivia sighed. "Liz, Charlie, I didn't want to mean, but Oscar will definitely not marry Cassie. I am very satisfied with my daughter-in-law, Amelia, and I will never allow them to be divorced. It was probably a night of confusion for Oscar and Cassie. How about this? Let's assume that Cassie is really pregnant. We will conduct a DNA test when the baby is born. If the baby really is Oscar's, we will bring up the child. On top of that, we will provide Cassie with allowance." Elizabeth was so angry her face turned slightly green. "Olivia, don't cross the line here.

Our daughter is not to be abused like that. Now that she is pregnant, you Clintons definitely have to bear the responsibility. Otherwise, our families will become enemies, and I will spare no expenses to seek justice for Cassie." With that, Elizabeth looked at Oscar and said, "Oscar, you're the person in question here. What do you think? Just tell me whether you are marrying Cassie. We are still a reputable family and we won't hound you, but I'll tell you now that I will not just leave it as it is." Oscar looked at Elizabeth calmly and said, "Mrs. Yard, I will handle this properly, and I will take care of Cassie's child. Stop making a scene here if you trust me. Otherwise, Cassie should just abort the child." Cassie looked at him begrudgingly with red eyes and said, "Oz, you said you would marry me. Was it just to make me happy?" Oscar replied patiently, "

Be good, Cassie. Go back with your parents first. I'll look for you later tonight." Cassie bit her lips and nodded before saying amenably to her parents, "Mom, Dad, let's go back. Ms. Winters was just discharged from the hospital today and we shouldn't have been here in the first place. I don't want your friendship with Mr. and Mrs. Clinton to be severed just because of me. You can't burn all bridges because of my wilfulness." Elizabeth was about to protest but her husband tugged her dress. She had no choice but to get up and take her leave. Before she left, she said, "Olivia, Cassie is our only child. If Oscar marries her, everything that we have will become yours. Don't cut off this financial route just because of a moment of anger. It's not worth it."

With that, the Yards left. Gloom hung across the Clintons' living room. Amelia mustered a smile and said, "Mom, I'm so sorry that you have to stand up to the

Yards because of a useless daughter-in-law like me." "Silly girl, Oscar wronged you in the first place." Mrs. Clinton sighed and said, "Amelia, don't blame Oscar. There are times when men just can't control their lower bodies. Even if Cassie is pregnant, you are still our only daughter-in-law, so don't worry."

Amelia shook her head and said graciously, "Mom, I'm fine. Don't get agitated because of me. It's not worth it." Olivia sighed and looked at Oscar disapprovingly. "Oscar, remember what I am about to say now. The Clinton family will only acknowledge Amelia as our daughter-in-law. If you still have unfinished business with other women, you can forget about calling me Mom for the rest of your life." Oscar remained silent. "Why, do you still want to continue your affair with Cassie?" "Mom, Cassie is already pregnant with my child. I can't just abandon her," Oscar said. "Oscar, don't forget that Amelia is your wife and she is pregnant with your child too. Aren't you worried about hurting her when you say things like this in front of her?"

When have I ever taught you to be such a beast?" Olivia rebuked him woefully. She did not expect Oscar to be so fixated with Cassie. "What is it about Cassie that made you willing to abandon your own wife?" Olivia could not understand it at all. "I've spent a lot of money to get these photos, and you still can't see what kind of woman she is? You are an intelligent man, so you shouldn't be easily misled by her words." Oscar stood up and said, "Mom, I'll settle my relationship matters myself. Even if I were to divorce Amelia, I will make sure that she will not be in want for the rest of her life."

Don't worry about that." Olivia clutched onto her tightening chest and panted slightly. Instantly, Owen pulled Olivia into his arms and instructed Oscar grimly, "Get Mr. Lancaster here this very instant." Oscar immediately made the call. "Get out, you jinx! My mom would not be like this if not for you!" Stephanie dashed forward and shoved Amelia aside. Amelia nearly fell to the ground. Olivia's chest tightened further at that sight.

She stared at Stephanie and muttered with much difficulty, "Stephanie Clinton, she is your sister-in-law, and she is pregnant. If anything happens to her, you might as well kill me too." Stephanie bit on her lip furiously as she stared at Olivia. "Mom, I am your daughter, how could you—" Owen picked up Olivia in one fell swoop and reprimanded Stephanie, "Steph, shut up. Can't you see that your mother's suffering a relapse?" Stephanie bit her lip aggrievedly.

## The Love that Never Really Dies

### Chapter No 65

[/ The Love that Never Really Dies Read Online](#)

The Love that Never Really Dies Chapter No 65 – But since when had she become like this? Was it when the Wand family became bankrupt? Was it when Sasha had no choice but to stay with the Blackwoods for a year? Or was it when, in spite of Sasha's family's bankruptcy, Frederick let her marry his son? She had no idea. All she knew was that Xenia's attitude towards her became unbearable after Sasha returned from the dead. "How is it, Uncle Jackson? Do you feel any better?" "Yes, much better."

You should head home, Sasha. It's getting late." In no mood to listen to any more of his daughter's constant nitpicking, Jackson wanted to send his niece away as soon as possible. Sasha nodded, packed up her medical kit, and wanted to leave. "Are you in such a rush because you're going to meet that guy again? You really can't teach an old dog new tricks, huh. You have already died once and come back to life, yet you're still choosing to get involved with that man?" Xenia started scoffing again, her words were even more unpleasant than before. If anyone else witnessed her like this, they would never be able to tell that she had received the highest levels of education. At the end of her tether, Sasha glared at her cousin. "

Could you please watch your mouth? Since when I have gotten involved with that man?" "Watch my mouth? Do you think I don't know that you've been going to Frontier Bay every day, and have been asking Mrs. Grint to look after your kids at night? Isn't that because you went crawling back to him? Do you keep glancing at your watch because you're late for your session with him? Go on, then! Rush off and go to him, you slut!" Sasha grew red in the face with anger. "You—" She never dreamed that Xenia would dare to say such horrible things. *Since when did she become such a vile person? Is this still the Xenia I once knew?* Sasha felt a raging fire grow inside of her, but tried to put it out for Uncle Jackson's sake. "

What are you talking about? I only go over to see my son, so don't try to twist the truth." "Your son? Do you think I'm stupid?" "That's enough! Did you come back just to get into an argument, Xenia? If you're going to keep this up, I want you to leave! You're just making a fool of yourself!" Jackson interrupted, standing up from his chair and scolding Xenia loudly. Xenia bristled like a cat that had just been splashed with cold water. "I'm making a fool of myself? Jackson Blackwood, are you blind? Who's the real black sheep here? She was the one who made a huge fuss about wanting to marry that man.

Then, she was kicked out of the house a year later while pregnant, making us a laughing stock! We didn't even dare to show our faces in public for five years because of her, and you're calling me the fool?" Screaming her head off, Xenia scowled venomously at Sasha as if wishing she could personally chop her up into a hundred tiny pieces. All the blood drained from Sasha's face. *That hit a nerve.* Even today, she still felt tremendously guilty for dragging the Blackwood family into her mess all those years ago. It was exactly this feeling of guilt that usually held her back from retaliating, always taking whatever Xenia said in stride. Sasha's fingernails dug crescent-shaped indents into her palm.

Fortunately, Sharon happened to exit her room right before Sasha was about to unleash all her frustration on Xenia. "Xenia, what are you doing? Have you lost your mind? Who said you could shout at your father like that?" Sharon reprimanded loudly. Only then did Xenia finally shut up. Breathing a small sigh of relief, Sasha's grip loosened. "Aunt Sharon..." "That goes for you too. Next time, don't come over without a valid reason. This house isn't a boxing venue." Sasha lowered her head and nodded, not wanting to upset Sharon further. Sasha didn't blame Sharon for her reaction.

After all, she was the one who was indebted to this family. Regardless of whatever they said or did to her, she would always forgive them for it. But she

was taken aback when Sharon followed up her previous statement by saying, "Xenia may have sounded a little harsh, but some of what she said was true. You were already hurt once by that Sebastian man, so you should learn your lesson and not go back to him again. Once bitten twice shy. Learn to have self-worth, understand?"

Sasha felt the knife that was already deep in her chest twist into its wound a little more. She started clenching her hands by her sides. *I'm not going back to Sebastian. I know my self-worth. I'm only getting involved with him now because he has my son that I left behind!* Soon, her vision started blurring, she held back the well of indignant emotions as she walked out of the house. With the cool breeze and light rain of the night caressing her face, she made her way to a bus stop where her legs finally gave out. Sitting on her haunches, the dam of tears broke.

## The Love that Never Really Dies

### Chapter No 66

[/ The Love that Never Really Dies Read Online](#)

The Love that Never Really Dies Chapter No 66 – Sasha wasn't sure how long she squatted there crying at the bus stop, but at some point, the light rain had turned into a downpour and drenched her completely. Spotting her, someone quickly approached. "Miss, are you alright? It's so cold out here, and it's raining too. Don't you want to go home?" At the sound of the stranger's voice, Sasha slowly raised her head which she was resting on her knees. The stranger was a middle-aged woman in her forties, wearing a thick, padded-down jacket that had lint at the hems. Even from a distance away, Sasha could tell smell the odor of oil and smoke coming off the woman. She had to be a stay-at-home mother or housewife. Shaking her head, Sasha sniffled. "I'm fine." "

Then, you should hurry back home. There's probably someone waiting for you, right? Did you miss the bus? I'm telling you, young lady, there are no buses that come around here at this time. I'll help you wave down a taxi," the woman offered kindly. "There's really no need..." Sasha hurriedly shook her head, waving her hands in front of her. The woman seemed to notice the sadness on Sasha's face, she sighed as she offered some words of advice. "You look like you've been through a lot, kiddo. It's alright. You'll always run into problems in life, but the most important thing is that you get back up and face them head-on. Think of the people who loves you and waiting for you, alright?" Sasha's mind blanked.

*The people who is waiting for me? How could I have forgotten? There's someone waiting for me. Even if my parents are gone and I'm estranged from my relatives, I have my kids waiting for me back home! There's no one who needs me more than them!* Sasha placed a hand on the floor to push herself upright, stumbling slightly as if having woken up from a deep slumber. "I understand now. Thank you, ma'am." "That's good. Hurry along, then." The middle-aged woman smiled, shifted the bags in her arms, and started hurrying back to her own home. Sasha's lips were already blue from the cold as she stuck a trembling arm out, waiting for a taxi to notice her. *I have to get to my son. He's waiting for me.* It was getting late.

The rain grew heavier with every passing moment, and Sasha didn't feel any warmer even though the taxi's heater was turned on. Pulling her clothes tighter around her, she tried to look for something to dry off her damp hair. It was only then did she realize that she'd left the house in such a rush, the only thing on her right now was her medical kit. *Never mind. I wonder if Ian's already asleep by now?* Staring out of the window, she couldn't help but worry. Fortunately, due to the late hour, there wasn't a lot of traffic on the road. The drive to Frontier Bay was only twenty minutes. "Miss, we're here." The driver had never been to this famous residential area full of rich people before, so he couldn't help but take a good look at Sasha through the rearview mirror.

Not only did the sight of her bedraggled appearance let him down, she even had to scrounge up money for the taxi fare. Sasha got down from the taxi. Turning towards the mansion, she saw that it was completely dark except for a few lamps lighting up the garden. *Does that mean Little Ian is already asleep?* Standing outside with only an umbrella above her head, she considered walking away. She'd only insisted on coming here at such a late hour because she'd promised Ian that she would come and visit him at night. If she didn't show up, he might refuse to sleep and wait up in his bedroom in thin pajamas, just like before.

Then, he ended up getting sick. *What about now?* Sasha stared at the mansion for a long while, making sure that there were no signs of life before finally mustering up the courage to walk away. "Dr. Wand? Dr. Wand!" Someone suddenly called out to her. *Who is that?* Sasha whipped around, staring curiously at the person. "Wendy? Is that you? Why aren't you asleep yet?" "Oh, I am waiting up for you! Thank goodness you made it."

Wendy was out of breath and wet from the rain as she ran out of the house, but there was also a bright smile on her face like she'd just completed a mission of sorts. *Is Little Ian really still awake?* Her heart leaping into her throat, Sasha followed Wendy in without another word. The two of them entered the mansion. Sasha quickly noticed that the downstairs living room was still brightly lit, but the rest of the house was empty, with no sign of Ian to be found. *Where is he?* Turning towards Wendy, Sasha asked, "Where's the kid?"

## The Love that Never Really Dies

### Chapter No 67

[/ The Love that Never Really Dies Read Online](#)

The Love that Never Really Dies Chapter No 67 – "Huh? The kid? Do you mean Ian? He's asleep, why?" Wendy was busy looking for a dry towel, having noticed Sasha's soaked hair and clothes and afraid that she was going to catch a cold. Sasha blinked owlishly. *Ian is asleep? Then, why is Wendy still waiting up for me...?* "Found it! Dr. Wand, please dry yourself off with this first. I'll make some chicken soup for you before you go off to the third floor." "The third floor?" "Yes. You came here to do acupuncture on Mr. Hayes, didn't you? I think he's still awake, although I haven't seen him come out of the study since he first went in.

You should hurry up and see him before he goes to sleep, and then you can go home early too," Wendy explained as she handed Sasha the towel, ushering her up the stairs.

Sasha just remained quiet. Wendy had merely made her own choice to wait up for her. Maybe it was Berta who, before leaving, had told her that Sasha would come over every night to provide medical care for that scum. *Should I go up?* Sasha didn't want to budge an inch, feeling especially drained when she recalled how they'd fought in his office that morning. Other than disgust, she realized that she could find no word to describe her emotions towards him. "Dr. Wand?" "Okay," Sasha sighed. After all, she had promised her son that she would help to treat his Daddy. Sasha trudged up the stairs with heavy footsteps.

On the third floor. in fact, Sebastian was still awake and currently having a video conference with some of the higher-ups from his company. It was the middle of the night. If Sebastian chose to have this kind of video conference at this ungodly hour while he was still sick, his colleagues would understand. After all, he had to share the pain of not being able to sleep at night with someone, even if it meant torturing his subordinates. But he was apparently receiving treatment for his illness, and the treatment was effective! *So why is he still doing this? Doesn't he think that he's being too unreasonable?*

"Uh... Mr. Hayes, my son is crying, may I go feed him?" Having had to sit through the meeting for two hours straight, one of the higher-ups finally couldn't take it anymore and bravely raised a hand up in front of the camera. The meeting instantly went quiet. On the other side of the computer, Sebastian's expression darkened. "You're not a woman. Why do you need to feed your child?" "It's not that, Mr. Hayes. My wife has been carrying my son and trying to get him to feed him for two hours, but she has not eaten anything. So nothing is coming out and I need to try and feed him some formula milk." There was a full five seconds of silence before Sebastian growled out, "Scram!" The new father happily left the meeting as ordered.

Almost instantly, everyone else started following suit, their eyes sparkled with hope as they started to speak up. "Mr. Hayes, may I go take a shower?" "Mr. Hayes, I'd like to leave for a second. My wife has been calling for me and complaining that she's cold. Can I go warm the bed for her?" Just as everyone thought their boss was going to start breathing fire through the screen like a dragon, they heard a knock through Sebastian's video camera. "Sebastian Hayes? Are you there?" *What? "Sebastian Hayes"? Who dares talk to Mr. Hayes like that? And to call him by his full name, too? Who is that? Not even the boss' future wife, Xandra is that casual with him. So who could it be...?* Everyone's eyes widened, completely forgetting the racket they had caused. Unfortunately for them, Sebastian immediately slammed the laptop shut in the next second.

Sasha, standing outside his door, had planned on knocking once and then leaving if there was no immediate response from him. It was already hard enough for her to come this far. But she didn't expect to instantly hear the sound of a chair being scraped against the floor, followed by the door opening from the inside. A warm

light illuminated Sebastian from behind, and she could see cream-colored walls and wooden furniture when she looked past him.

The study was clearly designed with a warm-toned palette in mind, completely different from the rest of the house. He was also wearing comfortable, casual clothing that contrasted starkly with his usual cold and stern demeanor. "I'm here to help with your acupuncture treatments. Since you're not asleep yet, we should get it over with as soon as possible." Sasha avoided looking at him, her tone was cold and hollow as if talking to a stranger. She was just doing her job as a doctor, and he was just her patient. Sebastian's mood worsened at the sight of her expression.

## The Love that Never Really Dies

### Chapter No 68

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The Love that Never Really Dies Chapter No 68 – "What happened to you?" Sebastian's gaze swept over her wet hair and rumpled clothes. Sasha was still wearing the same clothes from when she went to his office in the afternoon. They weren't particularly special clothes, but at the very least they were clean and dry. *Was she robbed or something? Why does she look like this? And what's wrong with her face?* Sebastian looked at her closely with a more critical gaze. Her appearance was rather presentable. Although she wasn't as pretty as Xandra, her features were still fairly attractive in their own right. Her eyes stood out especially, looking bright and clear like jewels sparkling under the moonlight. But now, those eyes were swollen and red. *What happened?* "It's nothing.

The wind was really strong when I was coming in," Sasha explained curtly. She didn't stop to consider if his question was out of concern for her. After all, why would he be? *What a joke!* He was probably just scared that she might lose control of her emotions again and disturb his work, or something else along those lines. Brushing a stray lock of hair aside, she asked impatiently, "Have you decided where you want to be while you I perform the procedure on you?" He felt a flash of anger at the woman's ignorance but decided to show no sign of it as he left the study without another word.

Sasha following behind him. Two minutes later, they arrived at a large bedroom decorated entirely in monochrome colors. As they walked in, Sebastian picked up a remote control and turned on the heater. Sasha suddenly did a double take. *Is this his bedroom?* She instantly grew uneasy and disgusted, remembering that another woman used to sleep in this very room. But what puzzled her was that when Sebastian went to the closet to take a blanket, Sasha only saw rows of men's shirts and suits. She didn't seem to spot a single piece of female clothing. *Huh?* As she tried to take another look, a white towel was suddenly flung in her direction.

"I don't have any women's clothes, so dry your hair off with this." Pausing for a moment, Sebastian seemed to realize that his gesture seemed a little too caring for his taste. "Don't fall sick and pass it on to the kids!" Sasha stood unmoving for a moment before finally placing the towel over her head, and slowly drying her hair. She knew that people were more prone to fall sick after standing in the rain, especially during this time of the year. Even though she escaped death a few years ago, she had given birth to three premature babies at once. As a result, her health was already severely compromised, and her body might not be able to handle a simple illness. So, she wasn't really in a position to refuse him.

With the rising temperature in the room and her hair finally dried, Sasha felt much more comfortable. She picked up her medical kit and walked towards Sebastian, who was lying on the sofa. "Have you slept today?" "No." "What about your medication?" "I have taken it..." Just like a normal conversation between a doctor and a patient. Holding her hand out, Sasha said, "Your arm, please. I need to check your pulse." He turned his head slightly to stare at her outstretched hand. Her slim, pale fingers were slightly red at the joints. After a long while, he finally stretched his arm out.

This was a very strange feeling. He still saw her as the nineteen-year-old girl he married several years ago. Back then, as soon as she first set eyes on him, she'd stumbled all over herself and was too shy to even look him in the eye. *Since when did she become so... cold?* As she gripped his arm, Sebastian couldn't sense a single trace of the fear and nervousness she once had. "When did you learn to do all this?" "What?" Sasha's eyes darted towards him, still focused on taking his pulse. "Do you mean this?" "Yes. I remember that you didn't study medicine. How do you know how to do all this?"

"Sebastian's gaze fell on his wrist. There was still a hint of leftover coolness on his skin from where Sasha had taken his pulse. It wasn't a large area nor very cold, but there was a little sensation on the small spot of flesh. "Have you forgotten that I come from a family of doctors? My mom studied under my grandfather ever since she was young. Then, she inherited his legacy after she grew up. If she hadn't married my father, she would likely be set to inherit the Blackwood family business right now," Sasha told him, her tone slightly sour as she pulled out a long needle from her kit. Sebastian coughed awkwardly. He had, indeed, forgotten that her Uncle Jackson and his family were running a healthcare business.

## The Love that Never Really Dies

### Chapter No 69

[/ The Love that Never Really Dies Read Online](#)

The Love that Never Really Dies Chapter No 69 – Unfortunately, Jackson was not interested in the family business at all. Hence, the once successful Blackwood family company was slowly declining under his management. If it weren't for the intervention of his wife, Sharon, there was no telling what the company would look like now. Sebastian decided to stop prying into Sasha's life and just wait for her to finish the procedure. "Ugh..." Almost immediately, there was a flash of

pain that struck his head, quickly followed by a numb sensation spreading all the way down his body. Sasha gave him a cold sidelong glance. "Bear with it!"

*Damned woman. I never said I couldn't take it.* A few needles later, the painful throbbing in his head subsided considerably. Finally feeling at ease, Sebastian's mood lightened and he continued to ask her questions. "Besides this, what have you been doing while you were out of the country in the past few years? I mean academic achievement." "Academic achievement?" Sasha chuckled dryly. "Mr. Hayes, I've been solely focused on surviving for the past few years.

I wasn't on vacation, nor did I have time to pursue an academic degree." "So you're telling me that after failing the university entrance exam all those years ago, you never resumed studying after leaving the country?" "Yep, I never continued studying. My education level is still at the high school level. So what about it? Do you regret letting me into your fancy, schmancy house? And you even let me treat your illness." Sasha retorted, her tone was sharp and defensive as she set down the needle. She hadn't studied once in the past five years. She barely had the time to do so while taking care of two babies. Of course, her top priority when bringing her children to a foreign land would be surviving. Where would she find the time to study?

This man would never understand all the pain and the suffering she had to go through for those five years. Besides, she gave up on her academic career not because she didn't pass the university entrance test, but because she wanted to marry him! She'd secretly tore up her acceptance letter to Yartran's most famous School of Economics, as well as the full scholarship that she had rightfully earned. The needle in Sasha's hand was nearly bent from how strongly she was gripping it. Sebastian didn't think she would get so worked up over the subject. He'd only asked her some questions in order to confirm something.

But why did she lose her temper all of a sudden? *Does she blame me for not getting into university? What a crazy woman!* Sebastian's expression clouded over and he stopped talking. But he didn't need to continue with his questions. Unbeknownst to him, Sasha would soon leave behind a piece of paper that she'd written his prescription on, and her handwriting on the paper would match the Jetroinian handwriting on the paper she'd left at his office during the daytime. *What else is this woman hiding from me?* Sebastian slowly grew dizzier with every passing moment. Sasha was still agitated from all the quarrels she'd been through that day. She quickly set down the written prescription on a table and packed up her bag to leave.

She'd had enough of this hellish place and never wanted to come back. But just as she was getting up, Sebastian suddenly opened his mouth and said, "Your request about letting Ian go to preschool. If you can find a way, I'll let you try it out." *Huh?* Sasha stopped in her tracks. She would always grow soft as soon as her children were involved. It didn't matter how indignant she felt, or how much pain she was in. "Are you... serious?" "

Yes, but you need to keep me updated on what exactly you are planning to do! Ian has already expressed that he's against the idea. If you use any inappropriate

methods and end up hurting him, then you can never see him again!" Due to the treatment, he was slowly starting to trip over his words as he lay there with his eyes closed. "Don't worry, I won't. I'm a doctor, so I understand that at the very least," she instantly reassured. She was trying to remain as calm as possible, but if one listened closely, they would be able to hear that the underlying hatred and impatience that was in her voice earlier was no longer present.

Now, she was clearly more energized. Sebastian let out a huff, then finally drifted off to sleep. Sasha's mind blanked out. After her constant state of distress throughout the night, her brain needed some time to catch up with the happiness of the sudden surprise. It took her nearly a minute to process the new information before jumping up from the stool and giddily twirling around in circles. "I'm so happy, Little Ian! Mommy gets to bring you to preschool now!"

A genuine smile appeared on Sasha's face for the first time that entire day. Even though she was still tired and fatigued, relief overwhelmed her as if she had finally grabbed ahold of a flotation device after having drifted at sea for hours. Sometimes, a mother's happiness was just that simple.

## The Love that Never Really Dies

### Chapter No 70

[/ The Love that Never Really Dies Read Online](#)

Sasha went back home in high spirits. Due to the late hour, her two children were already asleep when she arrived. She went into the nursery to give them both a kiss and then went to take a shower. It was a quiet night. The next morning, Sasha was woken up by a commotion outside her room. "What about Mommy?" "Shh, Mommy's not awake yet. She must have come home very late last night. Go get dressed quickly, I'll cook some eggs for you."

Those were the voices of her two children. Sasha's eyes open immediately and she bolted out of bed and rushed out, yelling, "Matt, don't touch the stove! It's too dangerous! Mommy will do it!" Even though her son was quite independent and responsible for his age, he was only five years old. She couldn't let him attempt to operate a stove of all things. Thankfully, both kids had yet to start doing anything. With that, Sasha started rushing about cooking breakfast and making sure her kids were well-fed. Suddenly, she remembered that Ian also had to go to preschool starting today.

"Come on, sweeties. Let's go to school quickly," she told them, hurrying them out the door. "Okay," they replied. But Matteo wanted to ask her if she went to Frontier Bay yesterday. He had texted Ian using his smartwatch yesterday after she left, but that boy didn't even reply to any single one of his messages! *Is he really mad at me?* Matteo was a little worried. About ten minutes later, the two kids arrived at their preschool. "Bye, sweeties! Mommy will come earlier in the afternoon to pick you up!" "Okay, Mommy!" Her two children obediently waved her goodbye. But once she was out of sight, the two of them went to find a corner in the preschool to hide in. "Matt, look! Mommy's here!" Vivian cried out.

She had sharp eyes, and she spotted Sasha's signal tracker pop up on the screen of Matteo's tablet as soon as she sat down. Matteo found the signal too and stared silently at it until it eventually stopped moving. "Frontier Bay? Mommy went there again?" "Huh? Isn't that where mean Daddy lives? Why did Mommy go there? Isn't she scared that Daddy will bully her again?" Vivian's chubby face scrunched up with worry as soon as she heard her brother's words. Matteo's eyebrows were also furrowed. He had no idea what had been going on for the past two days, and Ian refused to reply to his texts.

*Should I go over and take a look for myself?* The idea planted itself in the little boy's mind... Sasha rushed all the way to Frontier Bay. Unfortunately, it was already past nine o'clock when she arrived. To make things worse, Sebastian hadn't left for work yet. He sat on a chair in front of the main entrance with his legs crossed as if he was waiting for her specifically. Slightly apprehensive and out of breath, Sasha approached him. "You... You haven't gone to work yet?" "Can't you see that I'm waiting for you?" Those words that came out of his mouth were cold and hostile. "

I... I'm sorry. There were just too many cars on the road and I got stuck in the morning traffic. I had to wait for a long time before I could get a taxi. The road on the way here was jammed as well..." she explained, panicking. She really hoped that she hadn't thrown a wrench into their plans after Sebastian had finally agreed to let Ian go to preschool. But Sebastian refused to listen to her explanation, uncrossing his legs and standing up straight to tower over her. "You've lost your chance, Sasha! You can't even be punctual! How am I supposed to trust you to resolve our kid's problems?"