

The Love that Never Really Dies chapter 421

Sasha, despite having a bullet lodged within her body, stumbled forward to sink that needle in her hand deep into the deranged man's torso.

As soon as the needle found its mark, Sebastian slumped over unconscious as Karl caught him.

Heaving a huge sigh of relief, Karl and Sasha stared at Sebastian's limp figure across Karl's shoulders.

When Sasha entered the Tower, many ideas of how she would help Sebastian out of his state of mind ran through her mind but her knowledge of psychology was too limited to be of help.

As a result, this foolhardy way was her last resort.

“Take him back to Roxanne, he'll be safe under her care.”

With her mission of incapacitating Sebastian complete, Sasha slid down and sank to the floor. The loss of blood had her feeling drained.

Karl watched her with a pang of guilt. “I'm sorry, Ms. Wand. I was the one to have told Mr. Hayes last night that you were with Solomon at the cafe.”

“What?” Sasha looked up at Karl, startled.

So that was what happened.

Did that necessitate Sebastian to lose his temper over something like that?

She recalled the events of the night before as she winced in pain. At once, tears of injustice fell down her face as she wept.

“Sebastian, you’re a sc*mbag,” she choked. “You’d torment me to such a degree over something this small, and still I’ve come to save your miserable life! You’re right. I have no self-respect for constantly coming back to you.”

Karl lowered his head as tears fell from his eyes as well.

“Ms. Wand, I... “ he began.

“Enough.” Sasha quelled him. “Leave quickly as Solomon’s men would be here soon. Take him away and look for Frederick. He’ll take care of everything.”

Karl felt a lump in his throat as he gazed down at Sasha. A split second later, he gritted his teeth determinedly as he held Sebastian upright. “Ms. Wand, hold on. I’ll come back for you soon.”

At that, he hurried away as fast as he could with Sebastian’s unconscious figure.

Sasha sat where she was with a weak sneer across her face.

Hold on?

She was unable to do that. It was not because of the injuries upon her body, but because somebody unbeknownst to Karl would come very soon to take her away.

Sebastian, if you really intended to forget about it, then do so. We won't be seeing each other ever again.

Sebastian awoke three days later to find Frederick in his room.

As soon as he saw his son open his eyes, Frederick brought the latter a glass of water. Hobbling over with his walking stick, he handed the glass to Sebastian and sat at the foot of his bed.

“How're you feeling? Any better?”

“I've had worse.” Sebastian sounded slightly hoarse. It was evident that he had not fully recovered.

Frederick fell silent for a while before speaking again. “The matter has been dealt with. I've arranged for a few major media companies to cover up the incident at the summit. So far, nothing can be heard about it. Also...”

He suddenly paused. “Yancy and Tim were in it together. I did not think of that. The biggest mistake in my life was to trust that woman.”

“Is that so?” Frederick answered with indifference.

Frederick nodded. “I knew back then that your mother's family had a history of mental illness. I did consider divorcing her at the time, and that was when I had met Yancy. However, as soon as you were born, I broke it off with her. I was very clear with her that I would not be marrying her, so she was free to live her own life.”

“Was she already pregnant at that time?”

“She was, but I paid for her to have an abortion on top of a sum of money to live comfortably. She was not yet married, thus her child would be known as a bast*rd. Since I did not marry her, how was she going to marry somebody else?”

Frederick had never been this frank with his son about the details of his past misdeeds.

As a man, it was wrong of him to have had extramarital relations with another woman. However, he had somewhat redeemed himself by attempting to right his wrongs.

Without ruining any more lives, the child was to be aborted.

However, from Yancy’s perspective, Frederick had somehow assumed the role of the child’s biological father who intended to murder his unborn child. Because of this, she had told Heather to hide the child’s true identity.

Sebastian fell silent.

His memory was cast back to when he was eleven. It was dusk, and the sky was the color of blood. His mother’s act of coming to look for him was the one to have led to her perishing by his hand.

“Sebastian,” she had told him on that fateful evening. “Your father’s mistress did not have an abortion. On the contrary, the baby had been delivered and is a healthy boy. If you do not buck up and improve yourself, he will be coming to take everything from you.”

It was the wrong thing to say to a mentally unstable child.

It had already taken a toll on Sebastian after being diagnosed that he was abnormal; then, shipped away and locked up.

The matter that was causing him anxiety every day in his childhood was the possibility of his family abandoning him.

Sebastian's tipping point came when his mother had cruelly dropped a bombshell on him when she visited.

Unable to bear the torment of his worst fears materializing, he had wanted nothing more than for her to stop mentioning the horrifying truth again. That was why he had slit her throat with a shard of glass, to ensure that she would never utter those words again.

Sebastian shut his pale sunken eyes as if he was in pain.

“Don't worry, I'll take care of everything. Though he is also my son, you remain the true heir of the Hayes family. There is nothing he can do to take anything that is rightfully yours.” Frederick places a harsh emphasis on the last sentence.

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Yancy had defied him and delivered the child, causing his carefully laid out plan to fall apart. Hence, Frederick was rather infuriated.

Frederick left. Not long after, Karl arrived.

“Mr. Hayes.” “Where is she?” he demanded, the most pressing matter heavy on his mind.

Karl lowered his head slowly.

Sebastian felt something had ripped his chest open, leaving behind a massive hole where his heart used to be. He began coughing violently like he was exposed to a chilly gust of wind.

“Mr. Hayes, are you okay?” Karl asked urgently as Sebastian’s hacking coughs grew louder and more intense.

Bent double from pain, his veins throbbed in exertion as his handsome features were contorted in pain. Like a fish out of water, he gasped for air, being completely devoid of oxygen.

With a final cough, he spat blood and fell back onto the bed, and passed out.

Sebastian only recalled snatches of things when he was not himself. Once, he had remembered Roxanne performing hypnosis on him. He had hated it so much that he had an urge to drag her into the kitchen and savagely mutilate her with a knife.

The memory of him opening fire at the woman who burst into the room swam across his mind.

“No... no!” Sebastian moaned in his sleep. “Sasha, I didn’t mean to do that. I... “

“Sebastian, wake up!” Roxanne attempted to rouse him out of his nightmare.

Sebastian threw open his eyes violently and sat upright. Grabbing her wrist roughly, he cried, “It was my fault, Sasha. I will never do that again...”

The tears that had fallen freely down his face blurred his vision.

Roxanne was stunned as it was the first time she had seen him cry after treating him for eight years.

Sebastian did not cry when she had jabbed, berated, or was rough with him. He did not even shed a tear when she had subjected him to her brutal hypnosis sessions.

At that moment, however, he held on to Roxanne's wrist and sobbed like a child.

Her eyes flashed with pity. The sight of his miserable state had unnerved her.

"I'm not Sasha," she said gently. "I'm Roxanne. Look closely, Sebastian. Sasha is dead."

"What did you say?"

Sebastian's crying ceased suddenly as if he was struck by lightning. Then, a darker, more horrifying emotion took its place.

"I said, Sasha is dead," Roxanne repeated, hardening her heart. "When you were brought here, her body had been left behind. Karl had brought her back after you. He did not tell you because he was worried for you..."

Smack!

Roxanne's sentence was interrupted by an abrupt slap across her face by Sebastian.

“Get out!” he commanded, glaring at her with bloodshot eyes, looking like a ghost condemned to perpetual pain.

Roxanne held her cheek as she stood motionless for a long time, suppressing the urge to retaliate. Nobody had ever dared lay a finger on her throughout her entire life.

For some unknown reason, she could not muster up the courage to hit him back, though the anger burned within her. Contenting herself with a fierce glare at Sebastian, she departed without another word, with one hand still holding her cheek.

Sasha is dead!

The following couple of days, Sebastian’s door remained closed. The man inside was detached from the world. Nobody was successful in trying to rouse him out of his reverie.

Frederick was about to order the door to be broken down in his panic when the triplets appeared before him dressed in new clothes.

“Grandpa, let us try and talk to Daddy.”

“Look, Grandpa. We are all wearing the clothes that Mommy bought for us. Daddy would love it.” Vivian approached Frederick as she was clad in a pink skirt with butterfly wings on her back.

Frederick felt his heart breaking into pieces at the sight of their new clothes.

Karl was the one who had brought the clothes back from the city.

When they brought Sebastian back that day, Karl had returned to the hotel to pack up, he discovered that the new clothes had been delivered along with some accessories. The hotel staff had ascertained that the bundle was sent over by a Ms. Wand.

Ms. Wand?

That would undoubtedly be Sasha.

Barely able to contain his emotions, Karl hurriedly paid for the room and returned with Sasha's belongings.

There were also several sets of children's clothes, which were sent over by a taxi driver, he brought everything back in one go. These are the last of Madam's things. Mr. Hayes would be pleased to see them.

The triplets stood before Sebastian's door.

"Who's going to knock?" Vivian asked innocently as she gazed upon her brothers.

Ian would not be the one to as he was clumsy in offering words of comfort.

Matteo was therefore the best candidate for the task.

"Vivi, why don't you do it. Remember to cry a little bit and scream for Mommy. Daddy will definitely open the door when he hears that."

He was evidently the smartest one out of all his siblings to be able to concoct such a plan.

Sebastian had a soft spot in his heart for his daughter as compared to the two boys, just like most men.

Vivian raised her hand obediently and rapped on the door.

“Daddy, come on out. I’m wearing the new skirt that Mommy bought. Come take a look!”

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Despite her efforts, not a sound emerged from beyond the door.

Tears streamed down her large unblinking eyes as Vivian felt demoralized.

“Daddy doesn’t want me anymore,” she sobbed. “Mommy isn’t here and Daddy doesn’t want us anymore. We are abandoned children to be sent to the orphanage.”

Matteo and Ian exchanged startled glances at the sound of their sister’s crying.

Thankfully, her cries had compelled Sebastian to open the door at last.

“Daddy!” chorused the children.

However, they were saddened to see that their father, who once stood tall and proud, had descended into a state of depression. He looked so forlorn and disheveled that he was almost unrecognizable.

“Daddy, don’t be like this. We still have to search for Mommy. Please, pull yourself together for her sake.”

Vivian was the most upset out of all three. At the pathetic sight of her father, she reached out and hugged his thigh tenderly as she gazed up at him with teary eyes.

Sebastian closed his eyes as he slowly knelt down next to her.

“Give Daddy a hug.”

“Okay.”

Vivian’s smile returned. She stretched out her plump arms and threw herself into Sebastian’s embrace with her head buried in his chest.

Ian and Matteo ambled over to join in.

Sebastian took the children into the room. Finally, Frederick and his men outside were relieved.

“Daddy, Mommy must still be alive. We will look for her and bring her home.”

“Is that so? Why are you so sure about that?” Sebastian dropped his bloodshot eyes to Matteo.

It was the first time in many days since he had heard the possibility of Sasha still being alive.

“Yes, I’m sure. Because Mommy had once said that no matter what happens to her, she will never abandon us. Daddy, all three of us can feel her out there. She must still be alive!” Matteo gazed determinedly at his father.

Sebastian was just about to chastise his son for being naive when he had the sudden realization that his faith was so weak that it was not even comparable to a child's.

Why am I so quick to believe that she is dead?

There is no proof of her death. Why should the mangled corpse and the urn be sufficient evidence for me to believe that?

After a long week of agony, Sebastian finally saw a sliver of hope.

Standing up slowly, he strode over to the window that had been shut for an entire week.

“Let's go find Mommy, shall we?” he said quietly, pulling the thick curtains apart. In a flash, the brilliant sunlight pierced his eyes, filling his beaten and aching body with hope and warmth.

The children were overwhelmed with joy at having their father back. Pouncing right into Sebastian's arms, their flushed cheeks mirrored Sebastian's determination.

We are going to find Mommy!

In fact, the triplets' intuition was correct. Sasha was not dead after all.

At that very moment, she was awake though her movements were limited. To her panic, she had lost the feeling in both her legs and was imprisoned.

“Ms. Nancy, here is your medicine for today. I must remind you to comply.”

A well-dressed nurse brought a handful of pills in a bottle cap before her. There was a glass of warm water in her other hand.

Sasha ignored her.

She was not going to voluntarily consume the pills of unknown origin. As a doctor herself, she knew very well that her injuries did not warrant as many pills as she was being fed.

With a haughty air, she wheeled herself away from the nurse.

“Ms. Nancy, Mr. George had me warn you that if you do not take your medication on time, he will not rule out the possibility of sending you abroad for treatment.”

“Are you threatening me?” Sasha whipped around and glared at the nurse.

However, the nurse did not show the slightest hint of fear. She made her way forward with the pills in one hand and the glass of water in the other, smiling pleasantly at Sasha as she did so.

“No, Ms. Nancy. I am merely reminding you. If you still wish to see the people you love, I’d advise you to take your pills as you are told. Otherwise, you will be sent away.”

The pleasant smile was looking increasingly like a leer.

The nurse’s pupils that were fixed on Sasha looked as though the threat of a poisonous snake resided in the very corners of their unfathomable depth. Sasha could not repress a shudder when she looked into them.

Send me away ?

What does that mean ? Is her employer brazen enough to send me away without my consent ?

Sasha bristled with anger. With a swipe of her arm, she sent the contents in the nurse's hand flying and scattered across the room.

“Fine. Call your boss over to speak to me. I want to see if he really dares to send me away as he promised.”

“You-!” The nurse exclaimed, the smile vanished from her face, replaced by a furious glare.

However, she did not dare lay a finger on Sasha as Sasha was somebody who meant a great deal to her employer. The consequences of harming even a hair on Sasha were dire.

With great reluctance, the nurse departed without another word.

Sasha took the opportunity to attempt to stand up again. Not having the strength to, her legs wobbled violently as she did so.

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However, she had barely left the wheelchair when her legs crumbled under her weight as she fell over.

“Solomon George!” Sasha panted as she pulled herself up by grabbing the wheelchair. Behind her moist eyes lay hatred like never before.

She was right; her captor was indeed Solomon.

When she was at the Empire State Tower the other day, the real reason for Sasha's unexpected haste up to the storeroom and successful location of Sebastian was due to a deal she had made with Solomon.

Sasha had had the foresight of expecting such an outcome.

Having run out of the cafe after overhearing the conversation between the two women, she had come up with an idea on her way to Empire State Tower

The hostility Solomon had toward Sebastian was obvious.

And the matter went out of control after Solomon made the call.

That alone was enough to rouse Sasha's suspicions,

However, she was not sure of the reason for Solomon's hostility. Nevertheless, the video puzzled her as she could not figure out how Solomon obtained it.

It became clear upon Sasha's arrival at Empire State Tower where she saw Solomon's car.

What an odd coincidence for his car to be here as well.

Sasha watched him from the guise of the crowd. She was shocked at how easily the police had changed directions and swarmed into the building after he had given them the order.

The extent of his influence is indeed frightening.

What is his true motive in all of this ?

Sasha did not have time to ponder over it. The only way to stop him was for her to warn him. Thus, she gave him a call.

“Solomon, if anything happens to him, I will never forgive you for as long as I live!”

“Nancy, you- “ Solomon was caught unaware at receiving an unexpected phone call from her. She watched him wind down the window and gazed around nervously at the crowd, from which she remained unseen.

She continued to stare at him from her vantage point. “I’m going up immediately. If you think you are that capable, have your men slaughter me too.”

At that, she hung up and dashed into Empire State Tower as mentioned.

Before long, the Tower fell silent at her entrance. The cops who had seen her intrude were glaring at her in an unfriendly manner.

However, they did not dare raise a hand against her.

Soon after, she had arrived at the storeroom with the intention of searching for Sebastian.

Unfortunately despite her endless calculations and precautions, she had not foreseen that Sebastian would have had lost his mind when she had found him. The bullet he had fired at her struck her shoulder blade.

Therefore, it made no sense for the function of her legs to be impaired.

Sasha fell back into the wheelchair, feeling as defeated as ever.

Solomon arrived two hours later.

With a look of gentle concern, he came straight to Sasha bearing fruits and pastry.

“Nancy, I’m back,” he announced. “I’ve bought some almonds which are your favorite along with some cake. Would you like some?”

Solomon was acting as if the incidents at Empire State Tower had never happened.

Sasha fixed her hollow gaze at the bamboo trees outside the window.

It was the beginning of fall where they were. The plants in the yard had begun to turn brown and wither, but the bamboo trees remained lush and green. The dense willowy leaves allowed thin rays of the afternoon sun to pass through, looking just like the bamboo tree at the Wand residence that Sasha had planted in her younger days.

“Nancy?” Solomon prompted.

“When did you begin planning all of these?” Sasha spoke, at last, her voice sounding cold and distant. She kept her eyes on the bamboo trees outside.

Solomon’s expression changed. “What’re you talking about? What plan?”

“That you are the one who had sabotaged the Hayes,” Sasha said quietly. “You’re Xenia’s mysterious benefactor, aren’t you? You’re the one who had instigated her to steal my manuscript and you have also planted Xandra around Sebastian, right?”

She did not feel shocked at the revelation of the truth as she had expected it. Perhaps, the most traumatic parts of the whole scheme was over.

Solomon grew grim at her accusations.

He had guessed that she already knew most of it but having it said out loud caused him to feel a twinge of guilt as well as the sensation of growing panic.

“I did not expect you to have such a vivid imagination. Xenia had merely stumbled upon this as an accident.”

“Is that so?”

“Yes. She was always showing off the items she got from you in school. In fact, I caught her with your manuscript one day. She had wanted to sell them off but I had managed to convince her to not do that, by staging this entire plane. She was a very foolish girl to have been reeled in so easily.”

Solomon’s face was contorted in disdain.

Sasha did not know that Xenia behaved like that behind her back. She had treated her like an older sister, sharing whatever she had with the latter.

However, all Xenia had always taken Sasha for a ride.

Sasha was unwilling to admit it but at that moment she felt a surge of pleasure.

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“Fine, even if you did it for me back then, what about now? What is the meaning of keeping me locked up in here? And don’t tell me that the condition of my legs is caused by my gunshot wound.”

“It really is due to your injury,” insisted Solomon. “Though Sebastian had shot you in the shoulder blade, it had pressed on a nerve which had affected your ability to walk.”

“You think I’m going to believe you?” Sasha retorted. “Solomon, remember that I’m a doctor as well. I know how a human body works better than you.”

She was so angry that she attempted to stand up from her wheelchair again.

However, her legs failed her again. Being feeble and weakened, they were unable to support the weight of her body.

Solomon walked over and pressed her back down firmly against her wheelchair.

“If you don’t believe me, I can call a doctor over.”

“Whose doctor? Yours? I’m locked up here and forced to take your medicine, but you’re telling me that a doctor under your employ will alleviate my doubts.”

Sasha antagonized Solomon in a fit of rage.

Solomon's expression hardened. The gentleness in him had dissipated in a flash.

“Nancy, don't be unreasonable. I am not going to harm you.”

“You won't harm me? You have me imprisoned, I beg to differ. Solomon, is this how you repay my mother? By locking her daughter up and crippling her to be kept by your side like a possession?”

Sasha's voice grew shrill with anger. Though she could not move away from him, she struggled with all her might in her wheelchair to avoid his touch.

Solomon lost his patience. He pressed her down again. “Nancy, what are you talking about?” he demanded. “All I did was to protect you.”

“You're lying!” Sasha bellowed. “Protect me? Why do you Youngs like to delude yourselves? You're the same as how my mother used to be.”

“What did you say?” Solomon's face contorted with rage.

At the moment, Sasha felt no fear at all. On the contrary, she felt a sense of satisfaction at her success in provoking his shame into a rage.

“Am I wrong? You told me that your mother forbade you to disclose your identity for fear of your father persecuting you. But by the looks of it, it's all a big lie!”

“Frederick had never wanted to take your life! It was possible that he had learned of your existence long ago. In your eagerness to get back at him and to take what your selfish heart desires, you’ve found a good excuse to make a move against his other son. This is a typical characteristic of the Youngs! You and your mother are the world’s most untrustworthy and despicable people...”

Smack!

In a fit of rage, Solomon slapped Sasha across her face.

Aside from Solomon’s furious panting and the reverberations of that resounding slap, the room fell deathly silent.

Smiling derisively, Sasha licked the trickle of blood flowing out of the corner of her mouth as her cheek had begun to swell.

Solomon shook with rage as he stared at the woman whom he had just struck.

“Why must you hurt me in this manner? Is it because I have feelings for you?”

Sasha said nothing, not even deigning to look at him from where she sat.

As another trickle of blood flowed down, she took it up with her finger and smeared the blood below her eye. This gesture was more frightening and menacing than anything else she could have done.

Solomon felt his last shred of hope at reconciliation being destroyed.

Shaking violently, he recalled the time when his mother died when he was eight.

Sasha was not wrong. Everything that had happened was caused by both his mother and his nature of deluding themselves and others.

Frederick was a scu*bag, no doubt.

If he had flat out refused to acknowledge his kin, Yancy would have died by his hand earlier on. A man with such influence would undoubtedly be doomed if his extramarital affair was exposed.

However, Frederick did no such thing.

Yancy had run off and given birth to his child without his knowledge. She was born with a silver spoon in her mouth, rendering her unable to function and live a normal life without her family.

Yancy had endured countless hardships throughout Solomon's childhood.

As the hardships became too much to bear, Yancy had often taken her anger out onto Solomon as she blamed all of her past mistakes on her child. She always thought that if it weren't for Solomon, she wouldn't be in the wretched state that she was in.

As her resentment had reached the highest point, she sent Solomon away to Avenport in secret.

Her child was to avenge himself and her by claiming the birthright that he had been denied.

Solomon was an intelligent boy. Though he may not have understood things when he was young, he grew up living in the same city as his father. It would have been impossible for him to remain ignorant.

However, he stubbornly opted to follow through with his mother's plan.

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What are all of these for ?

Though it sounded terrible, Solomon had to admit that Sasha was right. Those plans were formed out of the twisted whispers of his delusional heart.

Without a word, Solomon measured out another dose of medication to replace the one that Sasha had swept out of the nurse's hand earlier that day.

Turning pale, she was on the verge of wheeling herself out of the room.

I would leave this place if I were not in the state that I'm in.

However, at the first signs of movement, the ferocious man dragged the wheelchair back.

“What are you doing ? Let go of me!” Sasha began struggling in vain.

After Solomon had dragged her back, he grabbed her chin roughly and forced her mouth open. With one quick jerk of his hand, he had forced the pills down her throat.

Sasha coughed as she choked, her face turning bright red. Solomon responded by tipping some water into her mouth.

His voice had resumed its original gentleness. “Nancy, you were right. I was looking for excuses. However, do you know the reason why?”

Sasha spluttered.

“You are the reason. Did you know how upset I was when I heard that you were supposed to marry him when you were only eighteen?”

Sasha had finally subdued her cough when Solomon hugged her.

Holding her gently as if she was a precious jewel, he carried her from the wheelchair and placed her onto the bed before sitting himself down on the chair next to her.

Throughout the entire motion, his eyes had never left her face.

Sasha was eighteen back then, a blushing bride who was happy to be marrying into the Hayes family.

Little did she know that at that moment, a man across the ocean who was three years her senior was working hard on their future under oppressive circumstances.

Solomon had made up his mind. Even if the Wand family had collapsed, he would help them back on their feet.

Solomon would want Sasha to continue living a luxurious life in which she was accustomed to by giving her a home that was even grander than what her father had provided. It was meant to be a repayment of the financial aid they had provided to him over ten years.

However, all of the careful planning had been destroyed the moment Frederick proposed for Sasha to marry into the Hayes family.

Lost in thought, Solomon remained seated for a long time.

The people on the other side of the door had begun to conclude that he was going to remain on guard as he did after Sasha's surgery a few nights ago. However, he suddenly emerged.

"Mr. George..." the nurse called out in concern.

Solomon did not even look at her. Instead, he summoned his butler.

"Did you find the person we'd discussed?"

"Yes, sir. But when the Wand family collapsed, she had returned to her village. It's pretty far from here, and she is not as young as she once was..." the butler answered hurriedly, anxious to deliver the news.

Solomon nodded in satisfaction.

The butler hesitated for a moment before blurting out, “Mr. George, the doctor had called today to inform to restrict Ms. Nancy’s consumption of the medication. If she continued, she would...”

The butler trailed off, though his meaning was quite clear.

The thing that scared him the most was the indifference of his employer.

“Continue to make her take them. Without my order, she cannot stop. Are you clear?”

“Yes, sir. Crystal clear,” the butler answered at once.

You would rather cripple her and force her to remain by your side. Mr. George, why would you do such a thing? He thought as Solomon departed.

At Hayes Corporation in Avenport, Sebastian had returned to work after half a month of absence, ready to regain control of his company.

The employees gossiped a great deal regarding the nature of his extended leave, though nobody dared to openly display their displeasure or voice their opinions.

They were all aware that Frederick was capable of very cruel measures.

“Mr. Hayes, here is the report of the DNA test that you had asked for. Lance and the deceased are not related.”

On that morning when Sebastian arrived in his office, Luke had excitedly showed him a report and informed him of the results of the test he had asked for, which was negative.

A negative ?

Doesn't that confirm that the ashes are not Sasha's ?

Sebastian was filled with joy at the news. Momentarily losing control of his faculties, he swayed on the spot.

“Mr. Hayes, are you okay ?” Luke hastened forward to hold his employer steady.

He shook his head. After a prolonged effort, he had managed to placate the fear in him. Then, he walked into his office slowly and sat down.

It was a clever ruse.

As the body had been mutilated by bullets, cremation was the only possible course. That ensured that obtaining a DNA sample to affirm the body's identity was impossible.

The people who had plotted this had thought it through. If it weren't for the hope that his children had given him, Sebastian would have accepted the ashes to be Sasha's and thought no more of it.

Sebastian had regained control of his life. Whipping out his phone, he called Karl who was out running his errands.

“Mr. Hayes, there’s no sign of movement here on my end. Solomon has been very careful; during his stay at Jetroina he had been careful not to draw attention. It’s only him and an assistant of his who went back to the country recently.

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“Assistant?” “Yes. He seems to have gone to Wildefield.”

Wildefield? Sebastian had never heard of such a place. Nevertheless, he wanted Karl to keep an eye on this person and report to him once he observed any unusual activity.

Luke was about to take his leave, but having overheard the conversation, he could not help asking, “Mr. Hayes, are you suspecting that Madam is in Solomon’s hands?”

“I don’t know for sure, but he’s definitely involved in this somehow.” Sebastian’s answer indicated that he was indeed suspicious of Solomon. During the incident at Empire State Tower, it was Sasha who saved me when things went out of control. When Karl went back for her, she was supposedly dead.

However, one detail that everyone seemed to have overlooked was how easy it was for Karl to get me out of there. Solomon had planted traps everywhere. He had bribed the police and had many men waiting in ambush throughout the building. If Karl had not stopped me from leaving the storeroom, I could easily have been captured or maimed! So how did we manage to escape without being stopped? There can only be one reason. Sasha must have struck a deal with Solomon.

Bang!

As Sebastian thought about all that, he felt a stabbing pain in his heart. Out of frustration, he rammed his fist onto the table.

Startled by Sebastian's reaction, Luke said, "Mr. Hayes, please... please calm down. We already have some information on our hands. We'll keep a tighter watch on Solomon. I believe we'll receive news about Madam soon."

Sebastian was silent.

There was nothing else he could do except to stay calm. If he lost control of his emotions, there would be no one left to save that silly woman. Sasha, wait for me. I'm coming for you soon.

In the afternoon, Roxanne paid a visit to Sebastian's office with some dishes that she prepared herself.

She had been his main caretaker all this while, looking after not only his medical needs but also every other aspect of his life.

However, on that day, she noticed that there was a change in the way she was addressed by the people in the office. "Good afternoon, Ms. Rocke. Nice to see you."

"Good day, Ms. Rocke. Are you looking for Mr. Hayes?"

"How may I help you, Ms. Rocke?"

It was the same with everyone from the doorman at the entrance of the building to the secretary from Sebastian's office.

They were no longer addressing her as “Madam” like they used to.

What’s up with everyone ? Roxanne was beginning to feel annoyed as she walked toward Sebastian’s office carrying her containers of food. Just when she was about to enter, she overheard two men talking as they were stepping out of the office. “So many people have already been sent to Jetroina. So why is President still asking us to go there ?”

“Why does it matter ? Now that he knows Madam is still alive, President will spare no effort to search for her. Just do as you’re told.”

“All right.”

When Roxanne heard that, she almost tripped over herself. Madam is still alive ? Who are they referring to ? Could it be me ? Or are they talking about the other woman ?

She felt like someone had poured a bucket of cold water over her head. In a matter of seconds, her mood had hit rock bottom.

Sebastian was not aware that Roxanne was standing outside his office. He had just learned from Karl that Solomon’s assistant went to Wildefield and had gotten hold of a housemaid who used to work for the Wand family. The news prompted him to deploy all the bodyguards in his office to Wildefield.

He even decided to make a trip to Jetroina personally.

As he stepped out of his office, he came face to face with Roxanne, who was standing outside his door in silence.

“Why are you here?” Sebastian stopped and looked at her calmly.

Roxanne was shaking in agitation. Tears rolled down her cheeks as she lifted her head and asked, “Where are you going?”

“Jetroina.”

“Why?”

“She’s still alive!”

“So you’re going to look for her? Then what about me? What am I to you?” Roxanne raised her voice, interrogating him. She no longer cared that this was a workplace and people were staring.

Sebastian’s face darkened.

He did feel some degree of gratitude toward Roxanne because she had saved him so many times.

However, gratitude was not the same as love. He was always clear about not mixing up the two. He thought Roxanne had the same mentality. So he had no idea why she was reacting in this way now.

Holding back his anger, Sebastian said, “Roxanne, you need to calm down. I’ll get someone to send you home.”

After that, he turned away and prepared to ask Luke to arrange for her to be sent back to the Rocke residence.

When Roxanne heard that Sebastian was arranging for people to send her home, she grew more agitated. She stretched out her arms and tried to block Sebastian from leaving. “I’m not going to let you leave today!”

“Roxanne!”

“Sebastian, I’ve made a mistake. I want to renounce our fake engagement. Let’s get married for real. I want to be your wife. Sebastian, you’re mine,” Roxanne groveled, casting aside any reservations about dignity or social etiquette.

There were gasps all around when the people standing around heard what Roxanne said.

So the engagement that Ms. Rocke and President had entered into was a fake one! This is earth-shattering news!

Anger flashed across Sebastian’s face as he glared at Roxanne.

“But I don’t want to,” Sebastian said, his voice dripping with a deep disdain for her.

“Why? I’ve thought it through, Sebastian. I really do love you.”

“But I don’t,” Sebastian spat out his words with a cold hard stare.

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Roxanne felt like her heart had been crushed by a thousand tons of stone. She stood rooted to the ground, unable to say anything. He said he doesn’t love me. How can that be? We were

already supposed to get married. In fact, I was the one who backed out. How did he suddenly fall out of love with me?

It was a huge blow to Roxanne.

What she did not know was that if Sebastian had been fully conscious, he would not have agreed to the marriage either.

His health condition was unstable at that time. As such, it was natural for him to become increasingly reliant on Roxanne, who was the main doctor treating him. He was used to being taken care of by her.

He might have thought of marriage as a way to keep her by his side so she could continue taking care of him.

Sebastian ignored Roxanne and left without looking back.

He arrived in Jetroina a few hours later.

Sinch Enterprise was one of the most prominent companies in Jetroina. They had businesses in retail, property, and manufacturing, among others. They were similar to Hayes Corporation in this respect.

Sebastian stepped out of his private jet to see Karl, who had been waiting for him. “We found out that the former housemaid has been taken to Dellmoor. I’ve sent people to follow them closely. Mr. Hayes, we can make arrangements for you if you wish to go there now.”

Sebastian was tempted to accept Karl’s suggestion right away.

He wanted to see Sasha very badly. He wanted to know how her injuries were. He needed to say sorry to her for how he treated her in the hotel the other night.

However, he forced himself to calm down. “Let’s not make any move first. Everything has been going too smoothly. For a cautious man like Solomon, there’s no way he would not set up any obstacles to hinder us along the way.”

A thoughtful look appeared on Karl’s face. “What do you suggest then, Mr. Hayes?”

Sebastian was making every effort to restrain himself. Clenching his teeth, he finally said, “Just get the men to stay alert but take no action for now. Continue to follow the former housemaid and observe the situation. They are not to make any moves that will alarm the enemy.”

“Understood.”

“And continue to keep a close watch on Solomon. Don’t let him slip from our watch for even a single second.”

Sebastian’s words were loaded with a murderous aura.

This could indeed turn out to be a battle to the death. The only thing holding them back was the safety of the woman in question.

This was especially so for Sebastian.

As night fell, Solomon was sitting alone in a bar, mixing his own cocktail.

Although he had been a regular customer for years, he never really liked the liquors there. He preferred to drink his own concoctions.

To him, it was like getting a familiar taste of home.

“Sir...”

He had just mixed his first drink when someone came in, looking for him.

He put down his drink, cleaned his hands, and asked coolly, “What’s the matter?”

“Sebastian has touched down in Terrandya. He must have found out that Ms. Wand is still alive. But surprisingly, he is not following the lead that you laid down with the former housemaid.”

“Is that so?”

“Yes. He is staying in one of his own properties here. His bodyguards have also not made any moves,” the man reported truthfully.

No moves? That’s exactly what I expect from the Sebastian that I know. Solomon’s mouth curved into a menacing smile as he picked up his glass and took a slow, deliberate sip.

“Just leave him alone then. Let the former housemaid continue to stay in Dellmoor. Oh yes, send a few doctors there too. Ask them to step outside the house and show their faces a few times a day.” He was still determined to kill Sebastian. Not for anything else

other than the fact that he simply loathed the sight of the guy. He felt the same toward the Hayes family and Sasha.

The man left shortly after.

Solomon shifted his focus back to mixing his cocktails. But before long, he was interrupted again, this time by the sound of his phone ringing. “Hello?”

“Bad news, Mr. George. Ms. Wand is suddenly running a high fever. It’s almost forty degrees now!” It was a call from the butler at the villa.

Solomon’s face immediately changed. He leaped to his feet, knocking down all the bottles and glasses in front of him. “How did she suddenly get a fever? What were all of you doing? Where’s the doctor? Has he been called?”

“Yes, the doctor’s here. But he... he says there’s nothing he can do. H-He says the fever might have been caused by an inflammation of her wounds due to overdose of medication.” The butler was stuttering nervously. He did not understand the medical terms that were thrown around. His job was just to parrot what the doctor said.

Solomon was consumed with fury. He stormed out of the bar and left the city in a helicopter.

The truth was, Sasha was never in Jetroina.

A few hours later, on an island several thousand kilometers away, Sasha was finally granted permission to be taken out of the villa

and rushed to the hospital. By that time, her fever was so high that she was beginning to lose consciousness.

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“My God, how did her fever get so high? What were all of you doing? Were you trying to get her killed?” Upon seeing the state Sasha was in, the doctors at the hospital’s emergency department could not help but chide the butler.

Not daring to rebut, the butler merely smiled apologetically and let the doctors do their work.

Sasha was wheeled into the operating theater.

If it was a fever caused by inflammation of the wounds, an operation would be necessary. They would have to open up the wounds to see how bad the inflammation was.

Not sensing anything amiss, the butler sat looking at the door to the operating theater while he waited for his master to show up.

What he did not expect was that by the time Solomon had arrived, Sasha was no longer in the operating theater.

“Where is she? I’m asking you! Where on earth is she?” Solomon was wild with rage as he roared at the medical staff. He looked as if he was ready to kill them if they could not hand over Sasha.

Despite so, the medical staff had no idea where Sasha went.

By the time Solomon stormed into the operating theater, the doctors and nurses were all lying unconscious on the floor.

Faced with Solomon's interrogation, they found themselves on the brink of tears.

Seeing that he was not getting any answers from the medical staff, Solomon decided to check the surveillance cameras.

In the footage, Sasha was seen being wheeled into the operating theater. As she was being transferred to the operating table, her eyes suddenly opened. In one swift motion, she plucked out the needle on her arm and jabbed it into the neck of the doctor standing nearest to her.

The doctor collapsed immediately.

The operating theater was thrown into chaos.

In the next moment, quick as a flash, Sasha stabbed two other staff with her needle.

By the time she stumbled down from the operating table, the last remaining nurse had fainted from shock.

In the final moments of the footage, Sasha was seen struggling to pull herself into a wheelchair with all her might. Then, she made a quick exit.

This was what had transpired.

She had always been a clever and ruthless woman. In order to run away from me, she was even willing to gamble with her life. Solomon was shaking uncontrollably with rage, his bulging eyes striking fear in everyone around him.

“Look for her! Even if you have to turn this whole island upside down, you must get her back!” He had completely lost control of himself.

Sasha had indeed escaped.

She had been planning it over the past three to four days.

She knew that she would not be able to escape from the villa. The only way was to get sent out from there.

Luckily, she had a medical background.

Sasha wheeled herself with all her might as she made a mad dash in the dark of the night.

She had decided that the first thing she needed to do was look for a phone to call the scum of a man, Sebastian, so he could come and rescue her. How could he not have shown up after such a long time? Has he forgotten about me? D*mn him. The next time I see him, I'm not going to let him off.

Sasha's eyes were brimming with tears.

Just then, she saw a flicker of light ahead and felt her spirits lifting.

“Why aren't you sleeping yet? Don't you have to work tomorrow?”

“I'm watching this ad on the TV. It says the hospital lost one of its patients, and the family is offering a million as a reward for finding her.”

Sasha stopped dead in her tracks. A reward? That mad man is putting up a missing person ad on TV for me and offering a reward?

The glimmer of hope that had just been rekindled in her heart had now been snuffed out completely. Her face paled at the thought of an island wide manhunt for her.

What should I do? I'm definitely going to end up in his clutches again. Sasha was beginning to feel hopeless.

Just then, the couple who had been talking in the nearby convenience store heard some movement and looked toward Sasha's direction. "Who's that?"

Stricken by panic, Sasha tried to move back.

However, she had forgotten that a wheelchair operated differently from a pair of human legs. Her sudden change of direction caused the wheelchair to wobble and crash onto the ground, bringing her along with it.

"Ahh!"

Honk!

At the same time, a motorbike appeared and came to a halt upon seeing Sasha fall to the ground.

The couple from the convenience store rushed over. Their first instinct was to check if Sasha was all right.

However, as they began to crouch down, a menacing voice boomed from the motorbike. “What are you looking at? Scram before I gouge your eyes out!”

The couple was dumbstruck.

Trembling with fear, they made a run for their lives without another word.

Sasha was disoriented as she lay on the ground.

However, it was not because of the pain she felt from the fall. It was because she had found the voice strangely familiar.

The Love that Never Really Dies chapter 430

“You’re...” “And here I was, thinking you were so capable, seeing as you got me kicked out. But you ended up falling so far from grace, huh? My, my, Sasha. You really surprised me.”

The woman finally turned around. Under the motorbike’s glaring headlights, it was difficult to make out her face.

However, just from the exaggerated pairing of leather clothes and pants, as well as the ridiculously high-pitched voice, Sasha instantly confirmed her suspicions.

I can’t believe I ran into Sabrina here of all places.

“Sabrina, w-what are you doing here?”

“Oh please, don’t act like we’re close.”

Sabrina had always been mean and vicious. Perhaps because of what happened previously, she said every word through gritted teeth as though she wanted nothing more than to skin Sasha alive.

Sasha stayed silent in her spot.

Indeed, due to their past grievances, they weren't close at all, nor was she inclined to be close.

Despite that, her heart settled down at the sight of her.

After pulling Sasha up and throwing her onto the motorbike like a ragged doll, Sabrina spat in a menacing tone, "What's your relationship with that bastard, and what does he want with you?"

Bastard?

Is she talking about Solomon? Does that mean she knows what happened to the Hayes too?

Sasha grabbed Sabrina's waist tightly to prevent herself from being thrown off the motorbike because of the way the latter was speeding crazily.

"After I saved your brother at the Empire State Tower, I was captured and brought here."

"What?"

At this, Sabrina, who was riding the motorbike, finally showed some expression.

So she was captured because of saving my brother ?

I thought she was cheating on him with that guy!

Sabrina stopped asking questions and rode the motorbike back to where she lived.

Indeed, fate worked in mysterious ways sometimes.

Back then, Sabrina had framed Sasha for murder at the hospital. That was the last straw for Sebastian and he exiled her to live on this island.

Never in a million years did she expect to run into Sasha like this.

Solomon was completely unaware of what happened, so the next morning, when he found out that Sasha had been rescued by Sabrina after escaping, he wasn't sure how to handle such a tricky situation.

After all, Sabrina was the second lunatic in the Hayes family.

In fact, she was well and truly crazy.

“Sir, what should we do now ? Should we search for Ms. Sabrina ? I heard that she's an unpredictable and cruel woman. Do you think we'd be able to successfully retrieve Ms. Sasha ?”

Solomon's assistant was equally worried.

Right then, Solomon's expression turned all the unsightlier.

He wasn't actually worried about this. Instead, he was more worried about whether Sabrina had told her brother about this.

Frustrated, Solomon slammed his fist on the table.

Two days later, in a small mansion on the island, a cold and starving Sasha remained locked in a room whilst gazing helplessly at the woman who was enjoying a scrumptious meal outside.

“Please, Sabrina. I need some food. I can't hold on much longer.”

Sabrina ate her food languidly while answering, “Sure. Crawl toward me on all fours and I'll give you some.”

Sasha's face was completely drained of blood from being locked up for so long. Upon hearing Sabrina's words, tears of anger and humiliation welled up in her bloodshot eyes.

This was how the past two days were for her.

After Sabrina brought her here, she thought the woman would immediately notify her brother and tell him to come and pick her up.

Alas, she was so, very wrong. In the past two days, it was true that Solomon did not dare come knocking, but neither did Sebastian make an appearance.

Ever since Sabrina brought her here, she had kept her locked up. It was bad enough that the woman did not notify her brother, but

she even refused to offer her water or food, forcing her to beg instead.

What the hell does she want ?

Is she still trying to get even for what happened back then ?

Sasha blinked back her tears. “Why are you doing this, Sabrina ? If you really hate me, you can just kill me.”

“No, no, no. Why would I do that ? Torturing you slowly is so much more fun. I want to see you beg for mercy every day. I’m going to trample all over you as you lay before my feet like a dog. This is what I call happiness, Sasha. Don’t you know that ?”

“You-”

Sasha trembled with anger.

However, faced with this madwoman, words completely failed her because the extent of her craziness was sometimes beyond comprehension.

Nonetheless, Sasha still refused to crawl on her knees. On the contrary, she chose to stay in this room as she did for the past two days. In the end, her consciousness began to waver.

“How can you be so stubborn, girl ? Would it kill you to at least try to appease her ? But no, you’d rather starve yourself like this.”

In her dazed state, Sasha heard someone coming into the room she was in. Then, the person threw down a bottle of water and a few pieces of bread in while Sabrina wasn't paying attention.

When Sasha heard the noise, she forced her eyes open.

As soon as she saw the things on the floor, she immediately pushed herself off the wheelchair, landing with a dull thud before crawling over to grab the food and stuffing as much as she could into her mouth.