

## The Love that Never Really Dies chapter 361

“Karl, where are you taking Mr. Hayes?”

“Don’t worry, Wendy. I’m bringing him to see Mr. Hayes Sr. Please stay here and take care of the two children. Don’t let them roam around, okay?” reminded Karl.

The situation was bad, considering how things had developed up till this point. A bullet had triggered Sebastian unexpectedly.

Karl took Roxanne too as they left Frontier Bay and locked up the entire place.

A storm seems to be coming its way...

Meanwhile, Sasha slept very well that night.

She had no memory of how she got back safely when she woke up in the morning. Staring at the crystal chandelier above her head and the white sheets underneath her, she slowly recalled what happened last night.

So, I’m in a hotel? Did Sebastian send me here?

A warm, fuzzy feeling rose within her at the thought of it. When she was about to go wash up, she noticed two paper bags on the other side of the bed. She took a peep inside and found two brand new sets of women’s clothing.

These are...”

Ring! Ring! Ring!

“Hello?”

“Hi, good morning! May I know if you’re up and if you’d like some breakfast in bed?”

It was the receptionist checking in on her preference.

Stupefied, Sasha asked directly, “Who made this arrangement?”

The receptionist replied, “It was the gentleman who sent you back last night. He has ordered breakfast for you and also paid for the room.”

Sasha staggered.

Conflicted, she did not know how to respond. “What about the clothes?” she asked naively while staring at the two bags in her hand.

“The gentleman has instructed us to get them ready for you. Miss, shall we send your breakfast up now?” asked the receptionist again, politely.

Sasha agreed, then hung up the phone.

Why is he so nice all of a sudden?

This is very uncharacteristic of him to bring me to a hotel and thoughtfully prepare everything for me.

Hmm, has he... not lost his memory?”

Unwittingly, that thought flashed through her mind while showering, but she dismissed it soon enough as she recalled his clarification.

He said he's doing all these for the sake of the two kids.

Therefore, I shouldn't feel too strange about these arrangements.

Moreover, how could Roxanne's hypnosis fail?

After having breakfast, Sasha left the hotel around ten o'clock.

“Have you read the news? It's reported that the President of Hayes Corporation has mental illness. He killed his fiancée last night!”

“No way!”

As Sasha was hailing for a cab at the hotel entrance, she overheard two girls gossiping while reading from their phones.

What are they talking about? The President of Hayes Corporation murdered his fiancée?

Dumbfounded, she hurriedly turned and caught up with the two girls. “What did you say? Someone was murdered? By whom?”

“Huh? It's the President of Hayes Corporation. Didn't you read the shocking news? It's all over the Internet now.”

The two girls were startled by a sudden, random question from a stranger.

Seeing that it was another young lady, they willingly shared their phones with Sasha to have a look.

Sasha's eyes widened, aghast at the bolded headline. The President of Hayes Corporation, A Possible Mental Patient.

Oh no, how could it be? Where is there such a news?

Immediately, Sasha took her phone out with trembling hands and tried to confirm what she had just read.

Lo and behold, the same news had gone viral on every single related websites and social media platforms. The topic about the man who was suspected of having a mental disorder dominated all search engines and exploded the online traffic.

How can this be? What's going on? He was all right before we separated last night.

Sasha could not even hold her phone probably. The more she read about it, the more exasperated she became. Clicking on the last page of the hundreds of thousands of comments led her to a video clip.

It was one which was secretly shot in Frontier Bay.

The clip was quite blurry. However, one could see that a familiar male figure was dragging a woman across the living room, in a brightly lit villa.

“Ahh!” A series of shrieks of terror and pain could be clearly heard, as if the woman was starring in a gory horror film.

Instantly, Sasha shut her eyes as the phone fell off from her hands with a thud.

“Are you okay? You dropped your phone,” a concerned passerby asked after seeing Sasha waddled a few steps.

She was completely baffled.

How could I be okay?

Although she was not related to Sebastian anymore, she still found him close to her heart. It was not easy for her to cut off all ties and feel nothing when something so severe had happened.

Picking up her phone, she got into a cab in unsteady steps, and headed to Frontier Bay.

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She felt like she had to get to the bottom of this.

Half an hour later at Frontier Bay.

“What’s going on? Hasn’t Sebastian shown up yet?”

“Are you being serious? How could he possibly come out today? Can’t you see how many heavily armed bodyguards they’ve got behind that door?”

Shortly after, a series of soft steps approached.

Sasha was not expecting the perimeters of the Royal Court One to be clogged completely by vehicles and reporters who brought

along their assortment of cameras, hoping to get in on this one big scoop.

Seeing what awaited her prompted Sasha to turn around, as being Sebastian's ex-spouse meant that she would be someone of great interest to anyone within the ranks of the press who might recognize her, and should she be discovered, it would likely not bode well for that man.

She gritted her teeth and considered not going inside, but how was she to investigate the matter if she refrained from entering?

It was at that moment that she got the jitters and wondered if it was because someone inside the Royal Court One spotted her.

Suddenly, her cell phone rang.

“Hello?”

“It's me, Mommy. Boo hoo...”

On the other end of the line, Matteo started to bawl the moment the call got through.

That served to compound Sasha's trepidation. “Mommy's right here, Matt. Tell me what's happening in there. Where's your daddy? And how about Ian? How are y'all doing?”

“Boo hoo... Daddy's been taken by Mr. Frost. Ian and I are here... It's horrible, Mommy. Daddy's going to kill Ms. Rocke...”

The terrifying sight must have proved too traumatic for this five-year-old child to bear witness to as he continued to sob.

Sasha was practically in shock upon hearing his words.

Though she was dismissive of the rumors off the internet, she had no choice but to confront the truth conveyed from the lips of her own son—Sebastian was really going to kill Roxanne.

Why though?

Sasha's hands and feet were clammy, and it took her quite a while to settle her nerves before she was able to resume communications with the boy over the phone.

“Don't be afraid, Matteo. Daddy might be... unwell. Why don't you tell Mommy what happened? Don't worry, Mommy's a doctor, but I've to understand what happened in order to help him.”

“Can you really?”

“Of course I can. Tell you what, why don't you get Ian to the phone?”

Sasha could infer from her younger son's inflection that he was already overwhelmed, and so she coaxed him into handing the phone over to her relatively more composed older son, Ian, who was able to calmly recount the events that transpired the previous night shortly after taking over.

“It was that woman, Mommy. She was the one responsible for Daddy becoming sick.” The boy started to sob uncontrollably afterward and was unwavering in his certainty of Roxanne's guilt.

If that were true, then Roxanne's culpability in this is unforgivable!

After taking some time to console her two sons over the phone, Sasha immediately rode off in a hired car.

If Sebastian was taken away by Karl, she would have fewer concerns about his safety. She reckoned that Karl would surely have taken him to the Hayes residence to seek out Frederick.

That was where she directed the driver and where the familiar black Bentley was expectantly found upon her arrival.

However, she found herself stopped at the door.

"I'm only going in to see him."

"That won't be necessary, Ms. Wand. Mr. Hayes was explicit about not entertaining any guests during this time, and you should know that it wouldn't make a difference even if you went in, agreed?"

The person in her way was Frederick's long-serving butler, Tim.

Ever since Sasha learned the truth and broke off contact with the Hayes, Frederick had grown remorseful of his past deeds and softened his stance toward her.

Nonetheless, he did not allow her through at this time.

Left with no other options at her disposal, Sasha could only stand there briefly in silence before she turned away.



On the way out, she spotted an approaching white BMW, and out of the corner of her eye, she caught a glimpse of the person at the wheel.

Roxanne!

Her eyes narrowed instantly, and she was quick to get her driver to halt the vehicle.

“What do you think you are doing?” Displeased at this interruption, Roxanne promptly lowered the window on the driver’s side and poked out her head to cuss.

Sasha darted in front of her when she saw that. “You. Get out of the car!”

Never before had she been this angry in her life. She deliberately enunciated every single word into that woman’s ear while she reached for the handle of the latter’s door and forcibly tried to open it.

That drove Roxanne into a panic.

“Are you out of your mind? How dare you behave in such a manner here? Go check yourself into a facility if you’re mental!” she cussed as she stomped on the accelerator.

Sasha was caught off guard, but fortunately for her, Tim came out of nowhere upon witnessing the exchange and pulled her out of harm’s way.

Had he not, she might have been run over by that woman.

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Clearly, it was she who's mental!

Sasha seethed at that thought.

“That’s enough, Ms. Wand. Her parents have already punished her for it, so perhaps you shouldn’t continue to make things difficult for her here. She did not mean any harm.”

“Did not mean any harm? Do you expect me to be able to brush it off so casually? Don’t you know that she could have ruined Mr. Hayes?”

Sasha only grew more upset upon hearing Tim and started to voice her disapproval vociferously on the spot, to which Tim only responded with a dignified silence.

Just as he was about to try to calm Sasha, the woman whom she was so determined to intercept just a moment ago surprisingly pulled over with a resounding screech.

“Ruined him? Explain yourself, Sasha Wand. Who was the one who ruined him?” Roxanne stormed up to Sasha directly after she alighted.

With all the rage she had bottled up inside, Sasha held nothing back after seeing her counterpart step out of her own volition.

“Haven’t I made it obvious enough for you? Aren’t you aware of what you’ve done?”

“Yes. I know what I’ve done, but do you know why I did that? It was all because of you!” Roxanne’s finger was almost upon Sasha’s forehead as she railed.

Roxanne’s parents had also arrived at the scene and quickly hastened over with the intention of restraining their own daughter.

As she recalled how they distorted the truth during her last visit to the Rocke residence, Sasha started scoffing in a fury at the sight of this family.

“Of course. Hasn’t it always been that way for the Rocke family? Was it not always someone else’s fault? Since when were y’all ever wrong about anything?”

“Bullsh\*t! You don’t believe me, do you? Fine! Why don’t I give it to you straight then? Were you not with him that night? Didn’t he go in to rescue you?”

Sasha was dumbstruck, taken aback by the fact that the woman was even in the know about this.

However, that was beside the point as what came after proved to be even more shocking. “He pretended that I had his memory erased, but the truth is, he still remembered who you are, you blighted b\*tch!” Roxanne hollered.

Everything came to a standstill when her voice trailed off.

Sasha, in particular, felt a humming in her own brain as her basic cognitive functions seemed to stall while she stared at that woman.

Pretended ?

How could that be, considering how cold he has been to me ? He even locked me up in the dog pound and threatened to put a chain around me...

“I’ve told him umpteenth times that you’re a ticking time bomb who would sooner or later lead to his downfall, but he wouldn’t listen. Six months ago, he even walked in the rain for three hours from the airport into the city after you broke up with him. His final words before he passed out were that you didn’t want him anymore. Am I wrong about this, Sasha Wand ? Huh ?”

Roxanne choked up amidst her throaty and hysteric accusations, leaving no room for doubt at this moment that her heart bled for this man.

Sasha started to become unsteady on her own feet.

He walked in the pouring rain for three hours straight that day ?

She was under the impression that he would head home right after they parted ways at the airport. After all, he had never demonstrated his affections for her, be it on the night she left or when they were together in that little village

Tears welled up and rolled out of the corners of Sasha’s eyes.

“He ran a high fever and was not able to sleep for several nights afterward. Did you know how worried I was for him ? How could he be fine after suffering a blow like this ? That was why I hypnotized him and helped him erase all his memories pertaining to you. Was I wrong to do that ?”

Sasha had no means of retort.

“It was your refusal to be with him that led me to use this method, all to protect him from the harm that you caused. Was I wrong to do that? Am I wrong to intervene as his doctor now that you’re back again to harass him? Answer me, Sasha Wand!”

Like a knife, her words stabbed into Sasha’s heart so deeply that the latter could almost taste the blood in her mouth, and in the end, even her self-awareness almost deserted her.

That’s right. When did she err?

What right had she, Sasha Wand, the true cause of everything, to chastise her?

Finally, Sasha turned around stiffly like the living dead and dragged her own desensitized feet away in despondence upon the realization of how ignorant she was.

At another time, in another place.

Sasha arrived back at the hotel, where she cooped herself in for the next three days.

Hiding under the sheets inside that room and neither eating nor drinking with regularity, she had even switched off her phone and hung up the receiver of the landline by the head of the bed.

Her sole interaction was with the television, which she would turn on every day to keep tabs on developments specific to that piece of news.

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The television was unplugged outright when updates became far and few between, after which she reacquainted herself with the darkness which had been her constant companion in the room with all the curtains drawn.

Three days later, a thunderous thumping was finally heard upon the door.

“Open up, Sasha! Or else I’m going to bust my way in!”

Though the woman wrapped tightly in the comforter heard the man, she flipped herself around and pretended that she did not.

And so, the door was finally kicked open from the outside.

“Frigging hell!”

The bright blue sky outside delivered an instant contrast to the pitch-black interiors beyond the door, and that shocked him into a cold sweat.

Could something have happened to that silly woman?

Brandon burst in and shouted as he switched on all the lights, “Where are you, you idiot? Are you dead? Come on out!”

However, Sasha remained hushed under the sheets.

“There you are. Damn it. You almost scared me to death!”

Brandon dashed over in glee after he discovered the little mound on the bed.

The disinterested woman arched away and pulled up the blanket over herself. “Why are you here? Get out!”

Brandon was rendered speechless as he had never been treated so shabbily by this woman. Finally irked, he yanked the blanket off her in its entirety.

“Why am I here? You’ve gone and disappeared for three days straight. People were starting to think that you’ve been murdered and dismembered.”

“You’re insane!”

Mired in a state of desolation, Sasha clambered up with the intention of reclaiming possession of the comforter, which she had been robbed of.

But there was no way Brandon would return it to her.

With the blanket in hand, he ran straight for the window and started to pull back the curtains which had been left drawn in the past three days.

On the bed, Sasha reflexively raised both hands to shield her eyes when she felt the pain induced by the sudden burst of light which seeped in through the window.

“What are you doing, Brandon? Hurry up and close them.”

“Uh. Would you take a look at yourself? Getting all depressed over a little ticking off by that woman? Where has the old Sasha Wand disappeared off to?”

She fell silent as the old Sasha was already dead.

An indeterminate amount of time transpired with Sasha sitting slumped on the bed. When she was finally able to adjust her eyes to the brightness, she lowered her hands and gazed at the light that she had not seen for some time.

“Why were you looking for me?”

“Why else? Sebastian’s awake, so I wanted to ask if you would like to go visit him.”

Awake?

Sasha sat up almost immediately upon hearing that, and the heart that had been deadened for three days throbbed, albeit for that brief instant, before the recollection of that woman’s words caused her to gradually slink back into her brooding.

“How’s he?”

“Alright, I guess. He’s already made a public appearance. Aren’t you going to see him? I heard that you’ve gotten into a row with Roxanne over this. Seeing how worried you are, wouldn’t it be better if you visited him for yourself since he’s already come to?”

While Brandon kept up with his efforts to persuade that woman, she pursed her lips before shaking her head steadily. “I won’t. And I’d also be keeping my distance from him from here on out.”

“Why?”

“It’s because... I want him to be able to live longer.”



That last sentence was meant for her own ears.

During the past three days, someone had indeed contacted her over the landline, which she subsequently unplugged. The individual called on that particular day to tell her about Sebastian taking ill in Frontier Bay, after which he also extended an apology.

“We’re really sorry about what happened at the Rocke residence, Ms. Wand. My wife and I were in the wrong. But with things being the way they are right now, I believe you wouldn’t want to see his downfall, and so I’ll be handling things myself. Do you understand?”

It was said that Sebastian was still unconscious when that man called.

He decided that he was going to personally erase all of Sebastian’s memories of Sasha in the hope that the latter would not be triggered by her in the future, which was important for ensuring his safety.

At that moment, Sasha suddenly found herself vehemently opposed to it.

“No, I don’t know, and I don’t need to know. I regret it now and no longer wish to leave him. I don’t want you to erase any of his memories. I intend to be with him, so I forbid it”.

Like a raving lunatic, she jumped off the bed and prepared to head out to stop him until Trevor said that it was too late.

When Sasha lowered her head to see the light which seeped in through the gaps between her fingers, the wall of tears which she had been holding back finally buckled under those piercing rays and fell onto the snowy white sheets.

“I regret it, Brandon. I should not have pushed him away at the airport, and now, I’ve no more chance to...”

Brandon did not know how to respond to that.

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In the end, Sasha did not go out to see Sebastian. Instead, she had Brandon help her book a flight to Moranta and departed the same afternoon.

That dignified and distinguished man made a reappearance at the press conference Hayes Corporation hosted two days after, at which he stood with the same poise befitting of the king of this city under the focus of the spotlight.

Beside him in accompaniment was his lovely fiancée.

Although the ballyhoo surrounding Hayes Corporation was ultimately suppressed by Frederick, answers were needed to maintain order.

Hence, everyone bore witness as the president of Hayes Corporation announced the restructuring of the lineup to their board of directors.

A restructuring ?

That roused a commotion amongst members of the press as a restructuring was no small matter, especially for such a sizeable company.

The President swiftly offered up a reasonable explanation, stating that the scandal surrounding him, which blew up on the internet, was the handiwork of a few members of the board of directors, who had since been arrested by the police.

This declaration sent shockwaves throughout the room again.

Following that, the young lady of the Rocke family, who was previously rumored to have been killed by the president of Hayes Corporation, went on to explain that the photographs captured that day were a mere depiction of some sexy games she and her fiancé indulged in.

It was a revelation that left the reporters deflated, and with that, the headline-grabbing fiasco was finally brought to a close.

After two days of intense grilling under duress in a basement somewhere, the board director by the name of Young finally admitted to being part of a conspiracy.

“I was working with Roderick who promised me more shares when his son Robert ascended to a position of power.”

“Roderick?”

The interrogator Karl appeared displeased because that was not the answer which he sought.

With Roderick dead and Robert still locked up at the Hayes residence after being beaten to a pulp by the President that night,

a killer could not have been hired and sent out to Frontier Bay on such short notice.

Finding the whole situation highly unusual, Karl went to the office to find Sebastian after the questioning had been concluded.

“According to my analysis, Robert could not have been the killer from that night, so this bullet must have come from someone else.”

He fished out the bullet again and placed it on the desk before him.

Sebastian rested with his eyes closed as he was still a little out of sorts. There was a streak of wanness to his chiseled visage.

Several seconds passed before he slowly lifted his lids. “It wasn’t him, to begin with. A useless good-for-nothing like Robert could never have devised a plan as meticulous as this.”

“Which means to say?”

“Comb through all the records available on that scumbag. Whoever he came into contact with and whatever he did, I want to know!”

“Yes, Mr. Hayes.”

There was a shift in Karl’s expression during his prompt affirmation as it would be truly terrifying if Robert was indeed someone else’s pawn as his boss suggested.

That had him wondering who the person who manipulated that father and son pair was, and more importantly, what was that

person's underlying motive for going against someone so formidable.

Karl suppressed his own astonishment while he made his way out of the office.

Upon his exit, he chanced upon a young woman coming toward the president's office from the opposite direction. Decked out in a white blouse coupled with the most trendy skirt from a major label and a pair of Rhinestone encrusted heels underfoot, she looked unbelievably exquisite in her getup.

Karl promptly retreated to the side. "You're back, Ms. Rocke."

"Yes. Is your president inside?"

Roxanne lifted her gaze toward the office across from them with a thermal lunchbox in hand.

Karl nodded copiously. "Yes. Thank you for making the effort to prepare and deliver lunch for our president."

"It's nothing. He's just recovered, so we need to be more attentive. Alright, don't mind me. I have to get this soup to him while it's still hot."

Roxanne left him with that before she walked past him with the lunchbox.

Karl tracked her movements past the open doors to the office and noticed that the woman left the lunchbox directly on the sprawling desk before she skirted around to the other side.

“How are you feeling, Sebastian? Are you feeling any sort of discomfort?” she said with a voice tender to a tee.

Through the slit in the still unlatched door, Karl also noted a fair hand being laid upon the forehead of the seated man inside in tandem with that voice, which the man made no attempt to dodge.

The former watched on without comment and thought that nothing really mattered so long as his boss was happy.

Elsewhere in Moranta.

Sasha swiftly immersed herself in her work the moment she returned.

She was trying to keep herself from falling to the wayside by keeping busy every waking hour, which seemed to help.

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“Sha, Andy asked if you would like to take on this project. But I do have to warn you, it’s kind of complicated despite having a huge budget to work with,” Lance told Sasha as soon as she arrived home after fetching her daughter.

It had been a month, and Sasha had her focus on her daughter all this while.

As for Andy, it seemed like he was doing pretty well on his own.

Wall Street titans like him enjoyed dealing with illegal businesses. Nevertheless, he recognized Sasha’s outstanding talent and ability.

Thus, he would hand over legitimate projects to her.

Sasha placed her daughter on the sofa and headed toward the study to go through the so-called complex project.

“This is situated in a war zone?”

“Indeed. Andy mentioned that it is a legit business although it’s in a warzone. A well-known local oil company is interested in collaborating with a pharmaceutical partner. Apparently, they’re in urgent need of such resources,” Lance explained in detail.

Yup, this does sound like something Andy would have done. After all, there are things that you can’t obtain in some countries even if you have all the money in the world.

As for this company, it needed a briefcase company to make things work.

Coincidentally, Andy offers such services.

Sasha flipped through the documents and did some calculations in her head. To her surprise, she realized she would earn millions from this particular project, and her interest was piqued.

“I’ll do it. It says here that we don’t necessarily have to meet them on site. So, let’s arrange a meeting in a safer nearby city to discuss the details.”

“Alright, let me ask.” Lance quickly went to work.

Sasha, on the other hand, left the study and headed to the kitchen to prepare dinner.

“Sweetie, what would you like for dinner? Mommy will make whatever you want.”

“Hmm... Then can I have drumsticks for dinner? I would like a big one, okay, Mummy? I can eat a huge drumstick!” she answered sweetly.

Vivian was sitting on the sofa, folding paper planes, when she heard Sasha’s question.

Sasha chuckled.

I wonder why does she like drumsticks so much? She’s always asking for the same thing.

Sasha grinned and went to the kitchen.

Little did Sasha know, Vivian quickly got off the sofa as soon she saw Sasha returning to the kitchen. She quietly snuck into the bedroom to make a call.

“Hello? Matt? Ian? It’s me.”

“Hello? Is that you, Vivian? Have you had dinner?”

Her brothers weren’t surprised to receive her call. It seemed like they had figured out that Vivi would call at this hour.

Vivian smiled happily and answered, “Not yet. Mommy’s making dinner now. Guess what? I’m having drumsticks tonight! What about you?”



Both Matteo and Ian hesitated to answer her as they were sad when they heard her words.

Vivi gets to eat Mommy's homemade drumsticks, but we can only eat that woman's cooking.

“Matt? Ian? Why aren't you saying anything? Has Daddy gotten better now? Has he thought of Mommy? When will he come and visit me?” Vivian asked once again.

It's been so long since I've last seen Daddy, Matt, and Ian.

Matteo's mood went sour at Vivian's questions. “Not yet. He's always at Ms. Rocke's place, and Daddy hasn't mentioned a word about Mommy.”

“Huh? Does that mean he won't remember Mommy?”

Vivian's large eyes began to turn red as tears welled up in them.

Ian heard Vivi's choked-up voice and quickly grabbed the smartwatch. “No, Vivi, don't worry. We'll help Daddy remember Mommy.”

Vivian felt better and asked, “Really?”

Ian nodded in determination. “Yes. I promise!”

That's right. As the eldest child in the family, I won't allow Daddy and Mommy to be separated. So what if that woman erased his memory? I will help Daddy get his memory back.

Vivian was pleased when she heard her brother's promise. Hence, she had a good appetite during dinner. Sasha noticed that Vivian managed to finish both of the drumsticks she had made.

Was it that good? Sasha wondered as she smiled at the scene.

Then, the mother and daughter had a good night's sleep.

The next day, Sasha asked Lance to send Vivian to preschool before she headed to Wall Street.

“Good morning, is Mr. Rind here yet?”

“Not yet. A client was urgently looking for him last night. The client told him to undersell the stocks as soon as the stock market opens today,” Andy's assistant explained.

Undersell everything? Wouldn't that lead to bankruptcy?

Sasha couldn't help but ask, “Who was it? Does this person not want his company anymore?”

The assistant answered, “I guess so. It's called... Prime Cloud Corporation, if I'm not mistaken.”

Prime Cloud Corporation?

Sasha was stunned when she heard the name of the company.

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Sasha had not met Solomon ever since they fell out at the airport six months ago.

In fact, she would have forgotten about him if he hadn't approached Andy to liquidate his company. Similarly, their encounter wouldn't have taken place.

When Andy brought Solomon into the company, he noticed Sasha. As he approached her, he suggested, "Nancy, since you're both friends, why don't I leave this to you?"

Sasha hesitated.

Although she was very unwilling, she still agreed to his request. After all, Andy was her boss, and she couldn't reject him without a logical reason.

Seeing him for the first time after six months, Sasha noticed that Solomon had lost a lot of weight. In contrast to the cheery person she used to know, the man before her seemed sullen, and his disheveled beard made him look like a completely different person.

"Take a seat. I'll get you a glass of water." Sasha led him to her office and poured him a glass of water.

Solomon was taken back by her courtesy and said, "Thank you."

Sasha eyed him emotionlessly as she returned to her desk. "What happened? How did your company become like this? I thought that it was doing pretty well."

"Indeed. However, many things have happened in the past six months. The staff responsible for software development imitated someone else's work and was sued in court. Hence, I was forced to pay a heavy compensation that led to the downfall of my

company.” Solomon smiled bitterly as he held the glass of water in hand.

Sasha remained silent as she listened to his story.

She was unsure of what to say, so she decided to turn on the computer to prepare for the sellout.

Fortunately, Solomon came at the right time. The reputation of Prime Cloud Corporation’s stocks had not been ruined yet. Hence, Sasha was able to catch the public’s eye, and many people began to buy in at a large amount.

“It’s done. You can probably receive the money by tomorrow.”

“Alright. Thank you, Nancy.” He let out a sigh of relief.

Sasha replied indifferently, “No problem. This is purely business. I’m only helping you since you’re paying me a commission. I’m just doing my job,” she answered in a business-like manner.

Solomon went pale but did not say a word. After getting to his feet, he left the room.

Sasha did not meet his gaze. Instead, she picked up her pen and got back to work as soon as he stepped out of the room. However, she heard a loud thump moments later.

“Oh my god! What happened to him? Why did he faint? Nancy? Nancy! Your client passed out! Come quick!”

Sasha sprang from her chair and ran out of her office to see the man passed out cold on the ground.

How did this happen ?

Sasha did not have the chance to ask Andy about the project and brought Solomon home straight away.

“Uncle Solomon ? Why’s he here ?” Vivian asked in surprise as she watched them.

Lance was equally surprised, frowning at the duo.

“He’s sick. So he’ll be staying for the night,” Sasha explained briefly.

Lance quickly went to clean up the guestroom. As for Vivian, she took one last glance behind Sasha before she ran to the bedroom to call her brothers.

I have to tell them this news. This Uncle Solomon, who once wanted to be their daddy, is here again! If Daddy doesn’t come now, Mommy’s going to run away with someone else!

Yet, Sasha did not notice Vivian’s mood change.

Once she brought Solomon home, she took him to a room and put him on a glucose drip before she left.

He was not suffering from any disease but merely physical exhaustion. Andy knew about his condition and recalled that Sasha was a doctor herself. Hence, he proposed that Sasha took care of him.

Sasha was at a loss for what to do when she heard his request. Nevertheless, she brought him back.

However, Lance had expressed great dislike and indifference toward Solomon.

I wonder if it's because Solomon deceived me in the past. That night, Lance pretended not to hear her whenever Sasha asked him to take care of Solomon.

“Sha, I'll take Vivi to bed now. She has to be up early tomorrow for school.”

“Alright. Go ahead.”

Sasha sighed as she watched them head up to bed.

Thus, Sasha took up the role of taking care of Solomon the entire night. She eventually dozed off by his bedside as she had to constantly check on his drip.

The next day, Solomon did not dare to move when he came to because he was afraid of waking Sasha up.

As the first ray of sunlight hit the room, he stretched out his hand to touch Sasha's head that was resting by his bed.

Unfortunately, things did not go as he expected.

“Mommy, are you awake?”

A sweet and young voice was heard as the door was opened with a loud bang.

It was Vivian.

Solomon quickly retracted his hand and pretended to be asleep.

However, Lance's face darkened as he saw what happened when he entered the room with Vivian.

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Lance could not take it anymore as he dragged Sasha out of the room and asked, "Sha, you'll make him leave today, right?"

Sasha had the same idea in mind.

"Of course. I'll take him to the office once he wakes up. He'll leave as soon as he gets his money."

"Alright, then I'll send Vivian to preschool and buy some food on my way back. We'll wait for you to have dinner together," Lance said. He then picked up Vivian and left.

It didn't take long before Sasha and Solomon left for the office as well.

Solomon yearned to stay in the house a little longer. In fact, he wanted to stay for good. Yet, Sasha was very cold toward him. Hence, he had no chance to even strike a negotiation with her.

"You'll be able to get the money today. So as soon as you receive it, you may go to Andy, and he'll tell you what to do next."

"Alright," Solomon replied.

Sasha went straight to her computer when she arrived at the office to conduct the sellout as soon as the stock market opened.

To her surprise, the stocks that were doing well yesterday had dropped dangerously low today minutes after the stock market opened.

How did this happen ?

Sasha's expression hardened as she rushed out of her office to Andy.

“Mr. Rind, what's going on ? Why have Prime Cloud Corporation's stocks plunged ?”

“I have no idea. I just realized it as well.” Andy's expression was solemn as he understood how serious the situation was.

A bad feeling crept up on Sasha when she asked, “So what do we do now ?”

“Let me check what's going on, alright ? You should talk to Mr. George and make sure he's alright. I'll update you as soon as I find out what's wrong.” He frowned.

Sasha suddenly felt a wave of irritation gushing through her veins.

Half an hour later, Andy contacted her and told her that someone had reported them to the authorities.

“Report ? But why ? These aren't stocks from a multinational corporation but a small information technology company. It's not like we'd cause stock turbulence. Why were we reported ?”



Sasha could not understand the reason behind the situation, and neither could Andy.

Nevertheless, one couldn't reverse something that had happened, so Sasha and Andy could only think of a solution to solve the problem.

With that, Sasha spent the entire day working on the case and nothing else. But she still could not find a solution by the end of the day and was forced to bring Solomon home again.

Lance froze when he saw Solomon entering the house.

“Erm, I'm afraid he'll have to stay another night here due to unforeseen circumstances. But don't worry. It's just one more night. I promise I'll settle things by tomorrow and get him to leave, okay?” Sasha said cautiously when she saw the look on his face.

Lance glanced at her coldly and finally said, “Well then, I'll see if you can keep your promise tomorrow.”

Then, he took Vivian, who looked equally unhappy back to her room.

Sasha creased her eyebrows, unsure of what else she could say to make them feel better.

“Why don't... I stay at a hotel for the night? I don't want to put you in a difficult position,” Solomon suggested.

Unbeknownst to Sasha, Solomon had been standing behind her. He was forced to make such a suggestion when he noticed that Lance and Vivian did not welcome him.

Sasha frowned at his words. She was tempted to say yes but decided against it when she noticed the dark sky outside. “Don’t mind them. They’re kids.” She waved dismissively.

Then, she walked to the kitchen to prepare dinner.

Sasha didn’t think it was a serious matter as she believed that this challenge could be overcome with both Andy’s industry experience and her capability.

I know we can definitely get through this by tomorrow.

However, reality had proved her wrong the next day.

“I found out what’s wrong. It was the company that sued Prime Cloud Corporation. They might have realized what Mr. George was trying to do. Hence, they had their eyes on you the moment you released the stocks yesterday.”

“W-What do we do now?”

Sasha almost lost her patience when she heard the news.

Andy shrugged. “There’s nothing we can do now but go by the procedure. Thank goodness you were the one in charge of this case. Thus, it’s not as terrible as it could have been. Anyway, I believe the Chanaea Banking Regulatory Commission would release the case once it’s been reviewed.”

“How long would that take?”

“A week, I guess,” Andy said.

Damn! Sasha cursed inwardly.

Fortunately, Solomon took the initiative to book a hotel and told her that he would only approach her when necessary.

Sasha sighed in relief. She was initially panicking and racking her brain for an excuse to tell Lance and Vivian about Solomon’s prolonged stay.

Sasha even bought some desserts for Lance and Vivian when she got off work. Hopefully, this would lighten things up between us.

“Huh? Sweetie, why are you playing alone? Where’s Uncle Lance?”

“I don’t know...” she answered as she fiddled with her toy enthusiastically, feeling upset after the call with her brothers.

Matt and Ian said they’ve tried to help Daddy regain his memory, but it didn’t work. Daddy doesn’t remember a thing. Besides, he warned them not to mention Mommy anymore. Daddy doesn’t even remember the times he spent with Mommy. So how could he possibly remember who Mommy is?

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Vivian’s eyes instantly turned red at that thought.

Sasha noticed it and assumed that she had a bad day at preschool. Hence, she quickly squatted down and asked, “What’s wrong, sweetie? Did something happen?”

“No. It’s just that... I miss Matt and Ian. Mommy, perhaps Daddy doesn’t want us anymore?” Vivian glanced at her with eyes filled with tears.

Sasha was stunned by her words.

Vivian’s words were like a sharp knife that pierced through her heart. She thought she had forgotten about the pain. Yet, it was now gushing through her heart like waves.

I’ve always known that she kept in contact with her two brothers, but I didn’t expose her for the sake of their relationship. In fact, I’m glad that they could still talk to each other without feeling awkward. Besides, I would be able to gain some information from them.

But, what’s with her sudden question? What does it mean?

Sasha picked Vivian up and hugged her. “Of course not. Why would they do so when they love you so much? They’re just very busy.”

“But Daddy doesn’t talk about me anymore. He spends all his time with Ms. Rocke nowadays. I guess he doesn’t want me anymore.”

Sasha was overwhelmed with sadness when she heard Vivian speak about her true feelings.

I guess she must be very hurt.

So he's with Roxanne all the time, huh? Perhaps he's completely forgotten about us.

Sasha held her daughter as her heart was filled with devastation. Then, she recalled Roxanne's words when she met her at the entrance of the Hayes residence.

She said that Sebastian did not forget me, but I didn't believe her. But now that I think about it, there seems to be some truth in her words.

For example, he once said he'd feed me to the dogs. Yet, he didn't do anything to me when we were at the dog pound. Instead, he treated me with kindness.

Similarly, did he really appear at the Blue Enchantress nightclub just to spy on Robert? Was it really just a coincidence? Furthermore, he even carried me to the hotel and made meticulous arrangements for me.

As she recalled the incidents that had happened, she suddenly felt her chest tighten, and it was too painful for her to breathe.

"Don't worry. Mommy will take you to them on your birthday, alright? Then, you'll be able to meet them!" she said.

"Really?"

Vivian instantly stopped crying. Her large, reddened eyes gleamed with surprise as she looked at Sasha.

Woo-hoo! Mommy's taking me over to visit them! I must quickly tell Ian and Matt this good news!

Once Vivian stopped crying, Sasha placed her on her feet and went to the kitchen to make dinner.

A few minutes later, Ian who lived in Avenport received a call from Vivi.

“Are you saying that Mommy's coming to visit us on our birthday?”

“Yes! Mommy told me just now. She said she'd take me with her to visit both of you. Aren't you excited?” Vivian exclaimed.

Of course! Why wouldn't we be?

But I wonder if Daddy would allow them to see us under such circumstances. He was even infuriated when we mentioned Mommy in front of him, forbidding us to bring her up again in the household.

Sigh...

Matteo hung up the call on his smartwatch. He sighed as he sat on his bed and looked at the bright stars outside his windows.

There was a time difference between Avenport and Moranta. Thus, it was past midnight when Vivian called.

Ian was woken up by Matteo's sigh and looked at his brother with his sleepy yet bright eyes.

“What is it?”

“Vivi said Mommy will visit on our birthday. Vivi would be coming along too.”

“That’s good news!” Ian’s face lit up.

Yet, Matteo let out a long sigh.

“Yes, of course. But haven’t you seen how Daddy’s been like these days? He doesn’t even allow us to talk about Mommy! Do you really think he would let us meet her?”

“Don’t worry. Leave the talking to me,” Ian said.

Ian resembled Sebastian in many ways. For instance, once he had his mind set out to do something, no one could stop him.

Hence, as Sebastian was about to send them to preschool that morning, Ian carried his small backpack and stood in front of Sebastian with a solemn look.

“Daddy, I have to tell you something.”

“What is it?”

Sebastian was used to his son talking to him in this manner. After all, he was the one who brought the latter up.

Ian stood before the towering man and looked up to meet his eyes. “I’ve spoken to Mommy on the phone, and she told us that she would be visiting us on our birthday with Vivi. Then, we can finally reunite,” he said.

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“Reunite?”

Sebastian’s face fell as his eyebrows furrowed into a frown. It was obvious that he was not happy with the arrangement.

Matteo remained silent as he eyed Ian cautiously.

Ian did not back down but continued, “Yes, reunite. You can’t disagree with this, Daddy. If you do, Matteo and I will not go to school from now onwards. Besides, I can’t promise you that we won’t run away from home to find Mommy in Moranta!”

Damn! Good job, Ian!

Sebastian was so angry that the veins on his forehead were visible. He would have scolded his son if Wendy hadn’t arrived at that moment.

“Mr. Hayes, why don’t you just grant them this wish since they’ve come to an agreement with their mommy. Come on... It is their birthday, after all.”

“Of course not, Wendy. There will be a second time once I agree to the first. After that, they would become dependent on her.”

To make things worse, Roxanne had arrived too.

Wendy’s expression turned sour when she noticed her arrival.

But she knew she did not have much say as a housemaid.

As expected, Sebastian objected to the idea as there was no one else left to convince him.



Furthermore, Sebastian had assigned two bodyguards to stay with both Matteo and Ian all day. He wanted to prevent the matter Ian had mentioned from happening.

Ian said irritatedly, “You’re so mean, and I’m greatly disappointed in you. Mommy’s already taking the first step, and yet you’re still upset with her. Man up, will you?”

Then, he threw his backpack onto the ground and ran away, crying.

The doorway went dead silent. Everyone, including Wendy, Roxanne, Matteo, and the others, did not dare say a word.

Wendy was happy and worried at the same time. While she was glad that the child stood up to his daddy like that, she was also afraid that Mr. Hayes would react negatively.

However, she was disappointed as Sebastian was only stunned for a moment before he flew into a rage.

He bellowed as he watched Ian throw the small backpack on the ground and lock himself in his room, “Ian, you come back here this instance! Are you asking for a beating?”

Matteo did not dare speak as he froze by the door.

The glimmer of hope that was once in his eyes vanished instantly.

Meanwhile, Sasha did not sleep well that night.

She noticed that Lance was still very cold toward her, barely speaking to her during dinner.

Perhaps he knew that Solomon hasn't gone yet?

Sasha let out a sigh as she made up her mind to accept the oil tycoon's project. With that, she would approach Andy regarding it once she arrived at the office tomorrow. Then, she could use that as an excuse to get someone else to take over Solomon's case.

The next day, Lance was still very cold toward Sasha when he took Vivian to preschool.

“Hey, I'm going to take up the project today, and I'll fly over to Corleon once I do.”

“Really?” Lance's eyes lit up.

Sasha was amused when she noticed the change in his attitude. At the same time, she was rather touched as she knew only her family would be truly concerned about her. Solomon had lied to me in the past. Thus, it made sense that Lance didn't welcome him into our home.

Lance was overjoyed when he heard about Sasha's decision and sent her to work with a smile hung on his face.

True enough, Andy handed the project over to Sasha in a couple of hours.

When Sasha was leaving the room, Andy stopped her in her tracks and said, “Nancy, I would suggest that you take a lawyer with you for this project.”

“Why?” Sasha looked at him, confused. “Why do I need a lawyer? There has never been such a precedent before.”

Andy nodded in agreement.

He then quickly took out a faxed document from his drawer and handed it to her.

“The company is located in a high-risk zone. So, they’re accustomed to on-the-spot transactions during business meetings. With a lawyer present, they can ensure the validity of the contract and the transaction.”

Wow, that’s pretty incredible! I didn’t know people over there conduct transactions on the spot!

Sasha had no choice but to go with his idea. “Alright. Could you arrange a suitable candidate to tag along with me?”

Andy grinned and replied, “Well, that has already been arranged.”

“Who is it?”

“Mr. George, of course. He’s one of the best lawyers in the country! I believe the meeting would be as smooth as butter if you have him by your side,” Andy exclaimed.

With a strong urge to curse, Sasha secretly rolled her eyes.

What’s going on, man? Why does it feel like I’m stuck with him forever? I have no patience left to deal with him anymore!

Infuriated, she threatened Andy to get her a new lawyer, or he’d have to get another person to take over the project.

Sure enough, Lance brought up Sasha's new project when she got home.

Sasha knew she couldn't shrug this topic off easily without gaining suspicion from Lance, so she vaguely explained the situation to him and assured him that she had rejected Solomon as her lawyer for the project. She also told him that she had requested a new lawyer from Andy.

Yet, Lance did not throw a tantrum when he heard her explanation.

“Okay, I got it.”

“Huh?”

Sasha could not wrap her head around his calm response.

Why's he not mad?