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"Does it hurt a lot?"

"No!" lied Sasha angrily. She was stubborn in denying her pain.

However... He's not listening at all!

After that scum heard that she wasn't in pain, he tossed her to the side. She was staring in surprise when he picked up the ointment and pinched her chin. "Open your mouth," ordered the man.

Sasha couldn't speak.

She swore that it only lasted a second, but she could sense her brain exploding with a loud boom! Every thought in her mind stopped running. She was sitting so close to him that she could hear his breathing. In the end, she opened her mouth obediently.

That was the first time they were that close to one another.

It didn't matter if it was five years ago or right this moment in the washroom.

Sasha's heart still couldn't help but beat faster and out of rhythm.

At first, Sebastian didn't think much of it. He simply wanted to help that woman put the ointment on. She is so stupid. I honestly have never seen a woman this dumb before.

Things changed when he put some ointment on his finger and tapped gently on the woman's soft lips. A sense of familiarity suddenly zipped up his fingers to his heart. He was taken aback, and his mind immediately recalled that wedding night from five years ago.

He had always been a loner and had never had much interest in women.

Hence, he hadn't been with any other woman over the past five years, and she was his one and only.

He remembered that he was drugged that night. There were many things that he could no longer recall, but he retained some memories of how he spent the night with a woman in his arms. He recalled how she was as soft as a kitten and how her lips were especially soft. That sweet, peach-like taste and her watery lips... Sebastian remembered what she tasted like, even after all those years.

His gaze suddenly turned wilder. He stared at those lips that had no lipstick on but still looked soft and sexy. There was a moment when he actually felt the urge to kiss her.

He wondered if she tasted as good as she did five years ago.

"S-Sebastian? A-are you done?"

Sasha couldn't bear with it any longer.

She had never been that close to him before, and his warm breath was caressing her face. His other hand was also pinching her chin.

That made her feel hot, and her heart raced. She didn't dare to look into his eyes because she was worried about falling for them again.

Those eyes... They were my downfall five years ago.

Fortunately, the man came around after she called out. All she saw was uncertainty and confusion zipping past his eyes before he immediately applied the medicine to her lips and let her go.

"How did someone as stupid as you become a doctor?"

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The man immediately started dissing her again after he let her go and walked out of the washroom.

Sasha's heart was still beating wildly. It took her a while to gather herself and look into the mirror. She saw that her ears were still a little red from blushing too much, so she turned on the tap. She only felt better after splashing some cold water on her face.

"What does any of this have to do with me being a doctor? I am not a nurse, and that is their job."

"Excuses!" dissed Sebastian before he left.

Sasha didn't know where he went or what he planned to do. She put her things away, then got out of the room to walk down the stairs.

"Ms. Wand? D-did you just come from Mr. Hayes' room?"

Sasha was surprised to bump into Wendy immediately after exiting the room. The latter was holding a men's suit at the time, and it looked like she was there to deliver the clothes.

Has he already left?

Sasha nodded to answer Wendy's question before adding, "Yeah, I was in there to put some ointment on. What's wrong? Wendy?"

Wendy couldn't speak.

What's wrong?

This is rather peculiar. This employer of mine rarely lets anyone enter his room, and he usually instructs me to disinfect the entire room after the visitor left.

That even applies to Ms. Green. So... why wasn't I instructed to disinfect the room this time?

Wendy was a little stumped by all that.

Sasha, however, had no idea what Wendy was thinking about, so she walked down the stairs when the latter didn't respond.

Sasha had to go home.

She left a note for her sleeping son before asking Wendy to take care of the kid. Then, she left the place.

Sasha had some extra time that day, so after she went home, she decided to make good use of it. Her two babies were still studying in their preschool, so she wanted to cook a great meal to make up for her two angels.

It had been a while since she prepared a nice meal for them.

Sasha went to the grocery store.

"Nancy, what a coincidence."

Sasha was picking out the ingredients when she suddenly heard someone approaching and greeting her in a surprised tone.

Sasha shifted her gaze over and turned to the person beside her. "Solomon," said Sasha, "Hi, I just got here. I'm thinking about buying some ingredients to make some calzone for dinner. What brought you here?"

"I had a meeting nearby with a client, and I just finished discussing work with him."

Solomon had always been a gentleman. He was wearing a pair of glasses with gold frames, and a light grey windbreaker. He looked relax and handsome.

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"I see. Would you like to drop by my place for a while? The weather is freezing today," offered Sasha, who would swear that she was just making small talk when she made that offer.

She never expected him to take up on that offer immediately. "Sure," replied Solomon, "I happen to have a few law books for you. These are the books you asked me to buy for you earlier. I'll take them to your place."

Sasha didn't know how to respond to that.

Shoot! I forgot all about this. Is it too late now to tell him that I won't take the matter to court?

In the end, Sasha brought that man to the place she rented.

The season was changing, and winter was right around the corner, so it was actually pretty cold. The place was too old, and both the windows and walls were too thin, so no one felt warmer after Sasha opened the door. In fact, walking into the house made one feel even colder.

"I'm so sorry about this. Let me turn the heater on," said Sasha before she hurried to the heater.

Solomon circled around the house absent-mindedly.

That was only the second time he went into that house, but he didn't seem unfamiliar with the place.

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"Nancy, this place is too old, and it's not warm enough. Would you like to rent another place?"

"Huh? Oh, there's no need for that. This place is actually pretty good. It's close to the preschool, so it's convenient," replied Sasha, who was busy getting the heater to work.

Are you kidding?

It took me forever to find an old and dingy place like this. That scum definitely won't set foot in this place, so why would I want to move? It's not like I enjoy being annoyed.

It didn't take Sasha long to set the heater up, but she busied away in the kitchen soon after.

What she wasn't aware of was that as she was busying away and focused on her cooking, her guest in her living room had poured himself a glass of water. He suddenly got up and walked to the kitchen door. The dim light from the evening sun illuminated the place, and the steam filled the kitchen, but he never shifted his gaze from her.

And his gaze...

It looked like love, but it also seemed like a simple, platonic gaze. Still, if anyone were to take a closer look, they would see a fiery passion that was as hot as the working heater in the living room. In fact, it was so hot that it was alarming!

"Sorry to make you wait. I have to get everything done before the kids are back. That way, they can fill their tummies as soon as they come home."

Maybe it was because she sensed the burning gaze, but Sasha turned around, looked at him, and uttered those words soon after.

Solomon saw how awkward she seemed, so he retracted his gaze unwillingly.

"It's fine. Do you need any help?"

"No. You can relax in the living room," said Sasha without a hint of hesitation. The two of them knew each other well, but there was still a distance between the two.

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Sasha continued for about twenty minutes before she finally finished preparing everything.

"Let's head out together," said Sasha bluntly. when she left. She didn't beat around the bush and suggested that the man leave with her.

It was impossible for Solomon to not know what she meant.

At that moment, all he could do was grin wryly before walking down the stairs with her. All in all, he stayed for less than thirty minutes with her.

"Mr. George, is Ms. Wand still going to court?"

"No, not anymore."

The man who had been smiling gently a moment ago looked distant and cruel inside the car.

The name that they used in their conversation was no longer Nancy but Sasha.

"Have they patch up?" asked the personal assistant who steeled up after hearing everything.

However, the man never answered that question. His expression simply changed and he looked grim, and the look in the eyes behind his glasses turned cold too.

"Didn't you say that Sebastian never told his father about her return?"

"That's right."

"Why?"

"I'm thinking it's because Ms. Wand is categorized as someone who has cheated death. Her identity and record would have been erased back then. Which means they would have to submit an application to the court to reclaim her name once they take her back."

The man was quiet for a second.

Reclaim her name? So does that mean the Sebastian guy doesn't want her to claim her identity and the record she held now?

Why though? Is it because she would be recognized as part of the Hayes family once she claims her identity? Could it be that Sebastian Hayes doesn't want that to happen?

Solomon suddenly acted like he realized something. The grim expression on his face instantly eased up a lot.

"Spread the news right away!"

"Huh?" blurted the assistant in confusion, "Spread the news? W-won't that make things worse for you? Once the news got out, Frederick will learn about her survival and would want her identity to be recovered immediately. That would turn her into Sebastian's legal wife once more."

"No, you're wrong. She will never become one of them."

After saying his piece, the man's gaze reverted to its solemn and gentle stance. It might even carry a hint of glee.