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"I'll remember what you did today!" he growled.

Sasha was tidying her documents in the room, so Lance was the only one standing at the doorway watching Andy.

When he heard the threat, he casually retorted, "You are right. I will remember what you did today as well!"

"What did you say?"

"I said, I will remember you as well. Count yourself lucky that bullet isn't in your brain. If this happened in the past, doing what you did after taking a billion from me, you would be riddled with holes like a shooting target board already." Lance leaned in and whispered eerily into Andy's ear. Following that, he removed his thick glasses to reveal a pair of sinister-looking eyes.

Andy's eyes widened in shock!

A billion?

He said it was his billion?

He turned to take a close look at that handsome face next to him. The next moment, all colors drained from his face.

No! This is not possible. This can't be true!

Fear overwhelmed him and he fell stiffly onto the floor.

"Mr. Rind, Mr. Rind..." His men got flustered and panicked.

Sasha and Solomon were finalizing the contract with Mr. Hashimoto in the room when they heard the commotion, so they rushed out immediately.

"What happened? Why are you out here, Lennie?" she asked with concern.

"Oh, I saw him fell to the ground, so I came out to check on him." Lance put on his glasses and calmly replied.

What a reckless kid!

His nonchalant attitude nearly gave Sasha a heart attack. She quickly pulled him back into the room and warned, "You stay away from these people, okay?"

"Okay. I will."

Solomon could only helplessly watch on. Despite his misgivings about what happened, there was nothing he could do. It was an unexpected twist of the event.

He had thought that by helping Sasha close this deal, he would be her knight in shining armor. Never in his dreams did he expect the hero would turn out to be Lance!

He hired a sniper?

Isn't he just a college kid? How did he know about this and pull it off?

When he re-entered the room, Lance was helping Sasha pack up, and the two were standing close together.

"Lennie, how did you come up with the idea of getting a sniper? And where did you get the contact for such service?" He had to ask.

Sasha turned her gaze on her cousin as well.

Lance got nervous and started stammering again. "I... I got it from the black market. Your... your friend gave me the contact, Solomon."

Solomon was speechless, caught off-guard as he did not expect his friend to be involved as well.

"Solomon's friend? The one who has kindly accommodated us?"

"Yes. I was worried the place would not be safe for the two of us, so I asked him for advice. His contact was expensive, Sha. It costs me five thousand." He nervously evaded Sasha's eyes for fear of being reprimanded.

"Don't be silly! You saved our family with just five thousand. If not for you, we would have lost everything! It is okay. I won't blame you. In fact, I will even reward you for what you did!" Sasha softened her tone to console him.

"Really?"

"Of course! Tell me what you want. It can be in cash too! You are a big boy now, so you can get anything you want."

"You are the best, Sha!"

The two of them chatted away happily, leaving a frowning Solomon in the cold.

The man could not accept Lance's explanation wholeheartedly like Sasha. There was a lot to be suspicious about, and he wrecked his brain trying to find fault with the explanation.

Solomon could not believe a college kid who just arrived in the city knew how to make such calculated moves.

After Sasha closed her first successful deal in the financial industry, she immediately transferred all the money into Jackson's account.

When Lance saw that, he was concerned. "You gave everything to Uncle Jackson? Ain't you worried he would keep everything for himself?"

"No, I am not worried. I would not blame him, even if he really does that. I owe him too much."

Her voice was filled with deep sadness, and Lance got heavy-hearted, too.

When will she let go of this emotional burden?

He clenched his fist in agony for a long time before continuing, "But I heard his daughter's death was not your fault. She brought it upon herself! Why do you want to take responsibility for that?"

"How can I not take responsibility? She brought that upon herself, but she was the only child Uncle Jackson and Aunt Sharon had. How could I forgive myself, now that she is gone?"

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Sasha could finally pour her heart out to someone. Lance was the only family she had and the only one she could confide in.

He kept quiet, but his eyes had dulled considerably.

He did not understand why she had to do it, and he did not want to understand. If he accepted that reasoning, the rift between them would become greater. Then all hope would be lost.

Lance finally went back into his room and stayed inside the entire night.

Sasha was not worried. She reasoned he needed the rest after the exhausting two days.

Solomon was happy Lance was absent. When he heard the latter was still asleep, he invited Sasha out for breakfast.

"Lance may still be sleeping. Let's have our breakfast first. We can bring some food for him on our way back," he proposed.

After some hesitation, Sasha agreed. Solomon finally got to go on a date with her. Alone.

Of course, it was just wishful thinking on his part.

"What are your plans now that you have clinched your first deal? Although Andy was deterred by the sniper Lance hired yesterday, I worry he might still come after you."

"I think so too." Sasha frowned as she looked up from her plate of food.

She had the same concern, but unfortunately, she had yet to come up with a solution. After all, Wall Street was Andy's territory. It wouldn't be easy to avoid him since he had absolute advantage.

Solomon was pleased to hear that she shared his concern. "Why don't we head back to Clear? You have made a name for yourself with this Sky Precision deal, so I am sure prospective clients will come knocking at your door soon."

He prayed hard that she would agree to leave with him because he felt the place had become too dangerous for them to stay on. Moreover, he wished she was closer to him, so he could meet her every day.

To his disappointment, she disagreed.

"No, here is a better place for work. I'll think of a way to deal with Andy," she replied cautiously, then went back to eating her breakfast.

Solomon was in no position to insist, so he left it as it was.

Midway through their breakfast, Sasha's phone rang, and she picked the call. "Good morning. Who is that speaking?"

"Good morning, Ms. Nancy. Are you alright? Why aren't you at work yet? You are already an hour late."

"What?" Sasha could not believe her ears. She thought it was a misdirected call.

"Ms. Nancy, please hurry back to the office. Mr. Andy has an important assignment for you."

Pfftt!

Sasha was so shocked that she spat her coffee.

Sebastian was back in Avenport. The first thing he did was to rush to the hospital.

"What happened? Why is Matteo sick again?"

"I have no idea. During your absence, they stayed at the Hayes residence. Maybe Mr. Hayes Sr. was too obliging, and they overindulged themselves," Luke explained as he drove them to the hospital.

Frederick brought the children to stay with him because he was worried that they wouldn't be properly cared for in Frontier Bay in his son's absence.

Sebastian could only frown in silence.

Twenty minutes later, they arrived at the People's Hospital.

Before he could reach the ward, Sebastian saw a woman carrying Matteo and making her way out of the hospital.

"Roxanne? What are you doing here? Why are you carrying Matteo?"

When Roxanne saw it was Sebastian, her face lit up as she hurried over with the child. "You are back, Sebastian! This hospital sucks. I brought your son here for treatment, but they can't even handle a simple case of fungi poisoning," she complained.

Luke, who was next to Sebastian, pleaded, "Ms. Rocke, you must be kidding. I am sure such a big hospital can manage his illness. I hope you are not trying to sneak him out. He is sick, so please leave him alone."

It was strange that Luke was pleading with Roxanne, but Sebastian wasn't in the mood to probe into it. Frowning, he strode over and took the child from her arms.

"Matteo?"

"Daddy, you are back..."

The limp little body was burning hot. It shocked and pained Sebastian to hear the lifelessness in his baby's voice.

His face fell as he hurriedly brought the child back into the hospital.

The doctor started complaining the moment he saw them. "Mr. Hayes, Matteo is suffering from gastroenteritis, but this lady wants to take him away from our hospital. She insists that we're not qualified."