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"What do you mean they aren't asking for too much? The Wand family and the Hayes are no longer related, so it would be unfair to Roxanne if I were to give that woman a chance to get near me!"

"Huh?" Wendy was completely taken aback by his response.

Give her a chance? How could he say that? Has he forgotten how he used to treasure her like she meant the world to him? The others may not be aware, but I know that very well!

However, she quickly understood why when she saw the cold and indifferent look in his eyes.

Oh, right... Of course... Mr. Hayes has already forgotten all about their past... His memories of her have been erased, so there's no way he would care about her!

Wendy could only let out a sigh as she watched Sebastian walk away.

The next morning, Matteo and Ian looked listless after waking up as they were still upset about last night.

Wendy could only try to comfort them when she saw that. "Come on, cheer up! Since your daddy is off work today, I'll have him take you boys out to the amusement park, okay?"

"No!" Neither Matteo nor Ian wanted anything to do with Sebastian at the time.

With no better alternative, Wendy could only carry on with her work while the two played in the hanging garden on the second floor.

To her surprise, she heard the boys screaming excitedly moments later, "It's Mommy and Vivi! Look! They're here!"

"Yeah! Over here, Mommy!"

Standing by the fence of the hanging garden, lan waved at the white car that was pulling up into the driveway below.

Sasha had driven here in a brand new car she bought after making up her mind the night before.

She rolled the windows down when she saw the two boys shouting excitedly and called out to Vivian who was in the child car seat, "Look, Vivi! Your brothers are welcoming you!"

"Really?"

Vivian was preparing the breakfast that she had brought them and stuck her head out the window when she heard that.

"Matt! Ian! Come on downstairs! I brought you two a lot of tasty treats!"

"Yay!"

Just like that, the two boys who felt depressed moments ago came running downstairs happily in a heartbeat.

A few minutes later, all four of them were standing by the front door, and Wendy hurried over to let them in.

"Long time no see, Ms. Wand! What brings you here so early in the morning?"

Wendy was delighted about Sasha coming over, and her eyes lit up with joy when she saw her at the door.

Sasha took a glance inside the villa and said awkwardly, "Yeah, about that... The renovations are officially completed for my house, so I was hoping to bring these boys home. I'm not sure if that's okay with their daddy, though..."

"Ah, I'm afraid I can't make that decision for Mr. Hayes. How about you ask him yourself?" Wendy said while pointing at the third floor.

So he really is still at home!

Sasha felt her heart skip a beat from joy, and she quickly adjusted her dress as she said, "Matteo, Ian, you two look after your sister, okay? Mommy's going to have a talk with Daddy."

"Okay!"

Are you kidding me? Our silly Mommy is finally taking the initiative! This is such a miracle! All the best, Mommy! You can do it!

The triplets nodded profusely in unison and watched as Sasha entered the fancy villa that she had left for almost half a year.

The interior was mostly unchanged, and the huge chandelier hanging from the ceiling gave it an extravagant look even during the day. The spotless glass windows and the milky white couch gave off a warm glow in contrast to the icy-cold tiles, which added on to that luxurious vibe.

I remember this place like it was yesterday...

Sebastian wasn't the type who spends every waking hour working. Whenever he had the time, he would stay home on Sundays to spend time with his kids.

Sasha went straight to the third floor and saw his bedroom door still tightly shut.

For a brief moment, she spaced out and had a flashback of the time Sebastian had kidnapped her from Clear and brought her here.

The two of them were truly at loggerheads with each other back then. Although that was no longer the case, it still felt like they were back where they started.

Sasha took a deep breath to recompose herself and knocked on the door.

Knock! Knock! Knock!

The clear sound of her knocking sounded as clear as a bell and could be heard throughout the entire floor that was in complete silence.

After about a few minutes, she heard a rustling noise coming from inside the room.

"Who is it?"

Sebastian's familiar-sounding deep voice could be heard as he asked in annoyance while opening the door, making Sasha a lot more nervous.

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"Who lets you—" Sebastian stopped abruptly.

Indeed, he was furious. He had not gotten much sleep, and it was dawn when he was finally about to doze off. However, he had barely closed his eyes when he heard a knock on the door.

The sight of the woman at his door made him stop mid-sentence.

"Hi, it's been a while. Oh, did I wake you up? I'm sorry. I came to look for you because... I wanted to ask you, may I take Matteo and Little Ian to the Wand family's residence today? I... I'm moving in today," Sasha said nervously, her palms sweaty.

The moment he opened the door and glared at her like he was about to eat her alive, she felt a shiver run down her spine.

Is he angry that I'm here? No, even if he is angry, I can't back down. I've got to persist. Only then will I stand a chance.

Sasha swallowed hard. "Also, I'd like to invite y-you to... join us. Is that okay?"

She put aside her pride, something she had never done before, and looked at him cautiously with wide eyes. She looked like a well-behaved kitten waiting to be petted.

Sebastian narrowed his eyes.

For a split second, he was about to relent.

He had never seen her like that nor heard her try to be nice to him before. As far as he could remember, they were like two prickly hedgehogs and as stubborn as rocks when they were together. They just rubbed each other the wrong way.

So what's she up to now? The Wand family has risen from the ashes, and she has achieved her goal. Does she feel that something is missing in her life if the kids aren't with her?

Instantly, the emotional turbulence raging within him subsided. It was like he turned into a completely different person.

"Ms. Wand, are you perhaps confused? Do we still have any form of relationship?" he asked coldly.

"Huh?" Sasha felt like she was struck by lightning.

"Why should I go to your house? I already have a fiancée, so we should keep our distance. Or do you want my fiancée to misunderstand?" he retorted. His harsh words showed his disapproval of what she had said and his protectiveness over his fiancée.

Sasha was dumbfounded.

She could not believe he would tell her off like that and that he would be so protective of Roxanne.

Did he really lose his memory? Otherwise, why would he say such mean things? Doesn't he know that it'll hurt my feelings?

Sasha's eyes reddened. "No. You... Why are you..." she stammered.

"What about me? Sasha Wand, the fact that I didn't stop you from seeing the kids was my way of showing you mercy. I hope you won't try to take things too far. Otherwise, don't blame me if you don't even get to see the kids!" he snapped.

With that, he slammed the door shut with a loud bang.

Sasha gaped.

Something seemed to snap in her, and tears began to stream down her cheeks.

It's not like that. That's not what I meant. Can't you see that I'm back?

Sasha had never been so heartbroken.

That day, Sasha took the two kids back with her.

After that, she did not return to Frontier Bay, nor did she visit the Hayes residence. It was as if she had disappeared off the face of the earth.

Because of that, Frederick was furious.

"You brat, did you say something to her? Why hasn't she been here? Don't you know that I miss my beloved granddaughter?" he asked Sebastian angrily, having gone all the way to Sebastian's office to ask him that.

Sebastian sat in his office. Before him was a pile of documents to go through, and on his computer were a ton of emails waiting for him to reply. He looked grim and emanated a chilling aura. When he heard what Frederick had come to say, he flung his pen onto his desk.

"If you want to see her, then go and look for her. Why are you here? Why is it my fault? Do you think I have so much free time?" Sebastian snapped.

Frederick was speechless.

After a while, he waved a finger at Sebastian and growled, "If it isn't your fault, then do you think it's mine? She hasn't been back since she went to your place that day. Who knows what you said to her?"

Sebastian stared at him wordlessly. Just as he felt the urge to grab something and smash it, Frederick's phone rang.

"Hello? What is it, Tim?" Frederick said.

"Mr. Hayes, I've located Ms. Wand. She's in Adonia contacting the Wand family's previous clients. It was Mr. Brandon who informed me about it."

"Brandon?" Frederick repeated, raising his voice. "Why would he know where she is?"

Tim replied, "That's because he's with Ms. Wand. He's helping her with contacting the clients since he's familiar with that area."

Frederick breathed a sigh of relief when he heard that. "Okay, call Brandon and tell him to take good care of Sasha. Let me know if anything comes up."

Then, Frederick hung up the call. Without even looking at Sebastian, he left with a grin on his face.

Sebastian pressed his knuckles together.

Unable to control his emotions any longer, he swept everything off his desk.

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Sasha was indeed in Adonia at that moment.

Now that she had revived Wand Enterprise, she wanted to get it off the ground as soon as possible. The best way to do that was to get in touch with their previous clients and convince them to do business with Wand Enterprise once again.

And there were many old clients in Adonia that used to make large orders from them.

"I have to give it to you. I can't believe you came looking for me after you found out that I was filming here," Brandon said.

He could not help feeling pleased about becoming her guide.

But that was how he always was. He acted like Sasha was nothing but trouble every time she came looking for him. He would either end up being beaten or something similarly miserable.

However, whenever she needed his help, he was still eagerly at her beck and call.

Sasha knew it too, which was why she felt rather uncomfortable when she saw the pleased look on his face.

"What choice did I have? I only have one friend, and that's you. Oh, let's eat after going to Gerrain Enterprise. I'll treat you to a feast, okay?" said Sasha.

"Sure! I want to go to the grandest restaurant here and order to my heart's content. Do you have any problem with that?" he replied mischievously, leaning toward her and blowing gently on her ear.

"Get lost!" Sasha exclaimed.

His breath tickling her ear gave her goosebumps and she reached out to push him away.

Ten minutes later, they arrived at Gerrain Enterprise.

Since Gerrain Enterprise was doing quite well, it would be a great help to Sasha if they agreed to work with Wand Enterprise once again.

When they met with the owner of Gerrain Enterprise, Sasha placed the gifts she had brought on his desk and said, "Mr. Lovano, let me cut to the chase. It was thanks to your support that Wand Enterprise enjoyed the success it had all those years ago. Now that Wand Enterprise has resumed operations, if you'd be so kind as to give us a chance, I promise to offer you factory prices on all our products. What do you say?"

"Factory price?" Travis Lovano echoed. He smiled before continuing, "Young lady, how old are you? Are you over twenty years old? Do you know what it means when you offer factory prices?"

Sasha fell silent. Doesn't he believe me?

She glanced at her clothes, slightly regretting that she had dressed casually in a plain pair of jeans and a T-shirt.

"Of course. It would mean that we won't be earning a profit. However, if you order from us, those old clients of ours would surely follow suit. Since I'll be using you as a walking billboard, what more could I ask for?" Sasha explained smoothly without a trace of panic.

Travis was stunned. He had not expected her to be so frank. She's Rufus' daughter, isn't she? It looks like she has pluck and brains.

In the end, Travis agreed, but on one condition. He was meeting a client that night, and the client was a notoriously tough nut to crack. Travis had been trying to close a deal with him for the longest time. If Sasha could help him seal the deal, he would sign a contract with Wand Enterprise.

"Isn't he just making things difficult?" Brandon glowered when he heard that.

Sasha was also unhappy about it. However, she knew that if she wanted Travis to partner with the Wand family, she had no choice but to endure it.

Therefore, she agreed to Travis' condition.

Once they came out of Gerrain Enterprise, Brandon could not hold in his anger anymore and scolded Sasha. "Why did you have to agree to it? He couldn't even handle it himself, but now he's asking you to do it. Isn't it clear that he's finding a way to turn you down?"

"So what? At least he gave me a chance. I'm not my father, so I should thank my lucky stars that he didn't chase me out of his office right away," Sasha explained with a frown. Although Travis' request left her feeling somewhat helpless, she could understand why he did so.

After hearing her say that, what else could Brandon say?

They decided to stay at a hotel until Travis sent them the information on where to meet that night.

And because Travis remarked that Sasha's outfit made her look like she was playing house, Brandon purposely went out in the afternoon and bought her a new dress.

Sasha was speechless when she saw it.

She did not know how to express her gratitude. All she could do was change into the dress obediently.

Brandon was dazed when he saw her in it.

"All right, I'm ready. Let's go then," Sasha said after she had changed and saw that Travis had sent her a message. She picked up her handbag and prepared to leave.

Golden Gate Club? What sort of place is that? Is it a hotel?

She had walked out of the hotel and hailed a taxi when she saw Brandon rushing up with something in his hand.

"What's that?" she asked.

"A scarf, of course. It goes with the dress. Well, hurry up and put it on," Brandon said.

Without waiting for an answer, he draped the white scarf over her bare shoulders.

A scarf? Is that necessary? Why do I have a bad feeling?

She looked warily at the scarf and the dress she was wearing.

However, the taxi was waiting for them, so she had no choice but to go along with it. They got into the taxi, and she said to the driver, "The Golden Gate Club, please."

"Okay," the driver answered.

Then, the taxi sped off.

Golden Gate Club was a famous nightclub located in the eastern part of the city. The place would come alive after dark and was one of the hottest spots for the wealthy.

Once Brandon got down from the taxi and took a look at the nightclub, his handsome face paled, and he looked ready to kill someone!

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"Look at this place! Do you still dare to go in?" Brandon asked.

Sasha was silent, her face pale. But since I'm already here, I can't back out. I'll go in and take a look. If it's too much, then I'll leave.

Lifting her skirt slightly so that she would not step on it, she walked into the club, her heels clicking on the floor.

With her graceful gait and simple makeup that highlighted her features, she looked just like a flower in full bloom. As soon as she stepped into the nightclub, all eyes fell on her.

"Is this the newest arrival at Golden Gate Club?" someone remarked.

"Looks like it. Someone like her is a breath of fresh air. She's much better than the uncouth ones around here," another person said.

"Right? Quick, let's go and ask the boss," the first person replied.

Then, those men who could not wait to strip the clothes off Sasha's body hurried off to look for the nightclub's boss.

Sasha was oblivious to it all.

She had no idea that the dress Brandon got her would cause so much trouble.

Brandon was someone in the entertainment industry where the women jostled for attention by making every effort to dress up. And because of their influence, he had chosen that dress for Sasha.

Soon after they entered the nightclub, Sasha found the private room Travis had mentioned in his message.

"I'm here, Mr. Lozano," she said as she walked in.

The smell of alcohol hung in the air of the dimly lit private room, and the atmosphere made one feel uneasy. As soon as Sasha walked in, she saw several coquettish ladies seated on the couch, and they were pressing their bodies up against a man.

"Ah, Sasha. Come in. Let me introduce you to Frank Wheatley. He's one of our most prominent businessmen around here," Travis said.

Travis had looked up when he heard Sasha's voice, and his eyes lit up immediately. Well, well. She's gorgeous once she dresses up.

Frank also turned to look at Sasha. She wore a pearl white dress that showed off her slim waist, making her look tall and slender. With her fair skin, delicate features, and sparkling eyes, she looked absolutely breathtaking.

Frank's eyes widened, and he immediately pushed aside the women next to him. Where did such an ethereal beauty come from? Is she even human?

When Sasha saw that, she instantly felt a hint of disgust.

"Mr. Wheatley," she greeted.

"Pretty lady, come over here and let me take a good look at you. Tsk tsk, Travis, where did you find someone like her? She's so much better than any of these other ones," Frank said.

Sasha did not expect him to utter such perverse words and lunge toward her.

The color drained from her face, and she took a few steps backward.

At that moment, Brandon stepped in front of Sasha. "What's going on? Mr. Lozano, is this the client you mentioned? Do you have a death wish?" he demanded, raising his leg and aiming a kick at the disgusting bastard.

When Travis saw that, he guickly pulled Frank back.

"Mr. Wheatley, you're mistaken. She's not one of the girls here. She's Sasha Wand, and she's a friend of mine. I invited her here tonight to hang out with us," Travis explained.

"A friend?" When Frank heard that, he glanced at Sasha a trifle sadly and had no choice but to suppress his urges.

Sasha could not bear to stay in the room any longer. She had not expected that the person Travis wanted her help with was someone so disgusting that she felt like throwing up. Nonetheless, when she thought about her family, she forced herself to put up with it.

"That's right, Mr. Wheatley. I'm a friend of Mr. Lozano's. I heard that you're a very successful businessman. Would you consider giving Mr. Lozano a chance? Gerrain Enterprise is one of the best," said Sasha.

"So you're here to broker a deal," Frank replied.

The plump jerk! He figured it out immediately. Oh well, so be it. I won't have to beat around the bush then.

Sasha nodded. "I wouldn't go so far as to say that. A nobody like me wouldn't have the right to do so. Rather, I'm here to analyze the situation for you so that you can see how much benefits you'll gain by working with Gerrain Enterprise."

"Such as?" Frank asked.

"For example, if you work with Mr. Lozano, I can find a way to sell the futures that you've tried to get rid of for so long. Oh, you haven't gotten a single cent from the bonds you got from those other companies, have you? I can help you with that too," Sasha replied with a calm and polite smile in her eyes.

Frank's expression changed. How does she know about all that? No, that's not important. What's more important is that she says she has a solution. How is she going to do that?

Despite the fact that she was not over twenty years old, Frank began to take her seriously.

"You're not just full of hot air, are you? I've asked many experienced people about that, but I still haven't been able to find a solution. How is a young lady like you going to handle it?" he asked.

"By relying on the same skills that allowed me to work on Wall Street and achieve a record of one billion in orders. Mr. Wheatley, is that enough?" Sasha answered.

Everyone was shocked.

There was complete silence in the private room.

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In the end, Sasha managed to help Travis in closing the deal with Frank.

And once the filthy rich Frank found out who she was, he even signed a contract with her worth over tens of millions.

It was an unexpected windfall.

Overcome with emotions, Sasha went over to the two men and raised her glass. "Mr. Wheatley, Mr. Lozano, here's to you!"

"All right, come on. Cheers!" the two men chorused.

With business out of the way, a beautiful lady before them, and the fact that they were there to have a good time, there was no reason to reject a toast. Therefore, they proceeded to drink to their heart's content.

When Sebastian kicked open the door to the private room, they were drinking merrily. As for Sasha, after a few glasses of wine, she had taken the initiative to sit down next to Frank.

The door flew open with a loud bang, and everyone in the private room turned to stare at Sebastian, wine glasses in hand.

What's going on? Why is he here? Sasha's mind went blank for a moment.

Brandon was also shocked. He stared at Sebastian in disbelief, suspecting that his eyes were playing tricks on him. What a coincidence! Is he here for business too?

It was deadly silent in the private room that one could hear a pin drop.

"Who is he? How did he barge in? Waiter! Is this how you do your job? Are you thinking of closing down by letting this sort of riff-raff in?" Frank demanded, launching into a tirade once he recovered from the shock.

Sasha jolted back to her senses, but it was too late. Sebastian had kicked open the door looking worried and anxious. However, the moment he laid eyes on the scene in the private room, his gaze darkened, and he saw red. Then, he turned on his heel and left.

No!

Without a second thought, Sasha tossed aside the glass in her hand and picked up her skirt. As she hurried after Sebastian, she called out, "Sebastian, wait! Sebastian!"

She ran as fast as she could, but he was even faster.

He strode away quickly as if he was escaping from something disgusting and detestable. His gaze was cold and filled with abhorrence. It did not take him long to go down to the second floor.

When Sasha saw that, she became frantic.

"Sebastian, listen to me. It's not what you think it is." She took off her shoes hastily, worried that she would not be able to catch up and that we would disappear before her very eyes.

She never would have guessed that this would happen.

The last time she saw him, he had brushed her off so coldly that all hope had vanished. That was why when she saw him kick open the door, she felt as though she had been struck by lightning.

Did he think that I was getting bullied? Is that why he showed up at that very moment? If that's true, then does that mean despite his coldness, he has been secretly keeping an eye on me? It's just like in Moranta when our relationship was falling apart. I said some very mean things, but he still arranged for someone to stay by my side.

Sasha saw Sebastian about to exit the nightclub. Anxious to catch up to him, she tried to take longer strides as she descended the stairs.

However, the dress that Brandon bought for her was much too long. And especially since she had taken off her heels.

As she took a step forward, she tripped over the hem of her skirt and lost her balance, tumbling down the stairs.

"Sasha!" Brandon's voice shouted from behind her.

Is she crazy? He's gone, so what's the point of chasing after him? Doesn't she remember how he treated her?

Brandon rushed toward her, his face pale with worry.

At the same time, the others in the club stopped what they were doing and turned to stare in surprise.

Once he was at her side, he helped her up. "How are you feeling? Are you okay? Did you hurt yourself?" he asked anxiously. Although she had made her way halfway down the flight of stairs before tripping, she had still fallen from a height and could well have gotten hurt.

However, what infuriated Brandon the most was even after helping her up and seeing the injuries on her palms and face, she did not pay the slightest attention to them. Instead, she gazed at the doors to the club with tears in her eyes and said, "He's gone..."

Brandon was dumbstruck.

He was about to tell her off harshly when they saw a tall, slender figure pacing in front of the doors.

"Oh, look! Look, he's back! Sebastian, don't go. I can explain."

Although she had just been crying a second ago, she immediately brightened up and smiled. She tried to get up, but as soon as she made a slight movement, she flinched from the pain and sank back down to the floor.

"Ouch—" she groaned.

"Why are you trying to get up? Don't you know the state you're in?" Branded snapped.