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"Initially, I wanted to bring all of you to Miralaea. It's a conducive environment for the children. However, seeing that your dad is still not released from prison, I got my friend to book the pilot and the private jet first. Once he is free, we will all go together. Do you understand the situation now?"

Sasha was stumped.

He had even thought of her dad.

Everything finally made sense to Sasha. She was overcome with euphoria and excitement. Looking at him through her teary eyes, she nodded.

"Yes."

"So let's stop this nonsense, shall we? Come home with me. The children are about to finish their school now."

Sebastian lifted her chin gently and wiped off her tears.

"Okay," Sasha responded obediently and then stood up.

"Ouch..."

However, she experienced a sharp pain in her feet and fell to the ground again.

Sebastian squatted down in front of her immediately.

Once again, he was in awe of her level of intelligence.

"You came out wearing these?"

"Yes..."

Embarrassment crept up on Sasha's face, and she turned her head away.

In truth, when her skirt was lifted to reveal the clogs that she had been wearing, she had unwittingly exposed her foolishness.

In the end, Sebastian had no choice but to piggyback her to the car.

They walked along the quiet road as the evening sun began to set. Their shadows resembled the long strokes of an artist.

Sasha could not help but feel an intense burst of joy as she lay on his back with her ankles dangling about.

This was the first time he had ever carried her on his back.

"You like it?"

"Yes."

Sasha answered so softly and unbeknownst to him, she blushed.

Sebastian found it amusing.

Yet, his heart had gone mushy at the sound of her response. That had never ever happened before.

"Okay."

One word and that was his promise to her.

What promise?

The promise is that this will always be where you belong for as long as you want it to be.

Always.

That night, after the two of them had made their feelings known to one another, they spent the entire night making love.

Thereafter, Sasha fell into a deep sleep.

The following day when Sasha woke up, Sebastian had already sent the children to school.

She moved her aching body around and was about to get out of bed when her eyes fell on her bag.

For a moment, her good mood dissipated.

She had forgotten all about the two hot potatoes.

What should I do with them now?

It was obvious that Sebastian would not want her to get involved in that matter anymore. Since he had decided to take all of them away from here, that pretty much summed up his stand.

So what am I supposed to do with these two items now?

Return them to Frederick?

No. If I give them back; then, it's as good as giving Hayes Corporation to Solomon.

Sasha did not wish to see such an outcome. After much thought, she decided to phone Sabrina.

"Hello, Sabrina. It's me."

"What's wrong? Your man doesn't want you anymore? Don't worry. Life will still go on even without a man."

A typical phone call with Sabrina would never involve any nice words from her end. Instead, she would be loud and straightforward. Most people would have lost their tempers with her after a couple of minutes of conversation.

Sasha controlled herself.

"No, nothing like that. I just want to let you know that your father has given me those things."

"What did you say?"

Sabrina's voice had gone even louder than before. "My father gave you those things? How is that possible? Are you dreaming?"

"No. If you don't believe me, I can show you some photos."

Sasha laid out the seal and Frederick's ID. She then took a photo and sent it to Sabrina.

A few seconds later, Sabrina went berserk!

"What the f*ck! Is this for real? Is my father all right? Why would he give these to you? Is he getting senile?"

Sasha kept quiet.

To be honest, she shared the same sentiments as Sabrina.

Anyhow, the most important thing right now would be to deal with the two items.

Sasha said patiently, "Now that you know for sure that I have them, what should we do about them?"

"Are you kidding me? Of course, they're yours to keep."

"No! I can't have them in my possession now!"

"Why not?"

"Yesterday, your brother has told me that he wants to take me and get away from here. He doesn't want to have anything more to do with Hayes Corporation."

"F*ck!"

Another vulgarity escaped from Sabrina's mouth.

Blo*dy h*ll! The moment this woman becomes lovey-dovey with my brother again, she forgets all about me!

Sabrina had no other option. After a few seconds of silence, she asked, "So what do we do now? Do we just let that bast*rd take everything away from us?"

"If you don't wish to see that happening, there's only one way out of this predicament."

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"What do you suggest?"

"I'll pass the items to you!" Sasha finally said after much consideration.

The moment Sabrina heard what Sasha said, her eyes bulged in surprise. "What did you say? Repeat yourself! You're passing the items to me?"

Sasha nodded her head. "Yes. Firstly, you are the eldest daughter of the Hayes family. Secondly, if your brother is unwilling to take over Hayes Corporation, you are the only other suitable candidate. After all, you've been in charge of running Hayes Corporation before."

"But..."

"All right, no more buts. Let's meet at Central Square. We'll talk when we meet." Sasha hung up the phone after that, not giving Sabrina any opportunity to voice her objection. Sometimes people like her need to be pushed.

Sasha packed the items and left her house shortly.

Before she left, she sent a text message to tell Sebastian she had gone to the office.

The text message got Sebastian thinking.

"Mr. Hayes, you asked me to look into where Madam went yesterday. I've got the information now. After she left her house, she went to the Hayes Residence, before paying a visit to Chester Nursing Home."

Sebastian was silent. Chester Nursing Home?

He cast a glance at Karl, who was speaking to him from outside his car. Isn't that the place where Dad is staying? What was Sasha doing there? Was she looking for Dad? Why did she go and see him?

Sebastian's face darkened.

Although he did not get angry with Sasha for what happened at the memorial hall, he undoubtedly did not want her to have any further dealings with anyone from the Hayes family, especially not with his father. "Did you find out why she was there?"

"No. The security was too tight. But it looked like the visit ended with her being chased out of the place."

"Chased out?" Sebastian, whose face was already clouded over with unhappiness, seemed taken aback by that last piece of information.

Karl nodded his head earnestly. "Yes. I was told that she was ranting and raving on her way out, seemingly unwilling to leave."

Sebastian was lost for words. Have I misunderstood her? When I found her yesterday, she was weeping and asking me if I hate her for the scolding I received over what happened in the memorial hall. But I hadn't told her what had happened in the memorial hall. That means that she must have found out about it from someone and went to confront Dad about it. I've always known that Sasha will not allow me to suffer in silence. What a silly girl!

Sebastian felt guilt-stricken at this realization.

All the gloom and frustration that had been hanging over him dissipated as if there was a ray of sunlight shining through the clouds. "I see. You can stop

following her for now. Send people to get things in Miralaea in order first. Make sure the school and our accommodation are ready."

"Yes, Mr. Hayes." Karl set to work immediately after receiving the instruction. Truth be told, even though this boss of mine is no longer running Hayes Corporation, he will always be an authoritative figure, calling the shots wherever he goes.

Sasha arrived at Central Square.

They had met at the same cafe before. But it was different this time because both of them had toned down their dressing in order not to attract any attention to themselves.

"Have you got the stuff? Let me see them," Sabrina, who was wearing a cap, asked Sasha the moment they sat down in the cafe.

Sasha took out Frederick's seal and ID from her bag.

This is unbelievable. We failed miserably when we tried to steal these from Dad. Now he has actually handed them over willingly? Sabrina looked at the items for a long time. "Damn it, these are real!"

Sasha did not speak. Casting a glance at the quirky woman sitting opposite her, she picked up her cup and took a sip of coffee. "Now that you've verified these items are real, what's your take on my idea?"

"I..." Sabrina suddenly seemed hesitant.

Truth be told, with Sabrina's capability, once she got hold of the twenty percent shares, she would be above Solomon.

But one thing everyone seemed to have overlooked was that as the eldest daughter of the Hayes family, she had never held any shares in Hayes Corporation.

Why is that so?

A wave of sadness swept over Sabrina's face as she looked down and stirred her coffee with her spoon for what seemed like a long time. Finally, she said, "Dad will never agree to it."

"Why? Aren't you his daughter?"

"Yes, but in my younger days, I dabbled in something that I shouldn't have touched. At that time, Dad told me that I had lost my right to inheritance for good." Sabrina had never sounded gloomier as she spilled her secret to Sasha.

Sasha was dumbfounded. Something she shouldn't have touched? I've never heard anything about this. What could it have been to push Frederick to mete out such a severe penalty?

Sasha's curiosity was piqued. She asked cautiously, "What... was it? Can you share with me what happened?"

Sabrina, who was known for her bad temper, was on the brink of yelling back at Sasha.