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Sasha was bemused by her son's mischief. Nevertheless, she still headed out with Solomon as the man had promised to show her a couple of books that might be helpful. Her mind was now occupied with getting Ian back. In Frontier Bay, a man was waiting impatiently for Sasha. Luke was pacing anxiously downstairs as his boss sat in the living hall, brewing up a perilous windstorm. "So? Have you found her?" "Not yet, Mr. Scott. We went to her Aunt Sharon's house twice and waited outside for a long while. But there was no sign of her. Maybe she didn't return there?" the weary bodyguards reported what they had been doing all night to Luke. Luke did consider that possibility as he was told that Sasha and Sebastian had such a bad row in the afternoon that she had pushed Berta onto the floor. *Argh!* Luke's head was pounding. Seeing as it was getting late and his boss' eyes were still menacingly wide open, Luke decided to do another round of searching himself.

His phone rang just as he was about to head out the door. "Hello?" "Mr. Scott, I finally have the location of Ms. Wand. She came out of Old Town in a BMW X5 and went to Prime Cloud Corporation," the bodyguard reported from the other end of the line. "Did you just say Prime Cloud Corporation?" Fearing he might have misheard, Luke had to double confirm. *The Prime Cloud Corporation across the road from Hayes Corporation? Isn't that the fast-growing electronics and infotech company that has started to attract our attention of late? What's her business going over there?*

"Are you absolutely positive? What's she doing over there?" Luke was still trying to wrap his head around this unexpected turn of events. "I'm not sure as to why she's there, Mr. Scott. But someone snapped a picture," the bodyguard said while sending the said photo over to Luke's phone. Hanging up the call, Luke inspected the photo carefully. It was indeed a photo taken discreetly in front of the Prime Cloud Corporation building. It would appear that Sasha was being led into the lobby by a bespectacled young man with a briefcase. *She has gone mad! Instead of coming here to treat Mr. Hayes, she followed a man into Hayes Corporation's rival company. What is she thinking! Doesn't she realize what kind of trouble she's getting herself into?* Luke enlarged the picture to take a better look at the man, and when it dawned on him who the person was, he almost choked from his gasp.

My goodness! This is so getting out of hand. "Luke, what are you doing over there? Have you found that damned woman?" Sebastian barked at Luke as there was still no news of Sasha's whereabouts. His patience was running thin, and his bloodshot eyes were still wide open. Luke felt his legs turn wobbly at the thought of what he was about to tell his boss.

Nevertheless, there was no escaping from what needed to be done. With great effort, Luke brought himself to Sebastian and selected his words carefully. "Mr. Hayes, we have found

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Ma... I mean, Ms. Wand. But um, she went to another place." "Another place?" The man's head started aching upon hearing that. His expression turned frightening when he spoke, "Who says she can be elsewhere at this hour? Doesn't she know she should be here treating me?" *This man is so used to getting his way he's practically tyrannical. Madam only voluntarily visited once to treat him, but now, she's become his personal doctor and not allowed to have her own life.* Luke could no longer contain himself and blurted out, "Mr. Hayes, Ms. Wand has no obligation in treating you. The only reason she came here last time was so that she could spend some time with Mr. Ian. Now that Ms. Green has returned, it's only normal that Ms. Wand wants to keep her distance."

"What did you just say?" Sebastian's voice was becoming more terrorizing with each word he uttered. The tension in the living room was palpable. Sensing his boss was about to erupt like a volcano, Luke almost jumped out of his skin. He then decided to hand over his phone with a trembling hand and let Sebastian decipher the meaning of the picture by himself. After which, he left the splash zone as quickly as his wobbly legs could take him. The temperature in the living room immediately dropped to sub-zero; everyone and everything was frozen still in a split second. It was so quiet one could hear a pin drop to the floor.

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It was hours later when Sasha finally came home. She checked her phone and saw about a dozen missed calls from Luke. *Ah! I have totally forgotten to go over to Frontier Bay tonight to treat Sebastian.* When Sasha was at Solomon's place, he not only showed her the references from law books but also explained to her in detail the methods one could use to gather court-admissible evidence. She had immersed herself in listening to Solomon's explanation of the relevant legal proceedings and forgotten about Frontier Bay. *Should I still head over now?* The momentary thought entered her mind.

But it soon disappeared as she recalled what had happened during the day. *Well, I still have some self-respect. Since that scum was willing to hurl all sorts of insults in my face for that phony woman, why should I care if he is suffering!* At that thought, Sasha decided to just wash up and go to bed with her children. The night passed peacefully. The next morning, Sasha was about to make breakfast for the kids when she received another call from Luke. "Madam, Mr. Ian is sick" "What! How did he get sick? He was still fine yesterday!" Sasha panicked and dropped everything she was doing before walking over to her balcony. On the other side of the line, Luke covered his mouth and lowered his voice as though he was afraid of being caught making the phone call. "He stayed up all night waiting for you to come over. When you didn't show up, he started to play chess by himself. You know how fragile his body is. He must have caught a cold. Mr. Hayes is getting ready to take him to the hospital."

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"Oh my..." Sasha felt light-headed and started faltering. Her heart wrenched in pain as a pang of guilt surged in her chest. After hanging up the phone, she hurried back into the house. *What kind of mother am I! I told Ian that I love him and will do everything I can to make up to him. But instead of keeping my word, I was out doing my own thing and didn't even look after his wellbeing!* Sasha rushed to the living room as Matteo and Vivian had just gotten ready in their school uniforms. "Matt, Vivi, there's an emergency matter that I have to attend to. So, we're gonna have to grab a quick bite on our way to your preschool. Is that okay?" "Sure, Mommy. What's the matter?" Matteo agreed promptly. But his mother's apprehensive expression concerned him. Trying not to alarm the kids, Sasha simply replied, "Oh, it's just that the son of my patient has fallen ill, and I've got to take a look at him." *Ah! Ian is sick!* Both Matteo and Vivian were surprised by what they heard. Twenty minutes later, the siblings arrived at their preschool. As soon as their mother was out of sight, the two started to discuss what had happened. "

Matt, it sounds like Mommy was talking about Ian. Is he sick?" "I think so." Furrowing his little brows, Matteo seemed to be in deep thought. It was indeed his idea to get Solomon to come over last night and encourage his mother to go out with him. After witnessing how Sebastian had treated Sasha, Matteo thought it was only fair that his mother found someone who can protect her. He did not anticipate that Ian would fall sick as an indirect result of his plan. "He must have become ill because he didn't get to see Mommy. I'm telling you, Matt, if I don't get to see Mommy, I will probably fall sick too." Vivian attempted to analyze the situation like an adult in her childlike voice. Matteo fell silent upon hearing that. *Oh my gosh. What have I done now...* It was just before half-past eight when Sasha rushed over to Frontier Bay. She was panting breathlessly from the running. A thin film of sweat formed on her forehead, and her delicate, porcelain cheeks were turning pink. Despite that, she dared not stop since she was almost reaching her destination. "Little Ian, please be okay. It's all my fault! From now on, I will never abandon you. I promise." When Sasha finally arrived at Royal Court One, she was huffing and puffing with red-rimmed eyes. "Hold up there. Who are you? And do you think this is a place where anyone can just barge in like that?" The woman was thoroughly exhausted by then. She explained to the bodyguard in her frantic voice,

"Hi, I was here a few days ago. Please let me through. I need to take a look at Ian." "Ian? He's sick, and Mr. Hayes is looking after him in there. Wait, stop right there! You have no permission to enter. Hey!" the bodyguard was yelling after Sasha as she had pushed through him and dashed inside. *But what is Sasha doing here?* The moment she heard that her son was in the villa instead of being sent to the hospital, there was nothing that could stop her from seeing Ian. Indeed,

when Sasha finally reached the villa, she was met with a chaotic scene as opposed to the usually quiet and desolated space; some were packing for the trip to the hospital while others were preparing the medicine and making phone calls to the doctors. Sasha's heart

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sank at the frantic sight. She dashed inside and was already on her way upstairs when a person was hurrying down with a bowl in his hand. "Go get some saline solution. It's the doctor's order." She took another glance at the person with the bowl to realize that he was a bodyguard, who was now doubling as a medical assistant. *Saline solution? Please don't tell me he's got diarrhea and is now dehydrated.*

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Sasha panicked and dashed over in an instant. "Why are we using saline?" she demanded. "Why isn't he on a drip? What's going on?" She fired off one question after another without giving the bodyguard time to respond. Unbeknownst to her, Ian had an unusual lymphatic system whereby drips would actually do more harm than good. During the years when Sebastian cared for him, he had been erring on the side of caution. When Sasha threw open the door after she bounded up the stairs, the scene that greeted her was not what she expected. "Come on, another bite. When you've finished, you're in for a special treat." "Really, Daddy? Can she come back again?" pleaded the child. "Of course, my boy," answered Sebastian. He could not have been more different than his usual haughty and domineering self. Sasha watched as he patiently coaxed the squirming boy, who was doing his best to avoid the spoon. *Sebastian is actually a pretty good father.* Steeling herself, she entered the room and stood before him. "Let me do it. A jab will work better to stop the diarrhea." When Sebastian looked up at her, Sasha couldn't help but shudder. His eyes were filled with rage as if her intrusion greatly offended him. However, his son's health was the more pressing matter at hand, so he held his emotions back. As he placed the boy back onto the bed, his expression softened.

"Mr. Hayes, I..." one of the doctors started. "Leave us," he interrupted him sharply. "Let her do it." The doctors hurriedly cleared the room, not keen to be on the receiving end of his temper. Meanwhile, he watched intently as Sasha prepared the equipment. She could feel the intensity of his gaze drilling into the back of her skull. Not daring to look behind her, she clenched her fists to stop herself from trembling. But one look at the pale child steadied her nerves as she knew that the boy needed her. Taking a deep breath, she administered the dose and observed him. After twenty minutes, Ian looked much better. "Does it still hurt, Ian?" Sasha asked softly. "No, it doesn't." Ian shook his head as he lay in bed. Sasha sighed in relief. Bending over, she kissed his forehead and tucked his blanket in. "Now, Ian, you need to rest up, alright? I'll come back and visit you soon." Ian nodded, looking over her shoulder at his father. Sebastian approached her. "Anything else?" "Don't yell at her!" Ian sat up as though he sensed Sebastian's hostility earlier. Sasha followed Sebastian out of the room and up a flight of stairs, which took them to the third floor of the villa.

Then, he stopped and turned around to address her. "I'm going in for a bath. You coming?" A menacing glint flashed across his eyes as he stared at her. *What?* Sasha felt the flush crawl

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up her cheek and stumbled backward. "Oh, I—I don't think I will. You have a good shower. I'll wait for you out here," she mumbled, frantically searching for a way out of her embarrassment. Locating the door, she bolted out of there like a hare in a foxhunt. Sebastian watched her leave with a smirk across his thin lips before he entered the bathroom. Since Ian's condition improved, the doctors and guards were dismissed, and the villa quickly became quiet again, with only a few servants. Sasha came to the balcony on the third floor. As she gazed at the garden below, it seemed like an enticing place, so she went down and made herself comfortable on the patio while waiting for Sebastian. Right then, she received a text message. Solomon George: *Nancy, aren't you coming today?* Sasha: *Oh no! I'm so sorry.*

Something urgent came up in the morning, and I forgot to tell you. She only remembered that she was supposed to meet him at his office for a consultation on a legal matter when she saw the text message. Solomon's affable reply came soon. Solomon: *That's fine. We'll meet up when you're free. Just give me a call, and I'll come to pick you up.* Sasha: *Sure.* Soon after, she heard the sound of a door being opened from above. She looked up at the bedroom before entering the villa again. "Sebastian, have you finished your bath? Can we talk now?" Confronted with a closed door, she reiterated her request outside the room. Suddenly, the door opened from within, and Sebastian emerged, damp and naked except for the towel around his waist. *Good God!* Sasha's eyes widened in shock. Although she had three children with this man, she had never seen his body before!

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He was drugged that night, and the lights were switched off when he was trying to force himself on her, so she did not manage to catch a glimpse of his body. Sasha gulped. His damp torso glistened in the light, accentuating and flattering his shapely muscles. His Adam's apple bobbed as he spoke, but she did not hear a thing. She was too busy following the water droplets that trickled down his chin and onto his chest. "Are you done?" Sebastian said sharply. Sasha snapped out of her reverie. It suddenly dawned on her how long she had been salivating over him like a slab of meat.

She wished the ground would just swallow her up just to spare her the embarrassment. "You were... I just... I didn't mean to... I thought you were done, and I wanted to speak to you." She spluttered on in an attempt to explain herself, not daring to look up. Her porcelain face had reddened like a tomato by then. *Oh, come on. You're not that innocent. You're no stranger to flings and one-night stands. This isn't the first naked body of a man you've seen.* As she stood

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there deliberating with herself, Sebastian slammed the door shut in her face. Sometime later, he emerged fully dressed.

“Well? What was it that was so important?” he snapped. Sebastian straightened up and addressed her with a haughty glare. It was as if he had donned his familiar snarky persona along with that suit. His disdain permeated the corridor and suffocated her, robbing her of her confidence. Sasha took a deep breath and gulped. Bracing herself again, she blurted, “I would like to take care of Ian if that’s okay with you.” “Take care? What right do you have to do that? You are an unfit mother. You can have another kid with that adulterer and care for him!” The words were barely out of her mouth before she regretted uttering them. His remark stung, but her mind was whirring with something else. *Adulterer?* Instantly, her face became as white as a sheet. *Why did he say that all of a sudden? Was he stalking me?* Sasha’s embarrassment turned into indignation.

She glared at Sebastian. “Mr. Hayes, did you have me followed?” she asked, barely suppressing the rage in her voice. “Follow you? Ms. Wand, you overestimate your importance. I do not need to do that. I know everything that goes on around here.” he sneered at her, looking as evil as the Devil himself. Sasha was stumped. This was his territory, so of course he had eyes everywhere. *But why did he specifically mention the word “adulterer”? He is just a friend!* “Yes, I went out last night with a friend,” Sasha retorted defiantly. “But Mr. Hayes, watch your choice of words. He is most definitely not an adulterer.” Sebastian was undeterred. “My choice of words? Tell me, Sasha Wand, have you ever heard of a decent woman going out at that hour with a man and not have any agenda?” Sasha reached her tipping point. “If I’m an indecent woman, what does that make you? Remember when you brought your b*tch and paraded her in front of me when I was pregnant? What does that make the two of you? A scumbag and a wench, that’s what the two of you are!” This time, she had gone too far. Sasha watched in slow motion as Sebastian raised his hand to strike her, his face contorted with rage, but she was too petrified to move. “Mr. Hayes, what do you think you’re doing?” Luke, who appeared just in time, yelled. With one stride, he stood between Sasha and Sebastian, who was looking deranged and quite ready to beat her. *This woman is asking to be killed!* Luke restrained Sebastian with some difficulty. “Mr. Hayes, calm down. She only spoke out of turn. I’m sure she didn’t mean what she said.”

Then, he turned to Sasha. “Ms. Wand, you owe Mr. Hayes an apology. Did you know that he waited up for you?” Sasha was frozen in place since she last spoke and finally came to her senses upon hearing that, but her face turned deathly pale again. Luke was right—she did not mean to lose her temper. In fact, she was waiting for Sebastian to get out of the shower to apologize for not showing up last night, but his words had hurt her. That was when her anger got the better of her. Sasha hesitated for a moment before she said, “The reason I came here was to apologize for last night. My friend needed help, so I went with him. I only recalled our appointment after I went home, but it was too late.”

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"Friend?" "Yes, I came here on short notice, so I asked Clear Hospital to deliver some of my medical books to his place. That's why I went there last night. To get them," Sasha explained. What she said was true in a way. She did go to Solomon's place last night to take some books. Luke finally breathed a long sigh of relief. Then, he began to placate his boss, "Since that's the case, why don't you give her another chance, Mr. Hayes? It's not like she committed some kind of heinous crime, right? She even rushed over this morning the moment she heard about Ian's condition. Besides, Ian is probably going to wake up soon, Mr. Hayes.

If he sees the two of you quarreling again, I'm afraid he'd..." He trailed off, but nonetheless, everyone understood the words he left unsaid. Ian had fallen ill because of them. If he woke up to see them quarreling, he would definitely become emotionally unstable again. Sebastian glowered at the woman in front of him. In the end, he walked away without saying anything. A loud bang reverberated through the house as he kicked the bedroom door open on the third floor. Sasha jolted in shock and did not dare to stay a second longer, quickly going to her son's room on the second floor. *Whatever.*

As long as I get to stay, nothing else matters. Ten minutes later, the sound of an engine starting came from outside. Sasha craned her neck to look out the window and saw a black Bentley driving away. *They've gone to the company? So does this mean that I can stay here to look after Ian?* Wild with joy, Sasha danced around the place before returning to her son's bedside and rubbed his belly with a broad smile. Meanwhile, as Luke drove toward the company, he stole a few glances at Sebastian through the rearview mirror and caught him pinching his glabella. *Boss is acting so strange this morning. His "dead" wife obviously has nothing to do with him, so why is he so worked up? I mean, they have cut all ties with each other, so it's none of his business even if she sleeps with another man. I can't believe he even called her an adulterer... ..* Hence, Sasha stayed at Frontier Bay to care for her son that day. Unbeknownst to her, while she was in the villa, there were a pair of eyes shooting daggers at her from beyond the garden. "Sasha Wand, you still get to stay here even after what happened? Why? It's not fair!" There was a white Maserati parked outside the villa, but it was quite a distance away from Royal Court One, tucked into the corner of the villa next door as if afraid someone might see it. Hearing the way Xandra gritted out Sasha's name, the middle-aged woman in the car followed her gaze and asked, "That's the woman who came back from the dead?" The middle-aged woman was Kelly Green, Xandra's biological aunt. "And here I thought she was some kind of cunning vixen, seeing as she managed to bar you from entering Royal Court One. But it turns out that she's just an unpresentable woman." "You don't get it, Aunt Kelly.

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She's Ian's birth mother!" Xandra was upset that her aunt was still underestimating Sasha at a time like this. Kelly scoffed, "So what? You managed to drive her out when she was pregnant back then, and you're the one who raised the child all these years, yet you're telling me you're no match for her? What's wrong with you?" Xandra's chest grew tight in response to her aunt's admonishment. Indeed, she didn't know what was wrong with her. She had let the opportunity slip from her grasp the day before. *Berta secretly told me that after I arrived, Sebastian kept defending me, so I should've been able to stay in the villa. But I never expected that he'd kick me out too after that b*tch left! What's worse, I'm not even allowed to set foot in the villa today. Meanwhile, that woman gets to roam freely in there.* Xandra's eyes gleamed with hatred and malice as she stared vehemently at the mother and son pair on the second floor. "What's the use of glaring at her like that? If only looks could kill, eh? Well, it's better to utilize the time to think of some other ways." "Ways to what?" "Ways to make sure she dies permanently this time, of course." Kelly looked at the figure in the villa with a neutral expression on her face, but the glint in her eyes was much more terrifying than her niece's, as though there was a monster lurking beneath her skin. Sasha stayed at Frontier Bay for the whole day. Halfway through the day, Sebastian returned home once, which was out of her expectation. Perhaps it was because he hadn't slept the night before and couldn't take it anymore.

When Sasha saw him come home, she instantly became a bundle of nerves, worried that his anger from this morning hadn't yet subsided. Fortunately, he didn't say anything this time. After allowing her to administer the injection, he went upstairs to sleep for half an hour before he prepared to leave for the company again. "Sebastian, umm... Since I've already given you the injection, I won't be coming tonight. My uncle isn't well, so I have to check up on him later." Right before he left the villa, Sasha cautiously informed him that she wasn't coming at night. In truth, she wanted to go home to check up on her other two children. However, when Sebastian heard that she wasn't coming at night, he turned around and pinned her with a gloomy stare.

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