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Sebastian brought Sasha up to the third floor.

Perhaps he was worried that the two kids would disturb her rest if he brought her to the second floor, or perhaps he felt uneasy about leaving her alone.

So, he decided to bring her to the bedroom on the third floor.

The exact same room that no woman had ever slept in for many years.

"Mr. Hayes, is... is Ms. Wand alright? Should we call a doctor?"

Wendy, roused from her sleep by the commotion, had come upstairs to see what was happening.

But Sebastian just shook his head and tucked Sasha into his bed, ignoring the filthy state she was in. "Do you need something from me?"

"N-no... I think Mr. Matteo just got home, so I'll be downstairs to take care of him," Wendy said hurriedly.

It was only then that Sebastian remembered his son.

Glancing down at the sleeping woman in his bed, he furrowed his eyebrows together as he told Wendy, "Okay. Tell him to take a bath and change his clothes, and that Daddy will be there to see him in a minute."

He had an obligation to explain everything that had happened tonight to the little brat.

If not, there was no telling whether their father-son relationship could still be salvaged.

After Wendy went back downstairs, Sebastian took off his coat and rolled up his sleeves, retrieving a first-aid kit from his study.

The lights in the third-floor bedroom were kept on throughout the long, silent night.

The next day.

Wendy prepared a hearty breakfast before going upstairs to wake her employer up.

“Mr. Hayes...? Did you sleep in there last night?”

She arrived at the third floor, surprised to see Sebastian exit the study with heavy dark circles underneath his eyes.

What happened?

Isn't Ms. Wand technically still his wife? Why is he avoiding her?

Wendy couldn't wrap her head around the situation.

Sebastian stopped in his tracks and turned to look at Wendy, the light returning to his eyes at the sight of her. With a loud “crash”, he kicked the door to his bedroom open.

“You came just in time. Clean up in there, it's nasty!”

A sour stench was, in fact, wafting out from Sebastian's expensive, luxurious bedroom.

Rushing into the room, she discovered blankets thrown carelessly onto the floor and several vomit stains on the sheets.

Vomit?

What happened here? Did Ms. Wand throw up?

Wait, where is Ms. Wand? If she's not here, then...

“Mr. Hayes... Where's Ms. Wand?” Wendy spoke up.

“In the study!” spat Sebastian, his eyes bloodshot.

“Huh? The study?”

“Her fever didn’t go down at all and she kept vomiting all night. As a result, the bed got dirty, so I dumped her in the study room. When you’re done cleaning up, call a doctor for her,” explained Sebastian impatiently, grabbing a random bathrobe from his closet before leaving to take a shower.

Wendy didn’t know whether to laugh or cry.

How childish.

She peeked into the neighboring study.

Sure enough, Sasha was clumsily wrapped up in a blanket and lying on the sofa, the heating system in the room on full blast.

Her face looked as pale as a sheet of paper, possibly due to her illness.

So did Mr. Hayes watch over her for the entire night?

Suppressing her amusement, she quickly switched out the dirty sheets in the bedroom for new ones, then went down to make a phone call.

Ten minutes later, Sebastian came out of the washroom.

He barely got a wink of sleep last night and hadn’t even showered himself properly like usual, thinking that he could relax after Sasha had been given some medicine and fell asleep.

But she suddenly started talking nonsense in her sleep, going on and on about having never murdered someone.

Her forehead was scalding hot when he touched it, and she began throwing up not long after that.

Although, he wasn’t too surprised that Sasha fell sick in the first place. After all, she had suffered from immense shock and the brunt of the cold weather all day yesterday, and was also locked up inside a holding cell with no source of warmth.

If anything, he’d be more surprised if she hadn’t gotten sick.

Sebastian blow-dried his hair and sprayed some perfume onto his skin, relieved at finally having gotten rid of the stench of vomit.

Picking up his car keys and getting ready to head out, he slowed down while passing by the second floor on his way down. After having some second thoughts, he strode over to one of the bedrooms.

“Matt? It’s Daddy, are you awake yet?” he said, knocking on his son’s door.

Because he was too busy looking after Sasha last night, he couldn’t fulfill his promise of having a proper talk with Matteo.

So, he had to set things right with the kid as soon as possible.

After a few knocks, he heard the sound of cloth rustling followed by light footsteps. The bedroom door creaked open ever so slightly, and Matteo peeked out through the tiny gap.

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“I’m sorry, Mommy was a little under the weather last night, so Daddy had to go take care of her and couldn’t come to see you. Will you forgive Daddy?”

Guilt and regret welled up inside of Sebastian as he stared at Matteo’s completely unamused expression.

Matteo was Sebastian’s son. But last night, when Sasha fell sick, Matteo resorted to approaching another man for help. What did that mean?

It undoubtedly meant that he had failed Matteo as a father, and had failed to give him a sense of security to the point where he didn’t even consider the option of asking Sebastian for help.

And it was clearly all Sebastian’s fault.

Matteo’s cold expression didn’t change.

His usual bright, smiley disposition was nowhere to be found as he glared at Sebastian, letting go of the door handle and going back into the room.

His heart skipping a beat, Sebastian followed his son into the room.

“Matt, Daddy is very sorry. The accident this time is all Daddy’s fault.”

“So? Can you take back the hurt you caused Mommy?” Matteo finally spoke. It was hard to believe the small five-year-old boy sitting on the bed was capable of saying such cold, blunt words.

Sebastian’s face fell.

Matteo was very different from Ian. They were both smart, but under Sebastian’s careful nurturing, Ian had retained more of his childhood innocence.

The little boy in front of him was extremely, if not overly mature for his age.

Was it the result of protecting his Mommy while their small family of three were trying to survive in a foreign country? Did he take up the responsibility of becoming the man of the family?

Sebastian felt as if an icy dagger had stabbed through his heart.

He wanted nothing more than to slap himself across the face right now.

“You’re right. What’s happened has happened, and Mommy has already been hurt. But Daddy wants you to believe me when I say that from today onwards, as long as Daddy is here, no one will be able to hurt any of you,” Sebastian swore to his son, the most solemn he had been in all his life.

If he were being completely honest, he just needed to say those words for himself to hear.

Thankfully, Matteo was finally starting to show some emotion.

He stared at Sebastian apprehensively, recalling every wrong thing his father did.

But seeing how serious Sebastian was, Matteo decided to take a leap of faith and believe him.

"You're protecting her now, too?" Matteo mumbled, eyes reddening.

"Of course. So, Daddy has a mission for you and your little sister today: stay at home and take care of Mommy. That's all you have to do. Leave the rest up to Daddy."

His voice gradually grew firmer as he talked to Matteo, his gaze becoming sharp and haughty as he reverted back to his powerful demeanor.

That's right.

I'm the king of this whole city. Those people don't know whose woman they just messed with.

They have no idea what's coming their way.

After having comforted his son, Sebastian swiftly left Frontier Bay.

Of course, he also instructed the bodyguards that from today onwards, Sasha was not to be let out of the premises without his permission.

It was already past eleven in the morning when Sasha came to.

Her mind was still foggy from the high fever, blinking blearily as she took in her surroundings.

Where is this place? What happened?

Vivian, playing with her Daddy's chess set nearby, immediately detected Sasha's movements and dropped everything to run over to the bed.

"Mommy, you're awake! Thank goodness, you're finally awake!" she exclaimed, clapping her small hands and clambering onto the bed.

Sasha's whole mouth tasted bitter and she still felt dizzy, but she instinctively reached out for her daughter. "Careful... Don't fall."

"I won't! Daddy's sofas are all really big, so I won't fall." Vivian was not scared at all as she climbed up, crawling over to cling to her Mommy's arm.

Daddy?

Sasha mind blanked out.

She couldn't recall how yesterday had ended. Feeling dazed and slightly delirious was a common aftereffect of having suffered from too much shock or fear, some people even faced temporary memory loss.

Sasha pressed a hand to her hurting head.

At that moment, Wendy had heard the commotion and hurried upstairs, grinning excitedly when she saw that Sasha was awake.

"Ms. Wand, you're finally awake! How do you feel? Are you hurting anywhere?" Wendy asked, stepping into the room.

Sasha pressed her dry lips together, coughing a little before croaking out, "Is this... Frontier Bay?"

Wendy nodded, smiling. "That's right. Mr. Hayes carried you home last night. You were in such a bad shape, high fever and vomiting and all. Why, Mr. Hayes looked after you for the entire night."

Wendy tried to emphasize the very last sentence, but Sasha only became even more confused.