

Chapter 1

"Sebastian is coming back?"

The eight-months pregnant Sasha was folding the newly bought onesies in the nursery when she heard the housemaids' conversation. He's coming back? Is it because my due date is approaching?

Her heart was bursting with joy until her hands trembled.

Although Sebastian was the baby's father, she had only met him once on their wedding night. He never showed up after that.

With watery eyes, she caressed her pregnant belly. "Oh, my baby, I know your daddy doesn't like me, but it's okay. I will be happy as long as he's here to witness your birth."

A smile of joy and satisfaction lit up her face.

Two days later, Sebastian was finally back after disappearing for ten months.

When Sasha heard the news, she held her baby bump while carefully trotting out of her bedroom to meet him.

As she looked down from the top of the stairs, her face turned ashen. Apart from the man whom she missed a lot, she saw a woman standing next to him in the living room.

"Sebastian, I asked you to come back to take care of Sasha. Why did you bring this woman back?"

"Don't you know why? I told you I have nothing to do with this marriage. The woman I want to marry is Xandra, and she's standing next to me right now."

In his black coat, Sebastian's chiseled face held a frosty expression. The man exuded a cold aura while he levelled his father's stare.

Frederick was left fuming at his son's words. "Don't you know Sasha's due date is near? She's pregnant with your baby! How dare you say something like that!"

"Huh," he snorted, "The baby? She wouldn't be pregnant if you hadn't spiked my drink on my wedding night. You know what, the baby doesn't deserve to come to this world!"

The living room fell into a dead silence.

Standing by the staircase, Sasha felt a dull pain from within her chest; his words pierced through her heart, tearing it to

smithereens. At that instant, she experienced a temporary blackout of vision while the surrounding noises faded away. How could he say something like that! My baby... My baby is unwelcomed...

Soon she felt dizzy and lightheaded.

"Oh, no! Madam! Madam, you're bleeding!"

"What?"

At that instant, the housemaid's shouts rang out in the Hayes Residence.

Both father and son, who were at a standoff, instantly looked up to see the pregnant Sasha standing by the staircase.

Blood was trickling down her legs from beneath her skirt to the stairs.

Sebastian's expression changed at the horrific sight.

Fixing her eyes at the man, Sasha uttered, "That's some kind of great love you have, Sebastian Hayes! Building your happiness on your baby's suffering and death. I wonder if you'll ever be at peace with yourself for the rest of your life?"

In his daze, Sebastian realized this was the first time she was speaking to him since the wedding night.

Before he could even say anything, Sasha had collapsed onto the ground. Blood was gushing out from beneath her skirt, spreading across the floor.

One housemaid called out, "Quick! Send her to the hospital!"

Within minutes, Sasha, who was unconscious, was rushed to the hospital.

In the silent living room, Xandra tried to comfort Sebastian, "Don't think too much. It has nothing to do with you. The whole arranged marriage is a mistake from the beginning, and they drugged you to get her pregnant. That woman even dared to curse you! Sebastian..."

Before she could even finish her words, the man who had never gotten angry with her suddenly shot her a murderous glare. He bellowed, "Shut up! It is not your place to meddle or even talk about the Hayes' family affairs."

Xandra shuddered. In the face of his anger, she dared not to utter a single word. Sasha Wand, you b*tch! I hope you and your baby die! Don't ever come back again!

Meanwhile, in the hospital.

An hour had passed. The gynecologist finally came out of the operating theatre with a baby in her arms. With a heavy heart, she told Frederick, "I'm sorry, Mr. Hayes. She suffered a massive loss of blood, and we failed to save her. We only managed to save one of the triplets."

Sasha, died?

My poor granddaughter-in-law and the triplets... Now there's only one of them left?

It was an earth-shattering blow to Frederick. As a result, he fainted while clenching his chest.

"Oh, no! Mr. Hayes!"

In the meantime, Sebastian had left the Hayes Residence with Xandra. They were heading to his apartment in the city. The moment he received the news, he couldn't help grasping the steering wheel. "She's dead?"

Luke Scott, his assistant, answered, "Yes. I heard she has always been in a poor condition. She died from a massive blood loss, but the doctor managed to save one of the triplets. It's a boy, and Mr. Hayes Sr. has brought him back home."

To prove his words, Luke even sent Sebastian a picture of Sasha and the two babies' bodies covered under a white sheet.

The latter's pupils constricted at the sight of the picture.

Screech!

He stomped on the brakes, bringing the car to an abrupt halt in the middle of the road.

Chapter 2

Five years later, in a renowned hospital in Moranta.

Sasha was presenting a patient's case study in fluent French to the other medical experts in the meeting room.

The short hair suited her delicate skin and features, accentuating her bright eyes like a pair of dazzling gems.

"I'm sorry, Dr. Nancy, but do you mean to say this patient doesn't need an operation? You're suggesting that we should use acupuncture?"

Sasha flipped through the medical report and flashed a confident smile at the medical experts. "If you trust my opinion, then yes."

She was now Dr. Nancy Wand, an alias she assumed five years ago. Back then, the gynecologist had announced her demise to the Hayes after saving her from the jaws of death. Sasha would rather die than return to the Hayes Residence; that place was a nightmare for her.

Later, she came to Moranta and settled down in this country. Within five years, she made a name for herself as a doctor who also specialized in Traditional Chinese Medicine using the skills she had inherited from the Wand family.

The medical experts' thoughts wavered upon hearing her confident reply.

Yet Sasha had no time to wait for their answer. She took a glance at her watch and soon left the meeting room.

"Dr. Nancy, you're picking up your kids again?"

"Yes."

While hurrying down the stairs, she came across some colleagues and returned their greetings with a bright smile.

She was eager to fetch her kids.

Ten minutes later, at the preschool.

The entrance of the preschool was deserted by when Sasha arrived. Just then, a little girl with a pigtail cheerfully trotted in her direction. "Mommy, you're finally here! I've waited for you for so long!"

She immediately got out of the car. "I'm late today. I'm sorry, Vivi. I won't be late next time. Can you forgive me?"

Vivian would never blame her mommy for being late. "It's alright. Matt is here with me, and he brought me a lot of yummy snacks! Look, I'm stuffed!" the little girl said as she rubbed her tummy.

Her words warmed Sasha's heart.

Matt, Vivian's twin, was indeed a very thoughtful little boy.

He would always take good care of his younger sister.

"Why don't we go and find Matt now?"

"Alright, Mommy!"

A few minutes later, Sasha found her son in the teachers' room.

She was concerned to see him being the center of attention once again, surrounded by the teachers.

“Oh, my god! Look! The transfer student who is joining us really looks identical to our dear Matteo!”

“You’re right! Check this out!” One of the teachers brought a photo next to Matteo’s face.

Matteo took a glance at the photo.

“How do we look alike? Is his face chubby like mine?”

“Well... No.”

“Does he look as adorable as me when he smiles?”

Matteo leaned forward, cupping his cute little face.

The teachers burst into laughter.

Yet, they found the two didn’t really look that alike after a closer look. The five-year-old boy in the photo was pulling a straight face; his gloomy expression made him look like a little adult. To them, Matteo was definitely cuter.

“Matt, what are you doing?” Sasha asked when she saw the interaction between them.

“Mommy, you’re here! Well, I did nothing.”

Upon hearing his mom’s voice, he reacted swiftly by hopping off the table, beaming.

Matteo had always been a cheerful boy.

Even though his facial features resembled that man, he didn't inherit the latter's cold and ruthless personality.

Rather, Matteo was a kid with a warm personality and a bright smile that never left his face.

Chapter 3

"Is it? Don't lie to me. Do you remember the last time when you tricked the teacher into ruining the computer so that the students could take a day off? Did you really do nothing bad this time?"

"Eh..." These teachers are pestering me! Ugh! How could Mommy think badly of me? Am I really a troublemaker in her eyes?

"Last time, I only taught them to play a little game on the computer." Then, he changed the topic. "Mommy, I'm hungry. Can we go home now?"

In the end, Sasha had no choice but to let him off. She bade the teachers goodbye and brought the little ones home.

After they arrived home, Sasha busied herself in the kitchen to prepare dinner.

However, before she was done, the hospital called.

"Dr. Nancy, the committee has agreed to let you take over the patient. Is it convenient for you to come back now?"

"Now?"

The nurse replied helplessly over the phone, "Yes. The patient's family member is here as well. She wishes to speak to you after she learned of the committee's decision."

This type of patient and their family members were a headache. Perhaps it was a common trait of the rich to boss around as though they owned the world.

In the end, Sasha agreed to head back to the hospital.

"Matt, I need to go to the hospital now. Can you stay at home with Vivi and have dinner with her?"

"Of course. Mommy, don't worry. I will take good care of Vivian."

Matteo behaved like a mature young man as he waved at his mom, reassuring her about them.

Sasha left the house, knowing that she could leave Vivian in his hands.

Unbeknownst to her, the two little ones sneaked into her study as soon as she left.

"Matt, what are you doing? Mommy asked us to have our dinner!"

"Shush! Today, the principal showed me a photo of a boy who is transferring to our preschool. You know what, the boy and I look alike. I want to find out about him!"

Matteo climbed behind his mom's computer desk. Within minutes, he managed to hack into the principal's computer and retrieved the new student's information.

"Wow! Matt, is that you?"

Vivian gasped in shock the moment she saw the photo and information on their computer screen.

Feeling confused, Matteo furrowed his brows while pointing at the screen. "No. See, his name is Ian Hayes."

Vivian's eyes grew wider.

"Ian Hayes? It's not you! But why does he look like you? Did Mommy give birth to him too?"

Matteo suddenly recalled that there were times when their mother would take an unworn onesie out of a small wooden

chest, crying when she thought no one was around. At that instant, Matteo decided to check to check Ian out himself. He jotted down the address for Hilton Hotel from the address column of Ian's information.

Half an hour later, at Clear Hospital.

"Dr. Nancy, you're here!"

"Where's the patient's family?" Sasha asked.

The nurse kindly gave her a reminder. "She's at Mr. Jackson's office. Dr. Nancy, you need to be careful. It seems like she's a bad-tempered person."

Sasha returned her a grateful smile. Then, she changed into her white coat and put a mask on before heading to the director's office.

"Mr. Jackson, I'm Nancy."

"Come on in! Nancy, meet the patient's family member."

Henry Jackson, the elderly director, was trying hard to communicate with the patient's family member, who was sitting opposite him. Beads of sweat were seen covering his forehead.

Unfortunately, the patient's family member was a tough nut to crack.

Upon hearing her voice, Henry immediately opened the door for Sasha and invited her into the office as if she was his lifeline.

Sasha was slightly bewildered to see the director opening the door for her personally.

Soon, she took notice of the person sitting on the sofa. Her eyes widened in disbelief upon seeing that woman who was sitting on a sofa.

"Mr. Jackson, is she the ones you've been telling me about—the best doctor in your hospital? Are you serious?" the woman asked.

She was a tall woman with brown wavy hair and exquisite make-up. The high-end branded dress she was wearing further accentuated her air of haughtiness.

That woman was none other than Xandra Green!

Sasha never thought Xandra would be the first amongst her old acquaintances whom she got to meet after five years.

So, she's my patient?

Her eyes, being the only semblance of emotion that could be seen on her face, grew icy in an instant upon the realization. Five years ago, she entered into an arranged marriage with Sebastian. Since both the Wands and the Hayes had always been on friendly terms, the two families decided to arrange an engagement for the five-year-old Sebastian with her, the newborn baby girl of the Wand family.

Even though she had liked Sebastian since she was young, she never really took the arrangement seriously, thinking it was just a joke.

It was only until the overnight destruction of the Wand family when Frederick brought up about the arranged engagement, asking her to marry into the Hayes family. Instead of scorning Sasha, he gave her a stable life by accepting her into the family.

That was when she decided to fulfill the arranged marriage. Eventually, she married Sebastian to seek the family love that she lost, like a moth to the flame. She never expected their marriage would end up being a tragedy.

“Mr. Jackson, I was wrong.”

“What?”

“I can’t cure her illness. You should find another doctor to help her,” Sasha said coldly.

With that, she turned and left the office.

Chapter 4

Henry was at a loss for words.

As for Xandra, she was infuriated to hear Sasha’s words.

“What did you say? I dare you to repeat yourself!”

There was a threatening undertone in her piercing voice.

Yet Sasha didn’t bother to spare a glance at her.

In fact, she left the office without batting an eyelid.

Xandra was a b*tch who didn’t deserve to talk to her.

“What’s with that attitude? Is she out of her mind? Is she quitting her job?”

“Oh, Mrs. Hayes, please don’t take it to heart. I believe there has been a misunderstanding. I’ll explain to Dr. Nancy immediately and make sure she treats Mr. Hayes tomorrow.

Do not worry about that.”

In an agitated state, Henry explained to Xandra to defuse her anger before he went after Sasha.

This woman is Mrs. Hayes now? So Mr. Hayes is my patient, huh? How dare they ask me to treat that man! Five years have passed, yet these two scumbags are still alive and kicking. Both of them should go to hell. Why should I even treat him?

Upon hearing snippets of their conversation, Sasha quickened her pace to leave the place.

Little did she know her entire body was quivering in anger and she was clenching her fists so tightly that her knuckles had turned white. She ran all the way to her car and slammed the door shut, buried her head in the steering wheel as she closed her reddened eyes.

She thought she had already forgotten about the past, but Xandra's appearance made her realize that the wound in her heart hadn't healed. Hatred was still boiling in her and she wanted to stab that woman to death on the spot.

Sebastian Hayes, you have no right to ask me to save you.

I'd rather save a dog than the man who sacrificed his children's lives for his so-called love.

After a long while, she finally recollected herself and headed back home.

Her children were already sound asleep when she arrived home.

Sasha knew she could always count on Matteo. Not only had he had dinner with Vivian, he also gave her a bath. The two were now huddling together in bed.

"Mommy, you're back?" he mumbled in his sleep.

Sasha pecked him on the forehead. "Yes, I'm back.

Goodnight, sweetie."

Matteo rolled over and continued sleeping.

Sasha couldn't help but curl her lips into a heartfelt smile as she tucked the blanket around them. For a moment, she looked at them lovingly before leaving their bedroom for her study.

"Willow, have you gone to bed?"

"Not yet. Why?"

“Can you do me a favor? Go to the hospital tomorrow morning and...”

Sasha spoke to Willow Fischer, her best friend, through the phone while she booked three flights to Jetroina on the Internet.

...

In the penthouse suite of Hilton hotel located at the city center.

With a gloomy expression, Sebastian stared at the woman, who was sobbing ever since she returned.

He was sitting on the couch with his legs crossed. In his white shirt coupled with a black tie, the man had a distinguished air about him.

He became even more charming although five years had passed.

“Ms. Green, you mean Clear Hospital didn’t arrange a doctor for us? The rumors were wrong? It is not a renowned hospital?” Luke Scott, the president’s assistant, asked after seeing Xandra crying.

If one had been paying attention, one would have noticed that he had addressed Xandra as Ms. Green, not Mrs. Hayes.

“That’s right! Their attitudes were atrocious. The petty doctor started scolding me after I raised several queries. She said she never intended to treat Sebastian!”

Xandra recounted what happened earlier in the hospital in an exaggerating manner.

Hearing that, Sebastian’s eyes darkened.

“Who is she?”

“Nancy! I heard Mr. Jackson calling her Nancy. He said she is the one and only doctor in the hospital who knows Traditional Chinese Medicine,” Xandra answered eagerly.

The hostility in her eyes was barely veiled. She hoped they could immediately bring Sasha to Sebastian so that the latter could make her pay the price for her rudeness.

Nancy, huh? Sebastian’s face was clouded over.

He had suffered from chronic insomnia for years and could only fall asleep with the help of medication. However, everyone knew it would be detrimental if one was to take such medication on a long-term basis. It would bring about

significant side effects such as an alteration of mood and acute headache, which could be so unbearable that the sufferer would end up having an outburst of anger.

That was why Sebastian resorted to seeking help at Clear Hospital.

His eyes gleamed with murderous intent when he heard a petty doctor was refusing to treat him.

"Luke, look into this person called Nancy. I want to know who she is."

"Yes, Mr. Hayes."

"And also, ask Henry to come and see me."

Sebastian was referring to the director of Clear Hospital.

Luke immediately complied. As for Xandra, a wicked smile crept onto her face the moment Sebastian gave his orders.

Nancy, you're just a petty doctor. I will make you pay for going against me!

...

On the other hand, Sasha's her sleep was disrupted by thoughts of her encounter with Xandra earlier that day.

Even so, she failed to notice that the screen of her phone, which was in silent mode, lit up several times throughout the night. The next morning, when she was awakened by the alarm, only did she find out there were eight missed calls. She was instantly wide awake.

Chapter 5

Those were calls from the hospital.

She was not on call, nor was she a doctor from the Emergency Room. No one would call her in the middle of the night.

Then why did the hospital call me so many times? Could it be...

At that instant, a horrible thought hit her, and she immediately hopped out of bed.

"Matteo, Vivi, it's time to wake up now! We're going on a vacation today! Hurry, or we're going to be late."

She rushed to the nursery to wake her children up.

Vivian grumbled, "Mommy..."

Feeling groggy, she was reluctant to open her eyes.

In contrast, Matteo was wide awake at the mention of “vacation”.

“Vacation? Mommy, where are we going? Don’t you need to work?”

“Well, I’m taking a few days off to bring you guys to Jetroina. I’ve already booked the flights to give you a surprise. Wake up now!”

Sasha carried Vivian, who was still sleeping, out of bed while answering Matteo’s questions.

Seeing that, the boy quickly climbed out of bed.

Twenty minutes later, the three of them were ready to go.

Buzz... Buzz...

Just then, Sasha’s phone vibrated. It was a call from Willow.

“Hello?”

Willow gabbled over the phone, “Oh, Nancy! What’s happening? Your consultation room is packed with people ransacking the place. I think they are looking for you. You took a leave suddenly, and now, the hospital is in chaos.

What’s going on? Did you offend these people?”

Sasha’s face turned pale at her words.

"It's nothing. They wanted me to treat a patient, but I refused to. They are just looking for the patient's notes in my consultation room. Don't worry, everything is fine. Since they already looked for the report by themselves, you should go."

"Really?" Willow asked dubiously.

Without bothering to answer her, Sasha hung up the call. She was running out of time, and there was no need or any use explaining to her friend.

She got her children in the car and then headed toward the airport.

She was determined not to expose her identity. Not only was she reluctant to meet that man again, she would not let him know about the children's existence because he would definitely snatch them away from her.

She knew well that she stood no chance at all against a man who owned one of the largest business empires in the world.

This was the very reason she booked the flights and asked Willow to help her hide her documents and those medical reports in her consultation room as soon as she got home after meeting that b*tch at the hospital.

Unfortunately, it was too late.

She never expected Sebastian to act this swiftly in the middle of the night. Doesn't he sleep at all? Is there a need to make a scene in the hospital just because I refused to treat him?

The car whizzed along the highway. Eventually, she managed to reach the airport within thirty minutes.

"Matteo, stay here and look after Vivi. I need to get our boarding passes."

The boy sensed his mother's rush, so he replied compliantly, "Alright, Mommy."

Sasha grabbed their passports and made her way to the self-service check-in kiosk.

She was exasperated when the machine couldn't identify their flight tickets and passport numbers. What's wrong with the machine?

She was in a hurry, but now it turned out that the machine was not functioning. It felt like everything was not going her way.

Having no choice, she could only head to the counter to retrieve the boarding passes from the staff.

"Hello, I'm here to retrieve the boarding passes for XXX flight."

"I'm sorry, Ms. Wand, but I'm afraid you're barred from leaving the country," the staff informed her after checking her passport and flight ticket.

Barred from leaving the country? Why? What have I done? She was utterly shocked.

"Excuse me, can I ask why I am banned from leaving the country?"

"I'm sorry. I have no idea. We received the notice to stop Dr. Nancy Wand, a doctor from Clear Hospital, from leaving the country. If you have any doubts, do call the airline or the authority for clarification."

For a few seconds, Sasha stood rooted to her spot. She couldn't help but curse internally upon hearing the staff's words.

Damn it! It doesn't take a genius to know that they are targeting me. I'm stuck in the airport because of that b*stard!

Does he have the authority to instruct the airline in Moranta to stop me from leaving the country? He even found out that we are flying to Jetroina!

Sasha was so angry that her entire body was shaking with anger.

Chapter 6

Matteo, who was guarding their suitcases, noticed her abnormality. He grabbed Vivi's wrist as the two rushed up to her. "Mommy, what's wrong? What happened?"

"W-What?"

Sasha was boiling with rage when suddenly her child's voice crept into her ears. She lowered her head to look at them standing beside her. Oh no, how could I have forgotten about Matt and Vivi! It doesn't matter if that b*stard catches me, but I can't let him find out about them. Or I will lose my most precious babies.

Finally, she came back to her senses. Kneeling in front of Matteo, she grabbed his arms and explained, "Matt, listen to me now. I can't bring you guys to Jetroina because there's

an emergency that I need to attend to. I'll call Ms. Fischer to come over and bring you back. Is it okay?"

Matteo fell silent for a while.

Although he was surprised by his mom's sudden change of decision, he nodded his agreement upon seeing the panic and the tinge of guilt in her eyes.

"Alright, Mommy. Don't worry. I will take good care of Vivi and go home with Ms. Fischer."

"Matt, you're such a good boy. I'll leave everything to you then. Now I'll bring you guys to the café over there where you wait for Ms. Fischer."

Sasha looked at her thoughtful son lovingly. With a heavy heart, she pulled him into her arms.

Standing beside them, Vivian wanted a hug too. "Mommy, why do you only hug Matt? I want a hug too!"

"Oh, I've missed out on our little Vivi. Come, let me hug you!"

Sasha let out a chuckle as she embraced her daughter, who had a plushie in her arms. Soon after that, she led them to the nearby café.

Ten minutes later, she received a call from the hospital.

"Dr. Nancy, are you at work? Mr. Jackson is waiting for you."

"I'm on my way," she replied impassively while walking out of the airport.

Then she got into her car and drove off.

Actually, she was not afraid of confronting Sebastian since she didn't owe that man anything; she did nothing wrong.

Nevertheless, she avoided him because she was reluctant to meet him. Besides, she was worried that she might lose Matt and Vivi if he found out about them.

She had traveled all the way across the globe to settle down in Moranta. It was beyond her expectation that he would show up after five years.

Since the matter had already come to a head, she might as well meet him and deal with him once and for all.

On her way to the hospital, she regained her usual composure. There was not a trace of emotion on her face.

In the meantime, Sebastian was toying with a doctor's ID card as he waited in Henry's office.

Nancy, huh? This name indeed sounds better than Sasha.

Besides becoming gutsier, that woman who dared fake her death under his eyes had also acquired a better taste over the past five years.

He stared intently at the photo attached to the ID card with his bloodshot eyes.

Henry asked in a quivering voice, "M-Mr. Scott, i-is Mr. Hayes alright? D-Dr. Nancy is on... on her way here."

The grim expression on Sebastian's face daunted him. Sitting near that man, the director couldn't help feeling suffocated by his intimidating aura.

Luke didn't know how to respond since he had no idea if Sebastian was alright.

All he knew was that after the latter heard about that woman and the babies' death, he personally chose three burial plots of the best location in the cemetery and buried them in his capacity as a husband and father.

Not only that, Sebastian never once mentioned marrying Xandra after that.

Luke was equally unsure whether Sasha would be alright. Perhaps Mr. Hayes will really kill Madam...

He shuddered at the thought.

All of them waited tensely in the office for about forty minutes. Finally, they heard the sound of clicking heels approaching them.

"Mr. Jackson, it's me, Nancy."

In an instant, her voice brought the men back to reality. Henry had never been so agile when he rushed to open the door.

The elderly director's swiftness rendered Luke speechless.

Sitting in the black rocking chair, Sebastian's pupils constricted the moment he heard her voice. He was clenching on the ID card so tightly that it broke into two. Sasha Wand! You're finally here!

Standing before the opened door, Sasha cast her eyes over the office and immediately saw the man sitting in the middle of the room.

He looked the same as five years ago, with his chiseled features and thick eyebrows, a distinct feature of a mature man. His dark eyes were reddened, yet the arrogance in them was evident.

The man was still full of charm, though five years had passed.

It was a pity that she was now immune to his charm.

Chapter 7

"Mr. Jackson, I heard you were looking for me?"

Sasha's tone was icy cold. Her calm, indifferent gaze swept over the man in front of her as if she had never seen him before.

Sebastian narrowed his eyes.

His murderous impulses only grew stronger when the doctor, dressed in a white coat and wearing a mask, entered his field of vision.

"Ah! Nancy, Mr. Hayes is the patient who came to look for you last night. Now that you're here, can you take a look and diagnose him?"

"Mr. Jackson, I told you it was my mistake for accepting him as a patient yesterday. I do not have the means or medical knowledge to help him. Please ask another doctor to look at him. If there is nothing else, I will take my leave now."

Sasha turned around and made to leave.

The medical director and Luke were both rendered speechless.

Just as they were still looking for words to diffuse the situation, a shadow slipped out from behind them. Before they realized what was happening, Sebastian had pounced onto Sasha and pinned her against the door.

What the hell?

Tears blurred her vision as pain from the impact shot up her back.

Henry and Luke's jaws dropped.

"Sasha Wand! Do you think this is a game? Fine! I'll play along with you!"

Sebastian's face contorted in rage. He glared at her with his bloodshot eyes, like a feral predator hunting down its prey. Within seconds, he had torn Sasha's face mask away and wrapped his large hand around her neck, lifting her off the ground.

Her face was no longer the one he knew from five years ago. Back then, she was still innocent and adorable. Although her physical features hadn't changed much, he couldn't find a single trace of those qualities in her face anymore.

Even now, as Sebastian was choking her, he couldn't see any fear or panic in her watery eyes.

All he saw was disdain and apathy.

"Go on... I dare you to... choke me to death... I've already died once anyway, I'm not afraid of dying a second time... I'm telling you now, Sebastian... Either you kill me again today... Or one day, I'll... kill you myself!"

He saw red.

The veins on Sebastian's arm bulged as he tightened his grip on her.

"Mr. Hayes, what are you doing? She's your wife! Let go of her!"

Fortunately, Luke had regained his composure in time and rushed forward to pull at his boss' arm, forcefully removing Sasha from Sebastian's clutches.

Thump! She crumpled onto the floor, gasping for air like a fish on land.

He's a monster.

It took a few minutes for everyone to calm down.

Surprisingly, the atmosphere in the office became less frigid than it was before, possibly due to the sudden frightful incident that had taken place.

"Sasha, I'm giving you a chance to tell me honestly: what happened five years ago? Why are you still alive? What happened to the two kids? Where did you bring them? Are they living with you now? You're not leaving until you answer every single one of my questions!"

The mood in the office was calmer, but the murderous aura was still emanating off of Sebastian.

As he towered over Sasha, his mind was filled with flashbacks of the incident from all those years ago, and how he had blamed and hated himself for what had happened. He remembered how he vowed to do everything he could to make sure the sole surviving child would live a healthy life, and he would never have a relationship with another woman ever again.

Sebastian Hayes had never felt so humiliated before; he absolutely wanted to kill Sasha right there and then.

Yet the only reaction she gave him was a dry laugh.

"Why am I alive? Are you upset that I didn't die? I'm really sorry about that, but it's not like I owe you anything. If it isn't your fault that I got married to you and gave birth to three of your children, then it certainly couldn't have been mine.

"After all, it was just an arranged marriage; you kept emphasizing that you had the right to the freedom to love.

Now what? I went through hell to give you a child, and now I've even lost the right to continue living?"

Her cruel words rendered Sebastian, who had been so worked up, speechless.

Sasha continued sarcastically, "Besides, weren't you granted your wish of a perfect love story because I faked my death? You said you loved Xandra and wanted to marry her. I made you a widower so you could do as you please. It all worked out perfectly, no?"

Sebastian silently stared at her for a while, suddenly wondering if he was talking to a stranger.

Since when did she become so cynical? Every sentence that came out of her mouth dripped with venom. This was not the happy-go-lucky Sasha he once knew.

If he remembered correctly, she didn't even dare to raise her chin and look him in the eye when they first met.

Sebastian's expression turned stony.

Chapter 8

"You still think you can talk your way out of this? Fine! Take her away!" Sebastian suddenly roared.

A group of his henchmen dressed in all-black appeared out of nowhere and grabbed Sasha's arms.

Stunned, she shot back at him. "Where do you think you're taking me? I'm warning you, I'm now a legal citizen of Moranta! Taking me anywhere against my will is kidnapping; it is illegal!"

"Illegal?" He scoffed. "I am the law here!"

"Where are you taking me? Are you crazy? You desperately wanted me out of your life, but why are you dragging me back now? Are you trying to wash the blood off your hands? Or are you trying to show off what a liberal lover you are by being a polygamist? You're insane! Let go of me right now!"

Her yells could still be heard from the third-floor office, even as she was dragged to the first floor.

Luke noticed a vein had popped in the corner of his boss' forehead. I wish I was anywhere but here. The farther, the better.

This is terrifying.

This ex-wife of Sebastian's was quite a force to be reckoned with. If she dared say anything similar to any of the Larsons, she would have been skinned alive by now.

Nevertheless, Sasha was still taken against her will.

The chaotic hospital finally resumed its peace with her departure.

At a high-end apartment in town.

Willow had just picked up Matteo and his sister. As per Sasha's instructions, she brought them back to her own apartment instead of sending them home.

"Matteo, Vivian, I'm going to leave for a minute to open shop, okay? You can watch TV while you wait for me. I'll buy something yummy for you both to eat when I return."

"Yes, Ms. Fischer."

Vivian, being the ever-hungry child that she was, instantly agreed.

Matteo nodded as well, but deliberately waited until Willow had left before making a beeline for the house phone.

Vivian tottered after her brother while hugging a plushie.

“Matt, what are you doing?”

Picking up the phone, he glanced at her. “I’m calling Mommy to see if she’s at the hospital.”

“Huh?”

Why would Mommy not be at the hospital? Didn’t she say she went back to work?

The young girl watched Matteo. After a while, she grew bored and walked away to watch cartoons.

After what felt like a million rings, someone from the hospital finally answered the call. “Hello?”

“Hello. I’d like to ask if Dr. Nancy is in today?”

“Dr. Nancy... I’m sorry, she isn’t here today. If you’re one of her patients, you may reschedule your appointment with her,” the nurse said kindly, confirming his suspicions.

How is that possible?

If Mommy didn’t go to the hospital, where else could she be?

Matteo didn’t believe what the nurse said, but he knew it was useless to continue asking her. So he hung up the call and

climbed down from the stool he'd used to reach the phone, hiding away in Willow's study.

In a few minutes, a computer screen in the study lit up with various angles of live security camera footages from Clear Hospital.

He scanned through the footage and very quickly found his mother. She had walked through the main halls, used the elevators, and then stood in the doorway to the director's office.

But why was Mommy being dragged by some men in black when she exited Mr. Jackson's office?

The young boy furrowed his eyebrows.

Meanwhile, at Hilton Hotel, Sasha hadn't stopped struggling for a single moment since she left the hospital.

However, no matter how she struggled, she was no match for the burly men in black. In the end, they still brought her to the penthouse suite and shoved inside.

"Give it up! I'm never going to diagnose you!"

That was the first thing that came out of her mouth when she was finally set free. Instead of admiring the luxurious interior of the suite, she rubbed her wrists sullenly.

Sebastian said nothing to her. From the opposite side of the ridiculously large living room, a small figure walked out.

"You're home? They canceled my orientation at the preschool today because you were thirty-eight minutes late!"

It was a child who looked eerily similar to Sebastian. With a stoic expression on his adolescent face, his chilly aura was a carbon copy of the latter's.

The strangest part was that even the way he talked sounded exactly like the a*shole who had just kidnapped her.

It robbed Sasha of her ability to think.

Sebastian ignored her and patiently told his son, "I was a little busy this morning, so there was a slight delay. I will make it up to you next time, okay?"

Ian gave him a deadpan look. "Do you always violate the terms when you sign contracts at work too?"

As both adults were rendered speechless, one out of anger and the other out of pure shock, Ian's gaze landed on Sasha.

“Who is she?”

Suddenly, her heart jumped into her throat. All she could hear was the blood rushing in her ears as her entire body trembled.

Chapter 9

My son!

That’s my other son!

Sasha was nearly in hysterics as she jumped at the chance to tell the boy the truth.

But at that moment, the piece of scum kneeling in front of Ian cut in, saying, “She’s no one. If you don’t want to go to preschool today, Luke can bring you downstairs to play and get a snack.”

Ian immediately nodded at the mention of food.

Sasha could only watch helplessly as Luke brought the child away.

“Why did you tell him I’m no one? He’s my son!”

“Oh, really? As far as I’m concerned, his mommy is dead. She has her own gravestone at the cemetery and everything.”

Sebastian walked over to the wine cooler to pour a glass of red wine for himself, elegantly drinking from it as he sat on a sofa in the living room and ignored Sasha’s presence.

Although infuriated, she knew deep in her heart that what he said made sense.

He’s right. From this son’s point of view, I’m dead. How am I going to explain things to him if I ask him to call me “Mommy”? Am I going to tell him I was actually alive after abandoning him all those years ago?

All the blood drained from Sasha’s face as she chewed on her bottom lip.

Sebastian noticed this and sneered at her, “Now do you get it? Do you still want me to tell him that you’re his mommy?”

She clenched her fists so tightly that her knuckles turned white.

“Then what is it that you want? If you don’t want our son to know I’m his mother, why did you bring me here? Do you still

want me to diagnose you? I've told you before, I wouldn't check to see what was wrong with you, even if you were on your deathbed!" she growled through gritted teeth.

Sebastian shrugged, unperturbed. "You're thinking too deeply into it. You may be a jack of all trades, but you're a master of none. I'm not so dumb as to put my life in your hands."

Sasha had grown so furious that she quieted down.

"Then why did you bring me here?"

"You still haven't figured it out? Sasha, do you know the suffering you caused when you "died"? Do you know the pain that everyone who cared for you had to go through?"

By the end of his tirade, Sebastian's tone had grown fiercer than she'd ever heard it.

He stared at her through narrowed eyes, resisting the urge to rip her up into pieces even as he watched her stumble backwards.

How could I ever forget Frederick and Aunt Sharon?

Frederick Hayes had been endlessly kind to her all those years ago, even when his own son didn't like her and refused to acknowledge their marriage.

But besides that, he never really talked with her.

Then, there was Aunt Sharon and her family. When the Wands had become bankrupt and Sasha's mother passed away from the shock of her father being in jail, her aunt had taken up the responsibility of looking after what remained of the Wand family. Aunt Sharon had truly cared and worried for her.

Yet Sasha repaid her by faking her death.

Her eyes squeezed shut to block Sebastian's words out. "That was all because of you!"

"Because of me? Hah, way to push the blame onto others!

Things have ended the way they did because you agreed to the marriage! Having to sleep with you was bearable if I used drugs, but no one forced you to marry me!"

This man is the devil!

She'd thought that after having grieved over her death for five years, he would at least show some mercy, but all he did

was rip her old wounds apart and causing more pain with his mockery.

The gut-wrenching agony clawed at her from the inside, completely consuming her.

"You're right! No one forced me! I was an idiot for marrying you! Are you satisfied now? I gave up my whole life for nothing and deteriorated into the mess that I am now because of me! Is that enough for you? Just go away..."

Losing all sense of rationality, she grabbed anything within her reach and chucked it at Sebastian. Her bloodshot eyes filled with tears.

For a second, her reaction shocked him.

He probably never expected Sasha to lose control like this.

Is she mad?

She can curse at me, but I'm not allowed to retaliate?

He quickly ducked the object that came flying his way.

"Are you out of your mind? I'm telling you, don't go all psycho here! Even if you actually lose your mind, I'm still going to drag you home and let everyone take a good look at your face!"

Red in the face with fury, Sebastian spat out the ultimatum and left the room.

Seeing this, Sasha instantly made a break for the door.

She barely took five steps from where she'd been standing when the men in black reappeared out of nowhere and silently pulled out a handgun, aiming it at her head.

"Sebastian, you scumbag; you demon; you a*shole! Come back! Let me out..."

Chapter 10

An hour later, Matteo arrived at the Hilton hotel.

Even though he was smart for his age, he was still a kid, so it took some time for him to arrive at his destination.

Thankfully, he quickly spotted a car in the hotel parking lot that was the same one the men in black had driven when they took his mother away from the hospital. His heart skipping a beat in excitement, he made his way to the hotel lobby.

"Hi, pretty lady! I'd like to ask who that car outside belongs to?"

The receptionist, a young woman, lowered her head to see an adorable five-year-old boy standing on his tiptoes and peeking over the counter. With a fluffy head of dark hair and large, curious eyes, he looked like a handsome young protagonist from a Disney animation.

Isn't... Isn't this Ian, the young boy who lives in our hotel's penthouse suite?

She stammered, "Mr. I-Ian? Why are... you here? Weren't you just at the restaurant?"

Huh?

Mr. Ian?

Matteo quickly picked up that something was off.

So, he pulled a tall stool over and climbed onto it, resting his elbows on the reception counter as he smiled brightly at the young woman whose cheeks went red.

"That's right! I just came out for a minute. Oh, do you know who the car outside belongs to, miss?"

"Doesn't it belong to your family? Your father's staff was driving it when he came home just now," she replied, confused.

Matteo beamed; his chubby cheeks becoming round. "Okay! Thank you, pretty lady. I'll be going now!"

"Where are you going? It's too dangerous for you to be alone. Let me walk you back to the restaurant, or your father is going to panic if he can't find you." The receptionist scrambled out of her seat, worried that the boy might get lost if he left the hotel premises.

But Matteo wasn't about to let that happen.

She had recognized him as "Mr. Ian", and he wanted to see for himself what the real Mr. Ian looked like.

During class yesterday, his teacher had shown them a photo of a kid who was transferring to their preschool. The kid in the photo looked like Matteo, but his name was "Ian."

When he got home and hacked into the preschool principal's computer to search for more information about Ian, the registered address was the penthouse suite of the very Hilton hotel that Matteo was currently at.

He sprinted faster than a spooked bunny and left the receptionist in the dust, making his way to the hotel's restaurant on the fourth floor.

Ian was sitting like the perfect gentleman in the middle of the fancy restaurant, dressed in a small, tailored suit and a napkin tucked into his collar. He ignored the food in front of him; his expression one of impatience as he asked his father's assistant, "Mr. Scott, when can we go home?"

Ian and Matteo were completely different children.

Even though their physical features looked alike, their temperaments, personalities, and even their speech patterns were opposites. If Matteo was a refreshing ball of sunshine, then Ian was a mini Arctic Ocean just like his father, or maybe worse.

Ian was not talkative, and he didn't like being around other people because of his antisocial personality. He had been raised by Sebastian to act prim and proper at all times.

There wasn't a single trace of naivety or immaturity that should be found in a normal five-year-old.

"Tsk, so that's Mr. Ian? I really do look like him. But is he always as uptight like an old man?" Matteo mumbled to himself, feeling sorry for the other boy.

"We can't go home yet, Ian. We came here to look for a cure for your father's illness. Don't you want your father to be cured?" Luke told Ian.

The young boy was silent for a few moments. It was obvious that he still cared for his father greatly.

"Then the woman whom he brought along today is supposed to cure him?"

"Sort of?" Luke laughed awkwardly, trying to give him the vaguest answer possible.

Ian knitted his eyebrows together and finally picked up his fork and knife, digging into his food. "If that's the case, then tell him not to be so mean to her!"

Luke nearly choked on his food.

A few feet away, Matteo stiffened up in shock.

What?

Who dares to be mean to Mommy? Unforgivable!

Whipping around, Matteo marched all the way to the penthouse suite, tiny fists clenched by his sides.

A few minutes later, the guards standing outside of the suite saw a tiny figure walked out of the elevator and was heading

towards them with a stern look on his face. For a moment, they broke out in a cold sweat.

"Welcome back, Mr. Ian."

"Mmm." Matteo was not an acting prodigy, but he did his best to mimic Ian's uptight attitude. "Where's Daddy?"

"Mr. Hayes just left. But he said to tell you that if you came back early, you should go inside and rest, and that he'd return very soon."

The guards didn't harbor a single ounce of suspicion towards Matteo as they hurriedly told him where his mother's bully had gone before opening the door for the boy to enter the suite.

Matteo stepped inside the penthouse suite, taking in his unfamiliar surroundings.

The living room was nearly as large as a town square, decorated with expensive-looking furniture fit for royalty.

Where's Mommy?