

The Love that Never Really Dies

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He turned and walked away with a dour expression on his face. Sasha dashed over anxiously with the intention of explaining to him. However, a loud 'bang' sounded out from inside the villa in the next moment. What happened? Her eyes immediately darted to the man.

She saw that his expression had changed, and he briskly marched over to the door. "What are you doing, Ian? Open the door now!" Oh my god, it's Little Ian!

Sasha's heart started pounding at a breakneck pace as she started to run. When she reached the second floor, she saw that there was already someone there. A woman was knocking on the closed door of the nursery and pleading, "Please come out, Ian. We won't take you to preschool. Please don't lock yourself in there and come out, okay?" It was Wendy.

It turned out that the child had started throwing a tantrum from the moment that he heard Wendy say that he had to go to preschool that day. He pushed her away while she was trying to dress him and violently slammed the door shut. What to do now? Once Sasha understood the situation, she started to panic.

Frankly, she had anticipated something like this happening yesterday. Which was why she had planned on keeping it a secret from the child till she had a chance to coax him slowly. He had formed a deep trauma associated with preschool. She needed to talk things through with him and convince him to let down his guard in order for him to go back to school.

However, she did not expect to turn up late. Now, everything was ruined. "Be a good boy, Ian. Open the door. Daddy has something to say to you." Sebastian had also arrived at the door. He suppressed the rage within him and coaxed the child in a very gentle tone. They were soon disappointed to realize that there was no reply from the other side of the door. The only sound was a constant banging. Who knew what the child was doing? They were all extremely worried. Sebastian's expression grew darker. The vein in his temple was throbbing. He reached out his hand and was about to forcefully break the door open. "No!" Sasha quickly stopped him. "You can't go in like that. He'll only get even madder. We have to try another method, one that'll be easier for him to accept," she explained as she used her

body to block his access to the door.

Sebastian remembered how he had forced his way inside the last time. The child was even more provoked and his tantrum became worse.

"Do you know what to do?"

"I'll try..."

Sasha could not see his expression and had no choice but to utter her reply through gritted teeth.

"Little Ian, this is Ms. Nancy. I'm sorry. We shouldn't have decided to take you to preschool without asking you first. I'm sorry."

She stood outside the door and used her most gentle voice in an attempt to coax the child. She used to do this for her other two babies as well.

Her heart sank when no reply followed once again. The banging continued.

Sebastian sneered, "Is this the method you were talking about?"

She pretended not to hear him as she pressed her ear to the door and continued trying to talk to the child. "Little Ian, we can undo the decision. If you don't want to go, I'll come here every day to play with you from now on, okay? It'll be just like yesterday. We'll go to many fun places, places where you've never been. We'll go see mountains, the sea, and other beautiful sceneries, okay?"

Sebastian's vein continued to twitch.

Is this woman insane?

When did I undo my decision?

Isn't she the one who's been pestering me to send him to preschool? What is she doing now? Mountains? The sea? Is she having a stroke?

However, once the last word fell from Sasha's lips, the banging slowly stopped. Shortly after, the soft pattering of a child's footsteps grew louder. There was the sound of the lock unlatching and the tightly shut door was finally open.

"Are you telling the truth?"

"Of course, it's the truth. When have I ever lied to you? I'll go anywhere with you.

When I was making this decision with your Daddy last night, I was already thinking that I'll go with you to the preschool if you're scared. I won't leave your side for even one second!"

Sasha squatted and pulled the child into her embrace.

She gazed kindly upon him. He was sweating profusely after smashing things in the room. She gently helped him to wipe the beads of sweat away.

Sebastian was dumbfounded.

The stick and carrot approach?

It looks like she's not stupid, after all.

Sebastian was stunned. He never expected Sasha to bring up the preschool again after Ian came out. But, the moment that she said she would accompany him anywhere, even to the preschool, his resentment-filled eyes softened.

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In the end, Ian agreed to go to preschool. Sasha was delighted. She immediately started packing his bag and dressed him up smartly. The pair strolled out of the door hand in hand and drove away in the minivan. Luke had arrived to fetch Sebastian. He glanced at the high-and-mighty Sebastian who had just stepped out. "Mr. Hayes, do you really trust her to take Ian to preschool?" "What's the issue?"

"Nothing. I just can't believe it. Even you have trouble handling Ian. Is Ms. Wand really up to it?" Luke quickly shook his head to indicate that he had no issue and was only doubtful of the woman's capabilities. Surprisingly, Sebastian who had always given that woman the cold shoulder did not have much of a reaction.

His gait was relaxed as he climbed into the car. Luke was speechless. *Forget it. I won't ask anymore.* Luke hastily rushed over and climbed into the car as well. Just as he was about to start the car's engine, Sebastian, who had been leafing through a document ordered, "Look into what Sasha has been doing overseas the past five years." "Huh? What do you mean?" Luke looked towards the rearview mirror. "I want to know everything about her, including what she does in this country!"

Sebastian kept his eyes trained on the document. His piercing obsidian eyes obscured his true feelings. However, his tone was cold and he was more serious than ever. He finally wanted to know more about his ex-wife after five years. Technically, they were not divorced. He was 'widowed', which meant that he wanted to look into his 'deceased wife'. Luke sighed and started the car. This was the first time Sasha had seen such a luxurious preschool. *Holy crap, is this really a preschool? Is this an elite academy? Look at the beautiful buildings and the sprawling field. It might as well be a park. If not for the small carrot on the school gate, I would be convinced that I'm in a high-end university.* Compared to this place, Matt and Vivian were attending a slum of a preschool.

Sadness pricked Sasha. "What's wrong?" "Nothing. Your preschool is so beautiful. Let me take you to your teacher." Sasha composed herself and led the child to the entrance of the school. "Isn't this Ian? I'm surprised to see you at school today." The teacher in charge of greeting the children was shocked to see Ian. Ian immediately retreated behind his mother. Sasha hugged him tightly. "Yes. Ian wasn't feeling well for a while and couldn't come. He's better now, so here he is." "Oh, he wasn't well? I thought he wasn't coming anymore." The teacher clearly did not believe Sasha when she saw her and Ian.

Forget it. I won't start a row with her. Sasha held Ian's hand. "Excuse me, but can I take him in? He still isn't feeling his best and I just want to let his teacher know." "Of course not. Is this your first time at the preschool? Don't you know the rules here?" "I just..." "Ma'am, our teachers are famous globally. Do you know how many parents in the city rack their brains trying to find a way to send their child here? How dare you doubt that our teachers won't be able to properly care for your child? You can leave if you want!" The teacher's extremely rude outburst angered Sasha.

She debated whether she should allow Ian to go in or take him home. *What kind of preschool is this? She's so arrogant!* Sasha had no choice but to allow Ian to go in on his own. She had no idea how amazing this preschool was. The children that were chosen for enrolment based on their family background. If they were not of a certain standard, they would be promptly rejected. When they registered Ian, Sebastian did not allow Ian's identity to be revealed. Hence, Ian was somewhat of a pariah.

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The Love that Never Really Dies Chapter No 73 – Sasha watched as Ian went in. Before he left her, she assured him, “Don’t worry, Little Ian. I’ll be right outside waiting for you. I won’t go anywhere. When you finish school at noon, we’ll go have lunch together, okay?” “Okay...” The highly reluctant Ian finally acquiesced. Perhaps it was because the time he needed to spend inside was short, or because Sasha was waiting for him outside, but Ian felt comforted. Then, Sasha left. Ian followed the teacher into the classroom where he had not been in for some time. “What? This idiot actually came back?” “Yeah. Why is he back?

Didn’t his family take him away to cure him?’ “Hahaha.” The children in the classroom immediately started mocking Ian. Ian’s face paled, and he turned to leave. “Where are you going, Ian? Are you being naughty again?” The teacher who led him in quickly grabbed hold of him. With that, Ian returned to the classroom. An autistic child required special attention. If his emotions were settled, he would not cause trouble from then on. Unfortunately, it was clear that this teacher was not as impressive as the teacher at the gate claimed. “Sit down now and read this book. Don’t go anywhere, do you understand?” The teacher casually grabbed a book and placed it on the desk in front of Ian. She led the rest of the children out to play. *Read this book?*

An intelligent childlike Ian was above such childish tasks. Ian fished out a transformer toy from his schoolbag. He played and counted down the ticking hands of the clock, waiting for the time to pass so he could be released to Sasha. Sometime later, a few children snuck back. “Look at him, he’s watching the clock again. He’s not reading as the teacher told him to. Is he really an idiot?” “Of course, he is. He doesn’t look like a normal child at all.” “Hey, idiot!” A few children started to poke fun at and ridicule Ian. A chubby child realized that Ian was not responding to their taunts. He moved to stand right in front of him. “

Why aren’t you saying anything, you idiot? What are you playing with?” The child immediately reached out to snatch Ian’s transformer toy away from him. Ian finally responded. He was introverted and was highly possessive over his things. At home, no one was allowed to touch his things without his permission. Ian struggled to keep the chubby child from taking his transformer toy. The chubby boy was frustrated at Ian’s refusal to hand over the transformer toy. “This idiot is refusing to give it to me. Quickly, hold him down and take it from him.” The other children swarmed and held Ian down against the table.

Poor Ian was rather weak. He quickly ran out of strength and he could only watch as his toy was taken away. “Give it back to me!” “Hey, the idiot is talking. Fine, I’ll give it back to you. But, you have to kneel in the small house till I say so. I’ll only give it back to you when I’m satisfied. with that.” Ian pointed at the small storeroom and directed Ian to kneel inside. Thus, innocence is not a guaranteed

trait of the young. The environment in which they grew up in as well as their innate personalities could unleash the monsters in them which would lead them to the path of wickedness.

As Ian was dragged to the storeroom, he did not even have the strength to fight back. Under the instruction of the chubby child, the other children soon tossed Ian into the storeroom. After that, they locked the door. Somehow, the teacher had failed to witness this entire scene. Alternatively, she chose to turn a blind eye. Sasha had no idea what had just happened in the preschool. She was sitting in the car and searching for places where she could bring her son to eat after school. Suddenly, out of the corner of her eye, she saw something streak across the small path outside the car. *What? What's that?*

A stray cat? She jumped, put her phone down, and peered out the window. However, she was too slow. By the time she looked out, the thing had disappeared. At the entrance of the preschool in the distance, a child had appeared. "Mister, I'm late. Please open the door for me." "Why are you so late? You should have come early!" The security guard at the entrance was not suspicious at all as the child that appeared uttered the name 'Ian'. The security guard grumbled and opened the door. "Ian? Why are you here? You're supposed to be studying in the classroom."

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Before he could arrive at the classroom, a teacher walked in. Her expression turned cold when she caught sight of the child and she started to berate him. Ian grinned at the teacher. "Okay, Teacher. I just went to the washroom and forgot where our classroom was. Can you tell me please?" The teacher was momentarily stunned. *Why is Ian so talkative all of a sudden? He even smiled at me. He never smiles at me. All this young boy does is sit around with an aloof expression.*

The teacher was still stunned. Before the rest of her could react, her finger instinctively pointed towards the right classroom. The small child shot her another smile, waved and dashed away. Several minutes later, in Class 2. The small child found the classroom completely empty. His eyes, which had already emptied of all emotion, swept the surroundings. His gaze soon fell on a fallen textbook on the floor. "Ian?" He ran towards the desk. It did belong to Ian. He picked up the book, and Ian's name was inside. Moreover, he noticed a familiar transformer toy on the floor as well, and its arm was torn off. *Those jerks. How dare they bully my brother?* Ian, or rather Matteo, scanned the classroom angrily. He made a call on his smartwatch. A few seconds later, the same brand of smartwatch rang. "Ian..." He saw it and rushed over, only to realize that the door was locked.

He was absolutely furious. He yanked down the lock and kicked the door in. "Are you okay, Ian? I'm here!" Ian was curled into a ball inside. He was all withdrawn

and always felt that he lacked security. After he was locked inside, he squeezed himself into a corner with his knees tucked in tightly. He remained in that position throughout. His small face was as white as a sheet. "Don't be scared, Ian. I'm here to save you." Matteo's heart ached when he saw him in that condition. He crouched down next to his fraternal brother and suppressed the fury within him. Slowly, he reached out his hand and patted Ian's shoulder, trying to comfort him. Ian was still in a daze but regained his senses gradually. "You're finally here, Matt..."

He was sobbing as he climbed onto Matteo and hugged him tightly. His grip was so tight that Matteo struggled to breathe. It just so happened that Matteo had been tracking his mother's signal when Ian was locked up. He saw she was at the preschool and guessed that his mother must have sent Ian there. Hence, he called Ian on his smartwatch to check on him. He never expected to stumble onto such a situation. *How dare someone bullies the brother of Matteo Wand? He's as good as dead!* Matteo could feel his brother quaking in fear as he hugged him. He was so overcome with rage that flames almost started shooting out of his eyes. "Go, take me to them. I'll avenge you!" "Huh?" Ian was preoccupied with the warmth he felt in his brother's embrace. After he heard what Matteo said, he released him and his eyes widened in shock.

Avenge? Matteo could never stand to let the bullying slide and he was not going to explain to his brother. When he saw Ian's hesitation, he handed him a mask and pulled him out. At a planter box behind the preschool. The chubby child and his gang who had stolen Ian's transformer toy were playing there. They were astonished by how real this transformer toy seemed. It was as though it had leaped right out of the cartoon and into their hands. They had never played with such a toy before. *Why does the idiot have something so cool?* The chubby boy was ecstatic, and he was more than prepared to claim the toy as his own. At this moment, a childish yet cold voice screamed down from above the chubby child's head. "Give it back!"

The chubby child's head snapped up and realized that there was a child standing behind him who was currently glaring down at the transformer toy in his hand. "Ian? You got out? Who let you out? How dare you?" The chubby child immediately recognized the other child. Despite his fear, his first reaction was to bellow and call upon the rest of the children into action. They quickly assumed the formation to beat Ian up. *Beat me up?* Matteo chuckled haughtily. He could not be bothered to speak, and he lunged towards the chubby child. In a flash, Matteo had swiped the transformer toy away before the chubby child even had time to react. The chubby child was absolutely floored.

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They never expected that the idiot they were used to pushing around would suddenly become a force to be reckoned with. He had taken the toy away with one quick motion. "Beat him! Beat him now! Make sure you beat him up!" The chubby child was livid. He was shrieking as he waved his fists around in the air. Matteo watched as the chubby child and the children he was playing with charged towards him. *You want to fight? He really doesn't know who he's up against. I haven't fought in a while. When I was in the preschool overseas, I would send every child in my taekwondo class crashing to the mat.* Matteo hitched up his sleeves. He launched a flying kick effortlessly and his opponent collapsed to the ground. *Crap!*

The chubby child was utterly stunned. Ian, who was wearing the mask and hiding behind the planter box, was just as appalled. His eyes were as wide as saucers. *Matt is... so amazing.* He looked extremely jealous. When the chubby child saw his first friend collapse, panic set in. He charged towards Matteo with his fists flailing. "I'm going to kill you, Ian!" he shrieked furiously. Matteo attacked the child who had grabbed him with a left hook. Next, he leaped up from the ground and planted a kick right in the chubby child's face. With a strangled cry, the chubby child fell to the ground.

They want to take me on? Dream on! Matteo swept his gaze over the rest of the terrified children. He chuckled evilly and waved towards the planter box behind him. After a moment's hesitation, the masked Ian stiffly walked out from behind the planter box. "How did he bully you just now?" "Was it this hand? Did he pinch you and take your toy? Hit him! Hit him till he remembers you!" Matteo shot daggers at the chubby child on the ground. He wanted to teach the child the lesson that if anyone were to bully him, he should retaliate immediately! This would be a lesson the chubby child would never forget.

Just like how Mommy taught me! Ian was stupefied. *Daddy never taught me such rough measures. He only showed me how to win without shedding blood. Daddy always says that that's true strength.* Despite his envy, he was a little glad that he had never hit anyone. Ian finally brandished his small fists and under his brother's encouragement, he punched the chubby child with all his might. It took a while, but Sasha eventually settled on a restaurant. She decided to bring her children to a Jetroina restaurant after school. Right as she made her reservation, she caught sight of a black car speeding past the entrance of the preschool. The car stopped, and its passenger rushed into the preschool. *What's going on?*

How can they go into the preschool at this hour? Sasha thought it was rather strange. She wanted to go in out of worry for her child. She climbed out of the car and walked in that direction. "Hello, may I ask why that person was allowed to go in?" "Why did she go in? It's because some children are fighting inside. Someone hit her child and broke his nose. Even his hand is broken as well. Of course, she has to go in," snapped the security guard. *Oh my god! Is there even bullying in preschools now? His nose and hand were even broken. This is so scary! What about my Little Ian? Is he okay?* Sasha's face turned as white as a sheet. She could not stop worrying about her son who was inside. She quickly started to plead,

"Can I go in to take a look? My child is inside too. He's Ian from Class 2." "What? Your son is Ian? What are you still doing here? Your son hit another child!" The moment Sasha mentioned her son's name, the security guard started to shriek at her. He claimed that Ian was the one who had hit someone. *Ian fights?* Sasha stood there blankly. She was still trying to wrap her head around it when the jarring sounds of arguing and children's wails came from the other side of the door.

Sasha realized that the person from the car had emerged. It was a middle-aged woman wearing a black mink fur coat. She was pointing at the person who had gone in with her, and two children were brought out. One of the children was being carried out on someone's back. The other child was being led by the woman. The small child was struggling against her talons. *Little Ian? Isn't that my Ian?* Sasha's eyes were extremely wide. A burst of anger erupted from within her. She no longer cared if she was allowed in or not. She kicked the door open and charged in. "What are you doing? Why are you grabbing my child? Let go of him!"

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Sasha barged in furiously and headed straight for that woman. She didn't say a word pushed the woman harshly and snatched her kid away. She looked just like Matteo at that moment. The woman was surprised for several seconds, and she couldn't even react to it. Ian, on the other hand, finally got to see his mother. His tiny arms hugged her tightly, and his tiny figure stuck entirely onto her. Sasha held him tightly and asked, "Little Ian, are you alright? Did she hurt you?" Sasha was a little nervous when she asked those questions because she was terrified of her son being hurt by that middle-aged woman.

She even checked under his clothes. Ian didn't say a word. The middle-aged woman, on the other hand, finally came around after hearing those words. She jumped and pointed a finger at Sasha immediately before yelling and cussing aloud. "Me? Hurting him? Is this how you teach your son? Why don't you ask him who he has beaten up?" "What? He's a kid. Who can he hurt?" Sasha didn't believe a word that woman said. Hearing that got the woman to jump even more.

She protested, "Just ask him. He broke my son's nose, then dislocated his arm by stomping on it! So tell me. Why can't a kid like him hurt someone?" Sasha was so surprised that she was rendered speechless. *Little Ian broke her son's nose? And dislocated his hand? She has got to be joking, right?* Sasha thought that those words were absolutely ridiculous. However, the woman got her wounded son to show up in front of Sasha soon after. Sasha couldn't speak. *Holy... It's real...* "Little Ian, d-did you really do that?" asked Sasha, who finally felt a little guilty. She still didn't quite believe it, because Ian looked too thin and weak. He didn't seem like someone who could beat another kid. Moreover, she knew Sebastian well.

There is no way he'd teach his son to beat someone up. What made Sasha gasp, however, was that her little baby actually nodded while in her arms. "Yes," answered Ian. Sasha was hit hard. "See? He admitted it. What else do you have to say?" demanded the middle-aged woman upon hearing Ian's confession. Sasha had no choice but to soften up and turn to her son, who was standing by her. She took the initiative to apologize, "I'm so sorry about this. I don't know what happened exactly, so how about we take the kid to the hospital first?" "Go to the hospital? You think that'd solve everything?" "No, that is not what I meant. I just meant that the most important thing to do right now is to treat the child's injuries.

Sometimes, kids fight against one another. How about we investigate the matter once your child's condition gets better? Don't worry. If my son really attacked your son with malicious intent, then I will surely give you a satisfactory response. Also, I will bear all medical expenses for your son's treatment. I will not shy away from any responsibilities." Sasha was genuine when she shared her idea on dealing with the matter. That was also the most reasonable way to solve the matter. Sasha didn't deny responsibility and would bear the consequences if Ian had attacked the boy.

However, the most important matter at hand was to treat the injured kid. Unfortunately, the middle-aged woman would not listen to any of her words. "Why should I listen to you? Your son has admitted to hurting my son, and what you have to do is to hand him over to me right now. Either that or don't blame me for what happens next."

After that, the middle-aged woman waved her hand. Two men wearing black suits showed up behind the middle-aged woman immediately. Sasha's expression turned grim. *Who the hell is she? She's being aggressive under broad daylight? Seriously, is there no law and order in this country?* Sasha immediately got her son and backed away a few steps. "What are you guys doing? Don't go overboard," said Sasha. "Go overboard?" the woman scoffed and added, "What can you do if I insist on doing so?" After that, she plunged towards Sasha immediately.

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Sasha turned pale immediately. She couldn't care about anything else anymore, so she carried her son and ran. However, she was a woman who was holding her son while running; so naturally, she wasn't as fast as the middle-aged woman and her two subordinates. "Ah!" All Sasha felt was her scalp aching. Someone had pulled her hair, and she couldn't move a second later. *Slap!* That was a loud slap across Sasha's face. She was defenseless, so she stumbled back a few steps with her child still in her arms. The mother and son duo fell right onto the ground. "

Mommy!" Ian was in his mommy's arms, so he saw everything. He couldn't be bothered about his own safety anymore, and he shouted aloud when he saw his mommy's red and bloated face. All Sasha could hear was humming in her ears, so she didn't know what her son was shouting about. That being said, her arms still

held him tightly and shielded him. When the middle-aged woman saw that, she instantly smiled evilly and gestured for her two subordinates to follow her over again. To everyone's surprise, the kid in the woman's arms suddenly turned around and glared at them. "You will regret this." That was a rather scary expression! He was only five, but at that moment, the tiny face that resembled his daddy's actually managed to freeze the others with his deadly glares. The two subordinates paused immediately. Both felt a chill went down their spines.

That is so weird. He is but a five-year-old... However, the middle-aged woman hadn't noticed that something was off. Her expression remained evil as she stubbornly approached to hurt the mother and son duo. Then, everyone saw the child in his mommy's arms press a button on the watch wrapped around his wrist. "Daddy, someone is hurting your wife and son.

Are you coming over or what?" Sebastian was in a middle of a meeting when he received that call. He had a cigarette between his fingers at the time. Hearing that got him to tremble at once that he almost burnt himself. "What did you say? Who's hurting you?" "Someone who should drop dead!" The baby voice coming from the phone was cute but sounded extremely cold and cruel somehow. Sebastian's expression changed immediately. He sprang up from his seat and left with his phone in his hand. A terrifying and murderous aura instantly engulfed him. Ian had never spoken like that to Sebastian before.

Hell, the boy had never spoken to anyone before in that manner because he was just a five-year-old. He wouldn't feel murderous, regardless of how angry he got. Yet, Sebastian sensed the murderous intent from his son. *So someone is actually hurting my son? And my baby's mommy?* Sebastian gathered all of Hayes Corporation's security guards, and within a few minutes, a fleet of over ten cars rushed to the preschool. The top managers, who were there for the meeting, were all flabbergasted. *That is too scary. Who on Earth is so stupid that they have the guts to offend this dude?*

Now, he is going all out to get the culprit. Xandra had also heard about the incident at that moment. She was usually the one who sent Ian to the preschool, so her contact information was registered in the system. That was why the preschool notified her the second something happened. *That woman caused a ruckus in the preschool? This is amazing! I finally have the opportunity to teach that b*tch a lesson. I can even prove my strength to Sebastian. He'll definitely love me even more once I settle this matter nicely.* With that, Xandra took off as well. She even reached the preschool before Sebastian.

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"I am so sorry, Mrs. Kent. This is all Ian's fault, and I will teach him a lesson as soon as we get back. No matter what, hitting someone is wrong. Please don't worry, we will teach him accordingly. We will also foot all the related medical fees." Xandra was graceful when she stood inside the preschool's office and apologized to the secretary general's wife. She seemed genuine when she said that she would teach Ian a lesson once they got home. *This is definitely a good parent.*

The teachers in the preschool and the secretary general's wife instantly looked better. "Things would not have spiraled out of control if you had shown up earlier, Ian's mom. Just look at what kind of nanny you have hired. It's bad enough that she won't talk nicely, but being aggressive and attacking? My gosh, that is so barbaric." "Exactly, what kind of a person is that? Ian's mom, I think you should fire her as soon as possible." "That's right." Everyone's eyes shone with discrimination and insult when they turned to Sasha, who was still being held hostage by the two men in black suits. Sasha scoffed.

So she's the mom? Those blind idiots! "Fine, everything is settled then. I will leave now if there is nothing else." Xandra had solved the matter beautifully and was prepared to leave with Sasha and Ian. To everyone's surprise, Xandra had barely touched Ian, who was standing beside Sasha, when he pushed her away rudely and growled, "Scram!" "Ian, what are you doing?" Xandra's face turned pale immediately. Her gaze swept past the entire office and saw that everyone was looking at her strangely. She was so angry that she wanted to pull the brat over to give him a good round of beating. "Ian, be good and come here. Mommy will take you home." "Stay away from me! You are not my mommy, she is," insisted Ian before he rushed to Sasha. He tried to free his mommy from the two men who were holding her hostage.

Unfortunately, he was too young, so his tiny hands were not strong enough to help his mommy when he pushed them. Instead, the man he pushed grabbed his tiny arm immediately. "Let go! Let go of him right now!" shouted Sasha. She was instantly panicking. Unfortunately, those men were not going to let Ian go. They were about to attack when someone rushed into the office and shouted, "Something bad happened! A lot of men suddenly show up outside and claim that they are here to pick up Ian Hayes!" *Ian Hayes?* No one knew how the captured kid suddenly became so strong, but he broke free and immediately ran out. "Daddy," shouted Ian, "Daddy, I'm here. Daddy!" Ian's shouts were loud, and his voice was filled with sorrow and tears. The people in the office heard the commotion, so they immediately rushed out.

They were not prepared to see what was out there, and their jaws dropped the moment they saw it. *This has got to be the biggest stance the preschool has ever seen.* Over ten four-wheel drive cars were parked in a straight line, and it was something that was only seen in a movie. The car that led the fleet was a black Bentley with a unique number plate. The door was opened the second the car was parked, and they saw a ridiculously noble and handsome man walking out of it. *It looks like a king had just made an entrance. Who is that man?* The preschool had never seen any parent doing such an entrance before. Everyone was shocked.

"Daddy, you're finally here. They hit me and mommy. Mommy is still being held captive in there," said Ian between sobs. Ian had already reached his daddy's side by then. The kid hugged his father tightly in his arms. Ian was autistic, but he had been pushed so hard that he was even crying aloud. Sebastian picked his son up and brushed his gaze against everyone there. That got the others to shiver instinctively. Next, his lips parted, and he instructed, "Get them!" "Yes, sir!" Over a dozen men in black suits got out of the four-wheel drive cars upon hearing the order. They rushed toward the preschool immediately.

"Ah!" Screams instantly echoed all around the preschool. Everyone was horrified, and they tried to flee from the scene as quickly as possible. Unfortunately, there was no way that Sebastian's men would let anyone go. It took Sebastian's men less than two minutes to seize everyone and round them up at the entrance of the kindergarten. One kick from a few men was all it took to get everyone to go on their knees in front of Sebastian. The preschool's principal was one of the people kneeling. So was the middle-aged woman, who had walked out of the office with the others. Sasha was still held in the office, so she had no idea what happened... Or at least that was the case until a man holding a gun suddenly barged in. She was stunned and hadn't even gotten a chance to react to it before the two men holding her fell. Everything was so scary that Sasha's brain fused.

"Y-you..." "Ms. Wand, we're with Mr. Hayes, and we're here to rescue you. Are you alright?" "Huh?" That got Sasha completely petrified. She was in a daze when they took her out of the office a few minutes later. To her surprise and annoyance, she was still witnessing a violent bloodbath in front of the preschool. "You're the one who hit my son?" "N-no!" "No?" "Y-yes." *Thump!* The man holding the boy in his arms kicked over the middle-aged woman who was on her knees and she fell immediately. She was injured so badly that she couldn't even get up. *Oh my gosh!* Everyone was terrified.

They trembled, and a few teachers even passed out in fear. Sasha was also flabbergasted. *That man... actually came? And i-is he defending me and my son?* A wave of emotions hit Sasha. She didn't want to admit it, but she was ecstatic to see how that unreasonable middle-aged woman fell onto the ground. Xandra, on the other hand, looked terrified. "You... Just you wait. I-I am the secretary general's wife. You kicked me, and I will not let you off the hook so easily." To everyone's surprise, the middle-aged woman got back up after being kicked and still had the audacity to run her mouth at Sebastian. Everyone on site turned to the man who looked as terrifying as the devil. All they saw was that his expression had turned even scarier.

"Who is the secretary general?" The man looked like he had just emerged from the deepest parts of Hell. He had a kid in his arms, but every other part of him exuded a freezing aura that inspired horror and devastation. Even a peek at him would get one's scalp tingly. The security guard stepped up and immediately answered, "It's Kyle Kent." "Kyle Kent?" "Daddy, that's her. She's the one who slapped Mommy," said Ian in an angry tone at that crucial moment. He was still in his daddy's arms when he pointed his tiny finger at the middle-aged woman. At that instant, the aura on-site turned so cold that it was freezing. "

Slap her!" "Understood." "Also, get rid of Kyle Kent. Don't ever let me hear that name again!" A simple sentence was all it took for that man to crush someone as powerful as the secretary general. *He's truly the devil!* The middle-aged woman

finally slumped to the ground. *How powerful does a man have to be to crush a secretary general with mere words? Who among us has the power to even be on the same level as him?* The middle-aged woman finally regretted her decisions, but it was all too late.

The subordinates who received their orders pulled her by her hair to get her up. Then, they slapped her endlessly and mercilessly in front of everyone else. *This is too bloody and violent!* No one dared to say a word or even make a squeak. They looked lifeless and were tempted to hide away immediately. The same applied for Xandra. Unfortunately, the cruel man saw her at that moment. His gaze turned even colder when he demanded, "Why are you here? What did you do earlier?" "She forced me to apologize and wanted to pay that woman." At that moment, Ian, who had been resting in his daddy's arm, voiced up once again in a chilly tone to cause another problem. Xandra instantly turned pale, whereas Sasha was gleeful. *Good job, my sweet boy!*

"N-no, that's not it. Listen to me, Sebastian. I was just..." "So this is how you've been interacting with the school over the past two years? The son of Sebastian Hayes was attacked. Yet, he is the one who has to apologize and pay the other party?" The man's voice was downright cruel and was so distant that it could freeze the entire continent. Xandra saw how angry he was, and she got so terrified that she almost knelt down in front of that man. "Sebastian, I-I didn't... I just wanted to create an environment so he and his classmates can interact nicely. H-he's different, after all." "What's so different about him? My son is as healthy as all the other kids, so how is he different? I wondered why he hated the preschool so much.

Now the truth is out. It's because you've been planting all sorts of wrong ideas in his head, and buttering all the other parents up. Oh, you evil woman. My son has the most powerful family backing him up, and you turned his identity into a boy from a dumpster!" Upon hearing that, Sasha immediately shouted at and insulted Xandra before the man standing opposite of her could say anything else. Xandra was so angry that her face distorted. Sasha was about to slap the woman when the man in front of her spoke in the cruelest tone he had ever used. "Lock her up. No one is allowed to let her go without my permission!" Sebastian spat every single one of those words through his teeth. That showed just how murderous and angry he was at that moment. Xandra shivered immediately.

Thump! Her legs gave way, and she went down on her knees the very next second. "No, Sebastian. Please don't lock me up. I've learned my lesson, Sebastian," begged Xandra endlessly. She was on the verge of losing all dignity and almost crawled to that man and kowtow to him. However, the evil man never even looked at her. He simply turned around with his son in his arms. At that moment, even Sasha, who had witnessed all that, couldn't help but was taken aback. *That scum really is heartless. Isn't that the woman he loves the most? He's actually okay with locking her up?* Sasha didn't know how she felt at that moment.

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A few hours later in the Frontier Bay. Sasha went to the washroom on the second floor to put a cold towel on her bloated face. *Hiss...* "Does it hurt?" Ian had been standing by the washroom's door the entire time. When he heard his mommy hissing, he immediately tilted his tiny head up and stared at his mommy with worry glowing in his eyes. *Mommy got hurt because of me. Will Matteo get mad when he finds out?* The kid's tiny hand gripped the broken toy that he had snatched back. He looked devastated, with guilt and remorse weighing down in his heart. "It's fine, Little Ian. See?"

It doesn't hurt at all. I was just hissing because of the cold. I accidentally froze myself with the ice water." Sasha sensed that the little guy's emotion was off, so she quickly crouched down beside him and cooed him. Ian tilted his head up and saw how his mommy's face was reddened and bloated. He didn't know what to say, so after hesitating for a while, he approached her. The kid had never done anything immature before, but he actually bulged his tiny lips and blew on his mommy's cheek. Sasha was momentarily stupefied. *What is my son doing? Is he blowing on my face to 'blow away the pain'? Like his baby sister does?* Vivi was practically a professional in playing a childish cutie pie. Whenever she saw her mommy getting injured anywhere, she would rush over to blow on the cut and claimed that it would be fine soon. Sasha was touched by her son's gesture.

She reached out and held him in her arms. "Little Ian is such a good boy. I'm fine now. It's true. It doesn't feel bad at all. I will be fine as long as you are okay," promised Sasha as she suppressed the tears in her eyes and smiled. Ian suddenly felt a little awkward. However, he never struggled or broke free. He simply let his mommy hug him until he heard his daddy's voice. *Daddy is home.* "Mr. Hayes, welcome home." "Where is Ian?" asked Sebastian instantly. The man was obviously still worried whether his son was traumatized. "He's on the second floor. Ms. Wand is with him.

Oh, and Mr. Hayes? I don't know what happened, but Ms. Wand's face is bloated. It looks as if someone has beaten her," informed Wendy in a worried tone. *Ah, so Sasha never told Wendy what happened?* Sebastian scoffed and replied, "She deserves it." Wendy was speechless. She wanted to say something, but her young boss had already walked up the stairs by then. As suspected, Sebastian heard the mother and son duo conversing in the nursery before he even saw them. Sasha asked, "Little Ian, is there any make-up for women in the house? Can you get some for me? I need it to hide my injury so that no one will see it when I leave." Ian tilted his head up to stare at his mommy. *Mommy is probably worried about Matteo and my baby sister seeing her bloated face.* The tiny thing that had been playing Lego looked up. His warm brown eyes shone with a little guilt when he answered, "There's none." "Huh? Are you sure there isn't any make-up in the house? How can that be? Err... Hasn't Ms. Xandra been staying here the entire time?"

It's unlikely that she doesn't have any make-up around here. Little Ian, you can get some for me. I promise I won't use too much of it," said Sasha. She didn't actually want to utter those words because the mere thought of using that vile woman's make-up disgusted Sasha. Unfortunately, she didn't have a choice. *If I*

don't hide my injury away, Matteo and Vivi will worry and ask about it when they see it. Sasha popped her head out and scanned her son, who was in the bedroom. To her surprise, the boy, who had been playing with his toy, shook his head and insisted, "No. There's no lady living here." Sasha didn't know what to say. She was stunned for a few seconds because she couldn't understand what she just heard. *No lady living here?* Sebastian heard their conversation at that moment. He pushed the door open and asked, "What are you doing?"

Gah! Sasha saw him and was so surprised that she shut her mouth immediately. She grabbed a random towel to hide her face. *D*mn it. Why is this scum suddenly here? Shouldn't he be working in the office?* Sasha was a little nervous about seeing him at that moment because she was in a very embarrassing situation then. In the end, she even needed him to show up and rescue her. *Gah, this feels awful.* Ian saw his daddy there, so the former got up from the play area and greeted,

"Daddy, you're back!" Sebastian nodded. His gaze calmly swept past the thin, crouching figure in the washroom before he stretched his long legs and went to his son. "How are you? Are you alright?" "Yeah," replied Ian, as he nodded calmly. Sebastian ruffled the kid's tiny head before getting up and walking to the washroom. Sasha couldn't speak. She simply hid inside the washroom.

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If there was an actual hole in front of her, Sasha would've jumped in there and hide instantly. "How long are you planning on hiding in there? Weren't you, oh, so brave, when you fought with the others this afternoon?" Sasha couldn't speak. *The f*ck?* The man's heartless insult left Sasha with no choice but to show herself and left the washroom. "What else can I do? She won't even let a helpless woman and a kid go. Was I supposed to watch as she hit our... I mean, your son?" complained Sasha. She felt so wronged as she caressed her own face. Sebastian hovered over her and glared down.

He wanted to say something, but he changed his mind when he saw the clear slap mark on her cheek. *Even the corner of her lips are a little swollen* Sebastian narrowed his eyes a little, and his gaze became warmer. *She is such an idiot. She actually got smacked until her lips split in a fight!* "You had it coming. You fought with them even after he broke the kid's nose? What were you thinking? Were you trying to break their neck?" *What the f*ck?* Sasha's big, round eyes bulged in fury instantly. "Dude, do you think I want to fight? The situation was dire, and things spiraled out of control. She said that she was going to torture your son to avenge her son. How can I allow it? D*mn it, I am a woman. It's not like I'm a martial arts expert like your bodyguards..

" hissed Sasha. She was agitated when she spoke, so she hurt her lips again and stung herself. Her hand flew to her lips as she hissed. Sebastian had nothing to

say now. His eyes couldn't help but twitch a little, but he stopped talking in the end. A few minutes later, the two of them left the nursery. Sasha, whose face was still swollen, planned on packing her things and going home immediately. However, she had just closed the door when the man standing in front of her said, "Follow me." *Huh? Follow him?* Sasha thought that she misunderstood him, so she looked around. *I don't think there is anyone else around...* She eventually followed him over after hesitating for a while. At first, she thought that she was in for a rough time.

She caused a pretty big commotion at the preschool, after all. However, she was surprised to see that the man led her to the bedroom she visited the night before. He later got the medical kit from one of the closets. Sasha didn't know what to say. "See if you can find anything of use," instructed Sebastian in a distant tone. He sounded so distant that it was as if he found an injured stray dog and was tossing out leftovers for it. *That makes sense, I guess. I was injured while babysitting his son, so it's only normal for him to compensate his employee for the injury. Besides, it's just medicine.* Sasha calmed down her beating heart that had suddenly thumped a little faster. She tilted her head down and started picking out the medicine calmly.

There was actually a good variety of medicine in there, but most of them were for kids. It was obvious that it was prepared for Ian. Sasha's gaze shifted downward as she continued searching for it. Eventually, she found an ointment in the box that could get swellings down. After picking the ointment out, she looked around before she snuck into the washroom with it. *Click!* The refreshing scent of mint spread out. It was the same scent that Sasha detected last night in the closet of the bedroom. She noticed that there weren't any female products in the washroom.

The white tile on the floor, as well as the light grey wall, made the entire place look like a cold hotel room. There was only one mug and one toothbrush by the basin. *I-is that woman really not living here? How is that possible? Aren't they married? Why aren't they living together?* Sasha had just gotten her heart to calm down, but it had already started thumping uncontrollably fast again. She focused on the ointment and started applying it to her face. To her surprise, the effects were pretty good. However, her lips... *Hiss...* Sasha hissed again and took a deep breath.

It hurt so badly that she almost tossed the cotton butt away. "What are you doing?" Sebastian happened to have found what he needed in the study room at that moment, so he returned to see her crouching in the washroom. He walked over when he noted that she had her hand on her lips. Sasha wanted to hide her face further away and not let him see it. *This has got to be a joke. How can I let him see me in such a pathetic state? It's not like he doesn't already have tons of things to tease and insult me with!* What she didn't expect was that the guy actually assumed that something was wrong when she ignored him.

Hence, he reached out and picked her up from the floor. "Ah! Sebastian Hayes, w-what are you doing?" growled Sasha. She was on the verge of going insane. She hid her lips with her hand while glaring at him with her watery, brown eyes. At

that moment, she was so tempted to murder him. The corner of Sebastian's eye twitched again when he caught that. This was probably because he didn't expect the woman who had always put up a strong front before him to end up in that state. *She's actually tearing up from the pain of being hit and having an injured lip? I can't believe her eyes are actually watery.*