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Roxanne was hopping mad when she heard his accusation. "You couldn't stop his diarrhea since his admission yesterday. What does that prove? You are lousy because you failed to find the cause of his illness!" she countered.

"You... It takes time for the medication to take effect! There is no miracle drug that can instantly cure someone." Her unreasonable expectations frustrated the doctor.

"Well, of course there are. He is a five-year-old kid. Don't you know it can be fatal for him if you can't stop his diarrhea?"

Her words hit Sebastian like a thunderbolt, who became extremely worried and flustered at the limp little figure in his arms.

"Enough! Get the car," he ordered.

"Huh?" Luke was shocked, but Roxanne, on the other hand, was elated.

"Yes, let's go. You can't go wrong taking my advice!" she declared.

She had every reason to be confident as a doctor. In some aspects, she was also a genius.

Sebastian rushed Matteo to Roxanne's research laboratory. True enough, his condition stabilized after she gave him a dose of medication.

"See! I told you it was a fungi poisoning."

"Fungi poisoning? What fungi?" He took his eyes off his son and turned to ask.

"Fungi are mushrooms. But the strange thing is the mushrooms in the market are all edible and safe for consumption. How did your son get sick? What did he eat at his grandpa's place?"

Sebastian could not give Roxanne an answer because he was away from his kids during this period.

Noting his silence, she added, "This could lead to fatal consequences. What if there is a delay and something bad happens to him?"

Sebastian's face paled. He vowed he would let nothing untoward happen to his kids, but the fact was, it nearly happened.

He could not imagine what would have happened if he had come back a little later, or Roxanne wasn't around.

He stood by Matteo's bedside, devastated, and clutched his son's tiny hand. His heart filled with guilt and self-blame.

"I know you are extremely busy, but since you brought him into this world, you have to be responsible for him. What is more important—money or his life?" Roxanne could not help but nag.

After that, she took Matteo's blood sample to the laboratory for testing, as she felt something was amiss.

Sebastian sat there in silence, deep in thoughts.

Without a doubt, he would give up everything for his three kids if it were up to him. Sadly, someone else thought otherwise and decided to abandon them.

Sebastian kept a vigil by Matteo's bedside, not taking a step away from his precious son.

In the middle of the night, the boy finally woke up. When he opened his eyes and saw his father next to him, he moved his little hand weakly. "Daddy..."

"Hmm?" Sebastian was about to doze off, but he sprang up upon hearing Matteo's voice and was instantly wide awake.

"Matt, you are awake? That is great! Are you feeling okay?" he asked while caressing his son's face.

Matteo had never seen his father in such an anxious state. With a comforting figure next to him, he let go of his pent-up emotions.

"Daddy, where did you go? Are you and Mommy leaving us? Are you going to divorce?" he wailed

This was a boy who had never cried, even when life was difficult for the family when his mommy brought them up single-handedly.

His brother and sister had broken down during the trying period when their parents were at odds, but he maintained a positive mindset.

At that moment, he cried his heart out.

Sebastian was shattered. He scooped his son up from the bed and cradled him in his arms.

"Of course not. How could we leave you? The three of you are our precious babies, and I would give up everything for you."

"But Mommy is not back. She has left us, right?" The sad look in Matteo's teary eyes pierced Sebastian's heart like a dagger, leaving it bleeding.

He took a deep breath but could not find words to console his son.

He had no idea. Maybe she really left for good...

After all, she had clearly told him she did not want them anymore.

Sebastian was big and strong and had the power to lord over everyone at work. However, at that moment, his heart crumpled into pieces as a sense of helplessness overwhelmed him.

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He did not know what to do. Looking at the sick son in his arms, he felt a wave of anger and bitterness grew in him.

That fury intensified when he saw the photo of a glowing Sasha next to a bespectacled man in a posh city.

How could you be so cruel, Sasha?

Do you only think of the Wands and the Blackwoods? What about us? What about your three flesh and blood? Don't we mean anything to you?

Sasha had a fruitful day. She was surprised Andy had asked her back to work after the humiliating confrontation the day before. Moreover, he also handed her a lucrative deal that enabled her to earn more than a million.

It was unbelievable, but she decided not to think too much about it. After all, she got the commission in hand.

"Tell me, Lennie, what do you want? I'll buy it for you today." Sasha happily asked Lance, who was just behind her, as they walked out of Wall Street with the commission safely in her account.

It was a promise she made to him at the hotel the day before, but she had been too busy to fulfill it.

Lance politely rejected her offer. "It is not necessary. I don't need anything. Keep the money for future investment."

Sasha was puzzled by his change in attitude.

He was elated when she agreed to reward him the day before, but now he declined her offer so formally.

She felt awkward by his behavior since she preferred his earlier carefree and easy interaction.

She suspected Solomon had lectured him again, causing the change in his attitude.

That night, Sasha transferred the million to Jackson's account again.

Lance saw that but kept quiet and just headed back to his room for the night.

They went through the same routine over the next few days—working at Andy's office in the day, and transferring the commissions they earned to Jackson in the night.

A week later, she received a call from Jackson.

"What are you trying to do, Sasha? Why do you keep sending us money? Are you trying to make up to us with money? Do you think this will make us forgive you?" he howled.

"No... no, Uncle Jackson. I... I can explain." She was flustered by his accusation and tried to explain herself.

However, the infuriated man would not give her the chance to defend herself. "If you have the time, why don't you spend it on your kids? Fancy abandoning them and then trying to act like a saint to us. Do you think we will appreciate this?" he added, before slamming the phone on her.

For a long while, Sasha stood there in a daze as her eyes brimmed with tears. His harsh words echoed in her ears.

My kids...

Like a volcano eruption, the suppressed feelings and longing she had for her children poured out uncontrollably. With trembling hands, she made a call.

"Hello? Wendy? I'm Sasha."

"Ms. Wand? Fancy receiving a call from you. It is about time."

Sasha was taken aback by the hostile and sarcastic attitude from Wendy, who had always been on good terms with her.

She took a while to recompose herself, then softly asked, "I'm sorry, but I was really busy lately. How are the kids?"

"Oh, you still care about them? I thought it would be out of sight, out of mind after you left."

"No, no, that is not true. I am their mother. How could I not care about them?"

"What were you doing during this period, then? Where were you when Vivi was hospitalized? What were you doing when Matt nearly died? Huh?" Wendy interrogated.

It pained her to see how the children had suffered. She also felt sorry for Sebastian, who was both emotionally and physically drained.

Sasha was crestfallen.

Vivi was sick?

And Matt nearly died?

When did that happen? Why wasn't she informed? What happened?

A dreaded wave of worry and fear threatened to bury her. Her hands were trembling so badly she could not hold on to the phone, so she hung up.

Lance came into the room at that moment and shocked to see her in a state of panic. "What's wrong, Sha?"

"Oh, Lennie! I... I gotta make a trip back. Can you help to take care of business here? Tell Andy... say... tell him I have to take a few days off to attend to some urgent matters."