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The housekeeper came to her senses and immediately summoned the bodyguards to search for the shooter. She helped Yancy to her feet and prepared to hide.

Right at this moment, Yancy's mobile phone rang.

"Hello?"

"What's your decision? Have you thought it over? You want to win the suit or lose your life?"

The girl's voice on the phone sounded so normal as if discussing an ordinary everyday occurrence at home.

The lady housekeeper understood immediately what was happening.

"Sasha? So, you are the one doing this?"

"Yes, so what do you think? Is the lady of your house, Mrs. Tsurka, all right? By the way, I forgot to mention that you have no place to hide. This time, I've hired ten snipers, not just one. You'd better think it over carefully."

No one thought that the docile little lamb would have such a terrible side.

She was like a monster. Her voice was the same, so sweet and soft but at this moment, every word that she said seemed to come from a demon from hell.

The housekeeper was too afraid to move even an inch.

"Mrs. Tsurka..."

"This bit*h"

Yancy began to realize what happened too. Covered with blood and lying there, she started cursing loudly.

Unfortunately, the cursing won't help. With snipers aiming at her from places she could not see, there was nothing she could do if she wanted to stay alive.

"Sasha, I will take revenge!" Her face looked hideous as she glared at the phone, speaking slowly and clearly.

Sasha laughed mockingly, seemingly unbothered at all.

"It's up to you, but now, you have to do as I say or else, you die."

With that, she hung up the phone.

A few minutes later, people from the legal department rushed out of the lounge.

"Madam, good news, they have already pleaded guilty with the judge. We don't have to fight this case anymore."

Sasha was speechless.

So, it could be said that some things were very simple.

Sasha went out carrying the bag without any untoward incident. Again, she met Solomon but this time, he did not seem pleased like the first time he saw her.

"What did you tell my mom?"

"Nothing out of the ordinary. I just told her that according to the law, a murderer must pay with his life and anyone who committed a crime would be punished.

Sasha looked at him coldly and articulated each word clearly.

As her words fell on his ears, the aggressive nature he showed at their first meeting disappeared. His arrogance was replaced by fear and his handsome face turned pale.

Indeed, he had killed someone.

Even though he did not do it with his own hands, someone had died because of him.

Ashen-faced, Solomon watched the woman leave.

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Sasha arrived at her office.

The first thing she wanted to do was to investigate Frieda's case as this was her main concern.

However, before she could telephone the agent whose services she engaged, Gregg suddenly came in to see her.

"Ms. Wand, you're back. Have you heard that Mr. Hayes is back?"

"Are you serious?"

She was so overjoyed that she just put down the phone she had picked up just now.

Gregg nodded. "Yes, I only heard this from someone else. Unfortunately, there was some incident and he's now in the hospital."

Sasha was speechless.

In an instant, she turned pale and left the office.

Hospital?

What could have happened to him in one day and one night that he has ended up in the hospital?

Sasha was worried sick.

All the way to the hospital, she floored the accelerator and when she stopped, she rushed immediately to the emergency department.

For this one day and one night, she really had no idea at all about Sebastian's whereabouts. She couldn't get through to his phone and he did not contact her to tell her where he had gone.

So, during this time, she was really tormented.

Especially when she learned that Frieda was likely involved in an accident. She felt even more tormented.

In her mind, she had gone through many versions of what condition Sebastian might be in. Yet, the scene that met her eyes was beyond what she had imagined. Sitting in the emergency ward was a man so thin that he was barely more than a skeleton.

And on the bed in front of him was a body with its face covered by a white sheet.

Sasha was at a loss for words.

Suddenly, there was a "thump" in her heart, followed by a very bad premonition arising from inside her.

Who is this?

Who... has passed away?

She walked in slowly and fearfully, standing behind him but not daring to address him for a long time.

"Sebby?"

There was an awkward silence.

Indeed, the man sat there as if oblivious of his surroundings.

Sasha's premonition of something untoward happening became even stronger.

She went over and stood gingerly next to him.

Only then did she discover while his head was hanging down, his eyes were dull, his clothes could only be described as dirty, and she was not sure if it was her imagination. She seemed to see a dark red mark on it.

The mark was faint and it smelled of blood.

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What happened to him?

Sasha felt more and more frightened. She stopped calling him but followed the direction of his gaze and looked at the person lying on the bed.

Finally, her pupils shrunk suddenly, when she saw a pair of familiar hands.

Those were Frieda's hands.

This old lady, even though she was advanced in age, was hidden for many years by Frederick in a secret basement and had never done any physical work.

And so, her fingers were fine and beautiful and they looked like a little girl's hands. Later on, each time Sasha saw them, she would be full of praise for these hands.

Sasha's mind buzzed.

Falling and stumbling, she approached the bed and pulled back the white sheet from the person's face with trembling hands.

"Mom..."

Desperately, she covered her mouth with her hands and huge drops of tears rolled down her cheeks, like a string of broken pearls spilling from her eyes.

It is really Frieda!

How did this happen?

She had really met her death!

However, the agent she hired had told her with certainty that it happened on the train. Why is this man guarding her now? Why?

Sasha felt as if her heart had been cut open.

After a long time, she slowly pulled down the white sheet; then, she saw clearly the gunshot wound on the woman's chest.

"Mrs. Hayes, Madam Frieda was killed by the bullet when she shielded the president from the shooter.

Karl had arrived at the door and seeing her, he had explained how the incident happened.

She shielded him from a shooter?

How did it happen? Why would Frieda shield him from a bullet?

Sasha turned to face him. "What happened? Where did you go yesterday?"

"Yesterday..."

"Drag her out of here!"

After maintaining silence all this while on his seat, he suddenly started yelling.

The hoarse voice, speaking with unprecedented hatred and fury, stunned the two people in the ward.

Sasha thought she was mistaken.

Is she ordering me to be dragged out?

In utter bewilderment, Karl looked at his boss.

"Sebby, don't be sad. I know, yesterday, I was..." Sasha came to her senses, believing that he was mistaken about her, thinking that she had not done anything after knowing about Frieda.

So, she tried to explain.

However, even as she began to speak, he suddenly roared at her with uncontrollable rage. "I'm asking you to get out. Haven't you heard me?"

The whole ward buzzed with the roar of his anger.

Sasha was stunned!

She opened her eyes wide. For a few seconds, it seemed as if she did not know this man.

Am I seeing things?

Did he actually shout at me? Did he also ask me to get lost?

Her eyes were red and in an instant, the tears of being wrongfully accused filled her eyes.

"What is wrong with you? I... I know that yesterday when Mom met with this disaster, I could not come back on time. I really did not want this to happen to her. I had been busy for the past one day and one night."

The injustice she felt weighed so heavily on her that she wept aloud in his presence.

However, he was totally unsympathetic. He glared at her, cold and distant, with a strange expression on his face as if he was a totally different person.

"You had been busy? Really? What were you busy doing? So, Sasha Wand, come on, tell me what you have been busy doing for this one whole day and one night? Please tell me."

He sneered and laughed with sarcasm as if he had heard a silly joke. Then he asked Sasha to tell him what kept her so busy?

Sasha was dumbfounded.

What have I done?

Unfortunately, everything that she had done must be kept a secret from him.

She could not reveal that she had been dealing with Yancy and had hired someone to rescue Frieda.

The other deeds like going to the legal department to steal the master tape too had to be kept secret. If he were to find out, he would certainly be more furious.

Sasha's face turned pale.

"Sebby, you... listen to me. I have not done anything disloyal to you. I only... only..."

"You knew who had taken my mother away but you didn't tell me. Was that not betraying me?"

Sasha was speechless.

"Furthermore, haven't you known my real identity for a long time?

Suddenly he leaped up from his seat like a demon and was right in front of her in one step!

Sasha retreated a few steps!

She lifted her eyes to look at him and instantly, her blood ran cold.

"This morning, when the Jadesons pointed the gun at my chest and my Mom rushed over to shield me. At that moment, I realized that I was the biggest fool in the world. Do you know that?"

Sasha listened in silence.

"When you asked me to stay away from Devin, I thought you knew that he was the bad company and you were worried that something untoward could happen to me."

"To stop me from keeping company with Devin, you didn't hesitate to take action on Sabrina; yet I still believed that you were momentarily confused and acted on impulse. Sasha, don't you think I am a fool?"

He forced her into a corner and shouted at her one question after another in a hoarse broken voice.

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Finally, Karl led Sasha out of the ward.

"Mrs. Hayes, Madam Frieda has just passed on and Mr. Hayes is very emotional. He doesn't mean to hurt you. The incident this morning was very traumatic to him. Please do not take it to heart. Let him calm down."

Karl led her out and then seeing her crying uncontrollably, tried to console her with some explanation.

She was trembling all over. Holding her handbag tight in her hands, her hands were so tightly clenched that her nails were digging into her palms, almost cutting into her flesh.

She had never been so frightened before.

Neither had she ever felt so sad.

However, after listening to this bodyguard's words, she was somewhat comforted.

"I... I never meant to harm him or let his mother get harmed."

"I know. It's just that what happened last night was too traumatic for him. Madam Frieda was always mentally unsound. Perhaps, before this happened, Mr. Hayes and his mother did not bond very well."

"Nevertheless, last night, on the train, when the Jadesons wanted to shoot Mr. Hayes, Frieda shielded him without hesitation. That was simply too much for him or even anyone to bear."

When Karl came to this part, his voice was really solemn.

It was as if there was a heavy load upon him and he struggled to breathe.

Pitter patter. Sasha's tears came splattering down again.

After some time, with tears in her voice, she asked, "So, does he know his own identity now?"

Karl nodded. "Not at first. Later, when he discovered that Madam Frieda was abducted by Devin's men, he caught up with the train and then he found out."

Sasha listened without interrupting.

Again she felt the agonizing pain as if being cut by a knife. She stood with her head lowered and had another emotional breakdown.

"I... I had no choice but to hide the truth from him. When I was imprisoned in Jetroina by Yancy, she told me this. Every day, she threatened to publicize his identity so that he would be despised as an illegitimate child. How could I tell him about that?"

Tearfully, she told the bodyguard the truth.

For so long she had kept this secret which was like a time bomb, threatening her every minute and every second, keeping her wary and exhausting the very life out of her.

So, when she talked about it, she felt a great relief.

Karl was astounded when he heard about it!

She knew about this so early?

It looks like she has been under extreme stress all this while. Furthermore, she cannot be blamed for Madam Frieda's death. Everything she did was for Mr. Hayes.

Karl returned to the ward.

After the explosive vent just now, the ward had become quiet again.

However, when Karl entered inside, he discovered that the man inside was in a worse condition than before. He sat there quietly, but he seemed to have cut off from the outside world.

Ashen-faced, he stared with empty eyes at the corpse on the bed, oblivious to his surroundings.

"Mr. Hayes..."

Karl's heart was pained at this sight.

He walked over to him and stood behind him. "Mrs. Hayes meant no harm. She did not know that not telling you would result in Madam Frieda's death. Please don't blame her."

He wanted to explain to him that it was not his wife's fault.

However, there was no reaction nor response from Sebastian.

He stared at the bed with his head lowered, like a lifeless machine in total silence. It was very frightening.

He had never been like this before.

It seemed that blood was thicker than water. At the time when Frederick died, he had not seen him this way.

There was nothing else that Karl could do, so he left the ward. He had to talk with the hospital authorities about handling the body.

At seven o'clock in the evening, Rufus heard the news and hurried there.

"Sebastian, I heard about your mother..."

When he came inside the ward and saw Frieda's body on the bed, he could no longer finish his sentence.

There was only sorrow and the tears that came tumbling down.

Sebastian's eyes flickered.

It was rather unexpected. After Frieda's body was brought back, he hardly moved for the whole afternoon. Except for the rant when Sasha was there, he had not said a word but now, his eyes came to life.

Karl who had not left his side noticed the change.

"Mr. Hayes?"

"Leave us for a moment..." Finally, the man who had sat unmoving for a whole afternoon, spoke in a hoarse voice, asking Karl to leave the ward.

Karl came out of the ward and closed the door behind him.

Rufus was wrapped up in the sad turn of events, so he did not notice these changes.

"It's my fault, I shouldn't take you out, and I shouldn't let others take pictures of you at will. Frieda, it's all my fault."

Rufus approached the bed slowly. He was someone who never cried, not even when he was in prison but at this moment, his tears fell like a child.

Sebastian did not say a word until he saw Rufus stretching out his trembling hand to lift the white cloth from Frieda's face.

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"You knew about this the whole time too, didn't you?"

"What?"

Rufus' hand froze upon hearing that, and there was a look of panic on his face and it had gone pale.

Sebastian felt his burning rage and hatred resurface when he saw his reaction.

"That Shin is my biological father! You knew the Jadesons were a huge threat to my mom since she showed up, so why didn't you tell me about it? Why did

you and Frederick keep it a secret from me? Don't tell me this is your way of protecting me!" he shouted at the top of his lungs with bloodshot eyes.

Rufus was at a loss for words.

It was indeed our way of protecting him, but I have no right to say that now... Not after how Frieda died in front of him as a result...

"Sebastian, I-"

"Do you have any idea how much shock and disbelief I was in when I discovered that Shin was my father? Devin told me how the Jadesons had mercilessly gotten rid of that 'traitor' even though he was a member of the family. As such, I was grateful to both you and Frederick when I found out that I survived that gruesome fate, but why didn't you tell me the truth? Why did you have to wait until he's dead to tell me? I'm not a f*cking kid anymore, da*n it! It's all too late now!"

Despair, anger, and hatred were written all over his face, and he broke down in tears moments after screaming his heart out.

Rufus was shocked by how emotional he got.

Frieda has only made such a brief appearance, and he's that devastated over her death? There isn't a single trace of hope in those eyes of his! I don't understand this guy at all...

He would've understood Sebastian if he knew how Frieda died.

The Jadesons had shot at Sebastian, and she jumped in to take the bullet for him.

That showed the Jadesons couldn't care less about Sebastian being a part of their family and were going to kill him like they did with Shin back then.

If they had no issues killing Sebastian, then there was no stopping them from going after his wife, his child, and anyone else related to him.

It was the first time in his life Sebastian had felt such despair, and he broke down crying as he asked repeatedly, "Why didn't you tell me sooner? Why? Why?"

Had I known about it, I would have been able to do something to prevent this!

Rufus was so shocked by his reaction that he could only sigh with tears in his eyes as he didn't know how to answer him.

"It's not that we didn't want to tell you, we just... We wanted for Shin's one and only descendant to live a great life in this world. You have no idea how hard it was for us to rescue you and your mother back then. None of us knew this would happen. Shin arrived in Avenport and was attracted to your mother, Frieda, when he met her at the Hayes Residence. Frederick and I witnessed the two of them fall in love and get married. However, the Jadesons labeled Frieda as a heinous sinner soon after she married into the family. They accused her of corrupting Shin and claimed that you didn't deserve to be born into this world. Hell, they transferred Shin away with a military order just so they could harm her even when she was already eight months pregnant! Neither of you would've survived if it weren't for Frederick and I! Do you really think we could tell you about this and risk alerting the Jadesons to your existence?"

Rufus was crying too after letting all of that out.

Sebastian went pale from shock for quite a while before slumping into the chair behind him.

He's right... I'm in no position to question them nor blame them for keeping it from me... After all, I'm only alive today because of them...

With that in mind, whatever light Sebastian had in his eyes disappeared.

"All right, let's not talk about this anymore now. You've gone an entire day and night without rest here, so you must be tired. Go back and get some sleep, okay? I can take care of things here," Rufus said when he noticed how Sebastian had gone quiet.

Sebastian closed his eyes for a moment before getting up and leaving the ward.

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Meanwhile, at the Hayes Residence, Sasha was incredibly scared and anxious as she waited for an update on the situation.

This was mainly due to her being partly responsible for Frieda's death.

Had she told Sebastian that he was Shin's son, he might have been able to take the necessary precautions to protect his mom.

Instead, she was so focused on keeping him safe that she neglected that fact, and her mistake cost Frieda her life.

As such, she felt relieved when Rufus called and told her that he had successfully convinced Sebastian to go home and happily ran downstairs to wait for him.

However, that feeling of relief did not last as Sebastian never showed up at the door.

Where is he? Didn't Dad say he was coming home?

Feeling uneasy at the thought of that, Sasha grabbed her phone and punched in Sebastian's number.

However, she didn't have the courage to follow through and ended up calling his bodyguard Karl instead.

"Hello, Mr. Frost. Um... My dad told me Sebastian has left the hospital. Has he gone home?"

"No, he headed over to Frontier Bay," Karl said, unsure of how he should word his reply as he didn't expect for it to happen either.

He assumed his boss would go straight home after leaving the hospital, but Sebastian had him drive straight to Royal Court One instead.

The silence that followed hit Sasha like a sledgehammer and sent her heart all the way to rock bottom once again.

Why would he go to Frontier Bay? We don't live there anymore, and that place is practically empty now!

With that in mind, her hand that was holding the phone fell weakly to her side.

Having stood behind Sasha for quite some time, Sabrina saw how dejected she looked and asked, "What's wrong? Is he not back yet?"

Sasha shook her head and forced a smile on her face as she tried her best to explain, "He's probably still busy taking care of stuff after his mom's death."

Naturally, Sabrina wasn't buying it and questioned her, "How is that possible? I bet he's not coming home on purpose! Could it be that he's mad at your dad for bringing Frieda out and is taking his anger out on you?"

Sasha went pale upon hearing that as she didn't want to believe it, but the stuff that Sebastian yelled at her in the ward earlier combined with his actions at the time made it clear that he was overcome with grief.

Having tossed and turned the entire night, Sasha got up very early the next day and planned to head over to Frontier Bay after breakfast with the kids.

Oblivious to the fact that Frieda was gone, Vivian asked with an innocent look in her eyes, "Why isn't Daddy home yet, Mommy? Is he still taking care of Grandma?"

Noticing that Sasha was struggling to find the right words, Matteo quickly answered that question for her, "Of course! Daddy's really busy, so we should behave ourselves at home and not disturb him."

With that, Vivian stopped asking any further questions.

Ian had kept quiet the whole time, but he was the one among the three who knew most about what happened throughout the past few days.

He waited until Sasha had left the house before dragging Matteo into the room. "We need to go see Daddy."

"Huh?" Matteo was confused. "Why? Isn't Daddy busy taking care of things after Grandma's death right now? Why would we go see him?"

As Ian was bad with words, he didn't know how to explain it to Matteo and decided to whip out his tablet instead.

Having gotten used to his brother's behavior, Matteo sat down beside him and watched him operate the tablet instead of walking away.

A few minutes later, the two of them saw a red dot heading toward Frontier Bay on the screen.

The villa's location near the ocean made it extremely cold on winter mornings, and Sasha shivered when a cold gust of wind hit her upon exiting the car.

She then zipped up her coat before making her way toward Royal Court One.

"May I know who you're looking for?"

"I'm the owner of Royal Court One, but I've forgotten my access card."

Sasha lied to the security guard as she was in a hurry to enter.

The security guard then had her do a facial recognition scan at the gate, which opened with a loud click seconds later, much to her surprise.

Did it open? How is that possible? I've never had my appearance recorded here before, and Sebastian had already moved out before we made up! That's why I've been staying either at my family home or the Hayes Residence ever since! But, now...

Lost in her thoughts, Sasha stood there staring blankly into space until the security guard urged her to move as another car had pulled up.

She then quickly entered the residential area with a sense of warmth and joy in her heart.