

“Little Ian, how come you have the keys to this car? Mom… I love you to bits!” She was so excited that she started babbling incoherently. A glance at the rearview mirror showed the housemaid whose face had gone red from anger outside the villa, but Sasha was too far gone to care. Seated on the front passenger seat, Ian cast a cold glance at her. This car is mine, okay? Silly Mommy! The mother and son duo zoomed out of Frontier Bay in no time, shoving the villa to the back of their minds. “Little Ian, where should we go next? Do you want some good food? Or do you want me to bring you somewhere to play?” As the car sped along the road, Sasha’s spirits were lifted considerably, and she started to think about where she could bring her son to have fun since they had already left the villa. Ian’s eyes finally lit up with excitement. Indeed, he rarely came out to play. Even going for a simple stroll happened only once in a blue moon. Every time he went to places frequented by children of his age, everyone would call him a weirdo and laugh at him when they saw how quiet and introverted he was. Thus, he hated going to preschool and refused to go to crowded places. His father rarely allowed him to go out as well because of his frail body, and whenever he did, he would make sure Ian was escorted by many bodyguards, which Ian found to be a hindrance.

“The amusement park,” he finally said the words at the tip of his tongue after remaining silent throughout the whole ride. Sasha shot a furtive glance at her son. Upon noticing the bright gleam in his eyes, she readily agreed to his request, “Alright! The amusement park it is! I will make sure you have fun today. I promise!” Then, she floored the accelerator and headed straight for their destination. Her curiosity was piqued. Didn’t Ian refuse to go for a walk earlier? I’m sure he knows that there’s gonna be a lot of walking at the amusement park. Then why is he so excited about it? Sasha decided to use this opportunity to understand her son better. … Sebastian only found out about what happened at Frontier Bay when he returned to his office after a meeting. As soon as he was informed, he slammed the document in his hand onto the table. “How did my father find out about this?” “I–I investigated. No one at the villa would’ve dared to speak a word about it, so could it be one of the doctors?” Luke stammered as he trembled slightly. The moment he was done, Sebastian uttered in a frightening voice, “Did you leave your brain at home today? Do you really think any of the doctors I hired would dare to breathe a word about it? Investigate this at once and find out who leaked it.” “Yes, yes! Right away!” Luke nodded profusely. What Sebastian said was right. Ever since Frederick’s health deteriorated, no one dared to tell him about Ian’s health condition. Otherwise, death would be the only outcome for them. The doctors undoubtedly knew this as well. At that moment, Luke felt that he had indeed left his brain at home. “What about her? Where is she now?” “Huh? Oh, you mean… Ms. Wand? She… ran away with Ian.” “What did you say? Ran away? With my son?” As Sebastian whipped his head up, the temperature in the office plummeted drastically, scaring the daylights out of Luke. He hastily explained, “Well, when Ian heard that your father was going to visit, he was very against it. So, he called your father and told him not to come, but of course, your father didn’t listen. Then, Ian… He took the keys to the blue Ferrari you gave him for his birthday and asked Ms. Wand to take him away…” Cold sweat was dripping down Luke’s forehead because truth be told, this was the first time Ian had done something like this. Sure enough, Sebastian’s expression became even more terrifying, and he exuded a menacing aura that seemed to fill every inch of the office. “And you believe that?” “Uh… Come again?” “He’s only five, but you’re telling me he’s capable of something like this? Then why wasn’t he this bold in the past?” Sebastian enunciated each word slowly as anger radiated off his body. Luke did not dare to say a word. So does Boss mean that it wasn’t Ian’s idea but Ms. Wand’s? Oh boy, she is so screwed! “Call… Call that damned woman and

tell her if... if she doesn't bring my son back in... in twenty minutes, I will bury her uncle... and his entire family along with her!" Beside himself with rage, pain began to spread through his skull as though a bomb was about to go off in his head. The pain was so excruciating that he wanted so badly to strangle that woman alive at that moment! Sasha Wand, I showed you some leniency and you start acting out already? Very well. Just you wait! ... Sasha and Ian both had a blast at the amusement park. Since the latter had never been here before, he had eagerly tried every ride with Sasha. Right then, Sasha glimpsed a shadow of Matteo in him as he finally seemed more like a child of his age.

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"Are you having fun, Little Ian?" "Mhm." Both of them were sitting in a small wooden boat that could seat only a parent and a child. It wasn't powered by anything and could only move by manually pedaling and rowing the double oars. Hence, when Sasha pedaled, Ian would use his little hands to row the oars. His face was flushed and perspiration coated his forehead, but his beautiful eyes were exceptionally bright, which was a stark contrast to his usual aloof self. Sasha smiled along with him and continued pedaling vigorously, about to bring him to play some more. Just then, her phone rang. "Hello?" "Madam, oh my God. What were you thinking? How could you kidnap Ian and run away like that? Goodness gracious, I really can't... Please, come back quickly or you'll be done for!" The moment Sasha answered the call, Luke's frenzied voice reached her ears. Her expression fell as she asked, "What's wrong? He knows? No... I didn't kidnap Little Ian. He didn't want to see his grandpa, so I brought him out with me. That's all." Oh God, doesn't she understand the gravity of the situation now? Luke didn't bother to elaborate further. Instead, he begged her to quickly bring Ian back and said that if she didn't, she would never be allowed to see Ian again. Sasha finally came to her senses and brought a very reluctant Ian back on shore. "Little Ian, our fun stops here for today. You just fell sick, so you can't play too much. Let's go find Daddy now, okay?" "Daddy?" Ian was an immensely intelligent child, so he instantly realized that something was off by listening to his mother's words. However, Sasha would never tell him anything she deemed inappropriate for a child's ears. After coaxing him a little, she carried him back to the car, and they both left the amusement park, heading toward Hayes Corporation. Twenty minutes later, the car drove into the city center and approached Hayes Corporation. Then, it rolled to a stop in front of the skyscraper. After receiving the call from Luke earlier, Sasha didn't have the inclination to go in whatsoever. From Luke's tone, she knew for a fact that that man would make things difficult for her if she went up. Unfortunately... "Ms. Nancy?" "Oh, alright. I will bring you up, hmm?" Sasha snapped out of her trance. Glancing at the boy beside her who still looked a little pale and sickly, she alighted the car and brought him down. "Oh, the president's son is here. Hi, little one. I see you finally have some time to come over." Perhaps because Sebastian often brought Ian to the company, everyone there knew who he was. As soon as Sasha led him in, the front desk receptionist immediately came over to greet him warmly. Ian never liked speaking, so he merely shot a fleeting glance at her. To dispel the awkwardness, Sasha quickly answered for him, "Yes, his father asked me to bring him here. Is he in his office now?" "Oh, yes, yes. The president didn't go out this afternoon. Oh? I've never seen you before. Are you the newly hired nanny for Mr. Hayes' son? You're very young!" Unexpectedly, the receptionist posed such a question after giving Sasha a once-over. Following that, Sasha's whole body stiffened. Nanny? Hah! Isn't that the truth though? She didn't dare to acknowledge this child as her own at that moment. Besides, no one in this building knew that she was once the president's wife and would have been the lady boss

here because their wedding back then hadn' t even been announced to the public. Sasha lowered her gaze as a self-deprecating smile played on her lips. Just when she was about to admit to being a nanny, the small hand she was holding abruptly tugged her twice. "Let' s go!" Ian' s eyes were extremely hostile as if someone had provoked him. Upon seeing this, Sasha did not waste a second, quickly bringing him to the elevator. Not long after, the front desk receptionist received a notice of dismissal from the Human Resource Department. The reason for her dismissal was because Ian didn' t like her! Sasha brought Ian to the president' s office on the highest floor. "Ahem... Little Ian, why don' t you go in on your own, hmm? I won' t be going with you. Your daddy is inside, so it wouldn' t be very appropriate for me to go in. Is that okay?" Sasha' s reluctance to see Sebastian had steadily increased all the way here. Standing right outside his office, she finally succumbed to it. Ian looked at her and agreed, "Okay!" Then, he obediently let go of her hand and made his way into the office. Sasha was stunned. No way. That was too easy. He really agreed? He' s usually very clingy. Why is he so obedient all of a sudden? Sasha was rather surprised that her son had agreed so readily, but at the same time, she was beyond delighted at how smoothly things went. She slowly turned around and tiptoed toward the elevator, hoping to quickly leave this place. "Sasha! Get in here!" However, her hopes were crushed when a voice boomed from inside the office. Suddenly, her whole body was frozen to the spot, as if held by an invisible force. How is that scum' s hearing so sharp? Like a meek little girl, Sasha obediently approached his office. "Good afternoon, Mr. Hayes." She let out an awkward laugh. Upon stepping into the office, her eyes were immediately drawn toward the man sitting behind the large desk. In the spacious and brightly illuminated office, sunlight poured in through the French windows, creating a halo around his figure. Right then, he looked like a king reigning over his kingdom in his throne, so noble and lofty no one dared to look at him directly.