

Chapter 1296

She sat on his lap, her heart beating ferociously. This was the first time she had thrown a temper in the company. This situation reminded her of the time when he had just brought her back from Ciarrai County. As if she had returned to that point in time.

"You're afraid?" He slung an arm around her slim waist, holding a cigar between the index finger and middle finger of his other hand. He sucked on his cigar and looked at her calmly.

The little woman was now practically a shape-shifter. On the way, she had acted like a tigress, dragging the knot of his tie that she had cut off.

That was a fresh and refreshing side to her he had never seen before. And he found it funny too.

Maybe because she was nervous, but when she was almost at his office, she missed a step and almost sprained her ankle. Then after they entered his office, she immediately released him. At the same time, she started stuttering.

"Se...Sebastian, did I... Did I...go too far?"

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He looked at her, humored. "What happened to your courage?"

"That's not it, Sebastian, listen to me... I... You know as well as I do, to make sure I don't spoil your image in the company, I never come here." She looked at him seriously. She had never acted so brashly in her life.

"But, I had no choice..." Before she could finish, he had already bent down and pulled her into his arms.

"What... What are you doing, you won't throw me down the stairs out of anger, right?" Her heartbeat sped up.

He snorted and laughed, heaved her onto the sofa, then knelt down and removed her heels.

"Does it hurt?" he asked. But looking at her ankle, it was not swollen.

She did not answer his question. "This woman is Marcus's relative; her mother was my mother's childhood friend. When they were children, she hogged all of my grandfather's love for my mother..."

He rested her foot on his knee and massaged it gently as he asked, "I'm asking whether your ankle hurts."

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Still, she refused to answer his question. "It's not Jennie's fault for hogging my grandfather's fatherly love for my mother, but... After so many years, they still managed to find us. The woman who came today is known as Lori Gibson. Her daughter is attending the same kindergarten as our Aino; she just transferred here two weeks ago."

"Is this a coincidence?"

"No! She acted all cold and arrogant, and purposely got into a disagreement with the other mothers to attract my attention. Everything was premeditated, Sebastian."

"Does your ankle feel better when I massage it like this?" he asked her in a deep voice.

"I want water." She was quite nervous just now, and now her throat was dry from her nerves.

He reached out and took his own cup and sent it straight to her lips, feeding her some water.

She swallowed a mouthful of water, then continued. "Sebastian, I can't let this calculating mother and daughter pair

continued. "Sebastian can't let this calculating mother and daughter pair disrupt my life. At least I can't give her the chance to disrupt Aino's life, so Sebastian..."

She bit her lip, she herself felt that she had crossed the line today. Acting more like a madwoman than Ruth, the certified madwoman. If there were reporters present today, the report would be enough to send her to the headlines.

Sebastian did not answer her, merely asking, "Are you done?"

Sabrina nodded. "I...I can publicly apologize to the entire company, and you can also punish me however you want. Even... Even if you want to divorce me to save your company's image, I will not complain..."

Sebastian said, "I already told you last week that this woman is no innocent little lamb. You didn't believe me back then! Now, you finally believe me?"

Sabrina was speechless. "..."

After a pause, she said softly, "You... You could tell right from the start?"

"Of course! Otherwise, do you think your husband, the Director of the Ford Group is some stupid little boy? Or do you think you married a weakling for a husband?" he

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After a pause, she said softly, "You... You could tell right from the start?"

"Of course! Otherwise, do you think your husband, the Director of the Ford Group is some stupid little boy? Or do you think you married a weakling for a husband?" he asked her instead.

Her lips lifted into a sudden smile. "You... You're not mad at me?"

"Does your ankle still hurt?" He did not know how many times he had repeated this question.