

Chapter 1377

Did it hurt? He did not say anything, continuing to clean her shallow flesh wounds. And now he was helping her get dressed.

With his current actions, he acted as if he was her lover, her simp, returning to his image as a good father and loving husband. Who was he? Which one was the real him?

At that moment, Sabrina was very confused. In her confusion, Sebastian had already got her dressed. After carrying her off the bed, he said to her in his deep and mellow voice, "I know the friction might hurt your feet, so don't wear heels today, so just wear some flats."

She answered mechanically, "Okay."

Then she mechanically walked into the bathroom and washed her face. When she emerged from the bathroom, her tiny face was smooth and clean, without a hint of powder on it. Her hair, on the other hand, was tied up into a bun at the top of her head.

However, her complexion was so pale that Sebastian could not help himself and took another peek at her.

She immediately asked, "Do you have any requests? Do you want me to wear makeup?"

He sighed heavily and said, "Come out for breakfast!"

Aunt Lewis had already prepared for them beforehand; there were a few extra berries in her bowl.

"They're wild berries of the highest quality. Last year, all throughout the year, only around two pounds of these berries were produced. They were all bought by Sir. But Madam, you should only eat five or six of these berries every week because they're too nutritious!"

Aunt Lewis smiled at Sabrina gently.

She had just finished preparing breakfast, she did not know what happened in the master bedroom.

A while later, upon seeing Sabrina's lonely and sad expression, Aunt Lewis stopped talking instantly. She was an

stopped talking instantly. She was an expert at reading the room. She glanced at Sebastian.

He immediately said, "Aunt Lewis, you don't have to care for us here anymore. Why don't you head out for some groceries?"

"Alright, Sir." Aunt Lewis held a basket in her hand and quickly strode away.

"Finish the berries!" he ordered.

"Okay..." Sabrina answered mechanically.

He watched as she finished the small bowl of berries. Soon, he saw the color start to return to her cheeks. Only then did he feel slightly satisfied.

"My mother..." She finally opened her mouth out of her own volition. She was worried about her mother and Aino. Aino did not come home last night; she wondered how her daughter was now.

"If you want your mother and daughter to worry about you, then you can continue looking down and depressed. If..."

"I know!" Sabrina interrupted him. She

"I know!" Sabrina interrupted him. She scoffed. Whether it was putting on a happy act in front of Aino and her mother, or being spurned by the crowd in the old residence, she could bear it all. That was nothing more than being bullied and putting on a pitiful act. She was almost a professional at that by now!

After breakfast, Sabrina and Sebastian left the building together and had just walked to Kingston's car when Kingston immediately noticed there was something wrong with her today. He did not dare ask, but he realized Aino was not with them and he immediately asked, "Where's the little princess?"

"At her grandma's place. Kingston, please go to her grandma's house first," Sebastian said.

An hour later, Kingston's car arrived at Gloria's home. Sabrina was indeed a skilled actress. She did not allow her mother to see any hint of unhappiness on her face.

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Instead, Gloria's tone on the other hand showed that she was very worried about Sabrina. "Sabbie, are you... Are you okay?"

"I'm fine, Mom. Sebastian and I just had a small misunderstanding yesterday. It has been completely resolved now," Sabrina said to her mother casually.

Then, she continued. "Mom, tonight, we're going to the old residence for dinner. After I'm back, I'll come here and accompany you."

"Alright." Her mother looked at Sabrina proudly, then smiled and looked at Sebastian.

Right at that moment, Gloria's phone rang. She thought it was a call from her nephew Marcus, so she answered immediately, "Marcus..."

"It's not your nephew. It's Jennie Gibson." On the other end, Jennie's tone sounded like she was pleased with herself.