

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love

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Jackson nodded in understanding. "It's all right. I will go my way and update you when I have any clues."

He understood that Shane would not trust him again after his previous betrayal.

Shane gazed at him for quite a while, then turned around and left without uttering any words.

Jackson took a deep breath and put on his glasses. After that, he bowed earnestly in Shane's direction and made his way to the resource room with a determined look.

I bet Shane must have assigned his men to trace Jacqueline and Sean's whereabouts. Well, I have my way too. I'm going to make use of the records in the DNA storage.

Regardless of how a person's appearance had transformed, the gene and blood type would never change. On top of that, biometric fingerprint systems and iris recognition were widely implemented in this advanced era. Thus, he presumed that he might be able to trace Jacqueline's current location based on her fingerprint in the DNA storage. As long as she had used any iris recognition or biometric fingerprint system elsewhere, her whereabouts would be traceable.

Meanwhile, Natalie, Lina, and Sally had gone to the competition hall for the semi-finals.

This current round was deemed the eliminatory round before the final round between the champion and the second place. At the end of this round, one of the groups would be eliminated and announced as the winner of third place.

“Nat, which group do you think will be eliminated this round as the third place?” Lina whispered as she glanced at the other two groups.

Natalie shook her head. “How would I know? We won’t be able to predict the result until the end. No matter what, let’s just try our best.”

“You’re right. But I wonder if you feel the same too. Perhaps because we’re the last three groups, it seems that we’re not as nervous as we were earlier,” Lina said. Natalie smiled. “It’s because all of us are equally matched. In other words, none of us has the confidence to defeat the others and become the final winner. So what’s the point of getting nervous? Besides, our performance might be affected if we can’t cool our heads off. Most importantly, we’re already basking in the limelight as one of the top three in this international competition. It doesn’t really matter even if we’re not the champion.”

Lina nodded. “That’s true.”

“Of course, it’d be nice if we won. But even if we didn’t, there’s no doubt that you’re one of the top three young designers in the world!”

Lina chuckled. “Yeah, that’s why I can barely feel the hostility from everyone. It’s as though we’re back to the first round of the competition.”

Natalie patted her on the shoulder. “Let’s just do our best.”

Lina nodded again, feeling motivated.

After that, both of them listened attentively as the host explained the theme for the next round.

It was not a fixed theme this round. Designers were requested to design their dresses and jewelry by incorporating the traditional elements of their own countries’ dresses and jewelry.

Undeniably, every country had its unique elements for its traditional costume and jewelry. Thus, it was not solely on how the organizer would assess the designed gowns and jewelry

precisely with utter fairness. After all, it was just wishful thinking to have absolute justice in everything in the world. Instead of wasting time brooding over it, Natalie would rather spend time figuring out how to incorporate the uniqueness of their nation's elements on their next designs.

The three groups of designers started to discuss among themselves.

All the designers were from three different countries. And coincidentally, designers of the same country had joined the same group.

If the group consisted of designers from different countries, it might be challenging for them to work well with each other on that. Since every country had unique traditional elements, both designers would have different ideas, and they might end up designing dresses and jewelry which could not match each other's styles. Subsequently, they would have to be eliminated from the competition and that explained why the organizer had set such a challenging theme.

Lina scratched her head in bafflement. "Nat, do you have any idea about the so-called element of our country's traditional jewelry? I grew up overseas and I'm used to designing modern jewelry, mainly with various types of diamonds. I bet diamonds are not considered as one of the elements of our country's traditional jewelry."

"We have crystals which are of similar transparency as diamonds. Nevertheless, I don't think it's a good idea for you to use crystals. I fear that it might lead you into thinking of diamonds and that you would end up sketching a piece of modern jewelry unknowingly."

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Lina gave Natalie a thumbs up. "I salute you, Nat."

Natalie simply smiled. "I hope he gets what I mean and won't let me down."

"If he doesn't get what you mean and harbors grudges against you for lodging a report to the Design Association of his country, I can only comment that he's hopeless. There's no point in sympathizing with him then."

Natalie nodded. "You're right."

Not long after that, they were back in the villa. Natalie went up to the children's room right away to check on them.

Connor was attending a professor's online class, and Sharon had dozed off beside him.

Natalie closed the door of their room silently, not wanting to disturb them. Returning to her room, she could barely wait till night fell to contact Shane.

After waiting for two hours in anticipation, it was finally morning back in their country.

Natalie immediately gave Shane a call.

As though he knew that she would call him at this time, Shane answered his phone almost instantly. "Hello?" he sounded tired as usual.

Natalie's heart wrenched as she knitted her brows. "Darling, you didn't sleep again last night, did you?"

"I did. But not so well," Shane replied as he headed toward the balcony. The morning breeze seemed to have refreshed his mind.

Natalie could sense the trace of unmissable frustration amid the weariness in his tone. She couldn't help but ask, "Darling, did something happen?"

"Yeah, someone ransacked Wells Properties. I bet it was Sean again," Shane answered, staring at the rising sun.

“Again? Are you saying that he was the one who broke into our villa as well?”

Shane nodded. “Yeah, it was him. Mrs. Wilson happened to catch a glimpse of his face at that time.”

Natalie bit her lip. “Good gracious! He’s back in the country again? Then how about Jacqueline?”

“She could be back in the country as well. Jackson actually revealed some information to me yesterday. So I guess she’s back with Sean.”

Natalie sighed. “Both of them are as agile as monkeys. But why did they suddenly go back? I don’t think they are back merely for the share of Wells Properties. If that were the case, it would be too much of a fanfare. Don’t you think it’s a little unnecessary for them to do so?”

If she were Sean, she certainly would not dig her own grave and go back to Shane’s territory impetuously, no matter how important the share of Well Properties was. She would at most assign others to get the share transfer agreement and would never take the risk of doing so herself.

Shane pursed his lips and responded, “Perhaps he has something else up his sleeves. But I’m clueless about it for the time being.”

Natalie nodded and reminded him, “I guess so. Shane, you must keep your guard up.”

“Don’t worry. I will stay alert all the time. Oh yeah, where are the kids?” Shane dropped the subject. He softened at once when he asked about them.

Natalie chuckled, sensing the change in his tone. “Connor is still in class, and Sharon succumbed to sleep after accompanying him for a while.”

“Sharon doesn’t need to learn that. She just needs to be happy for the rest of her life.” Shane sounded exceptionally gentle when it came to his sweet little girl.

Leaning against the head of the bed, Natalie mumbled, “Sharon is not as intelligent as Connor, so I don’t expect her to attend complicated classes like him. Even so, I still hope that she can learn to master certain skills. We can’t stand by her side and back her up against the obstacles in her life forever. Connor can’t stay with her all the time too. Sooner or later, she will have to be independent. So we have to make the necessary arrangements for her when she grows up.”

“Whatever you say.”

After that, they continued to talk about education for the kids for quite a while. They only ended the conversation when the housekeeper went up to call Natalie for dinner.

At the dining table, Sally handed Natalie a big and thick envelope.

Natalie’s heart skipped a beat at the sight of the envelope. Snippets of Hannah’s horrendous act previously flashed across her mind. Since the incident, she could not put the terrifying moments out of her mind and suffered from a phobia of parcels or letters.

Sally seemed to have seen through Natalie and could not help but laugh. “Nat, take it easy. It’s not a prank. It’s from the magazine company. They requested me to pass it to you.”

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“It’s from the magazine?” Natalie was relieved. “What is it?”

Sally explained, “We’ve made the costumes you designed earlier, and the singers have worn them in the photoshoot for the magazine. Here are the photos and the magazine. Go through the copy and see if there’s any problem. They’re willing to make adjustments according to your needs. Also, here are a few tickets to the concert.”

“What’s with the concert tickets?” Natalie opened the envelope and took out a few VIP tickets. Sally put down the utensils in her hands. “Do you remember what I told you earlier? All the world-class singers will be performing in a mega-concert after the shoot for the magazine, so here are the tickets.”

“I see.” Natalie nodded.

Lina’s eyes brightened. “A mega concert? That sounds exciting!”

“Here. Take one.” Natalie drew a ticket from the stack and passed it to her.

Lina accepted the ticket. “Thanks!”

“You’re welcome.” Natalie smiled. She then went through the other tickets. “How about you, Sal?”

“Don’t worry, these are for you. They gave me two tickets, and I’ll be attending the concert with Silas.” Sally blushed.

Natalie nodded. “That’s great.”

“You can go with Mr. Shane. Bring along the kids, too! Oh, don’t forget Joyce,” Sally reminded.

After ensuring she had enough tickets, Natalie put them back into the envelope. “Okay. I’ll inform Shane and Joyce. I don’t think we should worry about it first since the concert is a month away. Let’s dig in!”

The three ladies continued their meal.

Meanwhile, back in the country, Shane had arrived at Wells Properties.

Since he was not the major shareholder, he did not have the authority to intervene in most of the affairs in the company. He could only get an update about yesterday’s incident.

As expected, according to the manager, the man who came and caused a stir here was Sean.

Though he had yet to inherit the company, he was still the major shareholder of Wells Properties. That was why the management could not stop him from entering the office building.

After carrying out a thorough search, Sean left right away as he did not find what he wanted.

Upon hearing the management's update, Shane kept mum for a moment before giving them the instruction, "Should Sean come and cause trouble again, contact me right away!"

The manager nodded without hesitation, even though they were unaware of their feud. "All right, Mr. Shane."

"Let's go." Shane stood up from his seat and left Wells Properties with the manager.

Since Wells Properties was technically not a direct asset under his company, Shane decided to leave after obtaining the information he needed.

He then went straight to the hospital.

While they were on their way to the hospital, Shane looked at the manager and asked, "Any updates about Maggie?"

The manager shook his head. "No updates from Mrs... I mean Maggie. I believe Sean didn't look for her. Even if he had done so, Maggie wouldn't have told us about it. After all, she's his biological mother. It's unlikely for Maggie to sell Sean out."

Shane did not say anything, but he agreed with what the manager said.

"Continue to keep an eye on Maggie. Should Sean appear, lock the entire vicinity," Shane ordered.

The manager nodded.

Shane did not say anything after that. He started going through the documents in the car.

At the hospital, he dumped all the documents on the manager and entered the building.

Upon arriving at Mrs. Wilson's ward, Shane noticed that a doctor was in the midst of pumping an empty syringe into her IV drip.

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Shane's eyes narrowed, and he immediately knocked down the door with a kick. "What are you doing?"

The doctor was stunned when he realized he was caught red-handed. After tossing the empty syringe aside, he ran toward the door and tried to escape by pushing Shane away.

Shane knew what he had in mind. Before he could run away, Shane kicked him right in the abdomen.

The doctor fell to the ground and grimaced in pain.

Shane checked on Mrs. Wilson and realized she was lying unconscious on the bed. He then walked up to the doctor and stomped his foot on the doctor's chest. "Who sent you? Who?"

The doctor looked at Shane with a pair of bloodshot eyes. He was in so much pain that he could not speak at all.

Shane's frown deepened, and he exerted more pressure on the doctor's chest.

The doctor shrieked in excruciating pain.

"What happened, Mr. Thompson?" The commotion had drawn the attention of the people outside the ward.

Shane did not respond to the question. Instead, he instructed, "Bring in the security guards, and call the cops!"

The manager took a glance at the doctor, who was pinned to the ground. Upon noticing the suspicious look on the man's face, he nodded and replied, "Okay!"

Soon, the security guards arrived with Jackson.

Jackson asked, "What's wrong?"

"This man tried injecting air into Mrs. Wilson's IV drip." Seeing that the doctor had fainted, Shane kicked him aside.

"What?" Jackson's expression turned grim.

How dare he!

"Go and check on Mrs. Wilson now," Shane ordered.

Jackson nodded and walked toward the bed.

After a thorough checkup, Jackson heaved a sigh of relief. "Mrs. Wilson is fine."

He then picked up the syringe from the ground and took a closer look at it. "He has yet to use the syringe. Thank goodness you caught him on time and saved Mrs. Wilson's life."

"But why is she still in a coma?" Shane asked.

Why is she still unconscious? By right, Mrs. Wilson should be aware of the commotion.

"I believe the man must have drugged her. She should be fine once the effect of the drug wears off." Jackson then placed the syringe into a waterproof bag.

I must keep this important evidence in a safe spot.

"Find out which department this doctor is from." Shane kicked the doctor to Jackson's side.

Jackson bent down and looked at the man closely. He knitted his brows and said, "This man is not from our hospital."

Shane narrowed his eyes. "He might not be a doctor. He could be an assassin!"

"Possible." Jackson nodded. "But why would he target Mrs. Wilson? She's just an ordinary woman."

Shane lowered his eyes to hide his emotions and did not respond to his question.

I don't know why he wanted to kill Mrs. Wilson, and I don't know who's the mastermind.

We can only find out when he wakes up.

Shane handed the assassin over to the cops when they arrived and explained to them what happened.

The cops immediately brought the suspect back and carried out a criminal investigation.

At this point, there was nothing they could do as Mrs. Wilson and the suspect were still unconscious.

Jackson lowered his head, and he felt a pang of guilt. "The man could enter the ward because of my negligence. I—"

"Enough." Shane frowned. "There's no point saying all this. Thank God I was here to stop him. Had anything bad happened to Mrs. Wilson, you'll probably have to live with guilt for the rest of your life."

"I know," Jackson responded with a wry smile.

Shane massaged his temples and said, "He might not be a doctor here, but he still wore the hospital's coat. Find out who lent him the coat. Don't forget to check if there are other doctors and nurses with unfamiliar faces in this building."

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“You think there are more suspicious individuals in the hospital?” Jackson asked in a serious voice.

Shane pressed his lips. “Yes. This man came to claim Mrs. Wilson’s life. If I were the mastermind, I’d station more people around the building just in case he failed his mission.”

“Got it. I’ll make sure to investigate this thoroughly,” Jackson said.

Shane did not say anything after that. Upon seeing Jackson taking out a pack of cigarettes, Shane took one from the box and took a puff at it after lighting it.

He had not smoked for a long time. In fact, he had quit smoking ever since Natalie was pregnant.

But he was utterly frustrated by what had happened to Mrs. Wilson.

Jackson, too, puffed at a cigarette while standing beside him.

After a cigarette break, Jackson received a call.

He took a glance at the screen. “We’ve recently accepted a severely ill patient, and they’re calling a meeting to discuss his surgery. I got to go now.”

Shane nodded in response. “Okay.”

Jackson tossed the cigarette bud away and left.

After a short while, Shane noticed a movement from the ward. He then opened the door and went in. Mrs. Wilson must have woken up.

"Mr. Shane..." Mrs. Wilson called him in a weak voice.

Shane knew she had not fully recovered from the effect of the drug. He stopped her from sitting up. "Stay in your bed."

Upon hearing that, Mrs. Wilson continued to lie down. "Not sure why, but I feel dizzy and powerless."

Shane sat next to her and said, "Someone drugged you."

Mrs. Wilson was flabbergasted. "Someone drugged me?"

"Yes."

"Who? Why would someone do this to an old lady?" Mrs. Wilson looked at Shane in disbelief.

She could not believe someone would do that to her. Did someone drug me because the person wanted to take advantage of me? But I'm an old lady!

Mrs. Wilson could not help but shudder at that thought.

Shane, who had no idea what she was thinking, said in a calm voice, "We don't know much about it yet, but the cops have taken the suspect to the police station. We should be hearing from them soon."

Shane had no intention of telling Mrs. Wilson about the attempted murder, as he did not want the elderly lady to live in fear.

Mrs. Wilson nodded. "All right. We must not let the pervert off easily, Mr. Shane."

A corner of Shane's mouth quirked up. Mrs. Wilson must have misunderstood the man's motive. Nonetheless, he still replied, "Okay."

Shane left after Mrs. Wilson's daughter-in-law came to visit.

Before leaving, he ordered the manager to assign a few bodyguards to keep an eye on Mrs. Wilson's ward.

This arrangement would give Mrs. Wilson the extra protection she needed. Shane would also have one less thing to worry about even if Jackson failed to find out the other accomplices in the hospital.

In the late evening, Shane received an update from the cops.

The so-called doctor was indeed an assassin, but he was just an amateur who worked for some wealthy folks.

The cops had also confirmed that Sean was the mastermind who orchestrated the murder. According to the statement recorded, Sean decided to kill Mrs. Wilson because he believed she had seen his face.

Sean did not know that Mrs. Wilson had reported everything she saw to Shane. It was too late to get rid of her.

And the assassin had failed in his attempt anyway.

From his conversation with the cops, Shane found out something important—the assassin had personally met Sean.

According to the assassin, they had met at a secluded warehouse in the northern part of the city.

Perhaps that's where Sean and the rest are hiding.

The best place they could hide was in a secluded and rural area, as they had to stay away from the city. Even if they had to enter the city, they had to make a quick trip to avoid getting arrested.

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Only a place outside the city where there were fewer people and less surveillance was the most suitable hiding place for Sean and the others because they could run away immediately if something went south. However, things were different in the city as they could not even hide once someone was after them.

“Mr. Thompson, are we going to search that warehouse?” asked the manager who was standing in front of Shane’s desk.

The latter was rubbing his fingers, seemingly deep in thought.

After a while, he finally replied, “Of course.”

“But what if it’s a trap?” The manager was a little worried that the assassin had told them about the warehouse on purpose to lure them over.

If that were the case, we’d be walking right into his trap, wouldn’t we?

Knowing what the manager was thinking, Shane pursed his lips. “We have to go even if it’s a trap.”

His biggest goal now was to catch Sean and Jacqueline.

Hence, he wanted to give it a shot even if it was really a trap.

He could not sit around and wait any longer as he was worried about the safety of Natalie and the two kids.

“Go and get everything ready. We’ll go there tomorrow,” ordered Shane while massaging his temples.

The manager nodded. “Understood, Mr. Thompson!”

Then he left.

Sitting alone in the quiet study, Shane crossed his fingers and lowered his head. He was absorbed in thoughts.

After a short while, he suppressed his restlessness, stood up, and went back to the room he shared with Natalie.

It was daybreak where Natalie was, and she was awakened by a video call from Shane.

Sitting up and rubbing her eyes, she accepted his call and looked at the man on the screen with a smile. "Good morning, Darling."

"Morning. Did I wake you up?" Shane asked in a soft voice while looking at the sleepy-eyed woman whose hair was a bit messy.

Shaking her head, Natalie leaned back against the headboard. "No. It's about time for me to wake up."

With that, she stretched herself luxuriously.

Looking at her chest that was exposed from her stretching, Shane felt his throat tighten. He said in a husky voice, "I miss you."

He found her bust getting larger since she became pregnant.

Natalie, who initially wanted to tell him that she missed him too, saw his gaze on her and instantly understood the implicit meaning of his remark. Amused, she fixed her clothes and rolled her eyes at him. "You pervert!"

Smiling faintly, Shane looked at her face. "All right. You should go wash up and have your breakfast."

"Okay." Natalie nodded. "You get some rest too."

"Okay," Shane promised.

Hanging up the call, he put the phone away, and the gentle look on his face faded away.

He did not plan to tell Natalie about what happened to Mrs. Wilson because he did not want to scare her, which might cause something to happen to her and the kids.

He also did not plan to tell her about this incident.

That night, the man hardly slept.

The next morning, the manager came to the door. "Mr. Thompson, everything's ready. Are you going too?"

Shane nodded. "Of course."

More than ten of them then drove to the warehouse in the north of the city.

It took them more than an hour to reach the warehouse.

Shane remained seated in the car and just looked out the window.

It turned out that the warehouse the murderer had mentioned was actually an abandoned industrial area over a fast-flowing river.

The men sent by Shane started to search the area for the place where Sean might be hiding.

It was unlikely to find Sean and the others because the loud noises that their vehicles made when they arrived had probably alerted the former, who might have left.

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But even if they left, there would still be clues and traces left in their hiding place.

As long as those clues were found, they might be able to find out their next hiding spot.

Minutes and seconds went by, and the search still yielded no result.

Shane's frown deepened. He was obviously displeased with the current situation.

At that moment, a bodyguard suddenly ran over. "Mr. Thompson, we found out where Sean and the rest had been hiding."

Shane's eyes widened at this. Immediately afterward, he opened the car door. "Where is it? Take me there."

"Yes, Sir." The bodyguard nodded and led the way.

Shane and the manager followed him. They did not stop until they reached the very middle of the container area seven minutes later.

It was an open space of almost sixty square meters, where there were several tents. In the middle of those tents, there was a simple stove, a few pots, and some foodstuff.

Apparently, Sean and the others lived there and even cooked there.

"Mr. Thompson, there's still hot water in this kettle. It's not very hot, but it's obvious that they've just left not long ago," the manager said with a kettle in his hand.

Glancing at it, Shane said nothing and walked straight to the largest tent.

Since Sean was the leader, the largest tent should be his.

Entering the tent, Shane found Sean's clothes, glasses, and some daily necessities inside.

There was also a map that had been scribbled.

Shane narrowed his eyes, picked up the map, and studied it.

It was a map of J City. Many places on it were marked with bright red crosses, while some places were circled.

Shane noticed that the places marked with a cross were busier places with more surveillance and population, whereas the places that were circled were the opposite.

It seems that Sean has been using this map to decide his hiding spot. I can't believe I actually found something useful here.

Shane folded the map and put it into his pocket.

"Get out of there, Mr. Thompson! Run!" Suddenly, the manager was heard shouting anxiously from outside the tent.

"What's the matter?" Shane emerged from the tent with a frown.

The manager was still talking on the phone. After a while, he looked at Shane and replied, "Our men found some explosives ahead. They're timed to—"

Before he could finish speaking, a massive explosion was heard.

Immediately afterward, a heat wave hit.

Turning to look over, Shane saw a raging fire not far away. The containers and warehouse were all ablaze.

It's really a trap! They wanted to burn me to death here!

"Let's go, Mr. Thompson!" Grabbing Shane by the arm, the manager ran with him.

Shane flung his hand away. "We're too far away from our cars. We can't outrun the fire. We must jump into the river."

"Jump into the river?" The manager was stunned.

Ignoring him, Shane ran straight ahead. The river was merely about ten meters away from them.

The manager knew very well that they could not run to their cars, which were parked quite some distance away as it had taken them seven minutes to walk there earlier.

If he were to run toward the cars, he would die before he could reach the cars.

Therefore, jumping into the river was indeed the best way at the moment.

With that thought in mind, the manager ran after Shane. Seeing this, the other bodyguards followed.

Soon, Shane reached the riverbank. Turning to glance at the people who were behind him, he jumped into the river without hesitation.

But unexpectedly, he had picked the wrong spot to jump.

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The moment Shane jumped into the river, there was a stone in the fast-flowing river that happened to hit his head, causing him to pass out at once and to be carried downstream by the strong current.

The manager and the others did not know what happened to him. It was not until they were ashore that they realized he was missing.

Meanwhile, it was five o'clock in the afternoon where Natalie was.

She and Lina were working on a blueprint when Sally brought her a glass of water.

She took it from her with a smile. Just as she was about to drink it, she suddenly felt a throbbing pain in her heart, and the glass she was holding fell to the ground, breaking into pieces.

Her feet were wet from the warm water in the glass. Fortunately, it was not hot water; otherwise, her feet would definitely be scalded.

“Ah!” Lina, whose feet were also wet, rose to her feet at once and looked at Natalie. “What’s wrong, Nat?”

Natalie stared blankly at her hand and said nothing. She was zoning out.

“Nat? Nat?” Lina called out again and even waved her hand in front of Natalie’s face.

Yet, Natalie still did not give her any response.

“What’s wrong with her?” Lina frowned.

Hearing her words, Sally, who was cleaning up the glass shards on the ground, looked up and noticed Natalie’s unusual behavior.

“Nat!” she shouted.

Finally putting down her hand, Natalie asked in a daze, “What’s the matter?”

“We were talking to you, but you didn’t respond,” replied Sally.

Lina nodded. “Yeah. You suddenly dropped the glass, then stared at your own hand in a daze. Are you feeling unwell?”

Natalie shook her head, then nodded again. “My heart suddenly hurt just now, but I’m fine now. Though I still feel a little restless, as if something bad has happened.”

At this, Lina and Sally exchanged looks.

“You’re thinking too much. Why don’t you take a rest in your room? Maybe you’re just too tired,” Sally started.

“That’s right, Nat. You should get some rest. You’ve been working all day today. I’m tired as well, not to mention that you’re pregnant now,” Lina said after letting out a yawn.

Natalie put down the pencil and said, "Maybe I'm really too tired. All right, then. I'll go back and take a rest. Help me look after Connor and Sharon."

"Don't worry. We'll call you when it's dinnertime." Sally waved her hand, motioning her to go back to her room.

Forcing a smile, Natalie left the studio and returned to her room on the second floor.

Later in the evening, Sally woke her up as promised.

At the dining table, Sally and Lina began to worry when they saw that something was still wrong with Natalie.

"Nat, are you okay?" asked Sally.

Natalie shook her head. "No. I thought I was just too tired and would be fine after taking a rest, but after waking up, I feel even more restless. I wonder if something bad has really happened."

"But we're all fine. Nothing happened to us. Connor and Sharon are doing well here too." Sharon looked at the two kids, who nodded in unison.

Lina narrowed her eyes as she suddenly thought of something. "We're all here, but Mr. Shane isn't."

Natalie froze at that, and her body began to tremble.

Sally gulped and said in disbelief, "I don't think something will happen to a strong person like Mr. Shane. Maybe we're overthinking things and nothing bad happened to anyone."

As soon as she finished speaking, Silas was seen coming up to them.

Silas had on a serious expression and his eyes reddened as if he had just cried.

"What's wrong, Silas?" Sally asked while holding his arm. "Did something happen to your family?"

Silas shook his head. "Not mine, but..."

He looked over at Natalie.

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Natalie's heart skipped a beat as she tightened her grip around the fork. "Are you trying to tell me that something happened to Shane?"

Silas parted his lips, wanting to say something, but in the end, he said nothing and simply gave her a firm nod.

Everyone was shocked.

"No way!" Lina covered her mouth in surprise.

Sally was stunned as well. "W-What could happen to a powerful man like Mr. Shane?"

"Mommy, is Daddy in danger?" Sharon, who had always been naïve, ran up to Natalie and asked after understanding what happened.

Natalie did not hear what she said as she was still stunned.

It turns out the restlessness I've been having is a bad omen. I experienced the same thing last time when something happened to the kids. Why did I ignore it this time?

Tears rolled down Natalie's face.

Looking at her, Connor then glanced at his sister, whose eyes had turned red. He turned to Silas and asked, "What happened to Daddy, Mr. Campbell?"

"M-Mr. Thompson is missing!" Silas replied.

Natalie rose to her feet. "What do you mean by missing?"

"Yeah, Silas. How can Mr. Shane be missing?" Sally asked while shaking Silas' arm.

Silas took a deep breath and replied, "Mr. Thompson disappeared. The manager and the others in the country have been searching for him for the entire day but to no avail."

Natalie felt as though the world was spinning.

Pushing the chair away, she staggered up to Silas. "Tell me. How did he go missing? Did Sean kidnap him?"

"No, but it's related to Sean too. The manager said that they discovered their hiding place in J City. When they searched the place, they walked into a trap as Sean had placed explosives and gasoline around the place. The explosion of the explosives ignited the gasoline, so Mr. Thompson and the others had fled and jumped into a river. But to everyone's dismay, Mr. Thompson has gone missing," Silas explained, taking off his glasses.

As a man, he hardly cried, but he could not help it at that moment. Not only was Shane his employer, but he was also his friend and benefactor. Hence, he was upset that something had happened to him.

Upon learning about how Shane disappeared, Natalie almost blacked out.

"Nat!" Fortunately, Sally and Lina noticed her condition and went up to hold her. Only then did she manage to pull herself together.

"How can they not find him? Since he disappeared after jumping into the river, he must be inside the river. Has no one gone into the river to look for him?" Natalie yelled in agitation as she clutched Silas' arm.

As a woman who had lost her husband, she could no longer remain calm.

What she wanted now was to know whether her husband was safe and where he was.

“That’s right. Mr. Campbell, did no one go down to the river to look for Daddy?” Connor, who was holding Sharon’s hand, asked.

Silas nodded immediately. “Of course they did. The manager sent many divers to look for him, but they just couldn’t find him. Besides, it’s a fast-flowing river. We suspect that Mr. Thompson might have been washed away.”

“If that’s the case, they should go downstream to look for him. They should be able to find him there, shouldn’t they?” Natalie yelled.

Silas gave her an apologetic look. “I’m sorry, Madam. They did and even went to the end of the river, but they just couldn’t find him.”

“How is that possible?!” Lina knitted her brows. “He disappeared in that river, so it’s unlikely that he’ll leave the river even if he was washed away, unless—”

“Unless someone saved him!” Sally’s eyes lit up.

Hearing this, Natalie became hopeful again.

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Natalie hurriedly looked at Silas.

Connor and Sharon also did the same.

“Mr. Campbell, did you ask the residents on both sides of the river? It stands to reason that where there is a river, there will definitely be people living there!” Connor asked, clenching his fists.

It was exactly the question that Natalie wanted to ask.

However, Silas lowered his head. “Yes, they thought of this possibility too and asked all the people living on both sides of the river, but none of them saved anyone from the river that day.”

“What?” Natalie could not believe what she heard as the only hope she had was dashed again.

Where exactly did Shane go?

Dispirited, Natalie could not stop crying.

Lina held her in her arms. “Nat, don’t lose hope. Maybe Mr. Shane left the river on his own.”

“Left on his own?” Natalie parroted in a hoarse voice.

Lina nodded. “Yeah. Doesn’t this explain why he is neither in the river nor saved by the residents around?”

“That’s right.” Sally clapped her hands.

Even Silas thought it was possible.

Yet, what Connor said next sent everyone back to the trough of despair.

“If Daddy really left the river on his own, why didn’t he contact the manager and the others? Even if he doesn’t have a cell phone, he can borrow one from the residents; even if he doesn’t borrow from them, he can return home after one day, can’t he?”

Everyone fell silent upon hearing his words.

That’s right. Mr. Shane isn’t a kid. It’s impossible that he won’t contact anyone if he’s really left the river.

Therefore, the truth was that Shane had really gone missing.

“Connor, since you’ve installed a GPS tracker for me, you must have installed one for Daddy too, right?” Suddenly thinking of something, Natalie squatted down, placed her hands on Connor’s shoulders, and looked at him with anticipation.

Even Silas also fixed his gaze on Connor. “Yeah, Connor. Did you install one for Mr. Thompson? If yes, please locate his position now.”

Connor was the only hope they had in finding Shane, but his reply once again rendered them hopeless.

“I did install one on Daddy’s phone. When I heard about his disappearance, I immediately searched his location using my watch, but the location I found was a river. And you just said that he isn’t in the river...”

Natalie was in total despair.

Shane had lost his phone in the river, but he was not in the river.

“Mommy,” Connor called out worriedly upon seeing Natalie’s pale face.

Natalie did not respond to him as all she could think about was Shane’s whereabouts.

He’s been missing for one whole day, but no one knows where he is or whether he’s still alive. If he’s still alive, I can still look for him slowly, but if he’s dead...

The more Natalie thought about it, the more afraid she got. She even started having a stomachache as she uttered a yelp and arched her back in pain.

Seeing this, everyone was shocked. “What’s wrong, Nat?”

“Madam, are you okay?” Silas got anxious.

He did not want anything to happen to Natalie too after Shane’s disappearance.

“My stomach hurts.” Natalie looked as white as a sheet, with beads of sweat covering her forehead.

The two kids burst out crying in fright.

Sally urged, “Silas, get the car and drive Nat to the hospital!” Only then did Silas come to his senses. He carried Natalie in his arms and ran to the garage.

Sally and Lina took the kids and followed him.

Soon, they arrived at the hospital, and Natalie was sent to the emergency room of the obstetrics and gynecology department.

Outside the emergency room, the two kids held hands and looked at the door of the emergency room worriedly, both their eyes swollen from crying.