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"Alright. Take care," Yulia reminded her.

Natalie smiled and walked to the elevator with her wallet.

At the elevator, she pressed the open door button.

The elevator arrived very quickly. Just as she was about to step in, Yulia suddenly ran up to her. "Wait a minute."

"What's going on?" Natalie stepped back and turned towards her.

Yulia handed her a sheet of notepaper. "Help me buy these things on your way back."

"Let me take a look." Natalie took a look at the note and nodded. "Alright, I'll be on my way now."

With that, she stepped out again.

However, just as she stepped into the elevator, it suddenly shook violently.

"Nat!" Yulia's pupils constricted and she subconsciously pulled Natalie back.

When she pulled her to the corridor, the elevator shaft hurled downwards uncontrollably while the door remained open.

Natalie and Yulia stared at the elevator with their eyes wide open as it hurtled to the ground floor with a deafening crash.

That crash made tremors run through their bodies and rendered their faces pale.

"Mom..." Natalie hugged Yulia tight and her voice trembled uncontrollably.

Yulia was in no good shape herself, but she still patted Natalie's back to comfort her, "It's alright, Baby Girl, we're fine..."

Natalie stared listlessly at the doors which were still open, and that cable connecting the shaft. Her limbs turned icy cold. "Mom, this was definitely not an accident!"

If not for her mother suddenly calling out for her to buy other things, she could have been squashed flat right now.

"I know, this is definitely not an accident. Someone is out to get you!" Yulia's eyes reddened as she clenched her teeth.

The elevator was completely fine last night, so how could it be malfunctioning this early in the morning? And to this extent? Clearly, this was not possible.

"Call the police!" Yulia released Natalie and immediately called the police.

Very soon, the police officers arrived. They were familiar faces as they were the same officers from last night.

"The assessment results are out. The elevator has definitely been meddled with." The assessment department told Natalie and Yulia.

Natalie sat on the sofa with a mug of hot water in her hands.

No matter how scalding hot the water was, it could not warm her icy cold palms at all.

She could not calm down at the thought that she had nearly lost her life again.

Yulia stood behind Natalie and placed her hands on her shoulders. "Who is this evil person who is striking my daughter twice in a row?"

The few police officers exchanged glances and it was the assessment officers who spoke first. "Ms. Smith, you should have a suspect in mind, right?"

"What do you mean?" Yulia frowned.

He stared at Natalie and said, "Just now, there was some writing at the top of the elevator shaft, and it said..."

He looked like he had difficulty saying it out loud.

In the end, he showed the picture to Natalie. "Ms. Smith, you can have a look at it yourself."

Natalie put down her mug and took a look at the picture. On the shaft, it was written, B*tch, snatch my man? Die! She crumpled up the picture.

Yulia saw it too and was about to burst. Natalie put down the picture and said, "Mom, pass me your cell phone."

"Alright." Yulia suppressed her anger and handed out her cell phone.

Natalie took a deep breath and dialed Jasmine's number.

Jasmine's voice piped up quickly. "Oh wow, what a rarity! You are actually calling me?"

"Was it you?" Natalie gripped the phone and asked.

Jasmine looked utterly confused. "What are you talking about? What about me?"

"Last night's and today's attempts to kill me. Did you do it?" Natalie stood up.

Jasmine was taken aback before laughing out loud, "Oh, I see. Finally, there is someone else out there who hates you enough to want you dead."

"What do you mean? Did you do it?" Natalie narrowed her eyes.

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Jasmine pursed her lips. "Nonsense. Of course, it wasn't me. Yes, I can't wait to see you dead, but based on our stormy relationship, everyone would suspect that it was me the moment anything happened to you. I'm not so dumb as to get you killed. It's better for you to reflect and see if you have offended other people."

With that, she hung up abruptly.

Natalie flung the phone away and Yulia looked down at her. "Baby Girl, it really wasn't her?"

Natalie rubbed her temples. "I don't know. I called because I wanted to test her out. If she was the one who did it, I should be able to sense something wrong. But I could not sense anything at all."

"If not her, who could it be?" Yulia smacked the sofa in frustration.

Natalie looked down silently.

Indeed, be it the culprit's words last night, or the words scribbled on the elevator shaft, it was all pointed at Jasmine. After all, she was Shane's fiancée and they had bad blood between them. Jasmine often said that Natalie wanted to snatch Shane away from her, so it would be normal for her to want her dead.

However, her conversation with Jasmine gave rise to another suspicion, which was that someone was trying to push the blame. Someone wanted her dead but yet wanted to pin the blame on Jasmine. If that was so, the actual mastermind was indeed a very evil and scheming person.

As she was thinking, Connor came out from his room. "Mommy."

Natalie put her thoughts away and mustered out a smile. "Hey, what are you doing out here? Didn't I ask you to accompany your sister in the room?"

"Sharon was too tired from crying and fell asleep." Connor climbed onto the sofa and sat down next to her.

Natalie put her arms around his shoulders. "What's up, Baby?"

"Mommy, I couldn't find the person who tried to harm you. Jasmine is not the culprit." Connor looked down guiltily.

Natalie frowned. "Baby, didn't Mommy tell you not to interfere with adult matters? Why did you..."

"I was worried for you, Mommy!" Connor interrupted her.

Natalie opened her mouth but she suddenly could not speak.

Yulia patted Natalie's hand, "Alright Nat, the children are just worried for you, so don't think too much. Let's see what Connor has found out? Why do you say it is not Jasmine?"

"Ay, alright." Natalie sighed in agreement.

With a frown, Connor's cool little face looked exactly like Shane's. "Mommy, I've just investigated Jasmine's bank accounts and all of her digital footprints. I discovered that she did not make any monetary transfers recently, and neither did she contact any outsiders. In fact, she did not even leave the vicinity of the Smith family's security cameras."

"In other words, she did not contact anyone, did not pay off anyone, or even meet anybody. Therefore, we can basically write her off." Natalie pursed her lips.

Connor nodded. "That's right."

"She is let off the hook just like that? Why isn't it her? If it were really her, we can just have her arrested!" Yulia slammed the table with regret. "No, I have to ask the police officers if they have any other clues."

She then turned to leave the house.

Natalie did not stop her. Instead, she just held onto Connor's soft little hands.

Connor pouted unhappily. "Mommy, the real mastermind has hidden herself too well. I am sorry, but I have no clues at all."

"Silly child, there is nothing to be sorry about. You have already done an amazing job." Natalie planted a kiss on his forehead.

Connor blushed.

At this moment, Natalie's cell phone rang.

Connor's face grew colder when he glanced at the screen. "Mommy, it's Mr. Shane."

Natalie was bewildered over the change of his attitude towards Shane. However, she did not think much about it as she picked up the call. "Mr. Shane."

"There have been some conclusions about last night's matter. It was not Jasmine." Shane's cool and composed voice came from the other end of the line.

"Mmhmm," Natalie responded while glancing at Connor. "I know. The mastermind is someone else."

"When did you find out about that?" Shane was a little surprised.

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"Just a while ago," Natalie answered with a smile.

Suddenly, a hand came out of nowhere and snatched the phone away.

She stared at her son in surprise. "What are you doing, Connor?"

"I want to have a word with Mr. Shane, Mommy." With that said, Connor held the phone to his ear and said coldly, "Mr. Shane, stay away from my Mommy from now on. She almost got in trouble again today and it's all because of you."

"What?" Shane exclaimed as he got up from his chair.

He couldn't even be bothered to care that Connor had told him to stay away from Natalie. All he could think about at that moment was how she had almost gotten into trouble again.

Did Natalie go through something like what happened last night again?

"Mommy was almost crushed to death by an elevator today, Mr. Shane. It happened because of you. Even though the culprit isn't Jasmine, it's still some other woman who likes you. She was jealous that Mommy was being too close to you, so she tried to get Mommy killed." The boy had a dark expression on his face as he spoke.

I do like Mr. Shane, but he can never be compared to my Mommy.

For her safety, I must never let him get near Mommy again.

"Connor..." Natalie was moved to see her son protect her like this.

It took a moment before Shane snapped back to his senses after hearing the news. His lips twitched and he felt a lump in his throat as he said, "I didn't know what had happened in the morning. I'll be there right away."

"No, don't come. We don't want to see you," Connor immediately stopped him. "If you come, the person who's secretly watching Mommy might see you. Then when that happens, she's going suffer again."

Upon hearing that, Shane's hand tightened around the car keys he was holding but he loosened his grip forlornly eventually. "Alright, I won't. But you have to tell me if your Mommy is really okay."

The boy glanced at his mother and she gave him an encouraging nod.

Then, he pursed his lips before answering, "Mommy's fine. Grandma saved her just in time."

"That's great." Shane finally relaxed but a dangerous glint flashed across his eyes the next second. "I'll take responsibility for these two incidents, Connor," he said icily.

"I hope so," Connor snorted. He then ended the call and passed the phone to Natalie.

She patted his head while saying, "Why are you suddenly so cold to Mr. Shane?"

He hung his head. "Those rotten admirers of his almost caused you to lose your life. I'm not going to like him anymore."

Natalie's eyes dimmed at that.

That's right. Although these aren't Jasmine's doings, it was still done by someone who admires Shane.

There are so many possibilities as to who had actually done it though. But there's only one other person besides Jasmine who would treat Shane as if he's her man.

Jacqueline Graham!

Natalie couldn't help but think of the incident in the hospital yesterday upon thinking about her.

Was it really an accident?

“What are you thinking about, Mommy?” Connor couldn’t stop himself from asking when he saw the look on his mother’s face.

She snapped back to reality and replied with a smile, “It’s nothing. Go tell Grandma that I’m going out.”

She was going to the hospital and try to sound Jacqueline out.

As of now, Jacqueline held the largest possibility of being the culprit. She had already accused Natalie of stealing her man because the latter was being too close to Shane, so it wasn’t impossible that she wanted to frame Jasmine who was engaged to Shane.

Besides, she’d be killing two birds with one stone if she could kill Natalie and frame Jasmine at the same time. Then, Shane would definitely belong to Jacqueline.

Upon thinking about that, Natalie patted lightly on Connor’s tiny butt and said, “Go on. Mommy’s going to get changed now.”

“Okay. I’ll let Grandma know.” Connor got down from the sofa and quickly ran out to look for his grandmother.

After half an hour, Natalie finally arrived at the hospital.

She thought that something would happen on the way here, so she felt on edge throughout the journey.

But luckily, nothing had happened. It seemed like the culprit didn’t dare to do anything in public, and it eased her heart a little.

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"That's great. Thank you, Ms. Smith." Jacqueline clapped her hands happily.

Natalie leaned closer as she lowered her head and the former reached out to touch her eyes.

She ran her cold fingers around Natalie's eyes. Her actions were gentle as if she were touching some kind of rare treasure, and she was reluctant to move her hand away.

"They really are beautiful. I really like your eyes. Ms. Smith, you have to take good care of them and not let anything happen to them, alright?" Jacqueline said gently.

However, for some reason, Natalie felt uncomfortable and couldn't help but shudder upon hearing that.

But she did a great job of not showing it when she replied with a smile, "Of course. These are my eyes. And as a fashion designer, it's only natural that I take good care of them."

"Great." Jacqueline seemed very satisfied with her answer and nodded.

Then, Natalie stood up and said, "Ms. Graham, since Stanley still isn't here, I'm going to go to him. You should rest now. I won't disturb you any further."

I'm here to sound Jacqueline out anyway.

I didn't get any information so there isn't any reason for me to stay anymore.

Jacqueline didn't try to stop her when she heard that Natalie was leaving. Instead, she said, "Okay. Goodbye, Ms. Smith."

Natalie left after giving her a nod.

After she left, Jacqueline's smile melted off her face and it was replaced by a cold look.

Then, she pulled open the drawer by her bed and took out a document file. The words 'Corneal Damage' were written on it and it stung her eyes.

Soon, she thought of something and a frightening smile appeared on her face as she glided her finger over the words.

After Natalie left Jacqueline's ward, she made her way to the Neurology Department to meet Stanley.

I have to at least drop by to say hello otherwise it would be bad if Jacqueline asks Stanley if I came to see him.

"Hey, Stanley," she said as she knocked on the door to his consultation room.

Stanley was busy writing something at his desk at that moment. When he heard her voice, he looked up in surprise and asked, "Why are you here?"

"I came to get some medicine," Natalie lied, looking completely unfazed.

He quickly stood up and strode towards her. "You're here to get medicine? Are you sick?"

"No. It's the medicine for my arm," she told him while rubbing her injured arm.

Stanley instantly heaved a sigh of relief. "Oh, is that so?"

Natalie then headed into the consultation room and he quickly went to pour her a cup of water.

“By the way, did you manage to gather information for last night’s incident? Any results?”

She shook her head, feeling exhausted as she held the cup in her hands. “No. And I almost died this morning.”

“What?” Stanley crushed the paper cup he was holding upon hearing the news. The water in it drenched his hand. He didn’t even feel the water’s heat and his face had darkened drastically.

It was the first time Natalie had seen him being so furious. She couldn’t help but jump with fright. But just as she was about to say something, Stanley threw the paper cup and clasped her shoulders. “Nat, you’re not hurt, are you?”

“No. Mom saved me just in time,” she replied while shaking her head.

“Really? That’s great, then.” He then released his grip on her shoulder.

After taking a look at the time, Natalie said, “It’s getting late. I’ll get going now, Stanley.”

“Let me take you home,” Stanley said as he grabbed his car keys.

She waved her hands. “It’s alright. It’s not time for you to get off work yet. I can go back myself.”

Seeing that she was so insistent, he could only give up and put his car keys back to where they had been before. “Alright then. Give me a call when you’re home.”

“Okay,” Natalie responded before leaving his consultation room.

His face instantly turned cold the moment she left. Stanley then took out his phone and dialed a number.

The call connected not long after and he immediately shouted at the person on the other end, “Didn’t I tell you not to mess with Nat anymore? I haven’t even let you off the hook when you almost cost her her life yesterday. Yet you did it again today. I’ll definitely expose you if you do it again.”