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About ten minutes later, Shane arrived at the location marked out by the coordinates he'd received. It was a small bungalow that appeared to be built by hand. Two SWAT officers were stationed at the front door.

They walked towards Shane when they saw him. "Mr. Shane."

"Where is she?" Shane asked, his fists clenched tightly.

One of the SWAT officers waved his hand in an inviting motion as he said, "Please follow me."

Shane followed him to a room located on the second floor of the bungalow.

The officer opened the door to the room.

Shane was greeted by the sight of Natalie sitting on a bed, dressed in dusty, floral print clothes. There was a bowl in her hand, and she was taking small sips of chicken soup from it.

It's really her! She's alive!

The tension finally left Shane's body when he saw her safe and sound. He called out softly, "Natalie!"

At the sound of his voice, Natalie paused in surprise. She lifted her head to look at him. Her eyes were reddened with tears as she bit her lips. She answered him pitifully, "Mr. Shane."

Shane couldn't hold himself back any longer. He took several big strides towards the bed and pulled Natalie into a tight hug.

Natalie froze, stunned at the contact.

Shane released her abruptly and gently cupped her face, checking for any signs of injury.

After confirming that she had no other injuries beyond a slightly swollen cheek, he heaved a sigh of relief. Then, he lifted her chin tenderly and kissed her on the lips.

Natalie felt muddled, and her eyes widened at his kiss. She took a long time to regain her composure, and then she pushed him away with a furious blush on her face.

Shane let go of her immediately.

She quickly shrunk back against the bed. She touched her lips as she tried to avoid his gaze. "Mr. Shane, y-you-"

"I'm sorry I came late," Shane cut in. "I'm so glad that you're ok."

Hearing the remorse and relief in his words, Natalie couldn't suppress the fear she'd felt any longer. She launched herself into his arms and burst out in tears.

No one knew how scared she'd been the moment the van had crashed through the guard rails and plunged over the cliff.

I thought I was going to die back there. I was lucky I lived.

Feeling her tremble, Shane hugged her even more tightly. Patting her back gently, he comforted her, "Just cry it all out; it'll make you feel better."

Natalie cried uncontrollably with her head on his chest.

She cried for a really long time. After a while, her sobs grew softer and eventually subsided.

Shane tilted his head down to look at her and realized she'd fallen asleep after crying herself to exhaustion.

He lightly positioned her so that her head was resting on a pillow. After covering her with a blanket, he left the room and went downstairs to search for the two SWAT officers.

"Mr. Shane," the SWAT officers greeted.

"Where did you find her?" Shane asked sternly as he wiped his tear-stained shirt with a handkerchief.

An officer replied, "When we were searching the area, we overheard some residents talking about a van that'd fallen off the cliff. They said it fell into a river. We approached them, and they brought us to the site of the crash. We found Ms. Smith knocking on the window of the van when we arrived."

The other officer added, "Luckily, the van landed in the river with its rear-end in the air. Since Ms. Smith was at the back of the van, she was safe when the river began flooding the van. Otherwise, she might've drowned along with the rest of the passengers in the van."

So this was what happened!

Shane nodded his head.

I have to say Natalie is blessed with luck. She's been through a lot of tough situations, but she has always managed to turn them around. I guess fate is on her side.

"Did all of the kidnapers drown?" Shane asked as he tossed his handkerchief away.

"One of them was alive, but a lot of water had accumulated in his lungs. The team leader arranged for him to be airlifted to the hospital, but we're not sure if he'll make it."

"Let me know if he survives; I have a lot of questions for him." Shane stared at the two officers intently.

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"That's for sure, Mr. Shane. We'll go over to the riverside now to help our team leader to retrieve the van."

Shane nodded.

After the SWAT officers left, he took out his cell phone and dialed Silas' number.

Just as the call connected, Silas' panicked voice cut through before Shane could even say anything. "Mr. Shane, are you alright? I heard from the SWAT team leader that you jumped off a cliff!"

"I'm fine," Shane said and massaged his temples.

Silas breathed a sigh of relief and spoke, "That's good, that's good... What about Ms. Smith? How is she?"

"She's fine too, but she went through great shock, and she's asleep now. I'll send you our location in a while. Send my helicopter over to get us," Shane instructed and looked for a place to sit down.

"Understood," Silas nodded.

Shane then asked, "Have you caught Harrison?"

"I've got him, and I've locked him up," answered Silas. "As for the court, Mr. Horner has convinced them to delay the trial for two days."

"That's great," Shane nodded.

Two days would be enough for Natalie to recover.

After their call ended, Shane put down his phone and patiently waited for the arrival of his helicopter.

Half an hour went by before the helicopter finally landed in front of the apartment. Its blades whipped up a storm of dust, attracting many curious stares from the residents.

Shane went upstairs to get Natalie. He carefully held her in his arms and boarded the helicopter.

On the other hand, Silas went to give the residents who took in Natalie a payment of gratitude before getting back on board.

The helicopter took off steadily. Very soon it was out of that area and headed straight for the hospital Jackson worked at.

Although Natalie did not have any physical injuries, Shane was still worried. Therefore, he wanted Jackson to examine her.

When Jackson finally exited the examination room, Shane immediately shot up to him and asked, "How is she?"

"She is alright. It's just that her adrenaline level is slightly high due to shock. Her face is also slightly swollen, but other than that, there aren't any further issues. Just rest for two days, let her calm down, and she should be fine," Jackson assured while taking off his gloves.

Shane nodded gingerly. He could finally relax and his tense expression eased up quite a bit.

Standing right next to him, Jackson mimicked Shane and leaned against the wall as well. He fished out a pack of cigarettes from his big white coat and offered it to Shane.

"Need a smoke?" he asked.

Shane hesitated for a bit. Ultimately he reached out for one and put it between his lips.

Jackson did the same. He then held out his lighter and lit Shane's cigarette first, followed by his own.

Jackson took a slow drag of his cigarette and asked, "What did Natalie go through again this time? How did she get into such a shock? Don't tell me the both of you went on a date to a haunted house."

"No," Shane replied, puffing out a cloud of smoke. Flicking off the ashes from his cigarette, he answered the doctor's query with an immensely morose look. "She was kidnapped."

"What..." Jackson choked on his own cigarette and coughed, "What did you say?" His voice went up an octave higher due to his mid-sentence choking.

Some doctors and nurses who were passing by looked at him curiously.

Shane held his cigarette between his fingers and continued, "Today is the trial for Jasmine's plagiarism case. Harrison sent some people to kidnap her so that she would not be able to attend court."

Without wasting another breath, he went on to tell Jackson about everything that happened after Natalie had been kidnapped.

Upon hearing the whole story, Jackson gulped and exclaimed with disbelief, "My god! Under such dire circumstances, she managed to survive the whole ordeal with all her limbs intact and without a scratch on her. This is nothing short of a miracle. With this kind of luck, it's a pity she didn't get a lottery ticket. But this Harrison," he winced, "he really went overboard

this time. No matter how much he disliked this daughter, he shouldn't have resorted to such an underhanded act."

He thought that Harrison slandering Natalie on the Internet had already been despicable enough.

Clearly, he had underestimated Harrison.

Shane did not say anything. His head was lowered, and his thoughts were indiscernible.

Right at that moment, Silas approached them. "Mr. Shane, Mr. Smith has requested to see you."

"Great," said Shane icily, "I want to see him as well." He stubbed out his cigarette on the top of the trash can and strode away.

Silas nodded at Jackson and quickly followed in his footsteps.

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Harrison was being held in the Thompson Group meeting room.

The moment Shane stepped into the room, Harrison went up to him and asked, "Shane, you're finally back. Why did you ask your men to take me here? Just what is going on?"

He had been waiting there for at least several hours, and he was not allowed to leave. Being completely cut off from what was going on outside made him feel highly insecure.

How did the trial go? What was the verdict for Jasmine's case? How many years did she get sentenced to?

Shane stepped back with disgust to put some distance between himself and Harrison. If looks could kill, Harrison Smith would be dead. "Even a vicious tiger would not prey on its own cubs. But you, how dare you kidnap Natalie! What you did was truly eye-opening!"

Upon hearing his accusation, Harrison was momentarily stunned. "Kidnap Natalie? Shane, what are you talking about? When did I send for people to have her kidnapped?" he asked.

Shane's furious eyes narrowed into slits. "You're still planning to deny it? Weren't you the one who sent people to stop her from going to court?"

Harrison's eyes flashed with guilt, "You... You've found out?"

Shane snorted coldly, "In order to help Jasmine, you had Natalie kidnapped so that she couldn't go to court. What a well-thought-out plan."

"Shane, you can't just put all the blame on me wrongfully," he defended himself, "I admit I did send someone to stop her from going. But I didn't send anyone to kidnap her! I just ordered my people to keep an eye on her and prevent her from leaving her house when she was about to go out. I didn't do anything else other than that!" Harrison held up his arm in defeat and explained seriously.

He didn't look as if he was lying. Shane's eyes narrowed and his expression turned somber. "You really didn't send those people to kidnap her?"

"I swear to God, I did not! I may not like Natalie, but I would never do such a thing to her," Harrison said while holding up three fingers as a sign of making an oath.

He was not that much of a psychopath yet.

"Mr. Shane, it seems that the mastermind behind Ms. Smith's kidnapping is someone else," Silas said from behind Shane in a rather grave tone.

Shane stepped over to Harrison and yanked up his shirt collar roughly, slightly lifting him off the ground in the process. "I don't care whether you sent for people to kidnap her or not. I am not letting you off that easily."

Harrison's wrinkled face quivered with fear. "S-Shane, what else do you intend to do to the Smith family? Three days ago, you went up against Smith Group. You got us delisted from the stock market, so we went back to being a normal small company. I knew I had it coming because of what I said at the press conference. But what about this time?"

He now looked at Shane with fury, "This time, this has nothing to do with you! This is a Smith family matter! What right do you have to poke your nose into our business?"

An enraged Shane tossed him aside. "What right do I have? Based on the fact that Natalie is my beloved. Is this a good enough reason for you?"

"Y-your beloved?" Harrison couldn't believe his ears. His eyes widened as big as saucers. "You're together now?"

Shane's eyes flickered and he didn't answer.

They were not officially together yet, but he felt it was just a matter of time.

Harrison mistook his lack of response as a silent admission. Fear consumed his heart, and he asked shakily, "If you choose to be with Natalie, then what about Jasmine?"

He had always yearned for Jasmine to marry into the Thompson family. This was so that the Smith family could become one of the most prominent families in J City through the marriage. Even when Shane broke off his engagement with Jasmine, he was unruffled because he thought they would eventually reconcile.

If Shane got together with Natalie, then this would become impossible for Jasmine! To top it off, Natalie hated me! She would not help the Smith family after getting married to Shane. What's more, she could even use the Thompson family's vast influence to suppress us instead. This wouldn't do!

"What does my relationship with Natalie have anything to do with Jasmine?" Shane glared at him.

Harrison gulped nervously. "How could it not matter? Shane, don't you forget, Jasmine saved you five years ago. It is her biggest wish to get married to you... "

"So what?" Shane interrupted him mercilessly with a wave of his hand. "Just because she wishes to marry me, I must take her as my wife? My engagement with her had been a misunderstanding all along. I thought that she was my fiancée. If I had known right from the start that she was, in fact, not my fiancée, I wouldn't have agreed to be engaged to her even if she saved my life!"

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There were many ways to repay a debt of gratitude. Marriage was definitely not the only way.

“Besides... “ Shane scrutinized Harrison judgmentally, “I have had my suspicions about this matter for quite some time. Could a narrow-minded, selfish, and cruel person like Jasmine really be my savior?”

Upon hearing this, Harrison’s eyes widened once more, and a flash of trepidation flitted across his eyes.

This brief flash of panic did not go unnoticed by Shane.

His heart sank. His hands in his trouser pockets balled up into clenched fists. “Looks like Jasmine really isn’t the person who saved me after all,” he remarked.

Harrison averted his gaze. A look of guilt was apparent in his eyes. He didn’t dare look at Shane. “O-Of course she is, how could she not be your savior? When you woke up, she was right beside you. If it was not her, then who else could it be?”

“You are still making things up until now!” Shane growled with a terrifying look. “You really think I can’t see that you’re lying?”

Harrison’s mouth gaped open like a fish out of water, and he was at a loss for words.

Shane squinted at him and demanded forcefully, “Speak! Who is the person who saved me?”

“I don’t know!” Harrison lowered his gaze in hopes of avoiding Shane’s interrogation.

“You don’t know?” Shane chuckled coldly. “Is it you don’t know or rather, you won’t say?”

“I really don’t know,” said Harrison holding on to his walking cane. “Jasmine told me back then she unintentionally entered your room. At that time, there was no one else around, so we never found out who you were with on that night.”

He could never disclose that it was Natalie. If he did that, it would only hasten their marriage. What’s more, there was also the existence of the twins.

Not letting Shane know the truth would leave him and Jasmine a chance to break them apart.

Shane realized that Harrison would not tell him the truth no matter the circumstance.

“Tight-lipped, aren’t we?” He was so incensed that he smiled distortedly. “Very well, I will

investigate on my own. When I find out that you have been withholding the truth from me, you and your precious Smith family will face the music. I will let all of you know the true consequence of posing as a fake savior.”

With that, Shane spoke no more to Harrison, whose face had become deathly pale. “Send someone to take him back. Keep an eye on him at all times,” Shane instructed, looking at Silas firmly.

“Yes,” Silas responded and dialed up the security department.

Soon, two security guards arrived and took Harrison away.

Shane and Silas were the only ones left in the spacious meeting room.

Looking at Shane’s glum expression, Silas sighed, “I would never have guessed that there was more to that incident. Jasmine not only faked being your savior, but she also lied to you for so many years. She even obtained numerous benefits through you and the Thompson family. What a despicable woman.”

Shane sneered callously, “Don’t worry. I will make her return everything that she took from us one by one. Get the car!”

“Are we going to the hospital?” asked Silas.

Shane snapped his fingers and said, “We’re going to that hotel from five years ago.”

“Understood,” Silas nodded.

Half an hour later, they reached the hotel.

Shane stood rigidly at the entrance. With his head slightly raised, he looked at the building with an ominous expression.

Ever since that night five years ago, he had this hotel blacklisted and never came back again.

As fate would have it, he was forced to return once again.

Collecting his thoughts and calming his mind, Shane stepped into the building.

Silas quickly followed in his steps.

The hotel manager could recognize Shane. Alerted as to his presence, the manager came out to greet him in a rush. "Mr. Shane, welcome to our hotel. May I ask... "

"The security footage of your hotel," Shane stared at the manager directly and interrupted, "How many years of footage does the hotel keep?"

The manager was taken aback and paused for a while, then he answered, "Ten years. After ten years, we dispose of them permanently."

Hearing this answer, Shane breathed a sigh of relief. After massaging his temples for a bit, he said, "That's great. I need to see the footage of my last visit here five years ago."

At that time, when he woke up, Jasmine was right beside him. Hence, he instinctively believed that she was the one who saved him. Checking the security footage had never crossed his mind.

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As a result of that, he got the wrong person.

"The last time you were here..." The manager frowned and squinted his eyes, trying hard to recall the last time when Shane visited their hotel.

He thought about it for a while and suddenly he exclaimed with surprise.

"What's the matter?" Shane frowned.

The manager replied in a hurry, "Two months ago, a lady came and requested to see the security footage of that same night."

"A lady?" Shane blurted. "Was it Jasmine?"

"I've seen Ms. Jasmine before, it was not her," the manager shook his head.

"Then, who was it?" Shane asked and tightened his fists.

Could it be the person who saved him?

The manager stroked his chin and dug deep into his memory. "I don't know her name," he said thoughtfully, "but she was very pretty."

"What significance does this have?" Silas rolled his eyes speechlessly. "There are so many pretty women all around. How on earth do we trace this person based on your description?"

The manager chuckled awkwardly.

Shane's lip tightened, "Alright, tell me why she wanted access to the security footage that night."

"I think it was because that lady suspected that she had gone into the wrong room that night, so she came back for an affirmation," the manager answered.

"Went into the wrong room? What do you mean?" Shane further inquired.

The manager scratched his head, "Alright, so this was what happened—that lady's room number ended with a six, and your room number ended with a nine. However, the number nine was loose at that time and it overturned and became a six. Therefore, that lady saw the number wrongly and entered your room."

Silas took in a breath of incredulity. "That's not right as well. The lady who entered the wrong room is your true savior, but why was Jasmine the first person you saw after you regained consciousness? It couldn't be that Jasmine entered the wrong room as well?"

"Harrison said that Jasmine unintentionally came into my room. We will only know the actual truth after viewing the footage. Let's head to the security room now," Shane indicated to the manager raising his chin.

The manager quickly arranged for it.

The three of them proceeded to the security room. The manager ordered his staff to show the security footage of that night.

The staff looked around for a bit and his expression changed to one of befuddlement. "Mr. Wise, that security footage has been deleted!"

“What?” the manager cried out in shock, “It has been deleted?”

“That’s right, it was deleted completely, and it was a permanent deletion that cannot be recovered at all. This looks like the work of a hacker,” the staff nodded.

The manager glanced toward Shane looking flustered and said, “Mr. Shane, this... “

Shane sneered, “Awesome, looks like someone is adamant that I don’t find out who really saved me back then.”

“I agree, but why? It’s just a person who has saved you, what inconvenience would it pose to anyone if we were to find out? Could it be that there’s something else involved that we have yet to discover?” Silas wondered while stroking his chin.

A glint of light flashed across Shane’s eyes as he listened to Silas’ deduction. “Maybe it is as you said, there’s still something that we do not know. The more this person in the shadows wishes to cover up, the more I want to uncover the truth. Ask the receptionist to check the guest record for room 3606 that night. See if that information is still available,” Shane said.

He looked at the manager pointedly.

The manager nodded and instructed the receptionist to check the guest record through his walkie-talkie.

A few minutes later, two words sounded from the brick-like equipment: Not available.

Same as the footage, the guest record was deleted too.

Shane was not the least surprised at this outcome. He had already expected it.

Everything could have already been deleted. Every single trace of the woman in the hotel, the footage of her visit two months ago... It was all gone.

“Mr. Shane, what should we do now? All of our clues have hit a dead-end,” Silas sighed in defeat.

Shane’s Adam’s apple bobbed up and down. “No, this is not the end. At that time, Sean was the one who drugged me. Jasmine was there when I regained consciousness, and Harrison knew about the whole incident. These three know exactly what happened back then. It could

be one of them who removed every single trace regarding this incident. Send someone to keep an eye on them, alert me immediately if you discover anything.”