

Chapter 41

However, one strange thing remained. Shane noticed that the apartment was seemingly inhabited only by Natales and children, for there were no signs of any man living there.

“Your husband doesn’t live here?” Before he could stop himself, he accidentally uttered the one question that was plaguing his heart.

Natalie, who was searching for some grounded coffee powder to make coffee, heard his question and froze. “Husband?”

“That Dr. Quinn from last night, isn’t he your husband?” Shane peered at her meaningfully.

Natalie quickly lowered her gaze to avoid showing him the shame and guilt in her eyes. “Yes, but he basically lives abroad.”

“Really?” Shane nodded slightly and did not bother to question further.

“Mommy, I’ve found the coffee. Go make a nice coffee for Mr. Shane.” Right at the moment, Connor took a box of coffee and stuffed it into Natalie’s outstretched hand.

Natalie patted his hair and said, “Okay. Thank you. Mommy’s going to make a coffee. Stay here with Mr. Shane and don’t be naughty, okay?”

“Alright, alright.” Connor replied.

Natalie stepped into the kitchen.

After she went in, Connor’s eyes shone as he touched his belly and pleaded, “Mr. Shane, I’m hungry. Can you help me get some cookies?”

that, he pointed to the top of the

of the fridge, stacked with all types of cookies and

help but frown, he was a

all these snacks for her

good for children to eat

quipped in, "These are all presents from Aunt Joyce. She buys them for us every time she drops by. Mommy usually doesn't let us eat too much. That's why the snacks are piling up. Mommy says that we will have tooth decay from taking the snacks. That's why she has

the real

Shane loosened

like he

I'll get it for you," asked Shane as he

of cookies, I want to see them for myself. Mr. Shane, do you mind holding me up?" Having said that, Connor spread

be carried, Shane's usual cold eyes showed a faint

could feel the child's soft body in his arms. That

walked to the fridge while holding

hand, Connor secretly stretched his other hand towards the top of Shane's head. He managed to discreetly pull off a few strands of

may put me down now, Mr. Shane. Thank you." Connor happily thanked him as he picked up a pack of cookies

He was going to put the child

at this moment, he suddenly felt a jolt of pain on his scalp. Unable to

Connor asked blankly as if he did not  
would ever suspect him when he put on a show and

Shane did not answer Connor, but his eyes caught sight of a Lego part with a few strands of hair trapped between it. Seeing that, Shane's impatience went up.

How could this child have such a thing in his hands?

As he was pondering, Connor suddenly cried, "I'm sorry Mr. Shane. I didn't mean it. Boohoo..."

From the kitchen, Natalie could hear the cry. She put down the kettle in her hand and quickly came out to check. "What's the matter?"

"Mommy..." Connor rushed into her arms and hugged her, "Mommy, I didn't mean it."

"Didn't mean what?" Natalie was getting more and more anxious by the seconds.

After all, she had not seen Connor cry for a long time.

The last time she saw him crying was two years ago, when he was merely two years old.

That was why she panicked when he burst into tears.

"I accidentally plucked off some of Mr. Shane's hair. Boohoo..." Connor's little hand trembled as he handed the Lego part over to Natalie.

She saw the few strands of hairs.

She could finally understand the reason her son was crying now.

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I bet he is shocked that he yanked the guy's hair.

“Connor, I thought I told you to behave! Why are you so naughty?” Annoyed, Natalie hit her son in his bottoms a few times.

The young boy bowed his head in shame.

“Alright, that’s enough.” Shane held onto Natalie’s hand and stopped her from hitting Connor.

She froze. “Mr. Shane...”

Shane raised his hand, signaling her to keep quiet. Then, he bent down slightly and looked deep into Connor’s eyes. “Connor, talk to me. Why did you try to grab my hair?”

“I didn’t mean to do it. It was just an accident...” Connor responded amidst sobs.

Shane narrowed his eyes upon hearing this. He fixed his gaze onto the boy and probed, “Was it really just an accident?”

“Yes, sir.” Connor nodded.

Natalie pondered for a moment and decided to step in. “Mr. Shane, I believe that my son didn’t do it on purpose. This has happened before.”

slight twitch in his face as he asked, “Did he grab

habit of holding small items in his hands. The Lego piece is small enough for him and he might have forgotten that he had it in his hands. Previously, he yanked Sharon’s hair in a similar manner too,” Natalie explained as she shot a

Connor bowed his

He could tell that Natalie was speaking the

“I’m really sorry about this!” Natalie bowed in apology and made her son do

how the mother-son duo was rather sincere. Shane rubbed his temples and warned them sternly, "I hope this doesn't happen

smiled apologetically and gently

did as he was told and then quickly hid behind his mother's back. Away from the adult's scrutiny, he stared freely at the hair in his hand. The timidity and fear vanished from his face,

moment,

door with her crutches. Meanwhile, Connor grabbed this

and Stanley arrived with a first aid kit. Just as he was about to say hello, he spotted

The gentleness

that Stanley was guarded against him. He narrowed his eyes

so wary

saw Shane pursing his lips in silence and answered on his behalf,

darkened momentarily.

arm in

Shane looked down at the extended hand but had no intentions to return the handshake. He replied indifferently, "Don't worry about it. Well, I shall get going then."

Stanley didn't turn angry at Shane's reaction. Instead, he placed down his hand and offered, "Why don't you stay a little longer, Mr. Shane?"

"It's alright," Shane uttered without any change to his facial expression. He strode toward the door after.

The two men made eye contact as they brushed past each other. The sharp gazes exchanged were unmistakable.

The few seconds of interaction were sufficient for Shane to see through the man.

This man is the perfect actor. His gentle appearance is just a mask to his cold, ruthless self.

How did Natalie befriend such a two-faced, pretentious man?

Shane's eyes swept past Natalie as he thought of this.

The latter flashed him a slight smile, oblivious to what he was thinking. She saw him to the door and watched him get into the lift before returning to her place.

Her expression became stern the moment she closed the door.  
"Connor Smith!"

The young boy heard his mother's voice and tiptoed out of his room in an abashed

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With a gloomy face, Natalie walked over to her son. "Tell me, Connor. Why do you have that in your hands again? Don't you remember how you pulled your sister's hair last time? I told you not to play with this anymore. Why..."

"I'm sorry, Mommy. I was wrong. I won't do it again." Before she could finish, Connor tugged at the hem of her shirt and swayed his body pitifully.

It was rare for Natalie to witness this coquettish side of her son. Her words instantly got stuck at the tip of her tongue, and she could no longer find the anger within her to reprimand him.

After a short while, she let out a sigh and stroked her son's head helplessly. "What should I do with you!"

Connor held onto his mother's hand and there was a satisfied look on his face for a split second. He knew that this incident was water under the bridge.

"Nat, what happened?" Stanley asked in a daze. He had been listening to their conversation from the side.

She explained, "Connor was being naughty and he almost offended Mr. Shane. Luckily, the man was kind enough and didn't blame Connor. Otherwise, I might have lost my job."

As she spoke, she pinched Connor's cheeks gently and told him, "Alright. Keep your Lego pieces properly. If this happens again, I will confiscate it. You hear?"

Connor knew that this was not a joke. He immediately acceded to her request, "Yes, Mommy. I will."

"Good boy. Now go and play on your own for a while. Mommy's going to start preparing for dinner."

returned to the

to take a shower in the bedroom, leaving Stanley and Connor in the

young boy sat down beside Stanley and asked, "Uncle Stanley, can you help me

was preparing the medication for Natalie when Connor initiated the conversation. He stopped what he was doing and gave the

a guilty manner before he fished out two zip lock bags from his

a closer look at the contents and narrowed his eyes.

Shane's hair, and this is mine," Connor

suddenly realized what was going on. His gentle expression changed just slightly and he probed, "Why? Do you think he's

Mr. Shane and I have an uncanny resemblance. This isn't normal. So Uncle

at the bags. His eyes darkened slightly, but

a long while of silence, Connor waved his small hands in front of him. "Uncle Stanley? Are you

glasses up

you, Uncle Stanley!" Connor gave

silent, he tightened his grip around the bag of hair, as though wanting to rip

the room just

because he gave me a sweet earlier. Right,

"Mm, yes." Stanley plastered a wide smile on his face, but the smile never reached his eyes.

"Mommy, I'm going to shower." Connor got down from the sofa and ran to the bathroom.

Natalie burst into a fit of giggles when she saw her son running frantically to the bathroom.

"Alright, Nat. Time to change out your bandage." Stanley patted on the empty spot next to him.

Natalie nodded and walked over.

It was almost ten by the time everything was done.

Stanley packed up his first-aid kit and prepared to leave.

After he stepped out of the apartment, he didn't leave immediately. Instead, he went to the emergency stairway and tossed the two bags of hair into the trash bin before heading for the lift.



Two days later, at Thompson Group.

Jasmine's assistant, Penny, began shouting instructions the moment she stepped into the office. "Alright, everyone! Hurry up and clean up the place! Keep everything that is unnecessary in your drawers! Especially things like your makeup and snacks! Pack them all up! There's going to be an inspection from the bosses!"

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"From the bosses? Who is coming?" Someone asked.

Penny replied arrogantly, "Who else apart from the big boss?"

The person she was talking about was none other than Jasmine's fiancé.

"Oh..." Everyone gasped at her reply.

"Why would the CEO suddenly inspect our department?"

"Who knows? In any case, quickly tidy up your office. Otherwise, you're going to be penalized!" Penny turned and walked away after leaving them a stern warning.

Everyone got busy immediately.

Natalie looked at her desk. There wasn't much to pack since she only had a laptop and some documents on her table. Hence, she continued to work on her draft.

"Nat, do you know why the CEO is coming today?" Ashley, who sat beside her, asked.

Natalie threw a glance at her. It was a rather weird question. "How would I know if you guys don't?"

have a pretty good relationship. Maybe you

relationship with Mr. Shane? Who

eyes! You got into Mr. Shane's car yesterday, didn't you?" Ashley leaned forward and whispered into her

Ah. So that's why.

recovered and it's inconvenient to get a cab. Hence, Mr. Shane offered to drive me home. Once I recover, he won't be sending me home anymore. So

Ashley quickly interjected. She seemed

Ashley closely for a few seconds. She felt that something was amiss but could not pinpoint what was wrong exactly. Thus, she kept quiet and stapled

department. Then, a tall and handsome

the design department stood up as

business partners. We won't interrupt you," Shane looked at the crowd of staff in front of him and

a brief moment

down along with the rest and began working

the few business partners in

she was about to stand, Shane held onto her arm and stopped

Mr. Shane." Natalie showed a grateful

I don't think it's appropriate for her to remain seated while we're all standing. Seems disrespectful

that Mr. Jacques and the rest will understand." Shane turned

They all nodded and smiled. "Of course we do. An injured employee should always be taken care of."

Shane then looked at Jasmine with his dark eyes. His sharp gaze was sufficient to pierce through anyone's soul. "Well, Jasmine, do you still have any issues?"

"No, of course not." Deep down, she was boiling. But she still managed a wide smile and responded politely.

It was seldom to see Jasmine being put in her place. Biting down on her lips, Natalie bowed her head to control her laughter. Her mood somehow turned for the better.

"Well, since there are no problems, I suggest you don't speak at all from now on. Otherwise, it will be disrespectful to me, understood?" Shane remarked with pursed lips.

His voice was clear, assertive, and loud. Every word was a stab in Jasmine's heart.

The color drained from her face as she heard this.

How could I have forgotten?

When working, this man is as stubborn as a bull. He could never tolerate those who doubted his decisions. It was taboo in the office.

I was just trying to make Natalie's life difficult earlier. But in the end, I've offended Shane... What a misstep on my part!

Shane did not bother with Jasmine any longer and went ahead to introduce the remaining people to Natalie. "Natalie, meet our business partners. They are also the investors for Project Rebirth. They will be the ones deciding whether you can be the chief designer for the project."

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What? These are such important people?

Natalie was quite taken aback. However, she recollected herself quickly, put on a gentle smile, and introduced herself confidently. “Good day, everyone. I’m Natalie. I’m one of the shortlisted designers for Project Rebirth, and I look forward to working with all of you.”

Even though she remained seated, she spoke with a nice disposition and amicable tone. No one would think that she was being impolite.

It was apparent that Natalie was a well-mannered person. The business partners nodded in satisfaction.

“Apart from letting you meet Mr. Jacques and the rest, I wanted to ask about your first draft. How is that going?” Shane asked.

“It’s almost done,” Natalie informed.

Jasmine was quite shocked to hear this. Almost done?

It’s only been a few days! How can she be so quick?

It takes two to three days for me to complete just a basic drawing.

And yet, Natalie is able to finish drawing up the designs for an entire project within a week? Is this what it means to have an innate talent?

Jasmine gritted her teeth as envy surged within her.

business partners. Bring along your draft and present it to everyone so that we can give some feedback and comments. We’ll also decide whether you can be the chief designer

fixed his eyes on Natalie and waited

his sharp gaze, Natalie subconsciously lifted her chest and replied without hesitation, “Sounds good to

confident of her

high praises of the designs when she sent them

ahead with your day.” Shane nodded, contented with the response. Then, he brought the partners to

leaving. Right before they stepped out, Jasmine suddenly turned around and coughed a few times in Natalie’s

what she was trying to

after, Ashley leaned over, looking rather ill. “Nat, do

Natalie tossed her

you!” Ashley tugged a few pieces out of the box and

a frantic manner, she shook her head in amusement. Then,

from the washroom

drafts and helped Ashley to

moment before looking away. She chuckled and told Natalie, “Just something wrong with my stomach. Must be the food from lunch. The bathroom trip

to the pharmacy to get some medicine?” Natalie

walk now with the pain. Nat, why don’t you help me with it?”

decided to help. After pouring a glass of warm water for Ashley,

Ashley watched Natalie limp down the corridor with an apologetic look on her face. However, that expression was quickly replaced with fierce determination.

Ten minutes later, Natalie returned with the medicine. Ashley was resting with her head on the table. She looked rather uncomfortable.

Upon seeing this, Natalie quickly took out the pills and passed them to her.

After swallowing them, she still lamented, “Urgh, I don’t think this medicine’s working for me. Seems like I have to take the rest of the day off. I’m going to look for Ms. Jasmine.”

With that, she strode to Jasmine’s office with her hand pressed on her stomach.

Ashley ended up taking two days’ leave.

Natalie looked at the empty seat next to her. Seems like a rather serious case of food poisoning.

At that very moment, someone knocked on the entrance of the office. “Is Ms. Natalie Smith here?”

Upon hearing her name, she quickly recollected herself and stood up. “That would be me.”

“The management meeting is about to begin. Mr. Shane asked me to bring you over,” Silas adjusted his glasses and said.

“Alright.” Natalie’s face turned serious. She picked up her briefcase and her laptop.

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Silas noticed that Natalie was struggling with all the belongings in her hands, especially with her leg injury. It looked as though she was about to fall anytime. While he remained quiet about her demeanor, he didn’t really want to see her fall. Hence, he extended his hand and offered to help. “Let me help you with the laptop.”

“Thank you, Mr. Campbell.” Natalie didn’t find anything wrong with his behavior and handed over her laptop to him gratefully.

There were important documents relating to her drafts on that laptop. She wouldn’t have to worry about dropping and damaging the laptop if someone helped her with it.

They arrived at the meeting room shortly after.

Following Silas' instructions, she sat down at a seat near the door.

Despite entering in a low-profile and quiet manner, she still managed to attract everyone's attention.

Jasmine was the first to spot her. The woman's gaze swept past her briefcase and laptop. For a split second, the corners of her lips curled into a slight smirk.

"Mr. Shane." Natalie looked at the man who was seated at the head of the table.

"Are you ready?" He asked as his gaze moved toward her.

She nodded in response.

"Let's begin then." Shane interlocked his fingers and placed them on the table, ready to listen to the presentation.

breath, opened up her briefcase, and pulled out a

her body froze when she opened up the file.

drain from Natalie's face, Shane narrowed his eyes and wondered what

fists and uttered, "My drafts

his

the contents of the file. "Look! It's all blank

"Ms. Natalie, please don't come up with excuses. I bet you didn't even complete your drafts, did you? Who would steal them for

about that!" Natalie turned her head

do you mean by that? And why are you looking at me? Do you

did you need to react like this?”

got furious. She was about to retaliate

man could no longer watch this debacle continue. He

a finger at Natalie in anger. “Shane, look at her! She’s

understand English?” Shane cut her off. His demeanor was as cold

by his reaction, Jasmine

shot her a meaningful look before turning to Natalie. “Do you have scanned

is gone too.” As she spoke, Natalie powered up

was no surprise

if the physical copy were already stolen, there was no way the

Shane fell silent upon this. At that moment, the only sound in the meeting room was the rhythmic tapping of his index finger on the conference table. Nobody could tell how the man felt.

After a while, he suddenly stood up and announced, “Let’s end the meeting here today. We will talk about the drafts for Project Rebirth on another day.”

Once he said that, the attendees of the meeting did not stay any longer and dispersed.

Within a few moments, only the three of them were left in the meeting room.

Natalie picked up her laptop with one hand and her briefcase in the other. “Mr. Shane, I would like to head to the CCTV room.”

“I suppose you want to see who took your drafts?” Shane guessed her intentions almost immediately.



“Yes!” Natalie nodded and glanced at Jasmine at the same time. She wanted to see how her half-sister would react.

To her surprise, Jasmine was unusually calm. There was no panic to be seen on her face. It was to the extent that Natalie doubted her own suspicions.

Could it be someone else? Perhaps it wasn’t Jasmine.

Just as she was engrossed in her thoughts, Shane spoke up and approved her idea. “Go ahead then,” he said.

“Yes, Mr. Shane.” Natalie shoved her thoughts aside, thanked Shane, and stepped out of the meeting room.

After she left, Shane narrowed his eyes at Jasmine and asked, “Tell me, did you do it

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Jasmine looked at Shane in disbelief. “Shane, do you not trust me?”

“It’s not that I don’t trust you. It’s because you’ve done this before. You’ve targeted Natalie previously.” Shane was referring to the things she did last time.

Jasmine stomped her feet in anger. She was annoyed at Shane’s distrust for her. “Yes, I admit that I didn’t like her and targeted her back then. But I swear it wasn’t me this time! If it were me, I would have stopped her from reviewing the security footage!”

Shane froze slightly when he heard this. Then, he lowered his eyes and went deep into thought.

Upon noticing this, Jasmine knew that Shane was swayed by her words. A smirk crept onto her face.

However, she adjusted her facial expressions quickly and held onto his arm. Swaying it from side to side, she looked up at him and said,

“Shane, you’ve got to believe me. After you told me not to make Natalie’s life difficult, I listened to you! I would never disobey your words.”

“Alright.” Shane retracted his arm indifferently. He brushed the creases on his shirt and remarked, “I hope it really isn’t you. Otherwise, I’ll make you go back to your studio.”

With that, he walked out of the meeting room without looking at her again.

Meanwhile, in the surveillance room, Natalie had her arms crossed and her eyes glued to the surveillance monitors. She was afraid to miss any clues and scrutinized every frame.

Shane walked over and stood beside her. They stood there and observed the recordings for a short while before Shane asked, “So? Did you notice anything?”

She shook her head and informed him with a serious expression, “No. This is my second time reviewing the recordings. No one even came close to

isn’t right.” Shane

rubbed her chin with a puzzled expression. “Indeed, I feel the

workstation, why would my drafts just go missing? Even the scanned copies were

there’s more

what did I

her nails and lowered her

head. She told Shane, “Mr. Shane, I’m very sorry for ruining today’s meeting. Please give me some time to sort this out. I’ll definitely find out what happened. For me,

she bowed slightly to

this matter go

make

about this?" Shane asked as he looked at

about her son and let out a

found out who did this by then, you'll have to redo your drafts, and they

Clear as day!" Natalie

Shane nodded and left.

Natalie didn't remain long in the surveillance room either. She made a copy of the security footage before heading back to the design department.

In the afternoon, she left Thompson Group's office and visited a private investigator's office. She handed over her laptop and mouse and asked them to check the items for fingerprints. After which, she took a cab to the kindergarten to pick her kids up.

"Mommy, where is Mr. Shane?" Sharon looked slightly dismayed when she didn't see Shane with her mother.

Natalie pinched her nose playfully. "Do you like him that much?"

"Yes, I do!" Sharon nodded enthusiastically.

Connor chimed in as well, "Mommy, why didn't Mr. Shane drive you today?"

"Mr. Shane is quite busy today. Also, Mommy's leg is almost healed. We don't have to trouble Mr. Shane any longer." Natalie spoke as she took her children's bags and hooked them to the crook of her arm.

Connor unwrapped a lollipop and placed it in his mouth. "When can we see Mr. Shane again then?"

“You will see him when we get the chance. Alright, get in the car now.” Natalie nudged the two children into the cab.

Connor and Sharon climbed into the car as per their mother’s instructions.

After they buckled their seatbelts, Natalie looked at Connor and said, “Connor,

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“What is it?” Connor twisted the lollipop in his mouth.

Sharon blinked at her mother and added, “Mommy, I can help you too!”

“I know you are both very smart kids. However, Connor is able to help better this time. Next time, I’ll ask Sharon to help. How about that?” Natalie tickled her daughter.

Sharon burst into a fit of giggles and nodded, “Alright. I’ll help you next time then, Mommy!”

“What a good girl!” Natalie let go of her daughter and looked toward her son. “I need your amazing computer skills. Can you help me with my office’s security footages?”

She suspected that someone had tampered with the footage.

“You want to review your office’s security footage? Why?” Connor cocked his head to one side curiously.

“Because my drawings were stolen by someone.” Natalie rubbed her forehead and replied in a rather lethargic manner.

Connor’s face darkened the moment he heard this. His gaze turned sharp and stern as he asked, “Did someone bully you, Mommy?”

“Yes. That’s why I need your help.” Natalie held onto his adorable cheeks and looked at her son.

her son, there was a complicated look

an uncanny resemblance between Shane and her son. He even looked identical to Shane when he was angry. How

alright! I will definitely find out who bullied you, Mommy!” Connor promised and clenched his small fists in

gave him a peck. “Thank

pouted. Seeing her brother getting

her daughter a peck on the cheeks. “Are

into Natalie’s arms and buried

at his sister and laughed. “Mommy, Sharon is embarrassed that

on her lips, signaling Connor to speak no more. She felt her daughter’s body stiffened in her arms for a

he was,

a while, they arrived at

changed into his house slippers

Natalie took out some toys so that Sharon could play alone in the living room. She then poured a glass of milk and went to

front of his computer, clicking

She gently placed the glass of milk beside the computer and stood behind her son.

jumbled together. It even flickered from time to time, making

technicalities, she was still

along to visit her mentor, Mercede Mackenzie. Mercede's youngest son realized

Within half a year, Connor became a top-notch hacker.

As a mother, she was worried that Connor was too young and might be manipulated by others for his hacking skills. Hence, she never allowed him to use his hacking skills.

For a brief moment, Connor paused and told his mother sternly, "Mommy, I managed to find something. Someone edited the security footage of your office."

"I knew it!" Natalie pursed her lips in anger.

So, I was right! Why else would my drawings be missing if nobody touched my workstation? Turns out, there is indeed something wrong with the security footage.

"Baby, is it possible to restore the original footage?" she asked.

Connor placed the glass of milk down and licked his lips. He nodded confidently in response. "Of course! I can definitely do that."

He then placed his hands back on the keyboard and started typing again. He was so fast that Natalie could not even catch up with his movements.

After a couple of minutes, Connor pressed "Enter" on the keyboard and exclaimed, "It's done!"

Natalie leaned forward to take a closer look.

As she reviewed the original footage, her eyes widened in utter disbelief. "It's her?"

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"Mommy, who is this?" Connor pointed to the woman on the screen and asked. His face was solemn.

Slightly upset, Natalie shut her eyes for a brief moment. She told her son in a disappointed tone, "She's my colleague and also someone I respect. Normally, she is quite nice to me. I can't believe that she would do something like this!"

"Are her drawings any good?" Connor asked curiously.

Natalie didn't know why he would ask that but replied anyway. "To be honest, her drawings are average. Otherwise, she would have been a manager at the design department already."

"Well, I know why she wants to steal your drawings then. She must be jealous of you. After all, you are so amazing! Only losers like her would do something like this." Connor tipped his head to a side and speculated.

Natalie chuckled and was about to respond when her phone suddenly rang. It was a call from the private investigator's office. "Ms. Natalie, we have gotten the results for the fingerprint swab. Unfortunately, we couldn't find any other fingerprints apart from yours on the laptop and the mouse."

"Alright. Thank you." Natalie's gaze darted back to the computer screen.

She noticed that the culprit wore gloves when the deed was done.

While there were no fingerprints, the original security footage was sufficient to show that the person was guilty.

up, handed over a USB drive to Connor, and asked him to copy the footage into

on the bedroom door. "Mommy?"

Connor's eyes lit up upon hearing this. He jumped down from his chair and

blinked a few times, confused

going on with

he isn't this excited when

promise to buy

She stepped out in

Natalie pointed to the file and asked with a

behind his back. "Oh! This is a collection of postcards that I asked Uncle Stanley

Natalie threw Stanley a suspicious

glasses and flashed her a gentle smile.

"I'll go and make us some food?" Natalie didn't probe further after receiving confirmation

trailed behind her

only Stanley and Connor were left in the

document. When he saw the results, his eyes dimmed and he remarked with dismay, "Uncle Stanley, Mr. Shane isn't

"No, he's not." Stanley shook his head and denied.

"But we look so alike. How could this be?" Connor stuffed the document back into the pocket file and sighed in a rather adult-like manner.

Stanley's eyes flashed dangerously as he asked, "Do you want him to be your Dad?"

"A little. He is very nice to Sharon and me. Besides, we like him. But I guess there's no use since he's not really our father. I have to go and hide this now. Mommy will go bonkers if she sees this."



With that, he picked up the pocket file and ran back to his room.

As Stanley observed the boy's small silhouette, his lips gradually curled into a sly smile. However, that look disappeared from his face quickly, and he returned back to his usual gentlemanly self.

The next day, Natalie brought the USB to Shane's office and told him, "Mr. Shane, I know who stole my drawings."

"That was fast," Shane remarked with raised brows.

Natalie nodded and placed the USB in front of him. "This is the office's security footage. What we saw yesterday was already edited by someone. This USB here contains the original footage. I hope that you can come with me to the design department to confront the culprit."

"I suppose I should. As the CEO, I should deal with any employee that makes mistakes." Shane stood up and straightened his shirt.

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Natalie smiled at Shane gratefully before stepping out of the office with him.

Ding!

The lift arrived.

Natalie stepped forward, but she was too quick and tripped over the gap in the lift. At that moment, she lost her balance and fell forward.

Shane saw this and instinctively tried to grab her.

However, instead of regaining balance, he too fell on the floor with her.

They collapsed into the lift, and the lift doors closed.

A slight rumble could be heard, and the lift shook as it elevated.

Natalie was on the ground, and Shane fell on top of her.

Their eyes met and their bodies froze.

Natalie stared at the man in confusion.

Shane too, was stunned by the situation at hand.

He lowered his eyes and looked at her bright red cheeks and her slightly parted lips. His eyes turned slightly dark.

up. He adjusted his attire and apologized, "Sorry

as she replied meekly. She

was pounding frantically, and she could feel the hotness in

years ago, she never had such close contact with another man. She wasn't even this close to him the previous time they hugged. However,

recalled the scene just now, Natalie lowered her head and

and pale but shaped beautifully.

am I

her

can't believe that I'm fantasizing about

frowned. "What's wrong?

I'm alright!"

of having

probe further upon hearing this and simply

She quickly avoided his gaze,

He looked away too and replied

good then.” She breathed a

was the

himself because of her, she would

came to a

stepped out of the lift first, followed

to the design department and Shane pushed open the door to

happy and surprised to see him. Getting up, she walked

Natalie behind him. The smile on her

What is going on?

Why are the two of them together?

Natalie pretended not to see Jasmine’s furious expression. Instead, she turned to Shane and said, “Mr. Shane, I’ll go and call her over here.”

The man nodded.

With that, Natalie stepped out of Jasmine’s office and went toward the main office.

“Shane, what are you doing here? Why are you with Natalie?”  
Jasmine tried to sound him out as she stared in the direction in which Natalie was heading in.

Shane went straight to her table and sat down. “Natalie found out who stole her drawings. I’m here to handle the matter for her.”

“Oh? She found the culprit?” Jasmine’s heart instantly skipped a beat. Her palms became sweaty and her forehead broke out in cold sweat.

How could this be?

The plan was supposed to be foolproof! How is it possible that Natalie found the culprit so quickly?

Could she be lying?

Meanwhile, at the main office.

Natalie walked over to Ashley and tapped on her table. “Ashley, how are you feeling?”

“Ah! Nat. Thank you for asking, I’m feeling a lot better now.” When Ashley looked up and saw that it was Natalie, she shifted in her seat anxiously.