

Love Spell 341

Chapter 341

Zachary wanted to shield Wanda, but the sight of the dark gun barrel sapped his courage.

Wanda's frail body trembled slightly, like a leaf swaying in the wind.

She closed her eyes tightly. At that moment, her mind and heart were filled with thoughts of Carlisle.

*Carlisle, I'm sorry... I may not be able to continue our journey together. If there is a next life, I hope we

won't have so many obstacles," she silently prayed in her heart.

Shein stepped in front of Wanda and said into the phone, "ed 300 million dollars in cash!"

The finance officer was stunned momentarily and replied, "300 million in cash? I doubt all the banks in

Riverland could come up with that amount..."

Shein's voice turned cold."

"Then find a way. What do I pay you for?"

"Yes- yes, sir!" the finance officer responded, trembling.

Shein hung up and stared at the gang leader.

"Moving that amount of cash will surely alert the police. Aren't you afraid?"

The leader rested the gun on his shoulder and nonchalantly said, “I received word ten minutes ago

that the police are already on their way. If I were afraid, I wouldn’t be here before you.”

Shein asked, ‘Are you Jalen’s men?’”

The leader responded coldly, “Don’t ask what you shouldn’t.”

Shein closed his mouth, deciding not to speak further.

The leader then ordered, “Take us to your old house!”

They even knew about Shein’s old house, indicating that these people had planned this ambush meticulously.

Shein sighed inwardly and led them to his old house.

Around 11:00 am, a black Mazda stopped by the roadside outside the town.

Francis said, ‘I’ll go take a look.’”

But before he could finish, they saw two men approaching with submachine guns.

Carlisle’s face hardened.

“Drive, now.”

Francis immediately shifted gears and hit the gas pedal. The car shot forward like an arrow.

Fortunately, the two men didn’t open fire.

Francis and Carlisle stopped after driving about a mile.

Francis breathed a small sigh of relief.

“These robbers are no joke!”

Carlisle pinched the bridge of his nose.

“The police probably can’t do much against them either.”

Francis said helplessly, “Let’s hope they’re only after money.”

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Carlisle took out his phone and called Benjamin.

Benjamin answered after a brief moment.

Carlisle spoke first, “Did you find anything?”

Benjamin replied seriously, “Yes. Jalen has no parents, his wife runs a company abroad, and his son and daughter attend a private school he set up himself.”

Carlisle narrowed his eyes slightly.

“Can you kidnap his children?”

Benjamin hesitated momentarily before answering. “I’ll try, but don’t get your hopes up too high.

Carlisle sighed.

“Forget it. It’s too dangerous. Heath is still in the ICU, and I don’t want to see you get into trouble. I plan to have you take Heath to that alternative medicine physician in a few days.”

“Alternative medicine?” Benjamin was puzzled at first, then ecstatic.

“You mean there’s hope for Heath?”

Carlisle smiled.

“Yes, this physician has successfully treated many brain hemorrhage patients. He’s a neighbor of my parents. I’ll have you and Heath stay at my parents’ once he’s discharged. They can help look after him.”

“Thank you, Carlisle!”

Benjamin was overwhelmed with gratitude.

Heath’s condition in the ICU weighed heavily on Benjamin’s mind.

Carlisle had not only made all the arrangements but was also offering his parents’ help. The gratitude he felt was overwhelming.

Benjamin made a decision. He would kidnap Jalen’s children.

Benjamin made up his mind.

*Carlisle, wait for my good news.”

“What are you planning?”

Carlisle’s tone turned solemn.

Benjamin said, “I respect Heath and you more than anyone. If it means risking my life to help you, then so

be it!”

Carlisle frowned and said sternly, “Don’t do anything rash. If something happens to you, how will I face... Hello? Benjamin!”

Benjamin hung up before Carlisle could finish. Carlisle sighed in frustration.

Francis glanced at Carlisle through the rearview mirror.

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A twinge of fear rose in Francis’ heart.

He suddenly saw Carlisle for what he truly was—a cunning, manipulative mastermind with a complete understanding of human nature.

He chuckled to himself, recognizing the irony.

He, too, had fallen prey to Carlisle’s web. The lure of making a fortune to fulfill his ex-girlfriend’s dying wish had driven him to work tirelessly for Carlisle.

Even if Carlisle had asked him to kidnap Jalen’s children, he would have found it hard to refuse.

Carlisle leaned back in his seat and closed his eyes to rest.

“Let’s head back to the apartment.”

The town was likely swarming with bandits. They were armed, and he was outnumbered and outgunned.

Rescuing Shein and his family was impossible. It was now up to the police to negotiate with them.

Francis turned the car around and headed back the way they came.

On the way, they passed a police convoy heading toward the town.

They figured that someone must have leaked the information. Following the police vehicles were cars. from the Riverland News Observation team.

At 2:00 pm, news of the kidnapping of Thompson Group's chairman spread like wildfire.

The entire Riverland business community was in an uproar.

The municipal government issued an order to rescue Shein and his family at all costs.

Riverland TV was broadcasting live as a massive police force descended upon Trodie Town. The entire

town was on lockdown. The scene resembled a movie.

Carlisle sat on the couch, watching the live broadcast on the black-and-white TV.

Although he appeared calm, he was deeply anxious.

This scenario hadn't happened in his previous life. It was likely that Heath's early rise had disrupted the entire Riverland underground network, leading to this situation

He feared the kidnappers might start killing hostages.

If anything happened to Wanda, earning all the money in the world would be meaningless.

Francis handed Carlisle a cup of coffee and tried to comfort him, "Don't worry too much. Trodie Town is sealed off completely. The kidnappers won't act rashly."

Carlisle took a sip of coffee and said, "These guys are armed and desperate. There's nothing they won't

do.”

As soon as he finished speaking, a gunshot echoed from the TV.

Soon, two kidnappers dragged a body out. It was Shein’s bodyguard, Mac.

One of the kidnappers spoke, “Our boss says if you don’t

pull back, we’ll kill one person every half hour!”

Gabriel Yost wore a terrifyingly dark expression.

Two infrared dots were trained on the kidnapper’s temples.

However, the kidnapper showed no fear and laughed instead.

“I’m not afraid to die. Our boss said he’ll take a few townsfolk with us if we die!”

Gabriel seethed with anger at the kidnapper’s arrogant smirk and almost ground his molars to dust.

After a moment, he raised a clenched fist. The snipers in hiding retracted their infrared sights.

The two kidnappers flipped their middle fingers at the police and then swaggered back into the town.

Gabriel felt that the kidnappers were being too arrogant.

He slammed his fist against the car door in frustration.

Suddenly, Gabriel’s phone rang. The caller ID showed it was his boss.

He immediately answered, “Boss, the rescue operation is proving to be difficult.”

A deep and authoritative voice came through.

“The governor has issued an order to prioritize the safety of the hostages and townsfolk. If necessary, the criminals can be killed on the spot.”

“Understood.”

“Have you identified the kidnappers yet?”

“We’re still working on it,” Gabriel admitted, feeling embarrassed.

It had been four hours since Shein and the others were kidnapped, yet they still didn’t know the kidnappers

‘identities.

“You’re moving too slowly. The kidnappers gave us eight hours to come up with the ransom. I want a rescue plan in three hours!”

“Yes, sir!”

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After ending the call, Gabriel urgently called the staff responsible for identifying the kidnappers and gathered a few of his most experienced officers to formulate the rescue plan.

Meanwhile, Shein sat calmly on the couch in the town at the Thompson family’s old house, drinking

coffee as if he were at ease.

However, Zachary frowned deeply.

“Dad, how can you still enjoy coffee at a time like this?”

Shein put down his cup and said calmly, “What else can I do? Will panicking help?”

These kidnappers were desperate and fearless. The police would likely face significant challenges in

executing a rescue.

Besides praying for their fate, he couldn’t think of any other solution.

Rather than worrying, he chose to act relaxed, hoping not to be seen as weak by the kidnappers.

Suddenly, a thought crossed his mind.

“By the way, Zac, how did you know someone was going to harm us?”

“It was Carlisle who told me.”

“Carlisle?”

Shein frowned, struggling to recall the name.

“He’s...”

Zachary glanced at the visibly anxious Wanda, hesitating to say more.

Shein finally remembered that Carlisle was the boy trying to pursue Wanda.

He frowned and pondered, “Where did that kid get his information from?”

Zachary scoffed.

“I bet he’s working with Jalen. Approaching Wanda was just part of his scheme.”

Hearing Zachary’s accusations against Carlisle, Wanda snapped back, “You should be a novelist with your wild imagination. If Carlisle were in league with Jalen, why would he warn us?”

Zachary retorted, “He warned us when we were already surrounded. It was just a fake gesture to throw us

off.

“You’re so self-righteous!”

Wanda turned her head away in frustration.

Zachary sighed.

“It seems you still haven’t gotten over him.”

Shein intervened, “Enough, both of you. That kid is merely a university freshman. This situation likely has nothing to do with him.”

With Shein’s authority, Zachary had no choice but to fall silent.

Just then, the leader of the kidnappers walked in, holding a bowl of meat stew.

Speaking with his mouth full, he asked, “Are you hungry? Want some food?”

“No,” Zachary replied defiantly.

“I am,” Wanda retorted, seemingly contradicting Zachary on purpose.

Zachary whispered urgently. “Are you crazy? What if they put something in the food?”

Wanda ignored him and stood up to follow the kidnapper. Shein also stood up and followed.

Zachary's stomach growled. Reluctantly, he got up and followed them outside.

Trey led the town residents to deliver food and breathed a sigh of relief at the sight of Shein and the

others unharmed.

"Old man, got any booze?" the lead kidnapper asked with a grin.

"Yes, I'll go get it right away."

Trey's earlier bravado had vanished, replaced by a fawning smile.

The lead kidnapper cleared three spots at the table for Shein and his children,

They sat down without hesitation, maintaining their composure.

Shein looked at the leader and asked, "May I Know your name?"

"I'm Hendrix Evans."

"Hendrix Evans?"

Shein's pupils contracted sharply. The name was well-known to him.

He was the infamous bandit Hendrix Evans, who had orchestrated multiple kidnappings and always

managed to evade capture.

The fact that Jalen had managed to enlist such people was shocking.

“Oh, so Mr. Thompson has heard of me.” Hendrix said, flashing what he thought was a gentlemanly smile.

“Just a little,” Shein replied, calming his inner turmoil. He picked up a spoon and started eating silently

With any other kidnapper, Shein might have hoped to avoid paying the ransom, But Hendrix’s involvement

the 300 million dollars would have to be handed over.

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Losing that amount would severely set back his competition with Yuriel.

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Yuriel would definitely seize this opportunity to crush Shein while he was down.

“Since you’ve heard of me, Mr. Thompson, I suggest you abandon any false hopes,” Hendrix said with a faint smile, picking up his spoon to begin eating.

Shein lifted his gaze to meet Hendrix’s eyes.

“As long as you guarantee our safety, the 300 million dollars is yours.

Hendrix laughed heartily.

“Mr. Thompson, you certainly drive a hard bargain!”

Meanwhile, the scene shifted to a development project by Yuriel’s Evermore Properties in a secluded town on the outskirts of Riverland.

Although it was referred to as a village, it was actually filled with small, stylish villas.

At the center stood an imposing and grand mansion.

A middle-aged man in casual attire was tending to his garden when a subordinate approached with a

satellite phone.

“Mr. Holder, a call for you.”

The middle-aged man took the phone and answered, “Hello?”

“Jalen, where did you find such a fierce group of bandits?”

The voice on the other end sounded pleased.

Feigning irritation, Jalen replied, “What bandits? Those are my sworn brothers!”

The voice on the other end quickly apologized, “My apologies. I’ll drink three cups as penance next time

we meet!”

Jalen’s expression softened a bit, and he replied nonchalantly, “Just to be clear, you’re not getting a cut of

the 300 million dollars.”

“Jalen, please. You guys have helped me out so much, how could I dare take a cut? Besides, when have I ever been short of money?”

“Alright. If there’s nothing else, I’ll hang up. I’m busy watering my flowers.”

“You’ve got time to enjoy gardening? What kind of flowers do you like? I’ll have some sent over.”

“Narcissus. My young girl loves them.”

Jalen’s face lit up with a smile when he mentioned his daughter.

He had always wanted a daughter, but fate had played a cruel joke on him—he had four sons in a row. He even contemplated divorce, believing his wife was incapable of bearing a daughter. Fortunately, the fifth child was a girl whom he named Narcisse Holder.

She had just turned ten and was attending Sunny Hills Elementary School, a private school he had established.

Ever since Narcisse was born, Jalen had gradually stepped back from the limelight, orchestrating things from behind the scenes.

Narcisse didn’t even know that her father was one of the “Heroes of Riverland“.

“Alright. I’ll send you some quality narcissus plants. Take care. I’ve got company matters to handle.”

“Bye.”

Jalen hung up the phone and handed the satellite phone back to his subordinate.

He resumed watering the flowers and casually asked, ‘Is everything set for Narcisse’s birthday party?’

“It’s all good to go. As you instructed, we only invited her teachers and classmates.”

“Good. Make sure to pick her up early today.”

“Yes, boss!”

Outside Sunny Hills Elementary School, two newsstands flanked the entrance like sentinels on duty.. Around each stand, three to five men gathered and played cards.

These were Jalen’s men who were tasked with protecting Narcisse. They earned a generous five thousand dollars a month for their seemingly idle duty.

Across the street, a black Mercedes slowly pulled up.

Benjamin glanced at the men playing cards near the newsstands and asked, “Valin, can you distract them?”

The man in the passenger seat, a wiry 30–something, replied, “Getting them to leave might be tough, but diverting their attention isn’t a problem.”

Benjamin had brought two men with him–Valin and Sirius, both trusted by Heath.

“How do you plan to do it?” Benjamin asked, lighting a cigarette..

“Give me two grand in cash. Sirus and I will join their game,” Valin replied with a grin.

Benjamin handed over two thousand dollars in cash from his bag.

and Sirius got out of the car and headed straight for the newsstands.

Benjamin checked his watch. It was 4:00 pm, one hour before Sunny Hills Elementary School would be let

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Valin approached the newsstand, grabbing a bottle of water from the shelf.

“Hey, boss, give me a pack of cigarettes.”

“Help yourself,” the owner replied without even glancing up from his card game.

Valin took a pack of cigarettes and asked, “How much for all this?”

The owner gave him a quick look and said, “Two dollars.”

Valin handed over a hundred-dollar bill.

The owner frowned, “Got anything smaller?”

“Let me check,” Valin said, pulling out a wad of cash totaling ten thousand dollars from his pocket.

The owner’s eyes widened in shock. He nudged one of his companions with his foot and subtly gestured toward Valin.

The men around the newsstand noticed the cash, and their eyes lit up.

One of them chimed in, “Hey man, no problem. I can break that hundred for you.”

Valin gave an embarrassed smile.

“Thanks a lot, buddy. I just got my annual bonus. I don’t have any small bills yet.”

The newsstand owner asked curiously, “Where do you work, buddy? That’s a nice chunk of bonus.”

“Ah, just hauling cement and bricks on a construction site. It’s hard-earned money, barely enough to get by.” Valin replied with a weary smile, perfectly playing the role of a weathered laborer.

The man who had offered change exchanged a hundred-dollar bill for smaller denominations, and Valin

handed five dollars to the newsstand owner.

The owner gave him back three dollars in change and chuckled.

“That’s tough work. Now that you’ve got some extra cash, why not play a few hands with us?”

Valin glanced at the card game and the money on the table, swallowing hard before shaking his head.

“Nah, I’m terrible at cards. I never win when I play with my coworkers.”

Sensing Valin’s desire to gamble, the newsstand owner smirked and offered his seat.

Come on, sit here. This spot’s lucky today. I’ve already won 200 dollars. We play small stakes, just three to five hundred at most.”

Valin hesitated, wearing a conflicted expression.

“I don’t know...”

“Scared of your wife, huh?” a bald guy taunted, using reverse psychology.

Valin’s face turned red with indignation.

“Bullshit! I run my house, not her. I’m not afraid of anyone!”

The men exchanged knowing glances and smirks.

The bald guy continued provoking, “If you’re not scared, sit down and play a few hands with us!”

Valin took a deep breath and plopped into the newsstand owner’s chair.

“Alright. But if you guys lose money, don’t try to keep me from leaving!”

The bald guy lit a cigarette, exhaling a cloud of smoke.

“Don’t worry. We don’t have any

rules like that. You can leave whenever you want.”

Valin placed his stack of cash on the table, catching the men’s undivided attention.

The bald guy looked at the newsstand owner.

“Get a new deck of cards!”

Meanwhile, Sirius had a much easier time. He didn’t even bother buying anything. He simply asked to join

their game.

While Valin was still getting settled, Sirius had already won two hands, pocketing enough for a quick meal.

Benjamin sat in the car, smoking a cigarette.

Suddenly, the convenience store owner emerged and knocked on his window.

“Hey, where are you from, and why are you parked in front of my store?”

The man bore a scar at the corner of his mouth—a detail that confirmed his identity to Benjamin. This was Lothar Roberts, one of Jalen’s enforcers, known for maintaining a tight grip over this territory.

Benjamin responded with a friendly smile.

“Do you have any slot machines here?”

“You haven’t answered my question. Where are you from, and what are you doing here?”

Lothar’s expression hardened, suspicion growing in his voice.

Forcing a laugh, Benjamin tried to steady his nerves.

“I’m here to pick up my cousin’s kid from school.”

“Your cousin’s kid? Which class? What’s their name?” Lothar continued to probe.

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Lothar’s three consecutive questions put Benjamin on edge.

*His name is Samuel Porter, sixth grade, class 21 Benjamin blurted out quickly.

“I’ll check,” Lothar said, narrowing his eyes as he pulled out his phone to make a call.

Benjamin’s grip on the steering wheel tightened.

He had concocted the story about his cousin’s kid on the spot. If Lothar made that call, his cover would

be blown.

“Never mind. I’ll find another place to play.” Benjamin said, preparing to drive away.

Lothar suddenly stopped the window from closing, a sly smile on his face.

“How much do you want to play for?”

Benjamin patted the Mercedes emblem on the steering wheel.

“Do I look like someone who’s short on cash?”

Lothar smirked, unimpressed.

“Is this car really yours? Show me the papers.”

Sunny Hills Elementary School was a private school. Jalen had invested heavily in experienced teachers, and top-notch facilities, attracting wealthy parents to enroll their children.

Lothar figured that the car might belong to Benjamin’s cousin instead, given that he claimed he was there to pick up his cousin’s kid.

Benjamin gritted his teeth and threw a bag containing 30 thousand dollars in cash at Lothar.

“What the hell is your problem? Do I look like a broke loser to you?”.

Lothar was a boss with a crew of 20 to 30 men and wasn’t accustomed to such disrespect.

He was about to explode with anger. But when he saw the stacks of hundred-dollar bills, he swallowed his rage and forced a smile.

“Sorry, man. My mistake. Come on in.”

Money talked, after all.

The slot machines in the store were Lothar’s personal investment, generating almost pure profit for him..

Someone who casually carried around thousands in cash was bound to play big

The secret was that the slot machines could be manually controlled. They weren’t worried about players winning but about them not playing at all.

Lothar led Benjamin into the convenience store. He moved a shelf aside to reveal a hidden game room

filled with slot machines, devoid of any video games.

“Start me off with five thousand tokens,” Benjamin said nonchalantly.

Lothar quickly instructed the shop assistant to exchange the cash for game tokens.

Benjamin didn’t disappoint, betting the maximum on nearly every spin. Within minutes, he had lost several

hundred dollars.

Around 4:30 pm, Valin lost three thousand dollars when his straight flush was beaten by the bald guy’s

three-of-a-kind.

Valin knew the bald man was cheating but didn’t call him out. Winning wasn’t his goal, after all.

“Buddy, I believe you now. Your luck’s terrible. Even after taking my lucky spot, you’re still losing big. You should go home before your wife gets mad.”

The newsstand owner was skillful in his approach. He started with some comforting words and then quickly switched to goading.

His goal was clear—to win all of Valin’s money.

Valin looked genuinely angry, his face turning red as he spat, “To hell with that! I’m not scared of her. Let’s keep playing!”

As soon as he finished speaking, he heard the sound of the school’s retractable gate slowly opening.

A female teacher was leading a delicate young girl out of the school.

Valin glanced over and immediately held his breath.

Narcisse had come out.

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“Let’s not look at our cards this time round. We play blind till the end!”

Valin’s gaunt face showed a hint of anger.

The bald man and his companions interpreted this as Valin reaching his breaking point, desperate to

recoup his losses.

The bald man chuckled.

“Buddy, my luck’s been great today. You might want to be careful.”

Valin sneered, “Less talk, more dealing!”

Without further ado, the bald man shuffled the cards with a skillful hand and started dealing

At that moment, a fire suddenly broke out at the newspaper stand across the street.

“Oh shit! It’s on fire!”

The players across the street started screaming.

With no fire extinguisher at hand and no nearby fire hydrant, the flames quickly spread, fueled by the paper products.

“Damn it. What the hell are they doing?” the bald man grumbled in frustration.

He had hoped to clean Valin out in this round.

Valin feigned concern.

“We should help. The school’s right there, and we can’t risk the kids getting hurt.”

“Damn it. Let’s go put out the fire!”

The bald man couldn’t sit still any longer. He stood up and ran toward the burning stand, followed closely by the others.

“I’ll go with you guys!”

Valin stood up and followed behind them. But after a few steps, he veered off toward the school gate.

“Fire! Fire! Help put out the fire!” Sirius shouted near the burning newsstand, attracting the attention of many passersby who came over to help.

Amid the chaos, Sirius called Benjamin.

The game room was boisterous. Benjamin was playing big, and a crowd had gathered around him.

His phone was set to silent mode, but he felt it vibrating in his pocket.

“Hey, boss. Is there a bathroom around here?” Benjamin asked Lothar, clutching his stomach.

Lothar pointed to a curtain on the right side of the room.

Realizing he had no toilet paper, Benjamin awkwardly asked, “Got any toilet paper?”

Lothar pulled out a small packet of tissue from his pocket and handed it to Benjamin.

“Two dollars a pack.”

Benjamin didn’t bother haggling. He took two game tokens from the box and gave them to Lothar

“Cover for me and play a few rounds. The Joker hasn’t come out in ages. Bet big on it for me!”

Lothar nodded with a smile.

“You better hurry to the bathroom before you have an accident!”

Benjamin then headed toward the restroom.

As soon as Lothar sat down and started inserting tokens, he frowned.

He felt something amiss.

He realized that Benjamin didn’t know how to play the slot machine at all. He was merely throwing money

at it randomly.

“Boss, the newsstand is on fire!”

Someone rushed in, shouting loudly.

Hearing this, Lothar instantly realized something was wrong.

He pointed at Benjamin and yelled, “Stop him!”

The man at the door looked at Benjamin, confused.

Benjamin threw a heavy punch at his face. The man didn’t have time to react before he was knocked out

cold.

Three more guys rushed in from outside.

Simultaneously, Lothar grabbed a remote control and pressed a button. The shutters outside began to lower, and an alarm blared in the store.

Outside the school, the female teacher warily said to the two unfamiliar faces, “Mr. Holder didn’t inform me that someone else would pick up Narcisse today!”

Sirius stepped forward and pulled out a knife, pressing it against the teacher’s pale neck.

“Don’t make a sound, or I’ll kill you!”

The teacher’s pupils dilated with fear, and her body trembled like a leaf.

“Please... don’t kill me. I won’t make a sound...”

Valin picked Narcisse up and headed toward the road. Sirius then withdrew the knife and prepared to leave..

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As Sirius released the teacher, she screamed, “Help! Someone is kidnapping Narcisse!”

Her sharp voice echoed down the entire street.

Hearing the scream, the bald man and his crew immediately pushed through the crowd and ran over.

“Damn it. Stop them!”

The bald man’s forehead veins bulged, and his eyes widened in fury as if it were his parents being taken

away.

A dozen or so people came rushing over.

Many vendors on the opposite side also drew knives and joined the chase.

Sirius said in a deep voice, “You go first. I’ll hold them off!”

Valin shouted back, “Are you crazy? There are too many of them. You can’t stop them!”

“Just go! Don’t worry about me!” Sirius snarled fiercely.

Seeing the crowd closing in, Valin knew he couldn’t hesitate. He ran to the middle of the road and flagged

down a taxi.

The taxi driver frowned slightly.

Valin held Narcisse in one arm.

He pressed the knife against the driver’s neck with the other and shouted, “Get out, now!”

Seeing a dozen people running toward them, the driver remained surprisingly calm.

“Buddy, you won’t get away with this.”

Valin flipped the knife and stabbed the driver in the shoulder, then aimed it at his neck.

The driver panicked.

“Alright, alright! I’m getting out!”

He opened the door and got out, clutching his bleeding shoulder.

Valin sat in the driver’s seat, gripping the wheel tightly as Narcisse cried and beat at him. Ignoring her cries

, he started the car and sped off.

Glancing in the rearview mirror, he saw Sirius being beaten on the ground by the group. Benjamin was also being dragged out of the convenience store by another group.

Valin’s knuckles turned white as he clenched the wheel, red-eyed. He pushed the gas pedal to the floor.

Meanwhile, back at the convenience store, the bald man and his crew brought Sirius out to the front.

Lothar’s face was dark with anger.

“Where is Ms. Holder?”

The bald man stammered, “M–Ms. Holder was taken...”

Lothar landed a hard slap across the bald man’s face.

“You useless piece of trash! What good are you?”

Benjamin was bruised and battered, but he felt a wave of relief when he heard Narcisse had been taken.

Even though he and Sirius had been caught, they had at least completed the task Carlisle had assigned them.

Lothar turned to Benjamin and grabbed him by the collar.

“Who sent you? Why did you take Narcisse?”

“Do you really want to know?”

Benjamin’s mouth twisted into a defiant smirk.

Lothar knew Benjamin wouldn’t easily give in.

He nodded as he pulled Benjamin’s phone from his pocket.

He then handed it to him.

“Get him to bring Narcisse back, and I’ll pretend this never happened. I’ll even return all the money you

lost.”

Their primary objective was to protect Narcisse. If something happened to her, Jalen would be furious,

and none of them would be safe.

“Really?”

Benjamin looked at Lothar skeptically.

“May my whole family die if there’s a single lie in my words!” Lothar swore to convince Benjamin, then

waved his hand.

“Let him go.”

The men holding Benjamin released him.

Benjamin took the phone and reset it to factory settings at lightning speed.

“Son of a bitch!”

Lothar punched Benjamin hard in the face and then kneed him in the stomach.

Benjamin’s nose and mouth bled, but he doubled over, laughing.

Lothar unleashed a flurry of punches and kicks.

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Just then, a black Maybach slowly pulled up outside.

It was Jalen’s driver sent to pick up Narcisse from school. He stepped out of the car and frowned.

“What’s going on?”

Lothar’s voice trembled as he said, “Ms. Holder, she...”

As if struck by lightning, the driver grabbed Lothar by the collar.

“What happened to Ms. Holder?”

That day was Narcisse's birthday, and Jalen was in an excellent mood. The driver couldn't imagine how furious Jalen would be if he didn't take Narcisse back.

Lothar swallowed hard.

"Ms. Holder was taken..."

The driver was clearly trained. He slapped Lothar to the ground and kicked him in the stomach.

He glared down at Lothar as he cursed, "Useless! A bunch of incompetent idiots! So many of you couldn't even protect Ms. Holder. If anything happens to her, you're all dead!"

Being a trusted confidant of Jalen, Henry Campbell quickly composed himself and sternly asked, "What

kind of car did the kidnapper drive?"

The bald man pointed to the taxi driver clutching his shoulder by the roadside.

"They took a taxi"

Henry shouted, "Bring that driver over here, quick!"

Moments later, the taxi driver was brought to Henry.

Henry asked, "What's your license plate number?"

The taxi driver recited his plate number to Henry.

Henry immediately pulled out his phone and made a call.

In an instant, the entire northern suburb was in upheaval.

Holder Group mobilized hundreds of people to intercept the taxi.

Half an hour later, Benjamin and Sirius were brought to Jalen's villa.

Having already learned that Narcisse had been kidnapped, Jalen's face was extremely grim.

Looking at the two men forced to kneel before him, he said coldly, "You have two choices—tell me where my daughter is or die!"

"Jalen, you won't get a word out of me," Benjamin sneered, blood staining his teeth.

Jalen narrowed his eyes.

"Even if you don't care about yourself, you should think about your family."

Benjamin laughed heartily.

"Funny, I don't have any family."

Jalen clenched his fists and turned to Sirius.

Before Jalen could say anything, Sirius defiantly said, "I'm an orphan."

Jalen slammed his fist on the nearby table in a loud bang and angrily shouted, "Take them away and beat them. Let's see how long they can keep their mouths shut!"

Meanwhile, Lethan and Shania were filled with anxiety at Carlisle's apartment.

Carlisle was chain-smoking, the ashtray overflowing.

Carlisle's phone rang. He quickly grabbed it and answered the call.

“Carlisle, Narcisse Holder is in my car. Where should I take her?”

“Where’s Benjamin?” Carlisle asked, his voice tense.

If the mission was successful, Benjamin should have been the one calling him.

There was silence on the other end of

the line.

Carlisle tightened his grip on the phone.

“Speak.”

*Benjamin and Sirius didn’t make it out...” Valin choked out.

Carlisle took a deep breath,

“What car are you driving? I’ll send someone to pick you up.”

“A blue taxi without plates!”

Valin had already removed the license plate on the road.

Carlisle instructed, “Head to Riverwatch Hotel.”

After hanging up, he turned to Francis.

“Francis, go pick them up.”

Francis hesitated before nodding.

He had never imagined he would be involved in a kidnapping. While Carlisle intended to pressure Jalen into releasing Shein and his family, Francis was uncomfortable with such drastic measures.

Benjamin and Sirius were being tortured by Jalen's men.

Salt was rubbed into their wounds, red-hot needles were driven under their fingernails. But neither man

made a sound.

Jalen contacted the police chief, hoping to get police assistance in rescuing Narcisse.

"Mr. Holder, you must understand that all our forces are currently dedicated to rescuing Mr. Thompson. We simply can't spare anyone right now. Why don't you go to your local precinct and file a report? I'll make sure they expedite the search."

"Forget it! I'll find her myself!"

Jalen recognized the brush-off.

If filing a report was the solution, he wouldn't have needed to call the chief directly.

Chapter 350

Given Jalen's relationship with the police department, trying to take shortcuts seemed nearly impossible.

"Boss, these two are too tight-lipped."

Henry approached wearing a dark expression.

Jalen said coldly. "Then rip their tongues out so they can never talk again."

A flash of ruthlessness crossed Henry's eyes as he picked up a pair of pliers and walked toward Benjamin.

Sirius' face changed drastically. He looked at Benjamin with fear.

However, Benjamin showed an indifferent expression as if to say even death wouldn't make him speak.

Henry gripped Benjamin's jaw, clamping his tongue with the pliers.

"I'll give you one last chance. Speak now, or you never will again."

Benjamin simply stretched his tongue out further, expressing his resolve.

Jalen's phone abruptly rang.

He quickly picked up the phone and glanced at the screen, seeing an unknown number.

After a moment's hesitation, he answered, "This is Jalen Holder."

"Your daughter is with me," the voice on the other end was deep and muffled, clearly altered to disguise.

the speaker's identity.

Jalen's voice was cold.

"Who are you, and why did you kidnap my daughter?"

The voice on the other end chuckled sinisterly.

"I'm just using your tactics against you."

Jalen's eyes narrowed.

“What do you mean? I’ve never kidnapped anyone.”

“Is that so? Perhaps you give it some more thought.”

The voice laughed.

Jalen’s tone remained steady.

“I’ve been out of that business for many years. I haven’t kidnapped anyone.”

“Need a reminder? The Thompson family!”

The voice turned more serious.

Before Jalen could respond, the voice continued, “Benjamin and my other associate are in your hands. If anything happens to them, you might never see your daughter again. If they lose a limb or two, your daughter might suffer the same fate. What a delicate flower she is!”

The caller was Carlisle, speaking through a metal mask that completely altered his voice.

Henry was just about to pull out Benjamin’s tongue when Jalen urgently called out, “Henry, stop!”

Henry looked at Jalen in puzzlement. At the sight of Jalen on the phone, he guessed it was the kidnapper calling and releasing the pliers.

Benjamin appeared calm but was actually drenched in sweat.

The thought of having his tongue pulled out was excruciating.

Jalen’s voice was icy.

“Are you from the Thompson family?”

Carlisle chuckled.

“It doesn’t matter who I am. Release the two men you have, and then we’ll talk about conditions.”

Jalen laughed angrily.

“Why should I release them if you don’t release my daughter first?”

“Oh? Mr. Holder, do you think those men are significant to me?” Carlisle asked nonchalantly.

“If they weren’t, you wouldn’t have told me not to touch them!” Jalen retorted with a cold laugh.

“Think whatever you want. My stance remains the same. I won’t contact you again if I don’t see my men. And if they come back with any missing limbs, your daughter will suffer the same. If you don’t believe me, Mr. Holder, we can put it to the test.”

With that, Carlisle hung up.

“Son of a bitch. Jalen cursed.

-He clenched his teeth in rage.

He raised his phone, ready to smash it, but then stopped as he knew it was his only line of communication with the kidnappers,

With a serious face, Henry asked, “What did the kidnapper say?”

Jalen’s face was pale.

“He wants me to release these two before negotiating.”

Henry frowned.

“Their goal is likely to exchange Ms. Holder for the Thompson family, right?”

Jalen sighed heavily.

“Probably,”

Henry sneered.

“He wants to exchange one person for all of them. Does he think we’re fools?”

Jalen waved his hand.

“Release them.”

Henry was stunned.

“Boss... what...”

“I said to release them!”

Jalen’s eyes blazed with anger, his voice echoing through the courtyard.

Henry’s shoulders hunched slightly as he signaled to his men.

“Let them go.

Benjamin and Sirius were untied.

Jalen glared at Benjamin.

“Tell your boss—if my daughter is harmed, I will dedicate my life to hunting him down. And none of the Thompsons will be spared.”