

Chapter 463 Look For The Children

As the two people locked eyes, one of them strode forward and placed a firm hand on Arielle's shoulder.

"Ma'am, did you see anyone bolt past you just now?" the man inquired.

Beads of sweat trickled down Arielle's forehead as she hastily replied, "No."

But before she could take another step, the two people stopped her in her tracks.

"Ma'am, could you remove your cap and mask? We need to verify something," the man asked, his tone tinged with urgency.

Arielle's heart raced with apprehension. If she complied, she would risk exposing her identity.

Her fists clenched tightly, Arielle spat out with a scowl, "Who the hell are you two? And why do I need to unmask myself?"

The man replied, "To be frank, we're on the hunt for a human trafficker. So please cooperate with us."

But Arielle refused to comply. Instead, she hurled the objects in her hands at the two people, sending them reeling in shock. With a burst of speed, she bolted away.

As one of the men clutched his bleeding forehead, he cursed under his breath, "Damn it! It's her! We need to catch her immediately!"

Melissa's heart raced as she learned of Everett's discovery. Arielle had been found, and her children's lives were on the line.

Panic seized Melissa as she sat in the hospital, and she was unable to sit still any longer. She had to save her children.

and ordered his team to comb the area.

Melissa refused to sit back and watch. When Everett saw her join in the search, his expression darkened.

"I came for my children. I'm a mother. I'll do anything to save them," Melissa replied firmly.

Everett took her hand, offering comfort and support.

His touch radiated warmth, as though it could melt away the coldness of the world.

With Everett by her side, Melissa felt a newfound sense of security.

"Okay, you can look for them, but your safety comes first. We can't risk losing you too," Everett said, holding her close.

"I'll be fine, I can protect myself."

Melissa combed through the vast park. With residential buildings surrounding the area, locating the two missing children was proving to be a challenge.

But just as she began to doubt her ability to find them, a glimmer caught her eye from the grass.

As she knelt down to investigate, a black button revealed itself from view.
"Oh!"

Melissa's heart leapt with excitement.

It was one of the custom-made buttons on the children's clothes.

Melissa knew that all the buttons of the custom-made clothes she had bought for her children were unique, each crafted from special materials to catch the light and shimmer brilliantly in the sun.

Anyone who picked it up would think that it was unremarkable. Nothing about it would attract anyone's attention. But because of that, she was able to find the button when no one else could.

Since one button was here, there must be more nearby.

Melissa trudged down the road, the sun beating down on her skin. Eventually, she caught sight of another button, glistening in the distance.

With the buttons leading her on, Melissa finally arrived at a towering building, at least ten stories tall, with countless households within.

The prospect of questioning every resident sent a shiver down her spine.

As she gazed up at the imposing structure, a security guard appeared

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and barked, "Who the hell are you? And what gives you the right to break in without presenting your residential card?"

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