

Wedded Bride 1121

Chapter 1121 Bringing Back Grudges

Rachel was convinced by Holley's words and believed as long as Charles was doubting Sheryl, their relationship would, sooner or later, be at a breaking point.

Charles was standing in his office right next to the glass wall that overlooked the city. It looked like he was appreciating the view, but his mind was traveling outside of this office walls. A knock on the door interrupted his thoughts, and entered his secretary, who told him that the lead expert of the investigation had come. He told his secretary to let him in. As Charles moved towards his desk to sit on his chair, the man walked towards him with a folder full of papers in hand. The man put the results on Charles' desk with pride, knowing that he and his men had worked several days and nights for this. "Mr. Lu, please, take a look."

Charles picked up the reports and scanned through the pages for a long time, reading the texts and eyeing the pictures. Finally, after a thorough check of the whole report, he closed the folder with a satisfying smile. He turned to the man and praised, "You and your team did a really great job. Your reports are very detailed, and will surely help us. What's funny though is that even someone who knows nothing about Photoshop or any graphic editing programs can tell that these photos are

fabricated."

The man bowed in respect and left as soon as he was dismissed. Charles turned his chair behind and looked back at the glass window. In this battle, he had gotten closer to victory.

The only thing left to do now was expose the reports to the public in the press conference.

In this way, the public would finally know the truth and would be clear about the relationship among Rachel, Tarsan Corporation, Sheryl, and even himself.

This was the only way to let the public understand that Rachel intended to frame Sheryl.

Most people in this city were not stupid, and they would eventually piece the puzzles together for they were very well acquainted with the struggles and the battles in rich families, for this was not the first one in this century.

Charles lifted a smirk on his face. With the evidence and the speech he already thought of, all people in this city would be back on his side.

Then, he turned around again and turned to his secretary, who was still in the room, waiting to be dismissed. "David," he called out, making David turn his attention on Charles. "David, inform the media

that the press conference will be held earlier than scheduled," Charles said with excitement evident in his voice.

David nodded, "Will do, Mr. Lu." He bowed and walked out of the office in a hurry.

Meanwhile, Holley had just gotten up, feeling really tired and sore. As she sat up and stretched, the first thing that popped in her mind was what Rachel told her last night. Thinking about it now with energy and a fresh mind, she realized that Rachel's concern was not to be dismissed. After all, people were, indeed, easy to forget, especially when another more controversial and trending news stole the public's interest.

Once a topic got cold and moved on with the time passed by, the effect would grow weaker and weaker, and soon, no one would be talking about it.

'Now, how to change this situation?' Holley thought.

She needed to think about this carefully. She racked her brain for any potential stir that would bring the topic back up.

As if a light bulb suddenly lit in her mind, Holley smiled as she thought of another person that hated Sheryl.

'Yes, this is the perfect time to remind Duncan of his grudge for Sheryl, ' she thought, making sure that

Duncan would not simply forget about what happened to him because of Sheryl.

She immediately got his phone number from Rachel, who wondered what she was planning to do.

Without even telling Rachel her plans, Holley thanked her and dialed Duncan in haste.

As soon as the call was answered on the third ring, Holley said in a polite manner, "Hello, is this Mr.

Qiu, manager of Tarsan Corporation?"

"Yes, this is Mr. Qiu, and no, I am not the manager of Tarsan Corporation anymore," Duncan answered

with complaint and annoyance evident in his voice. Holley smiled as she purposely wanted to make

him feel the irritation. Before Holley could speak again, Duncan asked, "Who is this?"

"I'm Holley. We once met each other. Maybe you still recognized me if you happen to have a good

memory," Holley replied and introduced herself with a smile. More importantly, she wanted to instigate

Duncan's discontent with the past.

Her scheme would be much easier to carry out if Duncan still held a grudge on what he had suffered.

"Holley? As in Holley Ye?" Holley grinned. How could she not have left a deep impression on him? She

was a close friend with Rachel, the CEO of Tarsan Corporation. He had wanted to please Holley before.

However, he wasn't given a chance to completely impress Holley, because he got fired, making him really angry and annoyed.

"Why did you call? I didn't expect you to still remember me," Duncan added. The confusion was clearly evident in his tone.

"Mr. Qiu, I called because I was wondering if you have the time to meet with me. I promise, I won't let you down if you come," Holley offered, still with the sly grin plastered on her face.

On the other hand, Duncan couldn't help but accept her invitation, for her voice was stern and tough, which really sounded convincing and tempting.

Then again, he didn't have anything else to do, and Holley was just a woman. She was no threat to him.

Duncan immediately agreed without missing a beat. "Okay, sure, but you decided where to meet and when."

"My pleasure. I will send you the details of our meeting later after I decide." The call ended after that,

making Holley feel satisfied. She sighed and then walked towards the bathroom to prepare.

Meanwhile, Duncan stared at his phone. At the mention of Tarsan Corporation, his mind started to fill with the bittersweet of the past. Ever since he was kicked out of the company, his girlfriend, Vivi, also left him. Days after, he heard that Vivi was dating another rich and powerful man, which really showed her true colors about caring only about a man's prestige and fortune.

Then again, Vivi would not have left him if he wasn't fired. All his misfortune was all caused by none other than Sheryl. Without her, he would have been still the manager of Tarsan Corporation, a prestigious and respectful man. Vivi would also have been by his side if it wasn't for Sheryl.

Ever since then, he had become a loser. After that, he never gave up and aimed to restart his career by applying to other companies. However, no matter which company he applied into, his resume would be immediately returned back the next day he handed it. Sometimes, even on the same day after knowing who it was.

All these companies gave him many reasons and excuses as to why they rejected him. This made

Duncan really confused and aggravated, because he knew he was accomplished and really fit for the

jobs he had applied for based on his credentials and work experience. In fact, there were positions that he applied for in which he knew he was overqualified.

It was when he realized that there was something wrong with the situation that he knew about the warning Tarsan Corporation had released to all companies about hiring him.

Knowing that he had no hope left anymore, he once tried to take revenge on Sheryl. Before he could take actions, however, Sheryl's scandal started to circulate around the city.

This took him back to the day that Rachel insisted on letting Sheryl design the scheme first. He didn't understand why, at first, but now, he realized that Rachel didn't intend to help Sheryl at all. Instead, she made a trap for Sheryl to fall into.

After seeing the news and the photos, Duncan was very pleased and impressed. Soon, all his intentions for revenge slowly vanished.

Now, Holley calling him up and asking for him to meet her aroused his interests once more.

He knew that Rachel wanted to humiliate Sheryl in public and destroy her reputation. If Holley called him under Rachel's order, it meant that he was being given a chance to do something that might please Rachel. It could also be his way back to Tarsan Corporation.

As he was pondering over this, his phone notified him of a text. Holley had sent him the time and address. He smiled and could tell that Holley was very anxious, because she had immediately settled the time, which was half an hour later, and the address being not too far.

As Duncan started to prepare himself, he gave another smile that had driven all his sadness and desperation away. Maybe Holley was, indeed, right. Maybe, he would get the satisfaction he wanted once he came to the meeting.

Half an hour later, Duncan reached the cafe and found Holley situated in the far end, waving at him. As he walked towards her, he noticed that she wore a delicate make-up and a simple outfit for this meeting.

Holley stood up out of politeness as soon as Duncan was standing beside the table. She gestured on the seat across her and said, "Please, have a sit, Mr. Qiu."

Duncan smiled back politely and could feel how Holley respected him, judging by how she stood up and how she called him "Mr. Qiu" instead of his full name.

It wasn't sure yet if this meeting was Rachel's or Holley's intention.

But Duncan liked to assume that it was under Rachel's orders.

"Thank you, Miss Ye. Please, have a sit, too," Duncan replied. He was in a good mood, making his tone soft and warm.

"Mr. Qiu, I don't want to beat around the bush, so without further ado, I'd like to go straight to the reason why I called you here. Please, forgive me if I ever sound rude or offensive." Holley said in a serious tone.

Besides her real intention, however, she didn't want to talk to Duncan about anything else anyway.

Chapter 1122 Evidence

"Miss Ye, it's all right. Just tell me what you think." Duncan was a little prim and nervous in front of

Holley. After all, she was one of Rachel's most trusted woman who was going to determine his future.

"Okay. First of all, I really like your frankness, Mr. Qiu. It feels quite pleasant talking to you," Holley said with a satisfied smile. She looked as if the words were coming from the bottom of her heart.

Holley's attitude further consolidated his suspicion. She must want something from him! "It's very nice of you to say that, Miss Ye. If there is anything I can do, please tell me. I'm willing to go to any lengths,"

Duncan replied humbly.

"Mr. Qiu, what have you been doing after you left Tarsan Corporation?" Though Holley had asked to be

straightforward in the first place, she was still beating about the bush.

But Duncan didn't mind at all. If Holley wanted to play, he was ready to entertain her. He was up to do whatever she might ask of him. He replied, "To be honest, I haven't chosen a company after I left Tarsan Corporation. Indeed, I got some good offers, but I turned them down. I had worked in Tarsan Corporation for more than two decades. I have devoted the better part of my life to the company. So, I still have strong feeling towards the company. Nothing else can compare with it!"

"Mr. Qiu, are you saying that you have been unemployed ever since you had left Tarsan?" Holley asked with a raised brow. Her expression was so sincere as she pretended to know nothing about what Rachel had done to him.

"It might be difficult to understand. But that's the truth," Duncan replied, embarrassed. He clearly knew the cause of his force-out. But he had to pretend to know nothing for the sake of his future.

"That's just great!" Holley exclaimed, with a shine in her cunning eyes.

"What do you mean, Miss Ye?" Duncan asked, confused. He was, in fact, anxious to know what Holley would ask in return for her offer.

He knew what she was going to say next would determine the rest of his life.

"Mr. Qiu, the truth is that Ms. Bai has been missing you ever since your dismissal. Even though she hasn't said anything, I could tell that from her expression. As you said, you had been a part of Tarsan Corporation for more than twenty years, and you are somehow attached to it. The same way, the company can't carry on without you either." Holley tried hard to give him the impression that he was someone really important. Flattery was her special weapon, after all.

"I want to know if you are still willing to work in Tarsan Corporation when Ms. Bai asks you to come back?" This was the bait they had prepared for Duncan. They knew that he was now in a desperate situation, and if they could lure in him with promise of his old position, he would surely do whatever Holley asked of him.

Duncan's determination to achieve his goal at any cost was exactly what they needed right now.

"Miss Ye, are you serious? To tell you the truth, I really want to return to Tarsan Corporation. Ever since I left, I have been thinking about the mistakes I had made. I have realized how wrong I had been. It was entirely my fault. Ms. Bai had every right to be mad at me. I shouldn't have excluded Cloud Advertising Company from the list." Duncan was so excited that he continued to apologize for his past mistakes to

gain Holley's favor.

If he could return to the company, he would regain all his dignity and his position. 'As for that bitch, Vivi, she would regret betraying and dumping me!' he thought viciously.

"Ah! Even though discussing about Cloud Advertising Company gives me a major headache, we still need to talk about it," Holley sighed as soon as Duncan mentioned Sheryl's company.

Duncan realized what she was about to say must be their condition for him to return to the company.

"Go ahead, Miss Ye. I'm all ears."

No matter what it was, he didn't care. As long as he could get back his position, he was willing to do anything for them. That was just how the corporate society worked.

He was not afraid of paying the cost. He had only been afraid that he wouldn't get the chance to pay for it.

"You must have heard about the photo scandal of Sheryl Xia of the Cloud Advertising Company," said Holley. She kept her eyes on Duncan to observe his reaction. "Ms. Bai is very upset about that incident. Sheryl messed up everything. We trusted her and gave her such an important task. How could she be

so irresponsible?" Holley looked infuriated as she mentioned Sheryl.

"Yes, I heard about that. I was shocked when I saw it on TV. I couldn't stop thinking that if I had been there at that time, I would have been very careful and wouldn't have let such a thing happen!

After all, Tarsan Corporation has just moved back in Y City. Since the very first wine party was screwed up, it would surely harm the company's reputation." Unlike Holley, Duncan looked sincerely worried for the future of Tarsan Corporation.

Even though both of them knew who was behind this incident, they didn't dare mention it.

"That's exactly what Ms. Bai is worried about now," Holley sighed, feigning helplessness.

"It's my job to be of service to Ms. Bai. Is there anything I can do for her about this?" Duncan asked. He knew Holley expected him to ask that question.

"I'm sure Ms. Bai will be very happy that you are willing to help her. She is, after all, a woman. A woman always welcomes a gentleman's chivalry and support." Holley smiled attractively and tried to look innocent.

"Of course! I'm always ready to help her!" Duncan promised without any conditions.

"Ms. Bai is a very proud woman. Even though she told me that she has forgiven Sheryl already, I know

that she hates her very much for destroying the wine party. If you ask me, I would say that Sheryl should be taught a lesson for causing such a huge loss to our company," Holley said hatefully. She phrased her words cunningly, making sure that she didn't ask him for anything directly.

"I agree with you, Miss Ye. Don't worry. Just leave it to me. I'll teach her to not mess with Tarsan Corporation," Duncan promised resolutely. He was not a fool and deduced her purpose.

"But Ms. Bai hasn't given me any orders regarding this. This is just what I'm guessing she would want."

Holley gave a knowing smile. She made sure to distance Rachel and herself from the planning. "You know, I'm just angry about this whole thing and feel sorry for Miss Bai," she added.

"Miss Ye, I understand exactly what you mean. Rest assured, I know what to do," Duncan replied, nodding. He sneered in his mind. They wanted to use him to hurt Sheryl, and at the same time, they wanted to stay away from the mess. "Miss Ye, I'm acting on my own volition. Whatever I do has nothing to do with Ms. Bai."

"All right, Mr. Qiu. I have been complaining to you for so long. Never mind all that small talk for now.

Let's enjoy our coffee," Holley said. She smiled from ear to ear as she successfully completed her task.

All she had to do now was wait and watch how things would unfold.

While Holley and Duncan were busy hatching their plot, Sheryl received a call from Charles. "Sher, I have some good news for you!" he said joyfully.

"What is it? Did you find any evidence?" Sheryl asked, excited to hear her husband's cheerful voice.

"Yes, I did! I have collected enough evidence to prove that the photos are fake! I will be holding a press release tomorrow afternoon. Everything will come to light soon." Charles seemed extremely thrilled about the discovery.

"That's great, Charles! Once people know the truth, I don't have to be cooped up in here anymore.

Shirley and Clark can go to kindergarten too. We have been keeping them at home for so long, and they miss their friends. They have been asking me why. I really can't hold on any longer!" Sheryl

sighed. The chaos was finally coming to an end.

Chapter 1123 The Plan

'Shirley is a simple little girl. She will believe whatever I tell her. But Clark is different. He is sensitive and shrewd. And he will read my mind like an open book. I have to be extremely careful when I talk to him,' Sheryl thought.

"I know that they must want to go to school. But hold on for another day. Once we hold the press

conference and prove your innocence, everything is gonna be fine," Charles comforted her.

"I hope so. Do I need to be at the conference tomorrow?" Sheryl asked.

"You'd better come. Nancy can watch the kids. I will send a car to pick you up. Try not to be discovered by the paparazzi. Even if they do catch you off guard, it's okay. After all, the truth will come out soon,"

Charles replied. There was a hint of relief and delight in his voice.

Sheryl agreed with him. She said, "You have a point. I will be there tomorrow."

After leaving the cafe, Duncan walked alone on the road pensively. He mulled over what Holley had said. He had to take this opportunity and get himself back inside Tarsan Corporation.

'The only way to get my job back is to please Rachel, ' he thought.

He used all his connections and finally found Sheryl's address, Dream Garden. Without any hesitation, he drove straight to where Sheryl lived and lurked outside her house.

He had arrived at Dream Garden right after lunch. But soon, night set in. He hadn't seen a single soul anywhere near the house. No one left and no one went in either. He lost his patience and was

disappointed by the lack of activity. Just when he was about to leave, he caught sight of a figure in the

yard.

Excited, he drew closer to get a clear picture of the person. Judging by her attire, he assumed that she was a maid of the household.

His enthusiasm vanished instantly. 'She is just a servant. She can't be of any help, ' he thought. He decided to give up and go home.

"Hello, why are you calling me often now?" The maid's voice reached Duncan's ears. He didn't know whom the old woman was talking to and he wasn't interested.

"Tomorrow? I can't take the day off tomorrow! Can we meet some other day?"

'The maid is on a private call. Turns out she came to the yard to take the call because she didn't want to bother her employers, ' Duncan analyzed.

"She is going to attend a conference tomorrow. It's very important for her, so I have to stay home and watch the kids....Yes, I will be home alone," Nancy continued to chat, unaware of the man in the vicinity.

Although Duncan had walked away from the yard, he could hear her every word. An evil smile lingered on his lips.

'So, Sheryl is attending a press conference tomorrow. She must want to clarify that she didn't cheat on her husband. Now that she is daring enough to face the reporters, she must have evidence to prove her innocence. She wouldn't do this without proof.

In other words, Sheryl might get rid of this situation she is in. That would make Rachel very angry. And worse, she might change her mind about letting me return to Tarsan Corporation.

After all, Holley suggested that I handle Sheryl.

If Sheryl proves that she was set up, Rachel might put all the blame on me for not being able to take care of the situation in time.

I can't allow that to happen.

I must find a way to dissolve this issue!

The only thing Rachel would want to hear is Sheryl admitting that she had an affair, ' he brooded.

"How about the day after tomorrow? Yes, I am absolutely busy tomorrow. I will be home alone and I need to look after the kids," Nancy explained to the caller.

The person whom she was speaking to seemed to have something urgent to do with her. And that was

why she raised her voice when she spoke.

Duncan's face lit up like Christmas.

'Good! This is good. I am so lucky!

Children mean everything to their mother, ' he thought with a sneer. Without being noticed by Nancy, he

walked away silently from Dream Garden.

The next morning, Sheryl was all set for the press conference. Before leaving, she said to Nancy, "Take care of the children. I have to go now."

"Don't worry, Sher, I will take good care of them," Nancy nodded reassuringly.

"Shirley, Clark, Mommy is leaving now," Sheryl said to the kids.

"Where are you going, Mommy?" Shirley asked with an innocent look in her eyes.

"Baby, didn't I tell you that I had something to do today?" Sheryl said patiently.

"Mom, you said that you would take me to school in a few days. It has been too long. When will you drop us off at school?" Clark blurted out all his doubts which he had bottled up for several days. Since

his mother had looked absent-minded for the past few days, he had never brought it up to avoid

troubling her.

He had been a good son and did whatever she had asked of him. His purpose was to set Sheryl's mind at ease.

He was a good actor and he had successfully fooled his mother. Sheryl thought that he knew nothing about the rumors.

The truth was that Clark had learned about the news about his mother from his phone the day it had been released on the internet. He didn't mention it to his parents because he believed his mother and knew that his father could help his mother out.

'Mom is finally going out. Does this mean that Dad found a way to help her solve this problem?' Clark thought, a bit thrilled.

"I know that you are bored out of your minds at home without being able to attend school. But don't worry. If everything goes well, you can go back to school tomorrow," Sheryl beamed.

Clark could sense the relief in Sheryl's tone. Besides, his mother gave him a genuine smile. He concluded that his mother's problems were going to be settled soon. With a bright smile, he exclaimed,

"That sounds good, Mom. You are the best. I love you!"

"Thank you, honey," Sheryl said, looking at her son affectionately. His simple words warmed her tensed heart.

"Be good and play with Nancy at home. I will be back soon," Sheryl said as she stroked their heads fondly.

"Mom, I want pizza. Can you buy some on your way back?" Shirley asked in a cute girly voice, as she blinked her large, innocent eyes.

"Sure, darling. I will buy the bigger one so that you can eat with your brother, okay?" Sheryl said with so much love for her little daughter.

"Great! Thank you, Mommy!" Shirley smiled from ear to ear and waved her hand enthusiastically.

"Bye!" Sheryl waved back at them with a wide smile.

"Bye, Mommy!" Clark said.

"Bye, Mommy!" Shirley said again, along with Clark. The two kids waved their goodbyes with a glee on their little faces.

When Sheryl got out of Dream Garden, there was no paparazzo stalking her. Things had gone well so

far. She was in a good mood.

Chapter 1124 Don't Make Futile Effort

The car was waiting for Sheryl outside Dream Garden. As the car zoomed off, Duncan came out of the corner and waited till the car was absolutely out of the sight. He gave a malicious smile as he looked at the Dream Garden with a scheme rising in his mind.

As Sheryl reached the conference, she headed straight to see Charles. "Where is the evidence? I want to see it," she said in an impatient voice.

Sheryl was eager to prove her innocence to the world. Hence, she couldn't wait for it any further to get her hands on the evidence.

"Sher, take it easy. You will see it soon. Don't worry; your innocence will be proved to the world in no time. As soon as the evidence is revealed, everyone will know the photos are false," Charles answered in a stern tone to reassure Sheryl.

"Fine then. I just promised Shirley and Clark to send them to their kindergarten tomorrow." Sheryl heaved a sigh of relief to hear Charles. For so many days, the whole family had been avoiding meeting anyone. They had even discontinued school for the kids. Sheryl hoped that they could get back to normalcy once the false news about her was proved in front of the public.

"Don't worry. The press conference will begin after half an hour. Then all the unreasonable accusations and blames you suffered would disappear. The media will turn to blame the person who had framed you. So just take it easy. It will be fine soon," Charles said tenderly and looked at her affectionately.

Sheryl was moved by his words and gesture. Had it not been for Charles' unwavering trust and his support, she must have been destroyed by such a devastating blow.

Although they argued with each other during these days, Charles stood by her like a rock. He was her strength at this hour of despair, ready to go to any length in order to prove her innocence in front of the people.

He would never give up on her under any circumstance.

After making Sheryl feel comfortable, he led her to her seat and then turned to David. "Make the final preparation ready to make sure the conference is ready to start. Make sure to double check each and everything to make sure that nothing goes wrong due to any reason," Charles ordered David.

"Yes, Mr. Lu. Everything is ready. We are all set before the truth is revealed to the public," David said confidently.

After checking all the pieces of evidence with David, Charles heaved a sigh of relief. Charles looked at Sheryl and gave her a reassuring smile. Then he moved on to look around for the other arrangements at the conference. Sheryl sat quietly, waiting for the conference to begin. They were all ready to make their masterstroke that would help Sheryl to come out clean in front of the media.

Little did they imagine the heinous danger that was looming over Dream Garden!

Duncan checked the time and let out a crooked smile. He raised one eyebrow and looked around.

Then he dialed a number. His eyes narrowed as he waited for the call to be answered. "Where are you now?" he asked as the call got through.

"Mr. Qiu, we are in the minibus outside Dream Garden,"

a man answered.

"Go ahead with the plan just as I explained to you yesterday. Just leave Y City immediately after you put the two of them in the appointed place. Got it?" Duncan commanded the man on the other end.

"Don't worry, Mr. Qiu. We will leave this place immediately as long as we get the money we deserve after we finish our task. I promise we won't cause any trouble to you," the man replied.

"Be rest assured. You don't have to worry about the money. I won't break my words," Duncan affirmed

in a stern voice.

"Okay, then. I'll hang up now. You shouldn't call this number anymore. You can just remit the money as soon as you see what you want in the appointed place in just half an hour."

"Okay." Duncan hung up the phone then.

At the back lane of Dream Garden, a minibus was parked with five muscular men sitting on it. One of these men was talking over the phone and the other four were gazing at him as if they were just waiting for him to end the call. As soon as he ended the call, he turned around and said, "Let go, buddies! It's time to start work. After this task, we will get enough money that will take care of our year-long expenses."

At once all the men jumped up on their feet. They put on caps and pulled the masks on their faces. The very next moment, they got off the bus and rushed towards Dream Garden.

Inside Dream Garden, Nancy was reading books with the two kids. As the men broke open the back door, Nancy looked up at them in horror.

"Oh! Who are you?"

She screamed out in shock.

But before she could even utter another word, she got a hard blow on her head and fell on the floor

losing her consciousness.

Shirley was terrified to see Nancy falling down. She burst into tears and tried to reach out to Nancy. But

one man came forward and stopped her from moving. The man put a finger on her lips and hushed her

in a very scary manner. Shirley's voice vanished immediately, though tears streamed down her cheeks

uncontrollably.

Surprisingly for the men, Clark remained extremely calm. He stared back at the men exhibiting

unflinching courage. The sternness in his eyes shocked the ruffians.

One of them shouted at Clark, "What are you looking at, boy? I'll remove your eyeballs if you continue

to stare at us like that!"

Clark didn't say a word. Instead, he walked towards Shirley and wiped off the tears on her face. "Don't

cry, I'll protect you," he consoled his sister and held her close.

"Fine! Stop wasting time. Come on! Pick them up and get moving! Now!" the leading man yelled at his

companions.

Clark and Shirley didn't resist so they didn't suffer any harm. They were thrown onto the minibus with their hands tied and eyes covered.

Shirley couldn't help crying while Clark tried his best to console her. And then, either out of tiredness or out of the constant assurance from Clark, Shirley became quiet.

The bus zoomed out of Dream Garden into the main road and picked up speed. Cutting through the heavy traffic, it turned towards a road that took them away from the city into a deserted area. It finally halted in front of a house in a place where there was absolutely nothing around.

Two men carried Shirley and Clark into a house, and then they threw them on the floor.

Clark could hear that one of the men dialed a phone number. As soon as the call got through, the man said, "We have arrived."

Uttering these three words, the man hung up the phone immediately.

Then he turned to his companions and said, "Hey, buddies. It's time for us to leave now." Clark tried to sense each and every move made by them with extreme alertness. After the men summoned his companions to leave, he could hear their retreating steps. The door got opened and closed quickly.

The two kids tried to stick with each other as they tried to gauge if they were left alone. Their hands were still tied, their eyes covered.

"Shirley, are you afraid?" Clark asked with concern.

"Yes, I am. Where are you?"

Shirley's fear was revealed through her shivering voice.

"Don't worry. It will be okay. I will protect you. Don't be afraid. I'll be with you. Maybe you can't see me, but I can see you."

Clark continued to pacify Shirley and keep her relaxed.

"Okay, Clark. I'm not afraid anymore because you are there with me."

Shirley's mood calmed down gradually and she stopped sobbing.

"Who are those men? Why did they kidnap us?"

Shirley asked Clark.

Clark didn't know the reason either, and it was not even important for them. The first thing he should think about was the way out of this place.

"I don't know it either. But it's clear that they want something in exchange for something with us. Till the

time, they get what they want, we will be safe." Clark analyzed the situation with a sober mind.

Clark was remarkably receptive, matured and intelligent for his age.

He twisted his wrist to loosen the rope that was tied around them.

After a few attempts, he gave up this idea as it only ended up creating friction between his tender skin

and the rope while the rope didn't get loose.

Then he tried to move his feet. But it didn't work either.

"Huh! Boy. Do you think you can do whatever you want in my place? Don't make a futile effort. Even if

you can manage to get rid of the rope, you can never run away from my hands. Just sit quietly and

don't make the situation worse for yourself." An extremely cold and stern voice echoed through the

room making both the kids startled.

Chapter 1125 Mom, Help!

It was a chilly male voice, and his voice was much more stable than the people just now.

Clark assumed that it was this man who wanted to kidnap them, and the others were just following

his orders.

"Who are you? What do you want? I will cooperate with you to get whatever you want," Clark said, remaining abnormally calm.

Duncan was a little surprised by his behavior. He couldn't believe that those were the words of a three-year-old child.

"Since I am a responsible adult, I won't hurt a child. As long as you listen to me and obey my words, I promise that you will be safe." Duncan only wanted to take his revenge on Sheryl. He had no other intentions.

After all, committing murder would result in jail time for him or even worse. He didn't want to die yet. He

still wanted to go back to Tarsan Corporation.

"Uncle, you were wrong. It's just that you can't hurt two children!" Clark said calmly.

He was a little wary after the words had slipped out. He knew that he was being a bit reckless. If the man in front of him was not as calm as he had thought, he could get irritated by his words.

And the consequence of pissing off this man could be quite serious.

"Haha! You really are an interesting kid!" It was Clark's win; his guess was right. This man was not

concerned with such details. He only cared about "the pleasant cooperation" between them.

"Since you think I'm an interesting kid, could you take off my blindfold? I am just a child; it is impossible for me to escape. But being blindfolded is a little scary." Clark made his plea.

He wanted to see what the man in front of him looked like. Only then could he tell his mom, dad and the police about the kidnapper when he was saved.

"Boy, you have been kidnapped. Do you think you are in a position to ask for favors?" Duncan was very cautious about such requests.

Even if they were just two three-year-olds, he still didn't want to expose himself to them.

"I know, Uncle. I understand that you kidnapped us for something in return. If you take off my blindfold, I will cooperate with you," Clark said. "I mean, when you call my mom and dad to negotiate, I will try to cry out and scream, 'Mom, Dad, help me!'

Unless you are not going to call them and don't need my help..." Clark said this word for word.

Duncan was shocked by the child's words. Was he really a three-year-old kid? Duncan couldn't imagine even an adult being so calm under such circumstances.

Or was it only because the child was so young that he was still ignorant and fearless?

But these were not important for Duncan. What mattered to him was that the kid was willing to cooperate with him.

"All right. I promise not to hurt you as long as you cooperate." Duncan came forward and took off Clark's blindfold.

He didn't think that a three-year-old could play any trick in front of him.

When the blindfold was taken off, the sudden glare of the sun made Clark feel uncomfortable. He closed his eyes and resisted the light for a while. After adapting to it gradually, Clark began to slowly open his eyes.

He realized that he was in an abandoned workshop with some old machinery inside, and the machinery was covered in dust.

The workshop was so large that Clark was sure that it would create echos if he shouted from there.

"Hey, kid! Stop looking around. As long as I don't let you go, you can't get out of here. So, just do as I say and don't try any tricks, understand?" Duncan yelled at the boy.

"I understand, Uncle." As he answered him, Clark raised his head and looked at Duncan.

Clark imprinted Duncan's face and his features into his mind. He took a quick look around and saw everything that he needed to see and memorized every little detail he could.

Listening to their conversation, Shirley felt uneasy. "Clark, where are you? I can't see you."

The darkness was frightening, especially for a three-year-old girl.

"Uncle, could you let my sister..." Clark started to ask, looking at Shirley's anxious face.

"Don't overdo it, kid. Stop talking or I will cover your eyes again." Duncan started becoming a bit restless as he saw the keen eyes of the little boy.

"No please, I'll do anything you say." Clark didn't want to anger him.

"Shirley, don't be afraid. I'm here. This uncle has promised us that as long as we obey him, he won't hurt us. So be obedient, okay?" Clark comforted his little sister.

Shirley nodded slowly.

Her body was still shaking slightly.

Clark wanted to step forward and touch Shirley to comfort her. But he knew that Duncan would not agree, so he stayed put.

After making sure that the two stayed in their place obediently, Duncan took out the phone and began

to dial Sheryl's number.

When the phone rang, Sheryl was preparing the content that was to be presented at the conference.

The phone was left backstage, so no one heard it at first.

The phone rang again. This time, Isla had gone backstage to get some documents that she needed for

later. She heard the phone ringing in Sheryl's bag.

She took out the phone from the bag and saw the unknown number on the screen. She didn't want to

pick some strange call at an important time like this, so she was about to hang up when Sheryl walked

in. "Isla, who is it?"

"I don't know. I was going to cut the call and wait until the end of the press conference to tell you. But

since you are here, just take a look." Isla shrugged and handed the phone to Sheryl.

Sheryl looked at the caller ID and felt uneasy for some reason.

But she still answered.

As soon as the call connected, she heard the cry of the child. "Mom! Mom, help us."

It was Clark's voice. There was no mistaking it.

"Clark! What happened? Where are you? Don't be afraid, Clark. Mommy will help you. Tell me where you are."

She heard another teary voice. "Mom..." It was Shirley this time.

"Shirley! What's wrong? Where are you both?" Sheryl's heart raced.

She screamed in exhaustion, which immediately alerted Isla.

"Sher, what happened?!" Isla asked, terrified.

Chapter 1126 Admit That You Cheated

The press conference was to begin in five minutes. At the press, Charles would show the evidence that those nude pictures of Sheryl were processed to prove that she didn't have an affair. So Isla reminded Sheryl that it might be a trap and the person who was calling might have ill intentions.

But Sheryl paid no attention to Isla's cautionary reminder because she was focused on the call.

"Hello, Ms. Xia," a strange male voice crackled over the phone.

Since his voice was intentionally processed, Sheryl was unable to recognize who was on the other end.

"Who are you? Where are my children?" Sheryl asked anxiously.

"Ms. Xia, I want to make a bet with you. What do you say?" the man proposed arrogantly. Since he had leverage in his hand, the man had no reservations.

"Okay. What do you want to bet?" Sheryl agreed immediately, aware that she had no say in this matter since the man had her children.

"Haha, Ms. Xia, you are a decisive person. I bet that you will admit that you are the woman in the nude pictures at the press conference. Otherwise..." And there, Duncan stopped. After a brief pause, he let out an unscrupulous laugh before saying, "Otherwise, I am sure you know the consequences."

"What exactly do you want?" Sheryl asked in a fluster. The more composed the caller was, the more apprehensive she got.

"You know what I want, don't you? You are so lucky to have two lovely children. They are so cute. What a pity! Do you think whom I should kill first, the boy or the girl?" Duncan threatened blatantly.

"Don't, please don't hurt them. I will do as you say. Please, just let my kids go. They're only three years old," Sheryl pleaded shakily, tears rushing down her cheeks. She had no idea when Clark and Shirley had been kidnapped.

Neither did she expect to get a threatening call before the press conference.

'Now that she knows I have her children, she will do exactly what I ask her, ' Duncan thought to himself,

a malicious smile forming on his lips.

Then he ended the call.

Since the man hadn't mentioned whether he would lay a hand on the kids, Sheryl had no other choice

but to do what he had asked her of.

"What's going on, Sher?" Isla asked worriedly, gazing at a panic-stricken Sheryl. She hadn't heard what

the man had said to Sheryl, but judging by her friend's expression, Isla knew she was in big trouble.

"Has the press started? Did Charles show the proof?" Sheryl asked, her voice quivering as she

grabbed Isla's arms, ignoring her friend's question.

Isla glanced at her wristwatch and replied, "The press has already started. Charles has the evidence."

Releasing Isla from her tight grip, Sheryl dashed towards the live press conference.

'The evidence can't be shown. The kidnapper must be watching the live press conference. Once the

proof is shown, my kids will be in grave danger!' she screamed inwardly.

"Hello, everyone. I've held this press conference and invited you all here because I want to clarify a few

things," Charles began, the microphone in his hand. He stood under the spotlight.

"Mr. Lu, are you going to address the nude photos of your wife?" a reporter questioned eagerly.

"Yes, that's what I want to talk about. All of you here must have heard about that rumor and believe that

the woman in the pictures is my wife, Sheryl Xia. But is that really true? I bet you're dying to know," he continued.

When he spoke out the words, he stressed each syllable. 'Once I show the proof that Rachel set Sher up, Rachel will be the one who's embarrassed.

People will start to pity Sheryl and feel sorry for what they've put her through, ' Charles thought with delight.

He had invested a lot into proving Sheryl's innocence and the moment was finally on its way.

"Mr. Lu, please tell us whether your wife cheated on you. I am sure the whole audience is eager to know the truth," another reporter urged.

"I'm going to show you some proof to clarify the fact. Please look at the screen..." Charles spoke, turning to point to the screen, but to his surprise, it was turned off.

"What's going on?" People in the crowd began whispering to one another.

The reporters snapped photos of the blank screen behind Charles. Since the rich businessman had

invited so many media companies, they had expected that he would have enough evidence to prove that his wife hadn't had an affair.

That was why they had stayed up writing the report that Mr. Charles Lu was going to convene a press conference to announce some explosive news.

But now it was apparent that something was wrong. 'Did he change his plan?' all the reporters wondered.

In fact, they didn't care what was going on. As long as the news was explosive, they would not mind spending time on it. If the wealthy were willing to share their private lives, the masses would be interested in it.

The news would give them clicks and reviews.

The media companies were not interested in truth. Rather, they pursued profit, and eye-catching news could bring them that.

So when the screen went black, as shocked as the reporters were, they wasted no time taking pictures of Charles and capturing the look of panic on his face.

The moment the screen went black, Charles turned around to check the power supply. But to his astonishment, Sheryl was standing by the power outlet with the unplugged cord in her hand. "What are you doing, Sher?" he asked his wife with a frown.

Ignoring Charles' question, Sheryl walked onto the stage and snatched the microphone from him.

Calmly, she said, "Hello, I am the one involved in the nude picture scandal. If you have any questions, please ask me directly. Don't ask Charles. I know more about this than him."

When she spoke, she fixed her gaze directly into the camera in front of her as if she were staring into the eyes of her children's abductor.

"What are you thinking, Sher? You don't need to explain anything. When they see the evidence, they will learn the truth," Charles whispered anxiously. He didn't understand why Sheryl was doing this.

"Stay out of this, Charles. If you trust me, then you'll listen," Sheryl leaned in to whisper in Charles' ear.

Chapter 1127 Fifty Million

But Sheryl's words didn't eliminate Charles' doubts. He grabbed her hand tightly and tried to see through what she was thinking.

"Mrs. Lu, are these erotic pictures real?"

"Mrs. Lu, you gave some details just now. Are you saying that all these pornographic photos are real?"

Would you like to tell us more about this?"

"Mrs. Lu, could you elaborate?"

"Please give us an explanation."

The reporters shot many questions simultaneously, and Sheryl was nearly encircled by them.

Their questions were all sharp. Sheryl didn't know which question to answer first. But she knew that despite the different types of questions, all they were truly interested in was the same thing.

"Yes. I understand that all of you want to know whether the woman in these photos is me. It is precisely what you thought it was. The pictures are real," Sheryl confessed according to the man's instructions.

Hearing her words, Charles clutched her arm and pulled her towards him.

"Are you crazy?!" Charles yelled at her out of anger and surprise. He lowered his head and whispered in her ear, "Sher, what are you doing? Are you trying to destroy yourself?"

Sheryl couldn't bear the grievance and hopelessness anymore. She looked at Charles, her eyes filled with tears and said in a low voice which only he could hear, "Charles, I was left with no other choice.

They have kidnapped Shirley and Clark! I have no choice but to do as they say."

Charles was dumbfounded at the spot when he learned the truth. He had never expected them to use their kids to threaten them.

At that moment, he didn't have much of a choice either. He couldn't do anything in the present situation.

After all, they must have hidden somewhere and were probably watching the live broadcast at that very moment.

They would keep their eyes on Sheryl to make sure that she had acted in line with their instructions.

Hearing Sheryl admit the porn-photo scandal, the reporters were as surprised as Charles. They became more excited and shot more questions at Sheryl. After all, she had just admitted to cheating on her husband.

Judging by Charles' unbelieving expression, the reporters concluded that he wasn't expecting this outcome either.

This was sensational news for them, even hotter than the scandal. After all, the press conference was held by Charles, and they were all invited by him.

They had assumed that he had invited them to clear his wife's name. But now, everything had turned

upside down for him.

If he had known that his wife would make a confession, he wouldn't have held a conference in such a hurry. That was the general opinion.

"Mrs Lu, you are confirming that the reports are true?" They began to pump Sheryl for more information.

"Yes." Sheryl closed her eyes, seemingly acquiescing in their questions.

"Mrs. Lu, could you give us more details? Are you not on good terms with your husband? Is your marriage falling apart or are you just having an affair?"

Sheryl felt like she would drown in their indecent questioning.

More questions were shot at her, each reporter trying his best to dig out more information than the other. After all, this kind of sensational news was truly rare. If they didn't grasp the precious opportunity,

all the read would go to their rivals.

Now that Sheryl had accomplished what the kidnapper had instructed, she wasn't planning to answer anymore questions.

She had no time to waste on their nonsense.

Sheryl quickly walked off the stage. In spite of the encirclement of reporters, she walked towards the backstage aggressively.

Charles hastily followed her.

"Where is Isla?" Sheryl looked around the area.

"I'm here, Sher," Isla showed up quickly and called out to her. Isla had seen everything that Sheryl had done. But she knew what Sheryl had done must have had something to do with that phone call.

Although she couldn't hear the conversation properly, she heard Sheryl mention Shirley and Clark.

Isla guessed that someone must have been using the kids to blackmail Sheryl to confess.

"Isla, where is my phone? Hand it to me quickly!" Sheryl said hastily. This was the reason why Sheryl had rushed towards the backstage.

She had already done what that man had asked. She had to call him to ask whether he would release her children now.

"Here it is." Isla handed the phone to Sheryl.

Sheryl was trembling so violently that she couldn't unlock her phone.

Seeing Sheryl's frightened state, Charles grabbed her phone and unlocked it. He quickly handed it back to her so that she could call the kidnapper.

When the phone was unlocked, the screen was still on the recent calls page. She found the last number received and dialed it.

The ring went on for the longest time, but no one answered. Just when Sheryl thought that the call wouldn't be answered, a casual voice finally came through.

But the voice was still being modulated by a damned voice changer. Sheryl couldn't tell who was on the other end. "I have done what you asked. Please release my kids!" Sheryl begged.

She was trembling in fear. She was worried about her children and their safety.

"I saw the live. I have to say, you are so beautiful on TV," the man said, ignoring her request.

"I beg you, please let my kids go. I did what you asked." Sheryl felt exhausted and her voice had turned hoarse. She had no patience for casual conversations with a kidnapper.

"Mrs. Lu, take it easy. Now that you have done what I asked, I will keep my promise. Don't worry," the man answered in a cold tone.

"What about my kids? What should I do now?" She wanted to see them as soon as possible.

"That's simple. Prepare fifty million dollars for me. I will call you again after you've prepared the money.

I think one hour is sufficient, isn't it? And Mrs. Lu, please bear in mind that I need it all in cash," Duncan demanded. He originally hadn't planned on blackmailing her for money.

But Sheryl's begging voice aroused his ambition. He hadn't known the relationship between Charles and Sheryl earlier. But now, he pretty much knew what was going on. Now that he knew that the woman had Charles as her strong backer, he was sure that fifty million was easy cash for her. So, why not reap some benefits while he was already at it?

But he still didn't dare ask for more. He was a little afraid that Sheryl would call the police if he pressured her too much. Although fifty million dollars was the kind of cash Duncan would get after arduously working for an entire life, it was just profit of a small order for Charles.

He figured that it was a good bargain for Sheryl and Charles to use just fifty million to buy the safety of their kids.

It wouldn't be too risky for him because it was loose change for them and he didn't do anything bad to the kids.

Chapter 1128 Raising Money

"But how can I arrange so much cash in such a short time?" questioned Sheryl. She was shocked

when the man demanded ransom all of a sudden. This was not part of their initial deal.

"That's why I am giving you one hour to prepare the cash. Mrs. Lu, I warn you. Don't play any tricks on me. If you dare to call the police, you know how this will end." Duncan continued to threaten her using her kids.

Duncan was just pretending to sound peremptory. He wanted to make Sheryl more anxious and terrified. Clark and Shirley were, in fact, safe with him. Apart from Shirley getting too scared due to the blindfold, the kids weren't caused any physical pain.

However, Sheryl didn't know this. All she could imagine at that moment was her kids being in some kind of terrible danger. Every second lost was adding great risk to the kids.

She was too scared to wait any longer.

"Fine, I will get the money. But I need you to promise me that once we give you the cash, you will free my kids," Sheryl demanded.

"Rest assured, Mrs. Lu. I have seen what I needed to see and have got what I wanted. Once I get the

money, I won't be stupid enough to kill anyone. However, the basic premise of all this is that you don't call the police." Duncan's words sounded tough but reasonable, which convinced Sheryl to a certain extent.

"Deal!" There was no room for her to bargain with him. Besides, she was not in the mood to do so either. All she hoped was that her kids would be sent back without any mishap.

After she hung up, Charles walked towards her with a stern look and asked, "When did this happen to Shirley and Clark? Who did this to them?"

Clearly, Charles had too many questions, but Sheryl was at a loss.

"I don't know when it happened either. I heard the phone ring when I was about to leave the backstage.

From the other end of the phone, I heard our kids' voices. Charles, they were crying, both of them, at the top of their voices!"

Sheryl looked terribly upset as she described the situation to Charles. Isla was beside Sheryl. When she looked at Sheryl's teary eyes, she sniffled a tear herself.

Isla really wanted to hold Sheryl in her arms and console her. However, when Isla was about to stretch out her hand, Charles got closer to Sheryl and wrapped her in his arms in an instant. He kissed Sheryl

on her forehead and comforted her, "It's all right, Sher. Don't be scared. You have me. I won't allow anything bad to happen to our kids. I promise."

In Isla's imagination, she had always wondered what kind of man could be recognized as an indomitable man. Before she had gotten married, she had a lot of dreams about different types of men with various virtues. But her dreams stayed as dreams; she never talked to anyone about her ideas of an ideal man.

She never expected that she would see such a man in real life.

Isla looked at Charles, who had tried his best to clear Sheryl's name, and now he was consoling her not to worry about the kids. Then she thought to herself, 'Even in such a terrible scenario, Charles' face doesn't show any anxiety or desperation. It's unbelievable. He's just like the man who used to appear in my fantasies.'

For a moment, she was relieved for Sheryl who was lucky enough to have such a good husband; however, she realized at once that her relief was misplaced. What was troubling them was still not solved. It had instead, become worse.

It was too early to feel relieved.

Even so, Charles' perseverance and determination would undeniably be Sheryl's strongest

reassurance to solve any problems that got in their way. Isla believed that Sheryl's luck wouldn't always

turn its back on her.

Now that the cold weather had lasted for so long, it was time for some warm sunlight to shine upon

both Charles and Sheryl.

"Charles, the ransom is five million, and we only have one hour left. We should prepare the money as

soon as possible." Sheryl was in no mood to throw herself into Charles' arms and cry or feel depressed

for what was happening, as her kids were still in danger.

"Of course, we should prepare the cash as soon as possible. But, Sher, do you think that such a man

can be trusted? Do you honestly believe his words?" Unlike Sheryl, Charles stayed calm and collected.

He was trying to calm down Sheryl as well.

"I don't care whether he can be trusted or not. And we don't have time to doubt his words right now.

Charles, we only have an hour!" Sheryl almost collapsed with madness.

One hour was too short a time to hesitate or to even consider finding another way out. They had to

make their move as quickly as possible. Or else, there would be no way for them to exchange fifty million into cash in time.

"Listen to me, Sher. We should stay calm and act smart. As we prepare the money, we should also inform the police about what's going on. An incident like this requires the police to step in." Unshaken by Sheryl's over-reaction, Charles stuck to his own judgement.

"No! He stressed that we shouldn't call the police. Charles, he claimed that he wouldn't hurt Shirley or Clark as long as we didn't call the police. No, we absolutely can't call the police!" Sheryl shook her head crazily at Charles and spoke almost in an incoherent manner as soon as she heard Charles' idea to involve the police.

"Sher, please calm down and think about it. Do you believe him or me? He has already broken his deal once. There is no way of knowing if he would do it again. How can we possibly believe such a man? This guy has no integrity. If we do as he says and give him the money, he might ask for more. He will think that we are weak and won't let go of the rare opportunity to get more money from us."

Charles knew that this was a trick that kidnapers always played to blackmail more money from

families of the kidnapped. He was convinced that neither Shirley nor Clark was at any risk at the moment.

"Think about it! He asked you to do as he said, and you followed. You admitted to your scandal to the reporters just as he had asked you. Your doing so has done nothing good for you. It has only made the situation even worse. Because now, he can control you. He feels victorious and will use your weakness to continue to keep you under his control." Charles held Sheryl's shoulder to steady her. He explained patiently, "He felt excited that he had taken control of you, and grew more arrogant every time you called him to beg. Clearly, he has gotten used to that sense of superiority. That's why he dared to demand the ransom to that size from you!

His only way to extort money from us is by using Shirley and Clark, who are in his custody. So before he gets the money, I am sure that he won't hurt the kids." Charles spoke to the point. He paused for a moment and then continued, "But Sher, once he gets the money, we cannot be sure that he wouldn't continue to ask for more. If he asks us for money we are not able to afford, then Shirley and Clark will be in real danger."

Sheryl's face suddenly grew rigid with both confusion and realization at his words.

Charles' words were finally having some effects on her.

She froze for a while and then came to herself, asking anxiously, "Charles, what should we do now?"

"We'll inform the police and ask them to investigate into this in secret, to help us from the shadows. At the same time, we do as he asked. When we take the cash to him, we should be smart and quickly act according to the situation." In his mind, Charles had already designed a scheme to deal with this blackmail.

"Do what needs to be done, Charles," Sheryl nodded towards Charles, numb from shock. She was convinced by Charles' explanation. She felt at a loss, so the best thing to do was listen to her husband.

"Time is precious. Let's split up. You and Isla go and exchange the cash. His men might be spying on you, so it's not wise for you to show up at the police station with me. I will go to the station alone." Isla nodded to everything and agreed with him.

She offered to take her stand and said in a determined tone, "All right! Let's do this." Charles smiled and nodded at her. He quickly looked at his watch to check the time, then turned to look at Sheryl and said, "Eight minutes has passed, which means, we have fifty-two minutes left. Let's pick up the pace!"

When Sheryl was about to rush out from the backstage, she was at once reminded that there was a crowd of reporters waiting for her outside. She turned to Charles. "There are so many reporters out there. The moment we walk out, they will definitely surround us. How can we get out quietly?"

Chapter 1129 Don't Play Any Tricks

"Leave them to me."

Eagerly, Isla offered her help as she glanced at the reporters before leaving the backstage.

"Ms. Zhao, do you know anything about Mrs. Lu's affair?" A reporter came forward as she interviewed

Isla. Since the reporters couldn't see Sheryl, they swarmed around her employee instead.

"What's going on with Mrs. Lu? She had refused it before, but why did she suddenly admit it now when

Mr. Lu tried to prove her innocence?"

"Did she do this to embarrass Mr. Lu? Did she do this to make Shining Company the laughingstock?

"

Being bombarded with all kinds of sharp questions left Isla overwhelmed.

"I understand that you all have a lot of doubts. I will answer your questions today," Isla began curtly.

Even with all the chaos around her, she maintained a diplomatic smile.

Pointing to the hall, she continued, "Everyone, please follow me. You will know what you want to know."

"Ms. Zhao, are you sure you're going to answer all of our questions?"

Skeptical, one of the reporters had to confirm.

"Yes, you heard me," Isla confirmed. "But I will only answer those who enter the hall.

You'd better hurry up if you don't want to miss the chance. I don't like to be kept waiting. Only a hundred will be permitted to enter."

As soon as she finished talking, some reporters who surrounded her ran toward the auditorium.

As she saw the remaining reporters around her, Isla stood still and smiled slightly.

Isla's composure made the persistent reporters uneasy. As they looked between Isla and their companions in the auditorium, they began to wonder whether or not they should join the others.

They were all aware that there were over a hundred reporters at the press conference. 'When she said that, she looked serious. Perhaps she meant it, ' thought the remaining journalists.

Even though they were not sure about her words, they wouldn't take the risk of losing the chance to get answers.

After all, it was big news. Once any of them got to dig something up about the case, they would easily get a raise or even promoted. Otherwise, they could get fired.

After weighing out the pros and cons, the rest made their own choices and struggled to get a spot in the auditorium.

Out of the blue, the rather annoying media finally dispersed while Isla remained where she stood.

Seeing that her plan worked, she smiled, satisfied. Putting a hand behind her back, she subtly gestured to the couple waiting for her signal to get out from backstage.

Taking note of the signal, Sheryl and Charles snuck out of the press conference successfully.

Instead of handling the reporters, Isla headed straight to the police station.

As Sheryl and Charles got to the closest bank, they dashed inside and went to the counter to withdraw cash. In a panic, Sheryl's shaky hand failed to enter her PIN correctly. If she didn't have Charles by her side, she might not have been able to get the money.

Fortunately, Charles had left some money as a demand deposit. Otherwise, it would have been impossible for them to get 50 million dollars in cash within an hour.

As they put the ransom in a black sports bag, Sheryl decided to contact the kidnapper. As she got the

phone ready, Charles told her that she needed to require the kidnapper to put Shirley and Clark on the phone so they could talk to them.

Before anything, they had to make sure that their children were still alive.

Although his instincts told him that Shirley and Clark were safe, he couldn't be a hundred percent sure that they were unhurt. Sheryl nodded urgently and called the kidnapper.

"Hello?"

As soon as his cellphone rang, Duncan answered the phone.

Knowing that he was going to get fifty million in cash, he couldn't control his thrill. Since he called Sheryl up and demanded her to prepare the money, he sat on the edge of his seat, waiting for the call.

Anyone in his shoes would be impatient to pick up the phone.

"The money is ready. Where should I put it?"

Cutting straight to the chase, Sheryl tried to sound as calm as she could as she spoke.

"Good. Looks like you don't plan on disappointing me. I'll text you the address," Duncan returned immediately. His normally scowling face was replaced with that of a greedy smile.

"Okay. Before I give you the money, I need to hear my children's voices. I need to talk to them," Sheryl demanded, feeling her heart jump into her throat. She was terribly afraid that her request would be denied.

"Fine," Duncan agreed without any hesitation. Since Clark and Shirley hadn't caused him any trouble, he was in a rather good mood. So far, everything was going according to plan.

As he was getting what he wanted, he didn't think it too much to let the mother hear her kids' voices.

"Come here, brat. Your mother wants to talk to you," he called to Clark. After switching the phone to the normal voice mode, he handed it to the little boy.

"Mommy?"

Clark's young, innocent voice resounded from the other end of the line.

"Are you okay, Clark? Are you hurt?" Sheryl asked in concern, a little frantically. When she heard her son call her "Mommy," she felt great relief and worry at the same time.

"I'm fine, Mommy. Uncle said nothing would happen to me as long as I listened to him. You should listen to him too, Mommy. After you're done with that, don't forget to pick me and Shirley up. We were in the car for a long time to get here. But there's nothing. It's not fun here," he replied. Since he was a

clever boy, Clark tried to sound as innocent as he could while also giving his mother more information about their location.

However, Duncan started to pick up on it and was about to shout at the cunning boy before stopping himself because he hadn't yet changed the phone's voice mode. Instead, he just snatched the phone from Clark.

Glowering at the child with threatening, fuming eyes, Duncan made Clark feel his fury. The boy realized that his behavior was dangerous. Duncan wasn't stupid after all.

As he changed the phone's settings to hide his real voice, he snarled at Clark with a twisted face. "Brat, you'd better not play any tricks. If you don't keep quiet, I'll kill you!"

Getting back on the phone, he warned, "Mrs. Lu, you've heard your son's voice. He's still alive and quite smart. I'm warning you, you'd better not do anything stupid. Do as I tell you or else, you know the consequences."

Duncan's good mood was tainted because of the little stunt.

"I will do whatever you ask. Please don't get angry. My son is just scared. He's always like this when

he's terrified," Sheryl tried to explain. When she heard the man berate her son, her heart skipped a beat nervously.

However, thanks to Clark, she got some useful information.

At least she knew that they were in a deserted place, far away from Dream Garden.

In truth, Duncan never meant to punish Clark for what he said. The boy was only three years old, after all, and Duncan had no intention of hurting a child.

Chapter 1130 Waiting For The Right Moment

Duncan especially didn't want to harm a child who was worth a lot of money.

"Do it quickly. I want the money!" Deliberately, Duncan yelled into the phone. Although he didn't have to

give Clark and Shirley a hard time, he had made Sheryl extra nervous, so that she would fear him

enough to follow his requests.

"I know, I know. I'll go to the drop-off location now. Please do not hurt my children." Even as Sheryl tried to speak in a hurry, Duncan hung up the phone immediately.

Having heard the conversation on the phone, Charles saw that Sheryl didn't look good and he tried

comforting her. "Don't worry. Clark and Shirley are alright. That man wouldn't dare do anything to

them."

After reassuring her, he was relieved to see that she calmed down a little bit. Immediately after, he

reached for his phone and called Isla. "How is everything going?"

"We've prepared everything well. Did the kidnapper give you the address?" she asked in return. At that

time, she was standing beside the best SWAT team in Y City.

"Yes, he did. But this address is in the downtown, and might not be where the kids are. I think the kids were taken to some remote area," Charles replied. After considering what Clark told them, Charles was quite sure that the Children weren't in the downtown.

"Alright. We can work separately in two groups. One will go to the address you were given, and the other will go search for the children in remote areas," suggested Isla.

"Yes, we'll do that. Keep in contact."

After agreeing to Isla, Charles hung up.

Having confirmed the plan, Charles sighed in relief. Looking at the address on Sheryl's phone, he gathered the courage to face what they had to deal with later on. "Let's go, Sher. Our children will be fine. We're going to save them."

In spite of her worries, Sheryl gained some confidence from Charles' determined eyes. His firmness made her feel more reassured.

Thinking about her children, she knew that it wasn't the right time to waste on being afraid and worried.

What she had to do was find her children immediately.

The address that Duncan gave them wasn't very far from Dream Garden. It was in crowded downtown.

In other words, it wouldn't be easy for the police to find Duncan and arrest him in this place.

The money was to be brought to a large shopping mall. An event for the mall's anniversary was being held at that time, with loud noises and crowds of people inside. In the deafening music, the host lit up the atmosphere.

The different clients and customers were so excited that they reached out their hands to grab the gift cards from the host.

"Please don't push. Don't push! Calm down a little bit, everyone. Everyone can have one gift card as long as you have a receipt to show that you've purchased something in our shopping center. Everyone will get one gift card!" The host tried to speak to the crowd loud enough into the microphone.

However, the booming voice didn't please Sheryl or Charles in the least.

Bouncing her leg, Sheryl anxiously waited for another call or message. When Charles reminded her to check on her phone, she brought out her phone again.

A new message finally arrived saying that Sheryl should put the money in the warehouse at the north gate of the Men's Wear department on the third floor of the shopping center.

When she arrived at the third floor, Sheryl walked around several times, not finding the warehouse mentioned in the message. When she was sure that the position was nowhere to be found, she made a call. "I'm here. Where is the warehouse? I can't find it."

"Now, go downstairs to the ground floor. You'll see a garbage bin beside the elevator at the gate of the central nave. You'll put your money there."

Apparently, Duncan changed his mind by giving Sheryl another position to put the money.

"But the garbage bin is too small to put the money in..." said Sheryl honestly. As much as possible,

Sheryl wanted to avoid making any trouble. Fifty million dollars was way too much. There was definitely no way to stuff it into the bin.

"Sheryl, I'm warning you. Don't play your little tricks with me!"

Duncan said angrily.

"I'm not playing any tricks. The money is too much to be put into the bin. How about this? I can put the suitcase beside the garbage bin. The money will be there. I'm just afraid that someone might steal it..."

she said. Sheryl's worries were valid.

Wanting to show Duncan that she was telling the truth, she spoke in a hurry. But she couldn't tell if he believed her or not.

"You used a suitcase to carry the money?" asked Duncan. It seemed that he came up with another place for Sheryl to place the money.

"Yes, I did," she answered quickly. Sheryl didn't dare waste another second.

"Alright. Go downstairs to the basement level, then. There are a lot of shops that sell suitcases there.

Find one without a shopping guide around. Put the suitcase on the showcase platform and leave

immediately," he instructed her. Vivi used to work there, so he was so familiar with the shopping mall.

In order to make Vivi his girlfriend, he visited the shopping mall frequently.

"Okay."

Not missing a beat, she ran down the stairs to the basement level.

Meanwhile, the policemen were already waiting outside the mall.

"Sir, do we just stay and wait here? Shouldn't we head inside?"

asked Isla.

"The kidnapper had the money carried into the shopping mall. It means that he is very familiar with the

shopping mall. It's apparent that there are surveillance cameras everywhere in the mall. We're not sure

if he has any accomplices who have access to the security footage, and are watching everything going

on right now," a policeman explained. His words were reasonable, but Isla still thought he was just

being perfunctory.

"Then, what are you going to do now?" Isla asked.

"Waiting for the right moment." The police stopped talking after that. Ignoring Isla, he talked into the

interphone, reaching the other members of the policemen. "Pay attention to every gate of the shopping

mall. If anyone gets out of the mall with a suitcase, follow them."

"Yes, Sir," the others answered promptly.

At that time, Sheryl reached the basement level.

Since suitcases weren't things people needed to buy frequently, it was much quieter than the ground floor.

Therefore, the shopping guides didn't have so many guests to guide. Without much work to do, they mostly gathered together in groups to chat with each other.

Because of that, Sheryl knew it was time to find the right place to put the suitcase. Giving Charles a single glance, she went towards the shop in the corner of the floor.

Luckily, the shop happened to be selling black suitcases, same as the one they had.

It wouldn't be easy to spot a new suitcase among similar ones.

Since Sheryl wasn't strong enough to lift the heavy suitcase onto the platform, Charles did it for her while she stood guard, making sure the shopping guides weren't paying attention.

"Let's go."

Charles took her hand and led her out of the basement level immediately.

"Charles, what are we going to do now?"

When they got back upstairs, Sheryl asked him about the plan.

"Call the kidnapper again."

So long as they had put the money in the right place, Charles was certain that the kidnapper would ask someone to pick it up.

Meanwhile, the policemen were still waiting at the gates of the shopping mall. It didn't matter whether the person came from outside or inside the shopping mall because he would still need to leave the mall after he picked up the suitcase.