Limits 421

Chapter 421

During the long wait, Quintis offered a compensation of five thousand dollars to each student whose blood had been collected. It was under the guise of

nutritional support.

On the eve of the results announcement, Emily and Quintis made a special trip back to Tarthy City, visiting the most renowned local church to pray devoutly for divine favor. They even donated a staggering 100 million dollars as an offering, hoping to secure the gods' blessings.

They hoped that the gods would intervene, that their dream would come true, and that Emily would once again experience the joy of being reunited with her son.

The next morning, the couple boarded a private jet and hurried back to Alnewgo. The moment they landed, they rushed straight to the testing center.

Despite Emily's efforts to remain composed, Quintis could sense her inner turmoil from her restless movements and the slight tremor in her body.

Emily fantasized about how joyful life would be if she really found her son, but at the same time, she couldn't shake the fear of what would happen if it all turned out to be another dead end.

Quintis gently patted Emily's back, trying to soothe her. But this time, his usual methods of comfort seemed to fall short.

With a trembling voice, Emily asked, "After all these years, do you think we'll ever find our son?"

Quintis answered firmly, "We will."

Even though he knew the odds were slim, he couldn't bear to crush her hope now.

A flicker of joy crossed Emily's face, but it quickly faded. "I know the chances are really really slim."

Her sigh carried a deep sense of helplessness and despair.

Though they had found some leads about their son in the past, those had been nothing more than keys picked up in some forgotten corner. They had searched far and wide. What could they have missed?

However, Quintis refused to give up. "Don't worry. Our efforts will move the heavens."

The couple's hands clasped tightly together.

Ethan Rufford, a director from the testing center, was just about to call them with the results when their car arrived.

Ethan set down his phone and said, "Mr. and Mrs. Lycan, you're here. I was just about to call you. Our center has been working around the clock these past few days, even bringing in additional equipment from other locations. All the DNA and blood sample comparisons have been completed."

Emily nervously clasped her hands together. "What are the results? Was there a successful match?" She tried to remain calm, but her voice trembled.

Quintis also looked at Ethan with bated breath, hoping to hear miraculous news from him.

Ethan continued, "We conducted a thorough comparison of all the blood samples submitted. To ensure accuracy, we even performed additional cross-verifications. Regrettably, we were unable to find a match for you and your husband among the nearly hundred samples."

Ethan's tone carried a deep sense of regret. Although he wasn't clear about Quintis and Emily's exact identities, their impressive entourage made it evident that they were people of significant status.

This matter had even caught the attention of district and city leaders, who personally called to inquire about the progress and instructed Ethan to spare no effort in handling the Lycan family's case. Satisfying the Lycan couple could mean boundless prospects for Ethan's career.

Thus, Ethan had been exceptionally diligent and quickly arrived at the results. But this disappointing outcome left him feeling helpless.

Chapter 422

When the news hit, the hope on Emily's face shattered. Her knees gave out, and she crumpled to the floor as darkness swallowed her vision.

She couldn't take it anymore. The weeks of waiting, the sleepless nights, the fragile hope she'd clung to all of them had led to this. It was a crushing, unbearable blow.

In her despair, she fainted.

Quintis' heart sank too, but seeing Emily collapse, he shoved his disappointment aside and shouted for help.

Laura and the bodyguards, stationed outside, rushed in at the commotion. Dozens of them swarmed the room, lifting Emily gently and rushing her to the nearest hospital.

While unconscious, Emily was trapped in a nightmare.

She saw her baby's face was streaked with blood, his tiny voice trembling as he cried out to her. "Why haven't you come for me, Mama? Why did you leave me all these years?"

Her heart ached, and she was desperate to explain. However, no words came.

When Emily finally woke hours later, her face was pale, her eyes hollow. It was as if the light inside her had been snuffed out.

Emily had let herself dream that she might find her son. But now, that dream was dust.

Reality was a knife, twisting deeper with every breath. At that moment, life felt meaningless.

Quintis sat beside her. His heart winced in pain as he watched her despairing look. No one could understand the depth of his pain. The longing for a son he'd never known, the guilt of failing his wife, the helplessness of watching her fall apart.

For the first time, Quintis felt miserable. He reached for her hand and said gently, "Are you hungry? Let me cook something for you. In a few days, we'll go to Orthawt to clear our heads."

He was trying to help Emily feel better.

However, Emily shook her head, her grip tightening on his hand. "Tell me the truth. Is he gone? Is our son really gone?"

Quintis couldn't bring himself to answer. The truth was staring them in the face, and Quintis couldn't bring himself to deliver another blow to Emily.

Tears streamed down her face as she sank to her knees, her sobs quiet but heart- wrenching.

"Why does fate keep playing with us? Every time we get a glimpse of hope, it's ripped away. I can't accept this. It hurts too much."

Quintis was at a loss for words; reality was indeed harsh.

Even with their wealth, their status, and their power, none of that could change the hand fate had dealt them. Some things, once lost, could never be recovered. The difference between life and death was too vast to bridge.

Emily's voice broke as she continued, "I dream about him every night. I'm always waiting and always hoping that one day we'll find him.

"I always cook his favorite dishes of spicy chicken and meatloaf soup whenever I have the time. I hope that one day, when he comes home, he can taste the food I made for him so that he'll know that no matter how long he's been gone, this family has stayed the same and is awaiting his return.

"Even if it takes ten years, 20 years, or longer, I'll wait. I'll wait forever, without regret. I'll never stop missing him."

Yet, everything was crashing down around her. The hope she'd clung to for over a decade was crumbling, and with it, her will to keep going.

Quintis' heart ached as he comforted Emily, "Let it go. We've searched for so long. Maybe it's time to stop."

He couldn't bear to see Emily like this. Every search and glimmer of hope had only led to more disappointment. He was terrified she could not endure the despair.

Chapter 423

Emily shook her head firmly and said, "No! Did Mr. Tripp tell you if the blood tests covered all the students from Perthter City?"

Quintis answered, "Most of them."

George had done his best to gather samples, but there was no guarantee every student had participated. The tests weren't mandatory, after all. Some students might have been absent that day. It wasn't impossible.

Still, the vast majority of Perthter City's students had been tested. What were the chances that their child was among the few who hadn't been?

Quintis sometimes allowed himself to hope for a miracle, but he knew the odds were very low. It was almost delusional to think otherwise.

Emily, however, wasn't ready to give up. She gripped her husband's hand, her eyes pleading.

"I'm begging you. Can you confirm with Mr. Tripp? If any students were missed, please ask him to provide their blood samples. Or, if he can't get the samples right now, at least tell us who wasn't tested. Please?"

She couldn't let go of any possible chances of hope.

Quintis hated seeing her like this desperate, pleading, especially when it came to finding their lost child. Even though he knew it might be futile, he nodded firmly. "Alright. I'll make the arrangements."

After all, how many times had they chased what seemed like a lost cause?

With Emily watching, Quintis dialed George's number.

They had previously counted 96 students from Perthter City, but only 85 blood samples had been collected. That meant 11 students were unaccounted for.

George confirmed it. "Yes. There are 11 students whose samples we couldn't collect. They were off-campus for various reasons-internships, trips, or visiting home. They weren't here on the day of the tests."

Quintis said earnestly, "I need your help. Can you send me the information for those 11 students? And, if possible, arrange for them to be tested as soon as you can?"

George couldn't refuse a father's heartfelt plea. Even if the chances were slim, as long as there was a glimmer of hope, they couldn't give up. After all, giving up meant resigning to despair. And that tiny chance of hope? It was still hope.

That very afternoon, George delivered the information for the remaining Perthter students to the Sandalwood Group. He also urgently notified those students who hadn't yet undergone the physical exam but had returned to school to report to the school clinic immediately.

Under George's urging, the school's relevant departments sprang into action. This time, the blood draw carried a slightly more mandatory tone.

Once the physical exams were completed, the collected blood samples were swiftly sent to the testing center.

When the samples arrived, George said, "All but one student-who's currently on leave-have had their blood samples and information sent over. I truly hope you get the result you're looking for."

With George's blessing, Emily and Quintis once again clung to what felt like their last shred of hope, bracing themselves for another agonizing wait.

As for that one remaining student? They hardly dared to hope anymore. Disappointment. Crushing disappointment. After another unbearable stretch of waiting, the result was the same as always.

"After repeated and meticulous comparisons by the testing center, none of the 10 students' blood samples matched."

Chapter 424

Hearing the news, Emily and Quintis were overwhelmed with indescribable despair.

Emily returned to Tarthy City that same day and locked herself in Nicholas' room. She told Quintis she needed to be alone, and he understood how she felt.

The greater the hope, the deeper the disappointment. Faced with this outcome, she truly needed time to calm her emotions. Only by pulling herself together could she begin a new life.

Yet, Emily remained in Nicholas' room all day without eating or drinking. Concerned about her health, Quintis finally pushed open the door.

He found her sitting on Nicholas' bed, slowly tracing her fingers over a photo. It was the last one taken before the disappearance. The glass of the frame had long been clouded by her tears.

"Emily, please eat something. No matter what, your health is the most important thing."

Hearing his voice, she looked up at the man who had loved her and their child so deeply. "Thank you, Quintis... but I'm not hungry right now," she whispered.

In truth, Emily was very hungry. But compared to the torment in her heart, the physical hunger felt insignificant.

Quintis realized this couldn't go on. "Emily, one student from Perthter City still hasn't had their blood sample collected. How about I ask George to send us the information on this last student?"

She paused, momentarily startled, before setting the photo frame down.

She gazed into the distance and said softly, "Quintis, I don't think we should bother with this anymore. We both know we've gone through tons of people, and none of them matched. Do you honestly think this last one will be a match?"

He fell silent. Emily had regained her composure, and her words showed she had completely given up.

Quintis should have felt relieved, but he wanted to make sure she had no regrets. "Alright," he said, "I'll call George later and ask him to send us the information on this last student."

"Don't trouble him anymore," Emily murmured. At this moment, she had completely given up. Regardless of whether Quintis wanted to persist, she didn't want to pursue it further.

He nodded silently, saying nothing more.

Unexpectedly, the phone rang. It was George calling to ask about the situation.

A sense of warmth washed over Quintis and Emily upon receiving his call.

After learning the results, George fell silent on the other end of the line.

He had anticipated this outcome. After all, finding that person in a sea of people was like searching for a needle in a haystack.

Still, he offered comfort. "Quintis, some things are meant to be. We have to learn to accept them."

Though George didn't say it directly, Quintis understood and nodded quietly.

After a moment of hesitation, George spoke. "Quintis, I still have one blood sample from a student in Perthter City that hasn't been tested. Would you like to take a look at it?"

Quintis sighed and replied, "George, thank you for your kind offer, but I think we'll pass."

Since Emily already believed it was unnecessary, why should he bother?

This last sample wouldn't change anything. They both knew the hope was gone. Over a decade ago, they had already come to terms with reality. They had been persistent for one reason-Emily had unexpectedly found something that might have belonged to their child.

However, it now seemed someone had likely picked up the item as a keepsake. After all, the key was quite exquisite as a collectible.

For them, having Nicholas' lost possession returned brought a sense of comfort. It gave them something tangible to anchor their memories and longing.

Chapter 425

Emily was finally discharged from the hospital. She never liked the environment

there.

Now, she needed to pull herself together. After all, it had been over a decade since Nicholas had left them.

Compared to the darkness she had once endured, this was easier to face. Though she still felt disappointed, she managed to adjust her mindset.

Upon returning to Sandalwood Group, Tristan wasted no time. He immediately instructed the kitchen to prepare nourishing food for Emily. Even Olivia personally cooked a nutritious meal for her.

After dinner, Quintis composed himself and left for Alnewgo's inaugural gala. Before leaving, he asked Olivia to keep Emily company to cheer her up. However, Emily told Olivia she wanted some time alone, so Olivia left as well.

After dinner, Emily went for a walk alone in the park below the Sandalwood Group's building.

Her mind overflowed with thoughts. She often found herself staring into the distance, lost in contemplation.

By the time she returned home, it was already late.

As soon as she stepped inside, she saw Olivia waiting for her in the living room. Seeing Emily return, Olivia quickly stood up and told her. "Mrs. Lycan, someone just delivered a document, saying Mr. Tripp asked him to bring it."

Emily glanced at the document and nodded. "I see. Just leave it on the table."

From the cover, Emily knew it must be the information about the final student from Perthter City.

Although Quintis had declined George's offer over the phone, George still went the extra mile. He made sure the final document was delivered.

Perhaps a miracle could happen.

However, Emily couldn't bring herself to show any interest in this information.

She would rather tuck them away and leave them untouched. Opening them meant risking the despair she wasn't ready to face.

At least by keeping it sealed, she could hold on to a sliver of hope.

If she opened it, that last bit of hope might vanish entirely.

Noticing Emily's lack of interest, Olivia assumed the document wasn't important. She casually placed it into a drawer.

A few days later, Emily's mood gradually improved.

She began attending events with Quintis. He even took her to nearby tourist spots to help her relax.

He also encouraged her to socialize more with the high-society ladies of Alnewgo. He hoped that these interactions would further lift her spirits.

One afternoon, Emily invited a group of these ladies to her home for tea. They relaxed in the garden, admiring the flowers and enjoying refreshments.

After the gathering, her mood noticeably improved.

She even felt inclined to cook dinner for Quintis herself.

After preparing the dinner, Emily began reheating the dishes. She waited for the most important men in her life to come home for dinner.

Sitting alone in the living room, she felt a bit bored and decided to call Olivia to see if she was available.

Learning that Olivia was busy, Emily didn't press and gave her a couple of reminders before hanging up.

She turned on the television out of boredom but quickly lost interest.

Then, out of nowhere, her mind drifted to the last set of documents George had sent her. They lay quietly in the drawer, nearly forgotten.

Emily frowned slightly.

Since she was bored, shouldn't she open the document and take a look? Maybe the student inside it had some connection to her.

Though Emily had given up searching for her son, the thought still lingered. This final document had found its way to her for a reason. Perhaps it was a sign of some special fate.

And if this student needed help, she was willing to lend a hand. It would also be a way to honor Nicholas' memory.

But she hesitated.

Another voice echoed in her heart. What if she opened it and discovered it wasn't Nicholas?

Her last glimmer of hope would shatter, and her mood would sink instantly.

Chapter 426

Wasn't it better to hold onto that last shred of hope to still feel like there was a chance?

Emily wrestled with these two conflicting thoughts. One moment, she wanted to open the document. Next, she decided it was better to preserve a bit of mystery.

In the end, curiosity won over hesitation. Emily decided to take a look at the document.

She went to the drawer but couldn't find the file. Then, she remembered that she hadn't looked at it herself. Olivia had put it away.

Emily called Olivia to ask about the file's whereabouts. Olivia had anticipated her question. The item was stored in the drawer beneath the living room couch.

Opening the drawer, she indeed found the document.

Emily gently held the document in her hands, hesitated for a moment, and finally tore open the seal.

A document lay silently inside.

Her hand accidentally brushed against them, causing a photo to slip out and fall back into the envelope.

She didn't rush to retrieve the photo. Instead, she carefully studied the contents of the documents.

The records showed that the student came from a district on the outskirts of Perthter City.

It was a rather old district, a slum area that Emily had visited. She had only passed through briefly and hadn't conducted a thorough investigation.

However, this district wasn't far from the museum where Nicholas had his accident. Then again, Perthter City wasn't very large to begin with.

As Emily read on, she discovered that the young man was exactly 21 years old. He was a sophomore at Alnewgo University's School of Finance, and his name was Jack Holland-a rather intriguing name.

Staring at the name, she fell into deep thought.

Counting the years, Nicholas would have been just one year older than Jack. That meant they couldn't possibly be the same person.

The last glimmer of hope in Emily's heart vanished, replaced by an indescribable sorrow. Her mood sank heavily.

To ease her sadness, she walked to the balcony and gazed at the sea of city lights outside. Gradually, her mood improved a little.

She returned to the couch and picked up the document again.

Although Emily knew Jack wasn't connected to her due to the age difference, she couldn't shake the feeling. Somehow, fate still seemed to tie them together.

The documents also revealed that Jack's family wasn't well-off.

She intended to reach out to Jack. Then, she planned to speak with the university about financial support. She wanted to ensure he could grow and thrive without worries.

If Nicholas were watching from the heavens, he would have felt immense comfort. He would have seen everything Emily had done for him.

With that thought, she rummaged through the folder and picked up a photo that had fallen to the bottom. She wanted to see who this person was—the one with whom she shared such a fated connection.

Then, Emily froze.

When she saw the person in the photo, she was completely stunned.

The face in the photo looked eerily familiar. It was none other than the rude, ill- mannered young man who had once beaten up Tristan. He had repeatedly opposed her as well.

Now, she knew. He was from Perthter City, and his name was Jack.

Emily's eyebrows drew together in a tight frown. She couldn't believe it was him.

Suddenly, a surge of anger welled up inside her. The earlier thought of helping him was quickly extinguished.

She was about to slip the photo back into the folder-or even throw it away. But at the last moment, she hesitated.

Suddenly, Jack's face looked familiar—as if she'd seen him somewhere before.

Chapter 427

Emily picked up the photo and examined it more closely.

Yes, there was indeed a familiar feeling, and the more she looked, the more familiar it felt.

This sense of familiarity brought back a memory. It reminded her of the time they had met at the golf course. Back then, Emily had intended to make things difficult for Jack. However, that same inexplicable familiarity had softened her resolve. She had ultimately let him off the hook.

Now, as she looked at this photo, that familiar feeling quietly resurfaced. It was even getting stronger with each passing moment.

As for what this familiarity was? Emily didn't know. She could only search carefully through her memories.

Then, it hit her.

This familiarity was none other than the resemblance to her husband, Quintis, when he was young.

The realization struck her like a bolt of lightning. The thought flashed through her mind, leaving her utterly stunned.

Emily clutched the photo, dazed, hardly able to believe her eyes.

She reminisced about Quintis' youthful face. Over time, the details had begun to blur.

But his youthful charm was undeniable, the very quality that had drawn her to Quintis. Through thick and thin, it was this initial attraction that led her to marry him in the end.

Driven by this revelation, Emily quickly rose and walked to the other side of the room. She opened a drawer and pulled out an elegantly designed photo album.

She slowly opened it. Inside were photos of Quintis when he was young. She then took Jack's photo and meticulously compared the two.

The resemblance was striking. The face in the photo before her bore an uncanny resemblance to Quintis.

If she had to pinpoint the differences, one stood out. Quintis no longer carried the youthful arrogance that once came from his privileged upbringing.

Yet, there was an inexplicable charm in Jack's photo, especially in his eyes. Even through the image, they seemed to burn with intensity.

Emily stared at it, tears streaming down her cheeks before she even realized it. She clutched the photo tightly, her mind swirling with a thousand thoughts.

And then, a thought struck her. Could this young man, who had once been at odds with her, possibly be Nicholas? Was it possible?

No, it couldn't be.

Yet... could it be?

She felt the answer was so close, yet so far away. It was within reach, yet she feared it might just be another cruel trick of fate.

Perhaps it was her longing for Nicholas. Maybe her subconscious had led her to believe that if Nicholas had grown up, he might have looked just like Quintis.

That was why, when she saw the photo, the resemblance felt so striking. Besides, Jack was a year younger than Nicholas would have been.

The ages didn't even match. How could it be him?

Her thoughts were a tangled mess.

With trembling hands, she continued reading.

The information revealed that his father was Jeffrey Holland, and his mother was Helena Flores. Both were humble fruit vendors.

When Nicholas had left her all those years ago, he hadn't carried any proof of his age. If someone had adopted him, they wouldn't have known his true age. They would have judged it based solely on his appearance.

That meant his age could have been recorded incorrectly—either older or younger than he actually was.

At this realization, Emily's heart raced. She stared intently at the photo, then clutched the documents tightly to her chest.

She felt like this was the greatest hope she'd had in her search for Nicholas. But it could also lead to her deepest disappointment.

Chapter 428

It was a little past nine in the evening when Quintis returned home.

He immediately noticed that Emily seemed to have been crying again and couldn't help but ask with concern, "Who upset you this time, my dear?"

She shook her head and said softly, "No one. I was just thinking about Nicholas and couldn't help feeling a little sad. But I'm fine now."

"That's good."

He pulled her into his arms to comfort her. His embrace was a silent reassurance that even though Nicholas was gone, she still had him.

After a moment, she spoke again. "Quintis, do you have any friends at the Ministry of Civil Affairs?"

"Not exactly. But if you need something, it shouldn't be too hard to find out," he replied.

A department like Civil Affairs didn't hold much power. It would be quite difficult for them to come into contact with someone of Quintis' status. Due to his far-reaching connections, he held sway over many influential persons in those departments. If he wanted, there was little information he couldn't access.

Emily said softly, "I'd like you to help me look into someone's background." She added, "Just the basic information is fine-nothing too detailed."

Quintis laughed heartily. "That's easy. We don't even need to go through Civil Affairs. These days, most records are interconnected. Whatever you need, I'll call Roger in Alnewgo tomorrow, and he'll take care of it personally."

"Why don't we go ourselves tomorrow?" she pleaded.

Although reaching out to Roger could lead to success, Emily felt it was still an indirect approach. She wanted to be there in person to see things through.

Seeing her so anxious, Quintis couldn't help but ask, "What's going on? Why are you in such a hurry?"

He had no idea what discovery she had made this time.

But Emily shook her head. "I want to investigate this myself first. If it really pans out, I'll tell you, okay?"

She didn't want to raise his hopes only to have them crushed.

She knew the odds were slim.She had seen how much pain Quintis had endured -pain that mirrored her own. They had both suffered in their desperate search for Nicholas.

Now, Emily would rather bear this disappointment alone than have him suffer along with her.

Quintis, seeing that his wife didn't want to elaborate, didn't press her.

He trusted his wife and believed in her character even more.

If it was something he needed to know, Emily wouldn't hide it. If she chose not to

tell him, she must have her reasons.

The next morning, she woke up early.

After breakfast, around 8:30 a.m., the couple called for a car. They headed

straight to the civil affairs office to meet Roger Dowdall.

Having been informed in advance about their visit, Roger was already waiting in his office.

When Emily provided Jack's ID number and asked to look up some basic information about him, Roger didn't hesitate. Soon, he found the details and handed them over to her.

Most of the information matched what was in Jack's school records. But one detail

in the family member section stood out it was different from what the school had on file.

The section clearly stated that Jack was not the biological child of Jeffrey and Helena.

He was adopted...

Adopted...

It was an adoption.

Jack, who looked like a young Quintis, was adopted by the parents listed in the records.

Emily felt as though her breath was being squeezed from her lungs.

Chapter 429

Emily thought she might be hallucinating from longing. She couldn't help but say again, "Hold on, Mr. Dowdall. Are you saying that Jack is adopted?"

Roger nodded. "That's what the records show, so it's likely accurate. If you'd like more details, I'd suggest a more thorough investigation."

No, that wasn't necessary. Why would she need to investigate further? With all these pieces fitting together, wasn't the answer obvious?

In an instant, Emily's tears welled up and streamed down her face once more. But these weren't tears of sorrow. They were tears of overwhelming joy.

After over a decade of relentless searching, she had finally seen the light at the end of the tunnel.

In the past few days, she had lost count of how many tears she had shed.

But now, a quiet voice whispered within her. "This time, it's real... It's real..."

It had shown that even in the darkest moments, hope had always been there-a quiet window in a forgotten place. She vowed to never fall into despair and to always hold on to hope.

Because hope lay ahead.

Yes. It was as if fate itself had finally taken pity on Emily and Quintis after years of struggle. Just when her search was on the brink of despair, a tiny ember of hope quietly remained.

And now, at last, that ember had burst into flames, igniting the fire of hope!

This young man's age matched that of Nicholas. His features bore a resemblance

to Quintis in his youth. Moreover, he was adopted.

It all added up. The truth was finally within reach.

On the way home, Emily finally shared her discovery with Quintis.

His heart soared alongside hers.

Back at Quintis Sandalwood Group, he quickly retrieved old photos of himself from the computer. Emily pulled out the materials George had previously provided. They began comparing the images meticulously.

As Emily studied them, her heart broke, and tears silently streamed down her face.

Quintis gently patted her shoulder, comforting her softly, "Don't cry. Victory might be close at hand in the search for Nicholas!"

Even though the truth was almost within reach, he still hesitated. He couldn't bring himself to confirm it until he had absolute proof.

"Yeah." Emily nodded.

Indeed, there were new leads, and this time they were remarkably solid.

But the more real it seemed, the more she feared another disappointment. She had been let down too many times before. She couldn't bear the crushing weight of falling from hope to despair again.

Emily looked up, her eyes brimming with tears. "Quintis, don't you remember? I once had a serious conflict with this young man!"

He remembered all too well. Jack had been a partner at Drakengard Games. He and Tristan had engaged in a physical altercation due to a conflict. Emily had held a serious grudge ever since.

And yet, reality often unfolded like a story-filled with twists and turns.

Who could have imagined that Jack might be their long-lost son?

Though not yet confirmed, this possibility filled them with a mix of complex emotions.

"Quintis, what if he's really Nicholas? We've been so hard on him. What if he hates us now?" Emily asked anxiously.

She recalled how Tristan had relentlessly driven Drakengard Games to the brink of ruin. In the end, they had no choice but to sell out to Pentime Group to survive.

And this young man, Jack, had ultimately been expelled by Drakengard Games' higher-ups.

All of that had been caused by the Sandalwood Group.

Chapter 430

Quintis was at a loss for words.

"I remember now!"

Suddenly, a flash of insight lit up Emily's mind. Her eyes sparkled with excitement.

"Quintis, I remember! He... He really could be our child, our long-lost baby! It's true. I'm sure of it. It must be him!"

She was so overwhelmed with emotions that she began to tremble, and her words tumbled out in a jumble.

Seeing her so certain, Quintis was deeply moved. "How can you be so sure? Do you have any proof?"

She nodded, her thoughts drifting as if she were in a dream, and she said softly, "It just hit me! It was right here, at the same spot. He clashed with Tris, and I gave him a piece of my mind.

"I saw the hatred in his eyes. He spat out that I was a vile woman, a coward who'd run out on her own flesh and blood. Then, he went on about how we were all rotten from the top down, the whole damn lot of us."

At the time, Emily had been struck to the core by Jack's words. She had been stunned, unable to refute him. In the end, she had waved him away.

She hadn't even thought to dig deeper into how Jack could have known those things. And why had he looked at her with such hatred, such venom?

Now, looking back on it all, could it be that he had already seen through everything? Was that why he had looked at her with such resentment?

Yes! It had to be!

His emotions were real. There was no faking them.

Otherwise, how else could his intense hostility toward her be explained?

It was a pity that she had been so blind back then, never even considering this possibility.

Now, in hindsight, everything clicked into place. It only strengthened the likelihood that they were mother and son.

Hearing Emily's words, Quintis felt as if his heart had burst apart and soared into the sky. If Jack's adoption and resemblance to Quintis and Emily were just coincidences, his words to Emily were the ultimate proof.

It would mean Jack might have indeed seen through everything. However, his deep-seated resentment toward his birth parents for abandoning him all those years ago kept him from revealing the truth.

Otherwise, how could he have known about Quintis and Emily's secret? The loss of their son wasn't something just anyone would be aware of.

How did he know that Emily had abandoned her son and fled on her own?

Back then, during that nightmare of an earthquake in Perthter City, Quintis had grabbed Emily and fled. To a child's innocent mind, wasn't that the ultimate act of cowardice?

And then, there was the most crucial piece of evidence the key Emily had found.

It was during Jack and Emily's conflict-one that escalated into a physical fight- that Laura had ended up finding the key.

Looking back, it seemed highly likely that Jack had dropped the key during the scuffle with Emily's bodyguards. Or perhaps it wasn't accidental at all, but intentional.

To Jack, his birth parents no longer held any emotional significance. The key he had kept for so many years had lost its meaning. Throwing it away made perfect

sense.

Yes, it had to be this way. With this realization, all the puzzles fell into place.

Quintis began to tremble violently. "Emily, can you think back carefully? Try to remember exactly what he said to you that day-word for word."

Fortunately, Emily had an excellent memory. Through her tears, she replied, "He said something like... 'How can the kids of someone who threw their own son away just to save themselves ever turn out any good?'"

"Are you sure?"

"I'm certain."