

Chapter 152

For a moment, it seemed like he was onto something, but he quickly dismissed that thought. There was no way it was Luna.

However, she was the only one at home...

No matter who it was, he had to find a way to get out. Timothy looked around him, but it was pitch-black and he could not see anything.

He shouted for help for 15 minutes straight, but no one responded.

Timothy figured that either no one was around to hear his cry for help or he was in a soundproofed room.

Timothy was quite sharp-witted for piecing together the truth.

Unfortunately, he hit the jackpot on both counts. Not only was there no one around, but the basement was built with such high-quality materials that it was completely soundproof!

Timothy refused to give up, so he shouted for another ten minutes.

In the end, he decided to just shut up and save his energy.

He was extremely anxious. Lucas Corporation was in deep shit, so he could not leave it unattended for too long.

If he did, the company would be doomed. He could not be locked up in this hellhole!

Damn it...

...

On the other hand, Matthew and Lucy were enjoying dinner cooked by the chefs.



Suddenly, Matthew received a message from his assistant saying that someone from Lucas Corporation requested to mobilize a citywide search for Timothy.

[Mr. Leon, take a look at this.]

Matthew tapped his fingers while seated at the dining table, typing a reply to his assistant: [Let them proceed.]

...

With Matthew's approval, Lucas Corporation swiftly mobilized the search and quickly locked onto one surveillance footage in particular.

It was footage of Timothy driving his car on the highway, on his way home.

Footage from other cameras confirmed it too.

When Aaron saw the video, he was puzzled. If Timothy went home, why did he not return to the company? He first thanked the police and angrily rushed to Timothy's villa, but there was no one there.

Then, Aaron sensed something fishy going on. Timothy's car was still parked outside, so he should still be home. Where the hell was he?

He searched all the rooms in Timothy's house, but there was no sight of him.

Aaron frowned. Where the hell did that bastard go?

He had searched almost the entire house except for one place.

Aaron was determined to explore every possibility, so he opened the door to Timothy's basement.

Then, he saw his son lying on the ground with his hands and legs tied up. He even had a glucose drip attached to his hand.



The sudden ray of light stung Timothy's eyes, making him unable to open his eyes right away. He gradually adjusted to the brightness before opening his trembling eyelids. The first thing he saw was his father.

His eyes lit up. He had never been this happy to see his father before.

"Dad, help untie me!" Timothy shouted.

Aaron was both shocked and furious. He hurried over to his son, not daring to touch the needle in his hand. He untied the rope first and then he pulled out the needle.

"Who the hell tied you up in here?"

"Let's not talk about that first!"

Timothy interrupted his father and asked, "How's the company doing?"

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