

Chapter 45

Jenson's eyes widened in disbelief. He wanted to say something but couldn't bring himself to under Esmond's pressure.

Eventually, he pursed his lips and resorted to expressing his dissatisfaction in the group chat.

Jenson typed in the group chat: "I can't stand it anymore , Grandpa actually gave that country bumpkin a credit card."

Tyrone replied: "Looks like you've hit a snag this time. Does it hurt?"

Jenson responded: "My heart is breaking on the inside, but I won't cry."

Tyrone laughed: "Haha, so from now on, you'll have to call her Helen. No more 'country bumpkin' talk. Time to change your tune."

Zac said: "The old man is throwing her a celebratory banquet, and inviting many of the influential people he knows. It's going to be a grand affair."

Tyrone added: "What's with this favoritism ? He treats her better than he ever treated us before. Maybe it's us who were picked up from the streets instead. Comparison is the thief of joy. But I've got a gig that day, so I might roll in late. Do me a solid and let Grandpa know for me, will ya?"

Zac replied: "Okay. What about you? Are you coming back for the event?" He tagged Chandler in the conversation.

Jenson said: "Don't bother tagging him. He's currently in a really frustrating situation. He probably doesn't even have the time to check his phone. I'll personally tell him tomorrow."
"

Zac responded: "Okay."

Chandler had actually seen the messages on his phone and he knew about Helen coming in first for the Math Olympiad contest. But he was in a foul mood lately so he hadn't even offered Helen his congratulations yet.

"Chandler, we've investigated, but for some reason, we couldn't find any traces. Moreover, the surveillance footage from that day has vanished. It's clear someone tampered with it. It looks like the other party doesn't want to be found."

Carles clearly presented his report and the details of the investigations to Chandler.

Chandler stared out the window in silence.

"We checked with Taylor too, but he's tight-lipped. Plus, we agreed not to contact him further, so we got nothing useful from him. Should we continue the investigation?" Carles continued, glancing cautiously at Chandler.

Chandler recalled the scenes from the race against her that day. If that accident hadn't happened, he might have been able to confirm her identity and find out if she was the

Sutton he had been searching for.

Now, all leads had gone cold.

"How's the investigation on the tampered brake going?"
Chandler finally spoke up.

"We have conclusive evidence that someone tampered with your brakes. But that person has vanished without a trace. We've sent people to his homeland. There should be an update soon," Carles replied, his expression darkening.

"Okay. Find him but make sure he isn't aware. We need to uncover the mastermind behind him. And... let's put the Sutton matter on hold for now!" Chandler decided.

If she didn't want to be found, why should he insist? If it's meant to be, they'll meet again

"Yes, Mr. Chandler, I understand," Carles replied respectfully before taking his leave.

Chandler was left alone in the vast office.

He gazed at the bustling night view outside the window, a sense of emptiness lingered in his heart.

After a while, he looked away.

He grabbed his car keys and left the place.