

Chapter 1002 His Death Marks The End

Holden's eyes were filled with ruthless coldness, and his handsome face looked somber. At the same time, he was exuding a cold aura.

Kyle looked at him, finally understanding why he had brought that matter up all of a sudden. In all matters, he always displays an attitude of indifference, but when it comes to revenge, he is never ambiguous.

“So, you came with me because of this?” Kyle asked in a low, hoarse voice.

Holden didn't deny it. His cold eyes were filled with a bloodthirsty chill when he said, “Only when he's dead will this matter be truly over.”

Kyle looked at him, pondering for a few seconds. A meaningful look flashed through the depths of his dark eyes. At that moment, he instantly understood something. All these years, his determination had never wavered, not even by the slightest bit.

Kyle looked at him, his hand resting casually on the couch, his legs casually crossed. His pitch-black pupils were like an unseen purgatory, sending chills down one's spine.

After much hesitation, Kyle couldn't help but ask, “Holden, what if Kenneth's fate was worse than death? Would you still insist on taking his life?”

Holden lazily lifted his eyelids, looking at Kyle as he asked, “What do you mean by that?”

In response, Kyle sized Holden up carefully and answered, “Let me put it this way. If, in the process of hunting him down, you caused him serious injury, and now he's lying in bed, reduced to a vegetative state, Would you still insist on taking his life?”

Holden's calm face remained as serene as ever when he heard that. However, the upward curve of his lips held a profound sneer. “Rest assured. I won't give him the chance to be in a vegetative state. I'll send him on his way directly to spare him a fate worse than death.”

The answer was clear as day.

Kyle gave a barely perceptible nod in response.

“Why are you suddenly asking about this?” Holden looked up at him and asked, a hint of curiosity in his cool voice.

Kyle shook his head, casually concealing his downcast expression. He looked at Holden and feigned nonchalance, saying, “It's just that this thought suddenly flashed through my mind, so I thought I'd ask.”

Holden looked up, his deep, narrow eyes fixed on Kyle. He slowly furrowed his brows, then, after a moment, his expression softened. In a low voice, Holden said, “You'll have to bear with me for the next few days. I might not be able to handle everything here.”

Kyle chuckled softly, teasing him, “You talk as if you've managed this before.”

“That's different. Whether it matters or not, I still have to say it. I can't lose the argument.” Holden also reined in his emotions, and the two began to banter.

Kyle laughed and nodded. “All right. Just go ahead with your work. You don't need to worry about this place. I'm here.”

Holden heard those words and nodded. “It's settled, then.” With that, he stood up. “I'm leaving.”

Watching his retreating figure, Kyle's gaze was profound. “If there's any news about Kenneth, remember to tell me so I can make time.”

“No need.” Holden waved his hand directly. “I can do it alone.”

“What are you talking about?”

Suddenly, Holden turned around, his hands in his pockets, his tall figure exuding a sense of contentment. “Over the years, my grudge with him has escalated to involve our two organizations. We've both suffered considerable losses, both overtly and covertly. Therefore, I plan to resolve this myself. These gang disputes should come to an end.”

“What do you mean?” Kyle asked him in a low voice.

“Kyle, you're getting old. Your ears aren't working well anymore!” Holden teased him.

“Cut the cr\*p. I'm in my prime now.”

Holden couldn't help but laugh, his handsome face filled with unrestrained mirth.

“Back to the main point—”

“I know what you're about to say,” Holden interrupted him. His expression was somber and restrained when he added, “Kyle, don't make me the villain.”

“No one will blame you.”

“It's precisely because no one blames me that I should be more self-aware,” he said.

As soon as those words fell, Kyle's eyebrows furrowed.

“All right. I've made up my mind. It's settled. If needed, I'll ask for your help.” Holden looked at him, his narrow eyes half-closed, his gaze casually sweeping over him, appearing remarkably indifferent.

Eventually, Kyle took a deep breath and nodded. “All right. I understand.”

Holden chuckled. “I'm off. Remember, if those three show up, call me in advance!”

“Do you really like children that much?”

“Goodbye.”

Holden didn't say anything more. He just waved his hand and left.

Kyle stood still, watching his figure. The smile on his face gradually faded, and his gaze became more serious. In this world, fate works in mysterious ways.

Meanwhile, Dave's phone rang when he was talking to Spencer.

Dave was taken aback when he glanced at his phone. After that, he rose to his feet and looked at Spencer. “I need to take a call.”

Spencer nodded.

Dave, holding his phone, walked off to the side. He answered the call and asked, “What's the matter?”

“Dave, we've received word. Darknetz's Holden is currently searching everywhere for Kenneth.”

“When?”

“Starting from today, and they have arrived here,” said the person on the other end of the phone.

“Them?”

“Right. We received news, saying that Holden and Kyle both came here discreetly. They must be up to something.”

“At this critical moment...” Dave muttered, then suddenly thought of Thalia and Anthony going out in the middle of the night. At that moment, he instantly understood something.

“All right. I got it. Keep an eye on their movements and let me know immediately if there's any issue,” Dave ordered.

“About Holden—”

“If he wants to search so desperately, let him be,” Dave said.

“I understand.”

The call ended, and Dave held his phone, pondering in place for a few seconds.

Turning around, he looked at Spencer in the distance and walked back toward him.

“What's wrong? What happened?” Spencer asked, noticing Dave's troubled expression.

“It's nothing. It's just some trivial matters,” Dave said, then looked at him. “It will probably take a day or two for the things regarding Kenneth to settle down. I'll have to trouble you to take care of him these few days. Feel free to call me anytime if there's anything.”

“All right. You go ahead.”

Dave nodded. “Thank you for your help.”

“It's only right. Not only do I bear some responsibility for this matter, but I also need to do my part in the relationship I have with Nat.”

Dave looked at him and smiled. “I'll go now.”

Spencer nodded.

Without another word, Dave simply walked away.

Watching his retreating figure, Spencer let out a sigh, then turned and walked toward the room.

Just as Dave was about to leave, he ran into Anthony and Thalia, who had just returned.

At that time, it was already late at night.

They looked at each other, and Anthony broke the silence by saying, “Mr. Dave, are you going out?”

Dave's gaze swept over Thalia, who said, “I'm tired. I'll go back to my room to rest first.” Without waiting for their response, she headed straight inside.

Watching her retreating figure, Anthony also uttered, “I'm going to rest in my room also.”

“Anthony,” Dave suddenly called out, looking at Anthony as he asked, “Fancy a chat?”

Anthony furrowed his brows before giving Dave a nod.

“Let's go to my study,” Dave said, leading the way inside.

Anthony watched him, hesitating before deciding to follow.