

Chapter 253 Meet Again

“Nat!” Kenneth exclaimed. He could tell something was wrong with her, and so he immediately followed her.

Natasha was wearing a pair of high heels, which was why she almost stumbled just after a few steps. Then she just took them off and ran outside.

A car was in front of the entrance. When she arrived, three or four of the men had already entered the vehicle. Just as the last man was about to enter the car, she grabbed him.

The foreign man was stunned as he whipped his head around to look at her.

The others in the car turned their attention to her as well.

“Is there anything you need?” the man asked in proper Ustranian.

Not replying to him, Natasha tried to find something on his arm.

The man's eyes narrowed, and the edges of his lips curved upward as he thought Natasha was trying to flirt with him. After all, it was rare for him to meet a beautiful woman at this place.

“Are you trying to flirt with me, miss?” the foreign man asked with a smile. “I'm afraid I don't have time right now as I got something to do. How about you give me your phone number, and I'll look for you during the night?”

At his word, the men in the car laughed.

At that moment, Natasha saw the tattoo on his arm and was stunned. The tattoo was similar but also different from the image in her mind.

Ignoring their laughter, she raised her head and asked, “Who are you?”

The men were shocked to hear her speak proper Ustranian.

“You know how to speak Ustranian?”

“What does this tattoo mean?” she asked directly.

The expression on the man's face instantly became serious when she asked about the tattoo.

“You recognize this tattoo?” the man questioned as he withdrew the smile on his face. A dangerous aura then emanated from his body as he took two steps toward Natasha.

“Tell me!” There wasn't a shred of fear in her eyes as she stared at him.

The man sneered, “I can tell you about it. However, there's a price you need to pay!” He then reached his hand toward the back of his waist.

At that moment, Kenneth showed up, getting in between Natasha and the man.

The foreign man narrowed his eyes at Kenneth's abrupt appearance. “There's another one who wants to die, I see!”

“You can try,” Kenneth sneered, “but we'll see who's the one going to die!”

The foreign man was about to pull out his gun when a person called out to him from the car, “Erik!”

The person continued to speak in a deep voice. “Don't cause any trouble. We're leaving immediately!”

Kenneth glanced into the car. Aside from the men who had just entered the vehicle, there was someone else inside—someone who had authority over them.

The foreign man swept his gaze past Kenneth and Natasha before holstering his gun.

“I'll remember you. Don't let me see you again, otherwise...” he threatened, gesturing his thumb across his neck, thinking he could scare Kenneth.

However, the latter was not even frightened a bit. In fact, he didn't even blink as he simply smiled with disdain. “You should be careful with your brain, too!”

Taunts between two men often played out like that.

“You better keep a close eye on your woman!” With that, the man called Erik went into the car.

The door closed before the vehicle drove away.

The moment the car left, Natasha chased after it.

“Nat!” Kenneth shouted, swiftly following her.

As the car drove ahead of her, the driver said, “Boss, that chick is still following us!”

The man sitting in the passenger seat saw Natasha chasing the car through the rearview mirror, and his eyes narrowed behind his sunglasses.

“Boss, why don't you let me just take care of them?” Erik asked.

“This is Chanaea. If you make a move, you may expose your identity! Besides, that man isn't an ordinary person!”

“But that woman recognizes our tattoo!” Erik retorted.

At that moment, the man in the passenger seat took off his sunglasses. His eyes were deep, sunken, and appeared a little gray. As the woman in the rearview mirror became smaller and smaller, the edges of his lips curved upward with intrigue. “Don't you think she's not afraid of you?”

“Maybe she's just an ignorant woman!”

The man with glasses smiled. “You still don't understand women!” He proceeded to put the sunglasses on again before waving at the black dot seen in the rearview mirror. “See you later, girl!”

On the other side, Natasha chased after the car for a very long time. It wasn't until the vehicle vanished from her view that she stopped with a pant.

As she stared in the direction of the car, images of her parents lying in the fire emerged in her mind. Those tattoos meant nothing special to her back then. Only when she saw the foreign man's tattoo that she recalled the past.

The tattoos were different, but she was certain there was a connection between the two.

After so many years, her search still hadn't yielded any results. At that current moment, she realized the tattoo could be a clue, one that she had forgotten.

On the streets, Natasha continued to stare ahead. There was a thin layer of sweat on her forehead. While her face was getting pale, she still looked beautiful.

Passersby kept turning their heads to look at her. Some even got into an accident because they were so absorbed by her beauty.

Sounds of argument could be heard at the side of the road, but Natasha didn't care. She was still immersed in her world, unable to break free.

It was then Kenneth approached her from behind. Looking at her, he shifted his line of sight to her injury, which caused his heart to ache.

He had known the woman for a long, but this was the first time he saw her behaving out of character. Even during the accident or when she encountered an assassination attempt at the hospital, she never acted like that.

In the past, it was as though she had possessed an indestructible mind and body. At that moment, as she revealed her tender side to him, he felt touched, violently so.

Kenneth knew something was going on with Natasha.

Perhaps...

His eyes narrowed as he stepped toward her. “Nat!”

Natasha remained unmoved as her eyes were still fixed on the direction the car had left. A complicated look was present in her eyes.

“If you want to find them, I can help you!” he proposed.

Only then did she return to her senses and turn to look at him.

“Trust me!” There was a resolute look in his eyes as he spoke.

While she didn't have any expectations for him, his words did touch her.

“For now, let's head back first,” he uttered as he took off his jacket, putting it on her and carrying her up.

She didn't struggle and simply let him carry her.

Underneath the big tree at the side of the street, Kenneth carried Natasha back to the hotel.

They were so attractive that people thought they were looking at a painting.

Even though her expression appeared melancholic, and there was an injury on her leg, the scene was still beautiful enough to attract people's attention.

It really appeared as though it was a scene ripped out of a television drama.