

Chapter 256 I Will Be There

“What, you aren't going to give up until you meet her? I can make arrangements for that if you want!” Spencer exclaimed.

Thalia gazed at him, hoping to find any suspicious clues from his look and expression. Sadly, she couldn't find any.

His resolution made her back off.

“No need!” She stepped back. “There's no need for it.”

Without delay, she turned around and left.

Due to her car-jumping stunt earlier, her leg suffered laceration wounds. Hence, she almost fell when she walked away.

Seeing that, Spencer quickly stretched his hand out to hold her. His eyes were overflowing with worry. “Are you okay?”

As if she was avoiding a plague, she shoved him away immediately. “Don't touch me.”

Not taking another look at him, Thalia trudged away in despair. Five years. I've looked for him for five years, never once giving up. I wanted to tell him I wasn't going to be willful anymore and that I'd trust him and be better. Yet, in the end, the reward for my perseverance is that I become a big, fat joke.

Each step she took rang hollow, as though she were a soulless corpse. A trail of blood formed behind her as she strolled forward.

Spencer was staring at her from behind. He felt as if something was gripping his heart, making him unable to breathe.

Turning back, he saw the truck driver still standing at a distance watching the whole drama unfold. The driver uttered in resignation, “T-This has nothing to do with me...”

Ignoring the driver, Spencer looked at Thalia again before deciding to chase after her.

Grabbing her, he said, “Let me send you to the hospital.”

Just as he was about to carry her, he felt the tip of a dagger pushing against his chest. “I said don't f\*cking touch me!”

Still, he didn't seem to want to back off as he stared at her cold expression. Instead, he stepped forward, allowing the dagger to pierce his shirt and cut his chest, causing blood to flow out.

“If this will make you feel better, then do it,” Spencer uttered with a serious expression.

Thalia stared at him with red eyes, her body trembling. In the next second, she aimed the dagger at her own neck.

The man's eyebrows instantly furrowed in response. “Thalia...”

“Don't come any closer!” She stared at him as though she were looking at a stranger. “Since you already have someone you like, then don't bother me anymore!”

Words gathered in his mouth, but he couldn't utter any of them.

Seeing that he wasn't getting closer, she put the dagger away, turned around, and left.

Resignation filled his eyes as he watched her leave.

Thalia hobbled along the road while he kept his distance and followed behind her.

His mind started traveling back to fifteen years ago.

Meanwhile, Kenneth sent the triplets back home when the party ended.

Natasha kept her silence on the way back. Anyone could see something was bothering her, but all of them were understanding enough not to ask about it.

When the car arrived at its destination, Terence stared at them and spoke hesitantly. “It's getting late, so I'll take the three of them upstairs first.” He then shot a glance at the triplets, nonverbally asking them to exit the car.

In the past, he would've been against letting the two spend time with each other by themselves. Seeing that he was willing to give the couple some private space, the triplets understood what was happening and quickly got out of the car.

“Goodnight, Mr. Handsome!” Denise waved.

“Goodnight.” Kenneth smiled.

Only then was Denise willing to go upstairs with the others. As she walked with her siblings, she commented, “Gramps actually willingly gave the two of them some private space?”

This is a first!

Benjamin whispered next to her ear, “It's all because Tony and I advised Gramps when we accompanied him to the supermarket last time. It seems like our hard work paid off!”

Hearing that, she looked at him in shock. “Does this mean Gramps will no longer interfere with their lives?”

“That'll depend on Daddy's performance. At the very least, Gramps is having a positive change in his attitude toward their relationship!” Anthony whispered next to their ears as well.

The girl gave it some thought and nodded. “That's true!”

Seeing the kids chattering at a low volume, Terence remarked, “All right, stop whispering with each other. You've been playing the whole day. You three should go take a bath and rest earlier.”

The triplets obediently and quietly entered the elevator.

In the car, Kenneth gazed at Natasha. “Your worries are written on your face. Old Mr. Watson was pretty concerned.”

Hearing that, the woman returned to her senses, but she was still silently looking out the window.

At that moment, he stretched his arm and held her hand. “I hope I'm someone worthy of your trust, Nat. No matter what happens, I'll stand by your side and take care of you.”

She turned to face him, knowing what he wanted to hear her say, including an explanation for her behavior today.

However, at that moment, she didn't want to say anything. “Please give me more time, Kenneth. I need to think this through.”

Kenneth was taken aback for a moment before he nodded. “Fine, I'll wait for you. I'll be there when you're ready to talk or need me.”

Natasha nodded, still staring at him.

“All right, it's getting late. You should rest early.” With that, he opened the car door to let her out.

She nodded again before stepping out of the vehicle.

“I'll wait for your call!” he stated.

Natasha was so distracted by her thoughts that she simply nodded before leaving.

It wasn't until she went inside that he returned to his car.

“Mr. Hamilton, Ms. Watson—” Before Fabian could speak further, Kenneth cut him off, “Go back to the hotel.”

“Eh? Did you drop something there?” Fabian asked.

A glance from Kenneth was enough to shut him up immediately. Without delay, he drove back to the hotel.

Inside the hotel's surveillance room, Kenneth stared at a scene on the screen with a tense frown.

Initially, Fabian didn't feel anything as he watched the surveillance footage until, eventually, Kenneth and another person were seen interacting with each other. When that person reached for his back, Fabian noticed something and exclaimed agitatedly, “Mr. Hamilton...”

As there were other people around, he intentionally lowered his voice and whispered next to Kenneth's ear, “It's a gun, Mr. Hamilton...”

In the surveillance footage, the last person who entered the car on the screen was wearing a short leather jacket. When the person was confronting Kenneth, murderous intent could be seen in that person's eyes. The moment that person touched his back, he revealed the handle of a gun.

If it were anyone else, they wouldn't have given it too much thought or noticed it. However, for Fabian and Kenneth, just a handle was enough for them to know what it was.

There wasn't any shock seen on Kenneth's face. He simply turned to Fabian and ordered, “Copy this footage.”

Fabian nodded. “Yes!”

Pulling out his phone, Kenneth headed outside.

As he strolled forward, he spoke to someone on the phone. “Where are you, Dave? I need your help in investigating some people.”