

CEO Bride 576

Chapter 576

The handsome young man entered Drakonia, Jonford into the fuzzy search bar of his computer.

The computer's map instantly pinpointed Drakonia.

A multitude of satellites momentarily lost control, causing a stir across various departments in Drakonia.

Countless surveillance screens flickered with static as the young man's computer captured millions of faces, comparing them with Luna's facial profile.

In the God's Eye System, over ten million faces appeared every second.

On the Jonford map screen, several red dots appeared, representing locations where Luna had been captured by surveillance cameras.

However, there were gaps in some locations.

"Mr. Grim Reaper, do you know why you can't locate this beautiful little girl?" the handsome young man teased Nash, who remained

silent.

The handsome young man laughed and said, "A computer expert has hacked into the surveillance footage along the route and deleted her images. Didn't your local departments notice the missing frames in the recordings?"

As he finished speaking, the God's Eye System shut down.

The last red dot automatically enlarged.

It was a club named Garden of Heavenly Delights.

"Found her! She's at the Garden of Heavenly Delights!"

"Thank you!"

Nash hung up and immediately left the basement.

Hera and Helena were exercising outside.

Seeing Nash emerge, Hera happily threw herself into his arms. "

Honey... huggies..."

Nash hugged Hera back and said, "I have some urgent business to attend to."

Hera quickly let go, concerned. "Is it dangerous?"

Nash shook his head. "I'm just going to find someone. There won't be any danger."

Helena approached and asked about Kai, "Kai... is he..."

"Go to the basement and take care of him. He'll wake up within three days!" Nash said.

Hera handed her car keys to Nash. "Drive safely!"

Melody also came out of the living room. "Do you want me to come with you?"

Nash shook his head. "Stay here and protect them!"

He then quickly got into Hera's Maserati and sped off.

On the roadside of the villa area, a disheveled old man sat on a roadside chair. He was disturbed by the roaring sound of the car.

"They never learn!" he muttered as he stood up and moved toward the middle of the road.

At that moment, Nash's phone rang.

Upon picking it up, it was the hacker.

As Nash looked down at his phone, the hood of the car suddenly flew off.

He looked up but saw nothing.

"Mr. Grim Reaper... several muscular men carrying three sacks left the scene... I've synced the footage to your phone!"

Without stopping, Nash floored the accelerator. The old man in the air flipped over ten times before landing on the ground.

Wincing in pain, he stood up and cursed Nash as he watched the Maserati disappear. "Nash Calcraft, you really deserve to die!"

Nash placed the phone on the holder and clearly saw three strong men tossing three sacks into the trunk of a Phaeton.

A bad premonition filled his heart.

“Mr. Grim Reaper... you just hit someone!” the handsome young man
chuckled.

Nash was startled. “Did I?”

The young man was also stunned. “You didn’t know?”

The hood had flown off, and Nash was unaware whether he had hit
someone or not.

Nash’s expression darkened. “Is that person dead?”

He did not see anyone on the road before picking up the phone.

He had thought the hood flying off was due to driving too fast,
causing engine failure.

The young man sent Nash the road surveillance footage.

Nash only saw a disheveled old man suddenly appear by the roadside
the moment he looked down.

This was a martial artist. Nash had not sensed any real energy

fluctuations, indicating the man's strength was at least at the peak of the Profound Reality Realm, possibly even the Mystique Loyalty

Realm.

Nash abruptly hit the brakes.

How could such a powerful figure appear in Royal Bay?

Was he friend or foe?

Just as Nash stepped on the brakes, the screen on his phone showed

that the black commercial vehicle had already started moving.

"Alan, check the navigation of that car!"

"Okay!"

In ten seconds, a navigation page appeared on Nash's phone.

The destination was Meadow Valley outside Jonford.

The wasteland for dumping bodies?

Nash suddenly thought of this term, and his unease intensified.

"Can you listen in on them?"

“Yes!”

Alan functioned like an omnipotent artificial intelligence.

In a moment, the conversation inside the business car streamed

through Nash’s phone.

“Bro, these girls are so pretty. Should we have some fun with them

“If Mr. Duerson finds out, we’ll get killed!”

The mention of Mr. Duerson made the muscleman in the passenger