

## Royal Contract 1141

### Chapter 1141 Watch list

He looked at the papers before him, wondering what else was missing. He had been working on them for the last few days. He had to be a hundred percent certain that everything was in place.

He did not want anyone to discover who she was while he hid her from everyone's eyes. Nobody should be able to trace where he kept her and that he was involved in her disappearance.

He had worked for years in the District Attorney's Office, handling many cases of witnesses who had to undergo the witness protection program. He knew how to make people vanish without a trace as long as he executed everything perfectly.

"Are you sure about this?" Mike asked the man who brought him the paper works. "This is untraceable."

Of course, he could not do this alone. But he trusted this man since they had worked together for years. He had saved his ass on several occasions. Now, he was returning the favor by helping him.

"When did I ever fail to deliver?" The other unknown man asked him. "I took special care with this one." He promised, handing him a driver's license and some more papers.

He checked the name and the picture attached to it. He guessed that was what was missing, an identification card and a passport. He concluded that he had everything he needed for the new identity.

"It is already inserted in the database." He added. "She is now officially reborn." Proudly announcing his latest handiwork.

"As I said in our last conversation, this is off the record." He reminded the other man, wanting no way to find her.

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He knew he was asking for too much, but the man owed his life and his family to him. He would never betray him. However, he still needed assurance that there was no way for an error to haunt them.

"Don't worry. Your secret is already erased in my memory and was never in my records." The man crossed his heart, swearing to him. "No one would find her unless she wanted someone to find her."

In his record, all this man helped disappear had lived a regular and peaceful life. But those rare occasions that the witness died since their pursuer found them had been the victim's fault.

They had been careless, forgetting that they were hiding. And some contacted their families even if they were supposed to be dead. Others lived a high profile, making them easy targets. But those who followed the rules lived a happy, comfortable life.

"I always knew I could count on you." Mike smiled at him, satisfied that everything was working according to the plan.

He dismissed the man and kept the papers in his locked drawers. He only needed a few more details before setting the plan in motion. Then, Haley would be safely out of everyone's radar.

However, he would guarantee that she would leave her in safe hands. In the meantime, he had other matters to attend to since he did not take a leave out of his day job to go on vacation. He had worked to do.

"I want no one inside my office." He instructed the two armed men guarding the door. The last thing he needed was a traitor poking at his privacy.

Although, as far as he knew, he only hired the people he could trust to guard the place. Still, he never could tell when a desperate man would betray him for a few silver coins.

He left his private office and moved out to the hallway in this massive mansion. This place was way more enormous than the other house he occupied presently with Haley.

"I want everyone to be on alert." He said to the man in charge. "Call me if there are any problems."

But he knew he had to move quickly, finding Haley snooping around the grounds, probably curious about the things around her. He had lessened the security surrounding the house to create a low profile, letting her believe it was just an ordinary rich man's house.

But if Haley discovered this place, she would start to suspect that there was more to the story he told her. This other mansion was swarming with guards, protecting it like a fortress.

"Sir, the Boss wants to speak with you." One of the men approached him as he strode toward the main door. He was in a hurry since he had another meeting in the city.

"Tell him I will come by later." He looked at his watch, knowing he had no more time to delay. He could not be late. He knew the Boss would understand. There were matters he had to prioritize.

He took his keys out of his pocket and rode his car, speeding up on the highway. The last thing he wanted was someone suspecting he had another plan going into play. He had to stick to his plans and act like it was another ordinary day.

Soon, he parked his car in a lavishly posh restaurant where he was meeting his next appointment. He could already see the man he was meeting with sitting inside, probably already waiting for him.

"I am sorry. Am I late?" He asked, even though he knew he was still a quarter of an hour early to their allotted time.

He noticed that they were sitting in a secluded area of the restaurant. A place usually used for its privacy. It could be a coincidence. Or it was intentional for whatever the purpose of this meeting was.

"You are just in time, Mr. Mike Carter." The other man offered his hand to shake, which he gladly took. "Please, join us. My wife is just in the powder room. But she would join us any minute."

"Thank you. But I wonder what this meeting is about." He asked, taking the opposite available chair.

He was surprised to hear from them. He could only wonder if the purpose of this meeting was business or if it had something to do with Gerald's death. But the man would not discuss the matter over the phone, opting to meet him in a public place.

“Do you mind if we wait for my wife before we discuss anything?” The man said, not disclosing anything to him.

Of course, his curiosity got the best of him, agreeing to squeeze them into his busy schedule. He knew that Gerald had been working with this man’s wife. Therefore, could it be something about his cases?

Or was she investigating his death? That was a thought that slightly bothered him. He did not want other people snooping around this case when it was officially declared closed by the authorities.

“Here comes my wife. I don’t think that you two have met before.” The man supplied. “Danielle Hamilton Blackstone, meet Mike Carter.”

“Just Mike.” He suggested as he shook her hand.

He had seen her before from afar but never had a chance to meet with her. Their paths had never crossed before. But now, he had the opportunity to meet her up close.

“Well then, call me Dani.” She took his hand and gave him a firm handshake.

Now, he understood Gerald’s fascination with her, having no idea of the woman’s relationship with his late leader. Nevertheless, he could see that she was indeed a stunning and attractive woman despite recently having her first baby.

Anyway, he could not wait to hear what they had to say as they all took their seat and talked. At first, it was just the usual formalities of starting an awkward conversation between strangers.

Eventually, the food arrived, wines poured into their glasses, and they seemed to chat like old friends. The topic smoothly flowed until it was time to talk about the purpose of the meeting during dessert.

“It had been nice to get to know you, but I think we should cut to the chase,” Mike said to the couple, who seemed friendly enough. “What is this all about?”

But years in the business taught him when someone needed more from him than just friendship. And this meeting was far from being a social call. They wanted something from him.

“I don’t know if we can trust you, but it seems you know Gerald better than anyone at this table.” Dani was the first to respond to him. “Still, he had never mentioned that you were that close.”

The woman looked at him with skepticism and doubt, debating whether to tell him what this meeting was for or leave him in the dark. But he had no time for guessing games and waiting.

“I was his closest friend. More or less, we were like brothers, whether you want to believe that or not. But if you have something to say, I suggest you do it now because I will not waste our time sitting here while you doubt my existence.” He said as he straightened his jacket, ready to leave.

“We did not wish to offend you, but what we have to tell you is a sensitive matter. Therefore, we need assurance that you are not the enemy but someone who had Gerald’s interest in mind.” Alex calmly spoke to him, wanting to reassure him that they meant well.

Now, his curiosity only shot to the roof, wondering what information they would like to share with him. Of course, he was interested to discover what they knew. He needed assurance that nobody had uncovered his secrets.

But he guessed he needed to look closely at this couple's activities, putting them on his watch list, seeing they had a personal interest in Gerald's life.