

Chapter 597 Any Ties To The Henderson Family

Elliana barely blinked when she learned that Carlos's check-in records had been wiped from the hotel's database, because recovering erased data was child's play for her.

With a few taps of her keyboard, the hidden files unfolded across her screen.

The logs revealed that at 5:30 that evening, Carlos had signed in as Keenan Robles and claimed Room 1306.

The name Keenan Robles screamed fake, probably paired with a counterfeit ID. Elliana didn't waste time on it since the alias itself added nothing useful.

At six o'clock sharp, the cameras captured a man in a dark windbreaker sliding his keycard into the lock. From that point forward, no footage showed him leaving the room.


Elliana didn't need confirmation. She already knew it was Carlos.

The figure stood taller than most men, easily past six feet, with a body that carried strength and balance in equal measure. Though his face remained hidden, a build like his suggested a man who would be striking if his features were even average.

Every part of him was dressed in black: coat, trousers, polished shoes, wide-brimmed hat, mask, gloves. He left nothing of himself exposed.

His steps carried a subtle downward tilt of the head, the brim of his hat perfectly angled to deny the cameras a clear look. Beyond his outline, the footage revealed no more.

Dressed entirely in black, he carried an air of quiet mystery and cool detachment, yet his steps were calm and deliberate. There was a refined grace in the way he moved, the kind that spoke of a thoughtful, well-

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educated man. Elliana reached that conclusion silently.

Then, at 7:30 p.m., the door to 1306 flew open, and Carlos strode out. Gone was the composed figure from before; in his place was a man in a rush, his pace edged with panic.

Elliana glanced at the timestamp and felt a jolt. The moment matched exactly with the end of her conversation with him. His decision to flee the hotel right after their call, and then erase every trace of himself, left no doubt. He had figured out that she was on his tail.

To Elliana, the message was clear. Carlos wasn't only careful; he had instincts sharp enough to sense danger before it struck.

On the screen, she saw him cutting across the lobby and pushing through the glass doors in a rush. The next camera caught him sliding into a taxi, and within seconds, the car was gone. From that moment forward, the hotel's cameras lost him completely.

Many investigators would have stopped there, unable to follow the trail. Elliana, however, wasn't about to quit. She switched to the city's public cameras and started stitching together the taxi's route.

Roadside angles gave her only scattered glimpses, so she patched into a satellite feed to pick up the trail in real time. At last, the feed revealed the taxi pulling up to a dock where Carlos stepped out and walked onto a waiting yacht.

Not long after, the vessel eased away from the pier and slipped into the black water beyond.

By then, the digital path was gone. All she had left to work with was the yacht itself.

Elliana paused the feed, captured a still image of the vessel, and forwarded it to Matthew. "Matthew, I need the owner of this yacht identified."

"Consider it done," Matthew replied.

The clock showed one in the morning, yet sleep wasn't even a thought in Elliana's mind.

The past twenty-four hours had kept her nerves on fire, and her body was

still running on adrenaline. She pushed aside any notion of rest. Her next stop had to be the Henderson estate. She needed to know if the man chasing her had any ties to the Henderson family.

Once resolved, she made her way downstairs.

Damian was stationed in the living room, keeping watch.

Elliana tossed a key and a folded slip of paper to Damian as she moved past him toward the exit. "Go get my motorcycle back."

The night before, she had left her motorcycle behind on the roadside after rushing to pull Cole out of danger.

Damian caught the key after a clumsy grab. "Understood."

He wanted to ask why she was heading out in the middle of the night, but by the time he found his voice, the door had already closed behind her. Since last evening, she had been nothing but a shadow—coming and going without warning, refusing assistance, never giving him a chance to speak. The questions piled up inside him, unanswered.

Unaware of Damian's restless thoughts, Elliana climbed onto another motorcycle waiting outside and gunned the engine, the machine carrying her straight toward the Henderson estate.

The highways were empty at that hour, and her bike sliced through the silence until, just past two in the morning, she reached the front gates of the Henderson family estate.

When she pressed the bell, its sharp chime cut through the quiet night.

A butler answered soon after, face composed, eyes curious.

"I need to speak with Charles," Elliana said, her tone leaving no room for negotiation.

The butler's eyes flicked over her outfit. She wore a full set of fitted black riding gear, her helmet resting securely under one arm. Perched on the powerful motorcycle with her slender frame and long legs still astride it, she stood out beneath the moonlight, like a dark, stunning vision arriving at their doorstep. A strikingly beautiful stranger arrived at such an hour to see the young master...

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The butler quickly drew his own conclusions. Since Milena had performed the surgery that healed Charles's legs, a new crop of admirers had started showing up. Tonight, he figured, was just another admirer in the line.

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