

Chapter 783 Hendrix's Assistance

When Celia turned around, Hendrix was standing before her eyes. It seemed that the person who pulled her in just now was his assistant.

Confused, Celia asked, "You haven't left yet? What brings you here?"

"This is a hotel owned by the Shaw Group," Hendrix explained. "I have a room here for myself, so I can come here and get some rest at any time."

He paused for a moment before asking her the question that was on his mind. "Why are those people outside looking for you?"

Celia was silent as she stared at him with sympathy in her heart. She was overcome with the urge to tell him the truth, that she discovered his wife and his brother cheating on him in this very hotel. They had an affair in Room 666, where she had covertly taken a video of them.

However, she decided not to tell him for now. After all, men treasured their pride the most. If she ever told him the truth and he didn't believe her, he might do something drastic like delete the video for the sake of his ego.

Besides, his assistant was here as well.

But it was mostly because she didn't have that much trust in Hendrix yet.

After thinking about it deeply, she decided that she would

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tell Hendrix the truth after Tyson was rescued. She also needed to be certain that Hendrix was a good man before letting him know about his wife and brother's affair.

"It's just that I coincidentally learned something nasty about Moses."

She needed to come up with a plan of exit. She had worn a cap over her head earlier, so there was a good chance that Moses didn't see her face. If she could get Hendrix to help her out, she might be able to leave this place without a problem.

Celia looked at Hendrix for a moment before speaking up. "Mr. Shaw, can I ask you for a small favor?"

Meanwhile, Moses was reprimanding the hotel manager in his room. "This hotel isn't even that big, and yet you still haven't caught the girl. Is this how you prove the efficiency of your staff? Are you satisfied at seeing me this angry?"

The manager stood there in a humble posture, with his hands clasped together and his head hanging down slightly. "I sincerely apologize, Mr. Shaw. We've searched everywhere in the hotel, but we cannot find the person that you described to us, and Hyman didn't come to work today. But rest assured, sir. We are certain that that person must still be inside the hotel."

Moses' eyes were a horrible red from the spray, and they were stinging so much that he could barely restrain his rage. "You'd better catch that person today, or else I will make you all suffer the consequences of your incompetence!"

The hotel manager nodded several times to assure him. "Please don't worry, sir. We are definitely not going to let anyone suspicious leave this building."

The moment the words left his lips, his phone started ringing. "Sir, Mr. Hendrix Shaw is leaving the hotel with a suspicious woman by his side," the person on the other end of the line reported. "Should we prevent him from exiting the premises?"

The hotel manager immediately turned to Moses. "Mr. Shaw, what would you like us to do?"

Moses immediately felt guilty at the mention of Hendrix's name. But when he heard that Hendrix was here, and with a mysterious woman, he immediately rushed downstairs without a word.

When Moses approached the gate, he saw that Hendrix hadn't exited the building yet. As he came closer, he recognized the woman who was standing beside Hendrix. She was Celia, Tyson's wife. Something akin to apprehension crept into his heart, but he still asked, "What are you doing here, Hendrix?"

Celia had changed into a different outfit earlier, so Moses didn't recognize her as the person who sneakily filmed him. This made her feel relieved.

Hendrix ignored his question. "What are you making such a fuss for? What's with all this noise? Now you even want to prevent me from leaving?"

Moses, of course, didn't dare to tell him the truth. "This is all because some idiotic waitress offended me and then fled, so I'm searching for her right now. Naturally, it is not my intention to stop you in any way."

Moses then turned to his men and ordered them to let Hendrix and Celia leave the building.

Celia couldn't help but ridicule Moses in her heart. He was so good at acting. He should've gone to Hollywood and

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auditioned for a movie instead of entering the business world. She bet he would've easily won the best actor award there!

Hendrix left the hotel with Celia, not even bothering to say anything more.

Moses watched their retreating figures before turning to the hotel manager. "What were Hendrix and Celia doing here?"

"Mr. Hendrix Shaw reserved a private room here," the manager answered. "The two of them only had a meal together. We haven't found anything suspicious about them for now."

Nevertheless, Moses was still anxious over the possibility that the waitress he was searching for was sent by Hendrix.

However, if that was the case, it didn't make sense. Just now, Hendrix didn't treat him any differently from usual. He didn't seem to have a clue about the love affair that took place. Moses wondered if he was simply overthinking it.

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Moses was still worried, so he said to the hotel manager, "Persist in your efforts to find her and let me know once she is found!"

The hotel manager promptly acted on Moses' request and searched for the woman, but despite a thorough effort, he was unable to locate her. Regrettably, the manager had to report to Moses. "I'm sorry to inform you we were unable to find her. It appears she has vanished."

Moses was filled with rage as he delivered a forceful kick to the manager's chest. His voice was cold as he spoke. "Continue the search for her relentlessly. Even if she perishes, locate her remains!"

The hotel manager knelt while he clutched his injury, then stood and quickly departed from the scene.

Isla was overwhelmed with anxiety, realizing the woman was not apprehended. It was so overwhelming, she almost broke down in tears. Quickly she turned to Moses. "What is our next move? Under no circumstances can our relationship be revealed!"

Moses shared Isla's anxiety. He didn't even know who was behind this, so how could he find the woman?

Noticing his silence, Isla speculated Moses might be at a loss for what to do next. If that was the case, she knew she had to take matters into her own hands!

A glint of malice flickered in her eyes as she leaned in close

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to Moses, resting half her body against him. "Is there any way you can eliminate Tyson immediately?"

Moses was taken aback by Isla's suggestion. "What are you planning to do?"

Isla's voice shook with anger. "We have now run out of options, so we must disregard the repercussions. The Shaw Group should only be passed down to our son. Tyson must be killed!"

Moses fell into deep contemplation for a few moments, recognizing they'd reached the point of no return. He consented to Isla's proposition and promptly contacted an acquaintance in the police force. "Find an opportunity to get rid of Tyson tonight."

After being escorted home by Hendrix, Celia immediately secured the evidence she'd obtained from him and also the video she'd captured herself. She placed both of them into the safe.

Celia wasted no time in scouring the internet for any information she could find on Isla. Soon she became aware of the intricate love triangle involving Hendrix, Tyson's mother, and Isla. She was so engrossed in her research she didn't even realize it had grown dark outside.

Once she completed her tasks, Celia gazed around her empty room. She suddenly felt a profound sense of loneliness wash over her.

Celia longed for Tyson's companionship and prayed the evidence she obtained would prove useful in some way.

After she straightened her things, Celia proceeded to wash up and retire to bed swiftly.

With Tyson's absence, Celia recognized it was now up to her to take charge of the Semshy Group. As such, it was

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imperative she get a good night's rest.

In the middle of the night, heavy rain began pouring outside. Celia was jolted awake by the frightening sound of thunder.

Feeling an inexplicable sense of unease, Celia reached for her phone. She attempted to call Tyson but the call couldn't be connected. It was only then she recalled he was still in prison.

At least his safety should be assured in prison.

Celia tried to make herself relax despite the circumstances.

Despite this, she remained deeply concerned. She hastily dialed Brea's number. "I'm sorry, Brea, but could you please accompany me to the police station now?"

Brea, who was on the other end of the phone line, rubbed her drowsy eyes and checked the time. It was only two o'clock in the morning. She yawned heavily. "Cece, why do you need to go to the police station at this time? The rain is pouring outside."

"I'm worried about Tyson. I have this nagging feeling something terrible is going to happen to him." Celia's voice was full of anxiety.

Realizing Celia was in distress, Brea immediately snapped out of her drowsiness and tried to reassure her friend. She then roused Wayne, who was sleeping beside her.

Brea and Wayne hurried to Celia's home. Upon entering, they discovered Celia lying on the sofa.

Brea quickly rushed to her friend's side and soothed her. "Cece, what's wrong? Are you okay?"

Celia managed to calm down somewhat but still felt unsettled. "I'm okay, but I still feel anxious."

Brea tried her best to reassure her friend. "Try not to worry too much. The police station won't be open in the middle of the night anyway. Let's just try to get some rest and we can go at first light."

Wayne reassured Celia as well. "Brea is correct. I'll arrange a visit to the prison for us first thing in the morning."

Celia reluctantly agreed with the two of them, feeling somewhat comforted.

Brea led Celia to her bedroom. "You've been under a lot of pressure lately. Let's sleep in the same room tonight."

Celia expressed her gratitude with a smile. She stretched out on the bed, but couldn't fall asleep.

Celia stayed awake until morning and then freshened up by washing her face and brushing her teeth. Afterwards, Brea and Wayne accompanied her to the police station.

She was stopped again.