

A Relentless Pursuit for Love Chapter 15

Jace left the apartment. It was only after he felt the cold breeze on his face did he feel a sense of relief.

Zayne opened the car door, stepped aside, and waited for Jace to get into the car. Jace, however, stopped and turned to Zayne. "Have you gotten anything on Sage Luz's whereabouts?" he asked.

"Not yet..."

Jace hissed, "How useless can you get!"

Zayne's head was hung low. He had never felt this defeated before.

He knew that Jace hated excuses, but he bit the bullet and continued, "It is as if someone had intentionally removed all traces of Miss Luz so that we won't be able to find her. Plus, the skills of our hackers are not as good as theirs."

Jace's gaze darkened as he wondered who would want to hide Sage's whereabouts.

"Who are you exactly, Sage Luz?" wondered Jace.

After getting into the car, Zayne passed the information he had received from the hospital to Jace. "I've spoken to the people at the hospital, and there are two things that I find suspicious."

"Go on," said Jace while flipping through the document.

"First, Miss Luz's name is not on the list of the nurses working in city hospital. However, I did conduct a background check, as per your instructions, and her name is clearly there on the list from three years ago."

He handed the list he had acquired from the hospital and the list that contained the information from three years ago to Jace. Going through the lists, he discovered that only on one of the lists was Sage's name to be found.

Jace paused and asked, "Was she a non-staff personnel?"

Zayne replied, "It could be that she was hired last-minute to fill in for someone. I've been talking to the nurses on the lists for the past few days and most of them had no impression of her, or they remembered a little of Miss Luz. They only remembered that she got really lucky."

Jace looked up from the documents and said, "Lucky?"

Zayne cleared his throat before replying, "She got married to you."

Jace hesitated and furrowed his brows. "Enough with the nonsense. Go on."

"Ah, okay. The second thing is that the doctor who had operated on you is not from city hospital. Grace, the doctor, was working abroad and had been suddenly transferred to Nadeem City."

Jace's gaze wavered. That year, he had been badly injured and had been on the brink of death. It had been all thanks to that doctor that he had been able to survive.

"So where is this Doctor Grace now?"

"That's the weird part. After being transferred to the city hospital, she flew back to her country right after operating on you. It was as if she had made the trip just for you."

Jace had guessed that it might have been his grandfather who had contacted a doctor from abroad to treat him. He then looked at Zayne and asked, "So, tell me, is there any connection between these two matters?"

Zayne hesitated and replied, "Uh... I'm afraid there's none."

Jace threw the papers at Zayne's face. Zayne picked up the papers and flashed an awkward grin at Jace.

Jace made a mental note that he should no longer rely on his useless assistant anymore.

Still feeling rather annoyed, Jace reached for his phone and made a call. The person on the other end answered his call quickly, but Jace heard a soft gasp. Feeling his heart sink, Jace asked, "What's wrong? Did you get hurt?"

"Ahh, it's nothing. I had my eyes on a lady just now, and I wanted to have some fun with her, but I was thrown over her shoulders instead. Oh, and I got a slap on the face too."

"Serves you right," scoffed Jace. He knew how much of a skirt chaser his friend was.

Yoel Fulton sounded somewhat pleased as he teased his friend playfully. "Ladies of Salem City are gorgeous and charismatic. They are just my type."

Jace could not be bothered about the ladies that Yoel had mentioned. He asked instead, "What are you doing in Salem City?"

"My dad wants to build a racecourse, and he has his eyes on a piece of land in Salem City. That should explain why I am here," replied Yoel as he took another shot of his drink. "So? What do you think about the horse racing business? Care to join me?"

“Why not,” replied Jace.

“Jeez, that was quick. Looks like someone needs a favor from me. Come on now, spill it.”

Jace stared at the night sky, paused, and went on, “I need your help investigating someone.”

“Investigating someone? That’s easy. Who?”

“My ex-wife.”

Yoel coughed, nearly choking on his drink. After collecting himself, he said, “Look into your ex-wife? My friend, are you in your right mind?”

Gnawing on his lips, Jace remained silent.

“Alright. Send me her picture.”

“I don’t have any,” replied Jace. “She didn’t like having her picture taken.”

“There are actually girls who don’t like taking photos? Well, your wife must be ugly, huh.”

Furrowing his brows, Jace retorted, “Your wife is the one who’s ugly!”

Zayne sat shocked in the passenger seat. He was rendered speechless by the childish exchange between the two Jace and Yoel.

“Aren’t you guys divorced? Why are you still so protective of your ex-wife. Looks to me like you still have feelings for her.” Yoel continued to tease Jace.

Jace’s expression grew dark and he said, “Enough with the nonsense. So, are you helping or not?”

“Of course. How could I not help my dear old friend? Send me a copy of the information you have on her. Just the basic stuff. I’ll look into it right away.”

Jace ended the call and emailed the information to Yoel.

After receiving the email from Jace, Yoel finished his drink and headed toward the lift while massaging his sore arms. As he was here on business, Yoel has rented the presidential suite at Skye Hotel.

Just when the doors of the lift were about to close, they were stopped by a hand. In front of the lift stood two bodyguards with a man and woman behind them.

Yoel's eyes lit up as he noticed the feisty woman that had thrown him over her shoulders earlier on the dance floor.

The feisty woman seemed to be really drunk. Her shoulders were covered with a black suit, and she was being half-dragged by a man into the lift. The man said, "Look at how drunk you are. Stay the night at my place and get some rest."

With her flushed face, Sage whined and protested, stating that she did not have that much to drink. Suddenly, looking up, she noticed a tall figure standing at the corner of the lift. She pointed to the person and cried out, "Pervert!"

Yoel was dumbfounded.

Sage tightened the suit around her shoulders, stared at him defensively, and said, "What are you planning to do to me? Let me make this clear. I'm not your average girl!"

Let me make this clear, even though I might look pretty and all that, I am not your average girl! Don't you dare for one second think that I'd let you do anything to me!"

Looking at Sage who was rambling on drunkenly, Yoel nearly burst into laughter. He noted how she was still feisty despite being drunk.

Feeling embarrassed, Luther hurriedly helped Sage get in the lift, and he thought to himself that he would have left her alone had she not been his best friend.

Sage staggered into the lift and almost tripped, but Yoel caught her in time.

"Watch out!" warned Luther as he stretched out his hands to catch Sage.

Sage suddenly felt the desire to throw up. She had been fumbling and moving around too much. With her hands wrapped around Yoel's arms, Sage threw up.

"..."

Yoel froze and he cursed himself for not keeping his distance while with a drunkard.