

Chapter 36: Found?

Harriet's eyes fluttered open, preparing to be with met with a bright light. Instead, she is welcomed by thick darkness. Her only source of light was from a small window which was doing nothing to help the situation in the room.

As she looked around, her memories finally came back to her.

"My babies..." Was the only words that left her lips as she crawled around the tiny room, her knees coming in contact with the cold concrete floor. She was sure her knees would be bruised after but she didn't care. All she wanted was to be sure her children were okay.

After crawling around the poorly lighted room for two minutes, she realized that her children were no where near her. Panic setting in, she quickly ran to the door and began banging loudly.

"Help! Someone, please. Help!" She screamed for as much as her lungs could carry her, hitting the door with her strength. She continued for a few minutes before finally hearing footsteps from the other side.

The sound of keys clanked in her ears and immediately, the door was flung open to reveal a buff man who was in his late twenties, half of his face covered with a snake tattoo.

For the first time in Harriet's life, she was scared. Not for her life but for the life of her children.

"Where are they? Where the fuck did you keep my children?" She didn't care that the man was bigger than her in everyway possible, she flung herself at him, grabbing his shirt and pulling him as tears flowed continuously from her eyes.

Out of anger, the man grabbed her by the arm and threw her across the room. Harriett winced in pain as her back came in contact with the hard wall.

"Fucking shut up, woman! You're being noisy!" He warned but Harriett wasn't going to give you like that. Not when she had still not seen her children.

Lifting herself from the ground slowly, she ignored the ache in her head

and dragged her feet to where the tattooed strangers stood.

"If you harm a hair on their body, I will kill you. Do you hear me!?" She screamed, not bothering that she looked like a rat in front of the strange man.

"Kill me?" The man laughed in amusement.

"What do you even want? Money? I have a ton of it and I don't mind giving you everything. Just let me babies go, please." Harriett pleaded, seeing that threats wouldn't work on him.

As the tattooed man heard Harriett's offer, his mind did the calculations and he found himself swaying.

He could make a fortune if he helped her but then, he couldn't be sure that she would actually spare his life after he releases her so, he decided to stick with his first boss.

"Your children are fine, if that's what you're worried about. We'll be returning them to your family this evening." He revealed and Harriett slumped to the ground, relieved that her children weren't locked up in a shitty place.

A few seconds later, she got up and approached the tattooed stranger. "It doesn't look like you did this for money so, tell me. Who gave orders to do this?"

The strange man looked at her and scoffed loudly. "None of your business, bitch. You, just sit here like a good girl and wait until I receive orders to let you out." He replied but Harriett laughed, the pieces finally adding up.

If she was kidnapped when Damien was about getting married it could only mean one thing.

"It's Evelyn, right?" The look of the stranger's face answered her question. Even though he didn't want to expose Evelyn, him having that reaction when she mentioned her name told her that her suspicions were correct.

"I should've fucking known that only her would stoop this low." She chuckled and went back to where she had woken up.

"What the fuck are you doing?" The strange man asked, getting

irritated with how carefree she was being. Maybe he should have told her that her kids were going to be alone on the street by evening and it would be up to luck if they would be found.

Maybe if he told her she wouldn't be acting like she had all the time in the world.

Harriett who was ignorant to what was about happening to her children raised her head and gave a light shrug.

"It's Evelyn. I can't be bothered by her petty antics. I'll be out of here very soon."

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"Any news yet? Did they perhaps call for a ransom or something?" Damien's mother, Stacy said into the phone as soon as he entered the car. She had gotten a text from Damien earlier, informing her of the unfortunate event and just like her son, she immediately suspected Evelyn.

"Nothing, mum. I don't think they kidnapped them for money." He replied, not telling her that Evelyn was responsible. Knowing his mother, she would show up at Evelyn's house with the police the second she finds out about the truth.

"We can't let them spend a day there, son. We have to get them out." She cried, her heart aching for the twins who had to go through something that horrible.

"I know, mum. I'm working on it." Damien groaned out of frustration before saying his goodbyes to Stacy. When the call ended, he opened his spy app on his phone and immediately Evelyn's phone's interface appeared.

A smirk appeared on his face as he remembered how he had secretly connected a USB to her phone and transferred the virus which would help him tap into her phone. All of this happened while he was confronting her and he was able to slip the phone out of her hand.

He didn't think it would be possible at first but that was his only option if he wanted to find Harriett and his children.

Now all he had to do was wait for her to make a phone call and he would find his family.

It was now four in the evening and Evelyn had still not made a single phone call. Damien was beginning to get frustrated as the thought of Harriet and his children being in the hands of the kidnappers kept flooding his mind.

At exactly 4:15pm, his phone rang and when he checked, it was from an unknown number.

"Hello?" He said into the phone and the voice of a lady boomed through the speakers.

"Mr Damien Daniels? Is this you?" She asked and he immediately responded, wondering what news she might have got him.

"Alright. I am calling from Brooklyn Street. We found a set of twins on the road who had a picture of you and a lady in their pockets along with your phone number. Are these your children?"