

Chapter 18

It took Juniper a lot of strength to sit up. Since her limbs were tied up, she lifted her hands, and with her fingers, she wrote a few letters on the window: SOS.

"Jojo, why are her hands still tied up?" Jameson shot a puzzled look at Joaquin, who was frowning.

"Hey, kiddos! What are you doing? Get lost!" Back from buying cigarettes, Leopard ran toward them while smoking. Hearing his voice, Juniper hurriedly lowered her head.

She knew that the two boys were children who could not save her. They definitely needed to get help from adults, which would take some time. Therefore, she could not let her kidnappers find out that she was sending SOS signals. "Your van..."

Joaquin instantly covered Jameson's mouth.

"Get lost! Did you hear me?" Leopard yelled at them. At the same time, he took a glance from the window to make sure that Juniper was still tied up.

Joaquin whispered something in Jameson's ear, and the latter nodded in agreement.

"I like your van. Why don't you sell it to me? How much is it?"

Leopard gave the two boys a dismissive look and snorted at them. "Go fly a kite!"

Earlier, Pierre had made it clear in the phone call to not dress the boys in formal suits. Therefore, the two boys were dressed in casual outfits. Those who didn't know them might think that they were just children from an average family.

Standing not far away, their bodyguard was initially giggling when the two boys peeked into the window. However, he later noticed that a man showed up and seemed to be yelling at the boys, so he quickly ran over to check on the situation.

"What are you doing? These are our young masters!" The bodyguard hurriedly pulled Joaquin and Jameson behind him.

"Your young masters?" Leopard scratched his head and stared blankly at the bodyguard in a formal suit.

Jameson was still pointing at the van. "I want this van."

"Huh?" The bodyguard was confused as well.

What is with Young Master's weird obsession? Why does he insist on the van? In the parking garage of the Fowlers, there's an entire collection of luxury cars. How did he end up setting his eyes on a van?

"I want this van!" Jameson was very insistent.

Another bodyguard, who was tasked to go on a grocery

run, and a third one in the car came over upon noticing the commotion. The three towering men in black suits now stood in front of Leopard and formed a terrifying human wall.

Faced with the men, Leopard was slightly intimidated.

At that time, Tiger came out of the washroom after suffering from diarrhea. He was more experienced than Leopard in the streets, so he immediately yelled, "Hey, what are you guys doing? Are you bullying my bro? Which gang are you in?"

"Have you heard of the Fowlers?"

"The... Howlers?"

"You heard of the Empire Group? How about the Fowler Corporation? Pierre Fowler—does that ring a bell?" The bodyguards stared at the two shabby men in disdain. Tiger's legs immediately turned jelly upon hearing that. Holy cow! How did we get into trouble with the Fowlers? Everyone knew about the Fowler Corporation and the Empire Group. Pierre Fowler himself was a legendary name. Rumors had it that the man was nicknamed Satan, but no one dared to call him by that name.

"Guys, let's talk it out. Come, take a cigarette." Tiger quickly attempted to appease the bodyguards, who did not accept the cigarettes at all.

"This boy is the young master of the Fowler Family. He

has his eyes on your van. Give us a price."

"This is the van we use to run business. We can't sell it!" Tiger kept hinting at Leopard with his eyes. Getting the hint, Leopard hurriedly added, "Y-Yes, we can't sell it! If it is sold, we will have nothing to use for our business!"

The bodyguards exchanged glances and mocked them, "Hey, listen carefully, alright? You're two lucky b*stards! Our young master has his eyes on your van, and that is a blessing! Do you think we're going to lowball you? Give us a price."

Leopard wanted to say something, but Tiger stopped him. "Whatever! This worn-out van could only sell at thirty thousand tops. We're offering you five hundred thousand for it."

Tiger accepted the cheque and replied subserviently, "Sure, sure." Then, he dragged Leopard and disappeared in no time.

The bodyguards finally settled the issue. One of them squatted down and said, "Young Master Jojo, let's drive this van back home. We need to rush because your dad is going to be angry if we're late."

"Open the car door!" Joaquin ordered the bodyguards to do so, and they were confused by the two boys' unusual interest in a worn-out van. They have bought the van, so why can't they head home and play with it?

"Sure, let's open the car door. Young Master Jojo and Young Master Jamie, promise me that we will leave after you take a look inside the van. We have no time to dilly-dally anymore."

The bodyguards opened the sliding door of the van, revealing a young girl who was tied up, and the sight put them in shock. The two hooligans just now are human traffickers!

"Those two are human traffickers! I'm lodging a police report now. And you will send the boys back to President Fowler!"

Juniper was freed from the bondage and brought into the Rolls-Royce.

Due to the struggles from before, her wrists and ankles were blistered. Her hair was a mess, and her face was swollen and red. She hung her head low and appeared dull.

Jameson took a seat beside her and scanned her from head to toe in great interest, even bending over to take a closer look at her face.

"What's your name? I'm Jameson Fowler. Where do you live? And what happened to your face? Does it hurt?"

Juniper remained silent and did not even take a look at him.

Seeing that, he repeated the question in Spanish, but Juniper still remained hushed. He scratched his head and

looked at Joaquin. "Jojo, why isn't she talking? Could she be mute?"

At the same time, Joaquin took a bottle of water from the car and handed it to her, but she did not take it. Instead, she hugged her knees and curled up in the seat like a pitiful creature.

As if she was shut off from the cacophony of life, she only recalled Megan's scary look and threatening words, along with the struggle and despair the ropes around her limbs had brought her.

Terror washed all over her, consuming her from the inside out.

In the end, they were brought back to the Empire Group building in the car. Pierre was just done with a meeting and changed from his suit into casual wear. The two boys indeed arrived later than the agreed time.

Knowing Pierre's temper, the bodyguards did not give him a chance to go off and hurriedly explained, "President Fowler, we didn't arrive late on purpose. Something unexpected happened on the way."

Pierre looked up at them, and the air around them instantly froze.

"The situation is a little complicated. Please take a look." The bodyguards opened the door of the Rolls-Royce.

He was greeted not only by the twins—there were three children in total.

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"Juniper?"