

Chapter 167

I glanced through the window slit and realize it was already dark outside.
"My God, how is my son doing?"

I spent the entire day praying to God to protect my child. Alexander must hate me now. I simply left without saying anything. But I was desperate for my son. And I didn't know what to do.


After Dennis came in and left that sandwich, I thought they've gone out because everything became very quiet. But then I heard a noise, a door opening. And there were voices. I thought they've returned. Lord, protect me.

"Your dinner," Daniel opened the door, handed me a package, and closed it again.

I pressed my ear against the door, I needed to know what they were planning.

"Dani, I'm finding it strange that I can't reach Cel," I heard Dennis comment.

"You should ditch that phone," Daniel reproached him.

"Relax, they can't find this number. We destroyed Catherine's phone, they'll never find it," Dennis seemed relaxed. "How long are we keeping her?" 

"Johnson didn't specify. He said to take care of her and not touch a single hair because she's our guarantee that the jerk Miller will do everything we want," Daniel spoke.

"I thought the kid was the guarantee?"

"No, the kid was the bait to catch the bitch. He's not Miller's son, remember?! Miller will only protect the kid because of her. If something happens to her, he won't give a damn about the boy."

They didn't know that Peter is Alexander's son. Is this good or bad? Johnson was involved in this; I should have been suspicious. His hatred and jealousy had no limits.

"I'm going outside to get a better signal to try and reach Cel," I heard Dennis say, and the door slammed.

A few minutes later, I heard someone snoring in the living room. I decided to take the package and eat what they brought me. It's the first opportunity I could escape. There was a sandwich and juice in the bag. I sat down and after finishing eating, the door opened. Dennis entered and closed the door.

"Good that you ate," he approached me. "You know, Catherine, you're so naive. You trust everyone, believe everything they tell you. Today, you didn't even question anything, just followed all the orders I gave you." Dennis moved closer and ran his hand through my hair. "You're so beautiful! I've been enchanted by you since I first met you. I wanted to kill that little rich boy redhead for hovering around you. But it wouldn't have mattered, you never noticed me. But now you're here, and you'll stay here for a long time, so let's have some fun? I guarantee you'll enjoy it."

"Please, Dennis, don't touch me," I said with a trembling voice, starting to feel afraid.

"Oh, come on, hottie, I'm going to make you come like never before."

"Don't come near me."

"As if," Dennis grabbed my arm and threw me onto the mattress, coming on top of me.

"Let me go, Dennis, let me go!" I started screaming.

I heard the door being slammed open and Dennis being yanked off me by Daniel.

"After Johnson gets the money, you can turn this bitch inside out, but until then, keep your dick in your pants." Daniel was holding his brother pinned against the wall.

In a split second, I thought this was my chance. I jumped up and ran, pulling the door shut and sliding the bolt. Three shots were fired and pierced through the door. My God, when I ran, I didn't even think they would be armed. They started kicking the door, and I ran out of the house.

I didn't see any car parked around, didn't know where I was or how to get out. There was a small road with bushes all around, so I decided to follow the road as quickly as possible.

I was already quite far from the house when I ran straight into a man dressed entirely in black. Instinctively, I screamed. He grabbed me, and I struggled to break free, but he wouldn't let go. I was in a panic. The man held me in his arms and spoke while trying to restrain me:

"Calm down, girl. I'm Sergeant Torres, I'm a police officer, calm down. Are you Catherine Vergara?"

"Y-y-yes," I stammered, trying to calm myself.

"Did you come out of that house?" I nodded. "Is anyone in there?"

"The two men who kidnapped me. I managed to escape from the room,

locked them in, and ran. They're armed." The police officer called on the radio and said something about finding me and that the men were in the house.

"Come on, Catherine, I'll get you out of here." It was about a fifteen-minute walk, and we reached the highway. There were many police cars and several officers. "Detective, here's the girl."

"Good evening, I'm Detective Bonfim. We've been looking for you, Catherine." The detective smiled and greeted me. "How are you? Were you assaulted?"

"No, almost. They just knocked me out when they grabbed me," I said, somewhat confused.

"Alright. We're going to take you to the hospital to be examined and conduct a forensic examination, then we'll take your statement and release you," the detective explained while helping me sit in one of the police cars.

"Doctor, is all this necessary? I'm worried about my son..."

"Just a moment." The detective took out his cell phone and made a video call. "Is Mr. Miller around? Put him on video."



Comments



Support



Share