

Chapter 204

Detective Flavian Moreno's POV

I was there on the first floor, looking from side to side. From the corner of my eye, I saw a woman enter the bathroom, though I hadn't seen where she came from. I was so stressed that I acted on instinct, calling Renata who was with me and asking her to check on the woman in the bathroom. I stayed by the door. I heard a crash and entered in time to see Renata sitting on top of the woman on the floor, handcuffing her.

"Detective, it's the woman from the security footage," Renata said, pulling the woman to her feet. "She's not wearing the nurse's uniform and coat, but it's her."

"I don't know what this crazy woman is talking about!" The woman screamed.

"Oh, but you'll remember!" I pushed her against the wall and put my gun to her head. "Here's what's going to happen: you're going to tell me where the baby you kidnapped is, and you're going to tell me now, or I'll decorate these bathroom walls with your brains and say you attacked an officer. So, where's the baby, you piece of trash?"

The woman trembled beneath me but composed herself and gave a cold smile.

"I don't know what you're talking about, but if you want, you can search me, handsome." I lost my patience and threw her against the sink. "Renata, go ahead and search this trash. And don't be gentle."

"Wonderful! My day just got fun." Renata was a high-strung officer who was tough on criminals. She didn't cut them any slack. Renata grabbed



the woman and shoved her hard against the wall. "Spread your arms and legs, trash." The woman didn't comply. Renata slammed her head against the wall. "Detective, did you see that? It was self-defense."

"Yeah, I saw it, Renata," I replied and put my gun to the woman's head. "Obey the officer's orders, you worthless kidnapper! I'm not afraid to pull this trigger, and I have no mercy for scum who steal babies."

The woman spread her arms and legs, and Renata began searching her. Renata was patting her down so hard the woman would be bruised all over, but I couldn't care less. Renata turned the woman to face her and continued pressing everywhere, stopping when she reached the stomach.

"There's something here. Take off your shirt, trash," Renata ordered, but the woman didn't comply, so Renata slapped her face hard, leaving a clear handprint. "I said take off your shirt, you bitch!"

The woman took off her blouse, leaving only her bra on. Strapped to her stomach was a holster containing a taser, a cell phone, and a syringe with a vial. Renata pulled off the holster and handed it to me.

"What a slut! Should we check if she's hiding anything else, detective?" Renata's eyes gleamed mischievously. "We'd better make sure. You know how it is, detective, these whores have a drawer instead of a vagina. Take off your shoes." The woman hesitated, and Renata grabbed her throat firmly. "I said take off your shoes," Renata spoke slowly.

The woman kicked off her shoes while Renata put on a glove and then thrust her hand down the woman's pants so forcefully that it made her rise to her tiptoes and moan in pain. I picked up the shoes and found an ID card hidden under the insole of one of them.

"Ugh, let me wash my hands and use some hand sanitizer. This bitch is

filthy, disgusting!" Renata said after withdrawing her hand from the woman's pants and throwing the glove in the trash. "I think that's all she's got, detective. Unless she's stuffed something up her ass - that's your call. I can check there too, or we can send her for an X-ray." Renata was quite enthusiastic.

"Well, Renata, that depends on whether she'll give us time to send her for an X-ray or if we need to act fast," I said with a wicked smile. "So, Ms. Elisa Mourisco, do we have time?"

"What do you want?" The woman was crying with rage, speaking through gritted teeth.

"You know what we want," I said patiently.

"He's dead," she said with a sarcastic tone. Renata slapped her face again.

"No time for X-rays, detective," Renata said, turning the woman around and bending her over the bathroom sink. "I'll search her ass with my piece." Renata pulled out her gun and showed it in the mirror.

"I'll talk, I'll talk!" The woman panicked and started crying, struggling against the sink.

"Oh, how cute!" Renata mocked. "Sing, little bird."

"In the machine room. Under the third tank," the woman screamed.

I looked at Renata, and understanding hit me in less than a second. What she called a tank was a boiler. I ran out of the bathroom, yelling at Renata to hold the criminal. I rushed to the machine room desperately - the boilers were hot, and the temperatures were extremely high, which could kill the baby. In the machine room, I ran to the third boiler and heard a baby's soft cry. My heart was in my throat.



I found the little one in a bag under the piping that came out from behind the boiler. It was warm, but less so than under the boiler itself. I carefully picked up that helpless baby and gently pressed him to my chest. He calmed down, and as I was about to turn and leave, I saw a purse further ahead and a nurse's uniform thrown nearby. I called the officers who had followed me and ordered them to photograph and collect the evidence.

When I returned to the hallway, Renata was holding the kidnapper faced against the wall. I stopped near them, and Renata softened her gaze toward the baby. I leaned close to the kidnapper's ear and said:

"You're lucky, you piece of trash, that he's alive, otherwise I would've thrown you into that boiler. Renata, did she say why she did this?" I asked.

"Oh, Detective, she sang like a canary. It was ordered by that Joseph guy. And there's someone working with her, she swears she only knows his nickname - Joker." Renata smiled while the woman was completely disheveled with a badly bruised face.

"Great. Let's go find the Joker!" I turned to leave, and Renata couldn't help herself.

"Go ahead, Batman, I'll hand this Harley Quinn over to the wonder boy and catch up with you." Renata said, pointing to Officer Emilio who was with us. He was stocky and shorter than Renata.

I started laughing. I grabbed my phone and informed Alexander that his son was safe. I asked him to tell Molina not to lift the hospital lockdown yet, as we still needed to arrest the kidnapper's accomplice.

I went up the stairs with the security guards, carefully locking each door we passed through. When I reached the room, I placed the baby in



Catherine's arms, who thanked me through tears. Alexander pulled me into a hug and also thanked me with tears in his eyes. 1

"This is the second child of mine that you've rescued," Alexander said with a smile. "I think you're their guardian angel."

"I don't know about that, Alexander. I heard the rumor going around the hospital is that the detective is Batman," Molina commented, making everyone laugh, and I realized that Renata's little joke had spread far.

"But can we agree that these kids won't get into any more trouble? I nearly had about seven heart attacks today," I joked, rubbing my neck as everyone laughed.

While Molina examined the baby, I explained how the search went and how I found him. Catherine, who was now calm and coordinating everything to leave the hospital immediately, took her son in her arms again and called me over.

"Flavian, this is Sienna, your godchild." Catherine placed the baby in my arms again. "I know you'll protect him with your life. Thank you!"

I started crying because I already felt a strong connection with this little one. Initially, Catherine and Alexander said they wouldn't choose but would randomly assign the babies among us to determine who would be godfather to whom. But them allowing me to be little Sienna's godfather was a great gift.

"My God, I never thought I'd see a man your size crying!" Alexander teased me.

"I'm not even going to comment. I'm too busy with my little godchild." And just like that, I was melting for that kid and didn't want to let him go,



but I think his mother would have my head if I took too long to give him back. "Well, since you're heading home, I'll escort you. But you'll have to wait until we finish the searches." 7

Molina showed me an image of the only other person who left through the fire escape between the baby leaving the nursery and the doors being locked. It was a medium-height, thin man. That was all we knew. He was wearing a red cap, jeans, and a black t-shirt. No camera had caught his face. We searched the hospital once more and found the clothes and cap thrown in a corner of a nursing break room, and that spot happened to be a blind spot between security cameras. It was a dead end.

I returned to the room and said it wouldn't be possible to find him, it could have been anyone there, and we needed to reopen the hospital. We would conduct the search differently. I called my officers again and gave instructions.

"Emilio, take the perpetrator to one of the support vehicles. We'll formalize the statements at the precinct. Ask Bonfim to resolve and finish up here." I instructed, and the officer left, pushing the kidnapper. "The rest come with me, we'll escort the Miller family safely home."



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