

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 635

“Ho!” I snorted, gazing up at her. “So, you admit that I’m here because of a baseless allegation? What does it count as? Framing? Or murder?”

She curled her lips and sneered. “It doesn’t matter. You can think whatever you want. But since you’re already in here, I advise you to be on your best behavior and don’t even think about leaving.”

“Who are you people? Why are you doing this to me?” Even if I were to die, I figured I should have the right to know.

The policewoman shrugged. Cocking an eyebrow, she smirked. “Who we are is irrelevant. The important thing is that we need young and beautiful women like you.”

Are these people human traffickers? Organ traders?

My face must have gone pale. Those were the only two answers I could come up with.

Seeing the look on my face, the policewoman rose from her seat and approached me. Her fingers latched onto my jaw and proceeded to pinch it tight. I winced at the pain.

I locked eyes with her. “How much do you want? I can give you.”

She sneered some more. Then, she bent over and inched closer to me. Her delicate face leaned forward and lingered in front of me as she examined my features. Her voice was laced with coldness when she spoke, “Ms. Stovall, you should consider yourself lucky. Of all the women we have captured, you are by far the most fortunate. If we had followed our usual operation guidelines, you would have been shipped out of the country by now.”

I stared at her, startled, as I trembled on the inside and out. My heart was thumping fiercely, consumed by fear and unease.

She retreated to her seat, her eyes unfeeling. "Just stay here for now. Don't worry, you won't die. At least, for the time being. "

I watched her leave. My legs gave way and, before I knew it, I slumped onto the ground.

It's the twenty-first century! Why is this still happening in a society ruled by law? How can they take me away like this?

So, if I guessed correctly, the syringes and kyanine found in my bag had been a deliberate setup, with the purpose of providing them a legitimate reason to bring me here.

They managed to do that in broad daylight. They were not officers of the law, but scums living in the dark.

That was why, in the few hours I was taken here, they had no intention of delaying time and was more than keen to produce evidence of my crime, which led to my detention.

I had next to no friends or relatives in A City. So, if I were to suffer from any sort of ill fate, no one would ask about me. If I suddenly disappeared without a trace, no one would be the wiser.

They probably targeted me because of that. Also, if I recalled correctly, they injected some kind of substance into my body when I was in a daze. I wondered what that was.

All of my strength was drained away in a few short moments. I could not feel a single surge of energy.

It was useless. That call had been my only way out, but I called Savini. All hope was lost.

I stayed in the detention cell that night. As I thought, not a single person came, let alone lawyers.

They had the results of my blood test, and they injected me with something. Furthermore, they found the syringes and kyanine in my bag in front of so many witnesses at the hotel.

All these had been taken as facts. To outsiders, I must have been detained because I had been taking drugs.

Bang! The entrance to my cell flew open. The leading policewoman stepped in and glanced sternly at me.

Then she looked back at the police officer behind her and gave her instructions, "Ms. Stovall's case has been filed. Brief her on it."

"Yes, madam!"

Then the leading policewoman stepped out of the cell, leaving the other officer to deal with me. She handed me the document she had been holding and said, "Ms. Stovall, this is your judgment. You had better sign it quickly."

I backed away several steps, putting some distance between us. With a shaky voice, I asked, "Where do you plan to take me?"

She did not answer me. Instead, she looked at me blankly and said again, "Sign the document."

"Where are you taking me?" I was on the verge of a meltdown. My voice rose several decibels as I screeched.

She frowned, highlighting her forehead wrinkles, obviously displeased. "Ms. Stovall, just signs this," she repeated.

I shook my head as I crouched in a corner. My voice softened as I pleaded, "How much money do you want? Whatever the sum, I can give you. Just let me out of here."

She gave me a faint smile, one with a hint of irony. There was a pause, and then she turned to me again. "Ms. Stovall, I don't think you fully understand your current situation, so let me tell you. I'm sure you've heard many cases about rich girls suddenly disappearing one day, never to be seen again. Does that ring any bells?"

I glared at her, waiting for her to continue, and she did. "People work for money in order to live, but that's just too superficial. So, we've never been driven by money. We don't stoop to such a low level."

She approached me and handed me the document, her face void of emotions as she ordered, "Sign it! Stop wasting time! Let me remind you, if you're smart enough, you should know that obedience would allow you to live longer than if you resisted. Look, we're only human, you and me. As long as you live, there's still hope, isn't that right?"

She said that very calmly, as though she was just talking to a friend.

I could not understand. Exactly what kind of person could say such a thing in such a calm manner?

Taking a short breath, I steadied myself and glanced her way, "So, what do you guys intend to do with me?"