

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 645

It had taken the four of us days to get here across the rugged terrain, scaling numerous peaks. It was a tremendous distance. Why would these policemen have made the same, if not more, perilous journey? Besides, weren't they worried about appearing conspicuous?

"What's wrong?" Troy asked doubtfully, noting our troubled faces with concern.

Out of consideration for Troy, we chorused in tandem, a little too brightly, "Nothing! It's fine!"

Nora was the most street smart among us. She was closely guarded, refusing to trust others unless they've proven themselves. She now paused, then remarked wisely, "No matter what, let's be careful. If it's really impossible, we can continue to the city. We'll definitely meet fellow countrymen there. If we're indeed that close to the border, there'll definitely be an embassy we can seek refuge at."

Upon hearing Nora's tempered reasoning, we nodded in agreement. Besides, it didn't seem like there were any other alternatives.

Having made up our minds, we regretfully bade farewell to Troy and Yvette and hurriedly set off.

Before we could even step out of the door, however, we heard the sound of rapid footsteps coming from outside, beyond it.

"What shall we do?" Laurel shrieked. She clung tightly to the hem of my shirt, petrified.

"Let's wait and see," I declared firmly, trying to keep my voice from quaking. Together, Nora and I watched the door in trepidation.

Troy's house was rather cramped. There was absolutely nowhere to hide.

Besides, even if we managed to, we'd be leaving Troy and Yvette to fend for themselves. If these were indeed assailants coming for us, they might even torment Troy and Yvette for helping us.

We decided that we had to confront them head-on. As we peered out of the crack of the door, what greeted us was the sight of a few dark-skinned men attired in police uniforms. They stood haughtily in the yard with their chests puffed out.

"Venrian policemen!" Nora muttered; her brow furrowed. She squared her shoulders and walked out into the yard somewhat defiantly.

When the policemen saw us, looks of astonishment flitted briefly across their faces. Troy, who'd followed us out, began rattling off a string of explanations. Unable to follow the conversations, we fixed our gazes on Troy in complete trust.

After a brief exchange, the apparent leader of the policemen turned towards us and uttered a command. Naturally, we made no response and merely looked at him, mystified.

The policeman looked equally confused. His arrogance seemed to have taken a blow. He turned towards a sallow-looking man standing just behind him and gave another order.

His chosen interpreter stared at us with piercing eyes and asked, "Are you illegal Chanaean immigrants?"

Nora pursed her lips. "Good sirs, can we discuss this civilly? We weren't trespassing. We were running for our lives!"

The interpreter frowned slightly, then reported back to his leader. The policeman looked at us for a moment, then directed his reply to us through his interpreter again.

In this way, we achieved a semblance of understanding. The Venrian policemen were here on border patrol, having heard rumors of missing people.

From what information we'd managed to piece together, they didn't sound like terrible people. In fact, we managed to glean the fact that some of our family members were searching for us.

Nora's eyes roved across each of our faces. At last, she said lightly, "Which of you has such influential family members? How did they manage to mobilize even the Venrian policemen?"

We had all been equally confounded by the revelation. Tabitha volunteered rather uncertainly, "I'm not too sure either, but my Dad's job involves border surveillance. I don't think he's important enough a figure to get me out here, though, much less know where I am!"

Laurel shrugged as well. "Don't look at me! My parents are ordinary people. They live along the coast. If I was ever kidnapped, all they would do would be to call the police. It isn't likely that Chanaean policemen would cast their net this far."

We all looked simultaneously in Tessa's direction. She had been standing aside calmly and was startled to see us gazing questioningly at her. "It must be fate!" she blurted out.

Speechless, we turned back. It was evident that we couldn't count on Tessa for answers now, either.

Nora squinted at me. "Scarlett, now that I think about it, you've never told us about your past or your family, have you?"

I bit my lip, then replied ruefully, "I grew up an orphan in R Province. My Grandma was the one who took care of me as a child growing up, but she passed away. I've been working at A City alone ever since. I'm not close to my colleagues and I don't think any of them would notice if I went missing."

My reply was evidently not what Nora was expecting to hear. She awkwardly patted my arm and said, "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to bring that up."

I smiled faintly at her. "It's nothing. I'm used to it."

Tabitha seemed the most likely cause now. Her parents must have gotten hold of some thread of connection that had led them all the way here to Venria.

We thus said our goodbyes for real to the Laanders. Together with the policemen, we traipsed out of the village towards what we hoped was home.

The long ride eventually sobered us up from the initial rush of joy. A sudden hush descended on our group. Then Nora spoke, "I hope we can truly return home this time around. If we all survive this, let's be sure to keep in touch."

Laurel forced a chuckle. "Of course we'll survive!"

It was a five or six-hour drive to the city. We were supposed to be headed towards Marsingfill, but the route took us instead to Ocean City. It was located, as its name suggested, close to the sea.

An uneasy feeling stirred among us. Nora turned towards the sallow-skinned man and demanded, "Why did you take a detour around Norham to bring us here to Ocean City?"

The man smirked aggravatingly. "Well, well, it seems like someone knows her way around Venria pretty well!" he said.