

No Chance 1941

[Chapter 1941 He Will Not Give Up](#)

Rachel felt a bit helpless. "There's no way anything could happen between Vincent and me. Liz, what else could possibly develop? Just because Vincent spoke a few words to you, it doesn't mean there could be something between him and me."

Suddenly, Rachel didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

Vincent was both unpleasant and overly talkative. She hadn't even given her consent yet, and it was probable that he had already informed all their friends.

However, feelings can't be forced.

With this thought, Rachel cursed Vincent inwardly.

Just as Vincent and Gareth found a restaurant, Vincent sneezed heavily several times right at the entrance.

He rubbed his nose, muttering to himself, "How strange, I don't have a cold, but why am I sneezing so much?"

"That's easy to figure out. You must have done something to upset someone, and now they're talking behind your back and cursing you!" These were the words Gareth quietly directed toward him from his side.

Gareth's words served as a wake-up call for Vincent, who shrugged and said, "Who could I have possibly offended recently? As a lawyer, isn't it common to fight cases and discuss them? As

representatives of our clients, even if the other party gets emotional, they would vent at our clients, not us... Right, Rachel. The only person who could possibly badmouth me behind my back is Rachel."

The idea of Rachel gritting her teeth and vehemently cursing him at that moment amused Vincent to some extent.

He had been making efforts to win her over for a considerable amount of time, but he still hadn't succeeded in getting Rachel to open up. Rachel truly proved to be a challenging puzzle. Nevertheless, he remained determined and wasn't about to give up.

Gareth stayed quiet as he entered the restaurant. He asked for a private room and then proceeded to follow the waiter to it, with Vincent trailing closely behind him.

Back at the café, upon hearing Rachel say that it was impossible for her to get together with Vincent, Elisa fell silent. She knew that discussing relationship matters was never easy.

Moreover, they were entangled with each other.

However, the changes in Vincent were clearly noticeable.

"Vincent has changed a lot compared to before. Furthermore, Vincent and Gareth are not the same. You two have never been together, let alone been married. Why not give it a try?"

"It's a gamble. If reckless talk is just about winning or losing, then it's really not worth it for me. And reckless talk is purposeful. Liz, that person puts up an act in front of you, so you must not be deceived by his false appearance. It has been such a long time, and if you didn't return, I was about to join

Sheen and the others in stopping the search and rescue team from looking for you, do you know that? You really had us worried sick!"

The idea of Rachel gritting her teeth and vehemently cursing him at that moment amused Vincent to some extent.

He had been making efforts to win her over for a considerable amount of time, but he still hadn't succeeded in getting Rachel to open up. Rachel truly proved to be a challenging puzzle. Nevertheless, he remained determined and wasn't about to give up.

Gareth stayed quiet as he entered the restaurant. He asked for a private room and then proceeded to follow the waiter to it, with Vincent trailing closely behind him.

Back at the café, upon hearing Rachel say that it was impossible for her to get together with Vincent, Elisa fell silent. She knew that discussing relationship matters was never easy.

Moreover, they were entangled with each other.

However, the changes in Vincent were clearly noticeable.

"Vincent has changed a lot compared to before. Furthermore, Vincent and Gareth are not the same. You two have never been together, let alone been married. Why not give it a try?"

"It's a gamble. If reckless talk is just about winning or losing, then it's really not worth it for me. And reckless talk is purposeful. Liz, that person puts up an act in front of you, so you must not be deceived by his false appearance. It has been such a long time, and if you didn't return, I was about to join Sheen and the others in stopping the search and rescue team from looking for you, do you know that?

You really had us worried sick!"

Rachel stirred her coffee in front of her and let out a long sigh.

Her expression was filled with nothing but distress.

Elisa nodded, her face adorned with a warm smile.

She knew that Rachel and Sheena were genuinely worried about her. Fortunately, nothing happened between her and Gareth.

"Oh, Ms. Bennett, it's been such a long time since we last met. Where have you been all this while?"

A teasing voice echoed in Elisa's ear, followed by a noticeable weight on her left shoulder.

Elisa frowned. Just as she was about to reach out and grab the other person's wrist, they quickly moved their hand away!

Across from her, Rachel was already furious. "Who are you? How dare you casually touch a girl like that? Where are your manners?"

“This is a matter between Ms. Benett and me. Is there a need for you to be so agitated?”

[Chapter 1942 Mr Carrerra](#)

Elisa pulled Rachel away, preventing her from confronting that person directly.

Pulling Rachel behind her, Elisa curved her lips into a never-changing polite smile.

“Mr. Carrerra, it's been a long time.”

It was none other than Mr. Carrerra.

Ever since he was driven out of the supermarket previously, Mr. Carrerra hadn't shown up for quite a while.

Perhaps it was because, amidst all the unexpected developments, there had never been an opportunity to meet.

Elisa was somewhat surprised to run into Mr. Carrerra out of the blue, but more than that, she was apprehensive.

Mr. Carrerra also smiled. The mysterious light twinkling in his eyes was enough to send chills down one's spine.

“Ms. Benett, there shouldn't be any police this time, right?”

Elisa knew that Mr. Carrerra was referring to the incident at the supermarket previously.

She didn't expect this person to hold a grudge.

Elisa chuckled, her response devoid of both humility and arrogance. “Mr. Carrerra, you must be jesting. If someone conducts themselves with integrity, why would the police persistently pursue them?”

Mr. Carrerra's face turned somewhat gloomy, and he stared at Elisa without uttering a word.

Rachel gave Elisa's hand a gentle squeeze, to which the latter responded by patting her back, silently conveying strength.

Elisa subtly moved half a step back, whispering so that only the two of them could hear, “Don't be frightened. When I divert his attention, seize the opportunity to escape.”

Rachel shook her head, her gaze resolute.

“No. What will you do if I leave?”

Elisa frowned. “Now is not the time for loyalty. If you manage to escape, you can still relay messages to Gareth. However, if both of us are apprehended, when will Gareth ever find out?”

Even Elisa herself was unaware that in moments like these, the person she placed her trust in first wasn't the police, but Gareth.

After all, if Mr. Carrerra could discreetly enter the café, it indicated that the police's control over him was futile.

Otherwise, he wouldn't dare to appear there so openly.

Upon hearing these words, Rachel no longer persisted.

She knew that what Elisa was saying was the truth, but...

Mr. Carrerra and Elisa remained locked in a tense standoff when, all of a sudden, Mr. Carrerra burst into laughter, a laugh that carried an eerie undertone.

"You make a valid point," he said, "but there's one aspect I can't quite agree with."

Seeing that he had no intention of being rough, Elisa patiently and respectfully responded, saying, "Please enlighten me, Mr. Carrerra."

Mr. Carrerra raised an eyebrow. "Those unafraid of the police might not always conduct themselves with integrity, engaging in inconsistent behavior and even resorting to theft..." Mr. Carrerra's voice trailed off, and his gaze toward Elisa held a mixture of a smile and a smirk. "Ms. Bennett, do you concur with my assessment?"

Rachel shook her head, her gaze resolute.

"No. What will you do if I leave?"

Eliso frowned. "Now is not the time for loyalty. If you manage to escape, you can still relay messages to Goreth. However, if both of us are apprehended, when will Goreth ever find out?"

Even Eliso herself was unaware that in moments like these, the person she placed her trust in first wasn't the police, but Goreth.

After all, if Mr. Correrro could discreetly enter the café, it indicated that the police's control over him was futile.

Otherwise, he wouldn't dare to appear there so openly.

Upon hearing these words, Rachel no longer persisted.

She knew that what Eliso was saying was the truth, but...

Mr. Correrro and Eliso remained locked in a tense standoff when, all of a sudden, Mr. Correrro burst into laughter, a laugh that carried an eerie undertone.

"You make a valid point," he said, "but there's one aspect I can't quite agree with."

Seeing that he had no intention of being rough, Eliso patiently and respectfully responded, saying, "Please enlighten me, Mr. Correrro."

Mr. Correrro raised an eyebrow. "Those unfraid of the police might not always conduct themselves with integrity, engaging in inconsistent behavior and even resorting to theft..." Mr. Correrro's voice trailed off, and his gaze toward Eliso held a mixture of a smile and a smirk. "Ms. Bennett, do you concur with my assessment?"

Elisa's face turned pale when she realized that Mr. Carrerra was alluding to the earlier altercation over the Ganoderma Caligo.

Elisa was innocent, but she recognized that this wasn't the moment for a confrontation. Her foremost objective was to placate Mr. Carrerra's emotions.

No one was aware of whether he had brought any weapons or how many individuals he had brought along with him.

If she wasn't cautious, everyone present could be placed in jeopardy.

Elisa was not impulsive, and she certainly wasn't someone who would make light of the lives of so many people.

Elisa chuckled a few times and then responded with a question. "Mr. Carrerra, you're known for your directness, so why don't we get straight to the point? What has brought you here today? If it's for a meal, consider it my treat."

Mr. Carrerra sneered, "My reason for being here..." He paused, his gaze turning cold as it fixed on Elisa, akin to a vulture in the wilderness locking onto its prey.

"What could my intentions be, you ask? I merely want to extend an invitation for both of you to visit my abode and have a chat. I've heard that Ms. Benett had a close call recently, and I'm intrigued to learn about your adventures during this time."

[Chapter 1943 Take Away](#)

I knew it. Elisa's heart sank.

She lifted her gaze, attempting to negotiate with Mr. Carrerra.

"It's sufficient if I accompany you," Elisa replied firmly. "My friend here has no involvement in this affair, nor does she have any personal connections with you."

Rachel gently squeezed Elisa's hand from behind. Elisa's expression remained unchanged as if she didn't feel a thing.

Mr. Carrerra burst into hearty laughter as he pointed at Elisa. "Well, well. You're quite loyal, aren't you? What a pity." His tone changed abruptly. "No one is leaving today!"

Mr. Carrerra raised his voice, drawing the curious gazes of those nearby. They regarded him with odd expressions, as though they were observing an unusual spectacle.

Nevertheless, after locking eyes with Mr. Carrerra, they promptly averted their gaze.

Legend had it that individuals who lived perilous lives were invariably accompanied by a handful of wayward souls, bearing the lingering scent of mortality.

Although Elisa didn't feel oppressed, being next to Mr. Carrerra was indeed somewhat uncomfortable.

"So, there's no room for negotiation?"

Elisa's indifferent tone was no longer as pleasant as before, making it hard to discern whether she was perturbed.

Mr. Carrerra nodded, crossing his arms leisurely as he looked at Elisa. "Yes, no room for negotiation."

His expression seemed to say, "What can you do about that?"

Elisa drew a deep breath, her fists tightening and then loosening.

She had to come to terms with the fact that there was nothing she could do about Mr. Carrerra.

The place was teeming with people, making it all too easy for anyone there to become his hostage.

She didn't stand a chance against him.

Elisa lowered her gaze, lost in thought for a moment.

Mr. Carrerra displayed no sense of urgency, his gaze leisurely shifting between the two individuals.

"Very well," Elisa consented, a response that prompted Mr. Carrerra to arch his eyebrows, seemingly surprised by her quick agreement.

Of course, he was also prepared for the possibility that Elisa might not agree.

In unconventional circumstances, unconventional methods were employed.

Mr. Carrerra patted his head and pointed toward the elevator. "Please go ahead."

Elisa held Rachel's hand and walked past Mr. Carrerra.

The elevator, which was originally quite spacious, now seemed somewhat cramped.

Sensing that Rachel was slightly trembling, Elisa softly comforted, "It's okay. Don't worry, I'm here."

That being said, Elisa herself wasn't very confident.

She was someone who seldom experienced regret.

She firmly believed that once a decision was reached, it was final.

Regret proved to be fruitless; time wouldn't rewind due to it, and the outcome wouldn't change.

Eliso drew a deep breath, her fists tightening and then loosening.

She had to come to terms with the fact that there was nothing she could do about Mr. Correrro.

The place was teeming with people, making it all too easy for anyone there to become his hostage.

She didn't stand a chance against him.

Eliso lowered her gaze, lost in thought for a moment.

Mr. Correrro displayed no sense of urgency, his gaze leisurely shifting between the two individuals.

"Very well," Eliso consented, a response that prompted Mr. Correrro to arch his eyebrows, seemingly surprised by her quick agreement.

Of course, he was also prepared for the possibility that Eliso might not agree.

In unconventional circumstances, unconventional methods were employed.

Mr. Correrro potted his head and pointed toward the elevator. "Please go ahead."

Eliso held Rachel's hand and walked past Mr. Correrro.

The elevator, which was originally quite spacious, now seemed somewhat cramped.

Sensing that Rachel was slightly trembling, Eliso softly comforted, "It's okay. Don't worry, I'm here."

That being said, Eliso herself wasn't very confident.

She was someone who seldom experienced regret.

She firmly believed that once a decision was reached, it was final.

Regret proved to be fruitless; time wouldn't rewind due to it, and the outcome wouldn't change.

Yet, at that moment, she genuinely lamented her oversight, the oversight of forgetting about such an individual.

She regretted involving Rachel in Paul's matters.

I am too impatient. Mr. Carrerra is no saint; he's a lunatic, an absolute and utter lunatic! You can never predict the actions of a lunatic once they lose their sanity.

Elisa felt a chill go down her spine.

The elevator soon arrived at basement level two. Mr. Carrerra led the way, with the other two closely trailing behind.

Then they arrived at a van. To be precise, two black extended vans.

Seeing Mr. Carrerra approaching, the people in one car immediately opened the door and stepped out.

All of them were men of towering stature, standing over one hundred and eighty centimeters tall, individuals who had experienced life-and-death situations alongside Mr. Carrerra.

At a quick glance, there appeared to be almost ten people.

Suddenly, Elisa felt somewhat relieved that she hadn't impulsively chosen to resist earlier.

If not, could she and Rachel still emerge from this unharmed? Would they be compelled to enter the van in their current upright stance, or would they be forcibly ushered into it?

More importantly, what sort of unforeseen catastrophe might befall the unsuspecting patrons in the café they had just left?

[Chapter 1944 Calling For Help](#)

"Boss, is that the woman? Do you want me to teach her a lesson first?"

A man with a scarred face advanced, exuding a palpable air of aggression, his hands rubbing together as if poised to strike. It appeared as though he would swiftly deliver a fatal blow to Elisa upon Mr. Carrerra's command.

Elisa had no doubt about it as his eyes were filled with murderous intent.

Mr. Carrerra raised his hand to stop him, patting him on the chest.

“Hey, no need for such hostility. These two are my guests. Haven't I taught you the proper way to treat guests?”

After Mr. Carrerra finished speaking, he gave Rachel what he thought was a kind smile.

Little did he know that it was quite haunting.

He made a welcoming gesture. “Please, get into the car.”

The burly men also returned to their respective vehicles one by one, leaving two behind to guard the duo and urging them to get into the car.

Halfway through, Elisa stopped in her tracks.

The two people following behind her immediately became alert and looked at her.

Elisa blinked her innocent eyes. “You two should get into the car first. I prefer to sit by the window because I get car sick.”

The men exchanged glances, and one of them snarled menacingly, “No playing tricks.”

Elisa's expression conveyed her helplessness. “I'm not trying to deceive you. I genuinely suffer from car sickness.”

Even though Rachel wasn't certain when Elisa began experiencing car sickness, their enduring friendship enabled her to provide strong support for Elisa, even when she wasn't entirely sure of her friend's intentions.

Rachel nodded earnestly and explained, “Indeed, she's had motion sickness since she was a child. If she remains seated for an extended period, she might vomit. Sitting by the window and getting some fresh air usually helps.”

The two exchanged glances, clearly still somewhat uneasy.

Mr. Carrerra, already seated in the passenger side, leaned out to assess the situation with his brows furrowed.

“Hurry up.”

With a mischievous glint in her eyes, Elisa added, “This garage is quite spacious, and you have two cars. Are you worried I might attempt an escape?”

It was this remark, combined with Mr. Carrerra's insistence, that persuaded the two men to opt for getting into the car first.

Rachel went in after them, and Elisa was the last to get into the car.

During the fleeting moment when Rachel entered the car, precisely when she was within the blind spot of those inside, Elisa swiftly pressed on her phone that was hidden in her sleeve twice, discreetly sending out a distress signal for backup.

The signal will be immediately sent to the default emergency contact.

Previously, Gareth had set up her phone, making him the emergency contact.

After doing that, Elisa casually tossed her phone on the ground.

Once she got into the car, she wouldn't be able to hide it.

They would definitely search for her phone.

Rachel nodded earnestly and explained, "Indeed, she's had motion sickness since she was a child. If she remains seated for an extended period, she might vomit. Sitting by the window and getting some fresh air usually helps."

The two exchanged glances, clearly still somewhat uneasy.

Mr. Correrro, already seated in the passenger side, leaned out to assess the situation with his brows furrowed.

"Hurry up."

With a mischievous glint in her eyes, Elisa added, "This garage is quite spacious, and you have two cars. Are you worried I might attempt to escape?"

It was this remark, combined with Mr. Correrro's insistence, that persuaded the two men to opt for getting into the car first.

Rachel went in after them, and Elisa was the last to get into the car.

During the fleeting moment when Rachel entered the car, precisely when she was within the blind spot of those inside, Elisa swiftly pressed on her phone that was hidden in her sleeve twice, discreetly sending out a distress signal for backup.

The signal will be immediately sent to the default emergency contact.

Previously, Gareth had set up her phone, making him the emergency contact.

After doing that, Elisa casually tossed her phone on the ground.

Once she got into the car, she wouldn't be able to hide it.

They would definitely search for her phone.

As expected, the moment they entered the car, under Mr. Carrerra's directive, they were both instructed to surrender their electronic devices.

With a stern and unyielding gaze, Rachel locked eyes with the man. The man, seemingly unfazed, let out a light chuckle. "Please comply with the instructions," he urged.

Rachel reluctantly handed over her phone to the man.

After receiving the phone, the man immediately threw it out the window.

Rachel grimaced.

The man shot Elisa a smirk. "What about yours, gorgeous? Don't put us in a tough spot, and don't try any tricks. It won't be pleasant if we have to search you later."

Elisa shook her head.

"I don't have it with me," Elisa calmly asserted. "You won't find it even if you search me. I left my phone at the café. If you doubt me, you can confirm with Mr. Carrerra."

The person's smile froze at the corner of his mouth, clearly not expecting Elisa to say such a thing.

He retrieved his phone and sent a message to Mr. Carrerra, the contents of which remained undisclosed.

In the end, he merely emitted a cold, disdainful snort, choosing not to hassle Elisa further.

Mr. Carrerra couldn't have seen the phone at the café, as it was only discarded in the garage after it had sent out an emergency distress signal and automatically transmitted its location, just before Elisa finally entered the car.

She had merely said that to enhance her credibility.

[Chapter 1945 That Did Not Matter](#)

To Mr. Carrerra, that also did not matter.

Elisa had barely survived such an ordeal, but before she could even catch her breath, the man pulled out two black hoods, grinning menacingly as he said, "Here you go, both of you."

Elisa glanced at the hood, sighing inwardly.

There's no way to avoid what is coming.

She did not hesitate much, for hesitation was of no use.

Elisa picked up one and put it on Rachel before helping her adjust it to ensure she would not have difficulty breathing.

Immediately after, she picked up the other one and put it on herself.

The man gave a mysterious smile but said nothing.

With unease, Elisa closed her eyes.

Meanwhile, Gareth and Vincent found a Friyixian restaurant. The latter was still ordering his food.

He flipped through the menu, intent on picking the most expensive dish to deplete Gareth's fortune.

Gareth made no effort to look up or react, engrossed in his phone. In reality, he was waiting for news from Elisa.

Before long, a message popped up.

The message came from Elisa's account, which greatly excited Gareth.

He hastily clicked on it, but his mind instantly blanked upon seeing its content.

It was a text message requesting urgent help, plus an address.

After quickly regaining his composure, Gareth first sent a message to Elisa, asking if she was currently in danger.

He badly wanted to call her but feared his call would reveal her location as she was on the run.

There was no response from Elisa, and Gareth knew that perhaps he would never get a response again.

Hence, he grabbed the coat beside him and dashed outside.

With a look of confusion, Vincent ran after him.

As soon as Gareth got in the car, Vincent followed suit.

Gareth's car sped away like an arrow released from its bow.

Winded from being thrown back due to inertia, Vincent caught his breath before commenting, "Tell me,

Mr. Wickam, is this some new way of dining and dashing? Is this how the rich seek thrills? We haven't even ordered yet."

Gareth said nothing and merely tossed his phone to Vincent. His foot pressed harder on the gas pedal, accelerating to a speed of one hundred twenty kilometers per hour.

Vincent caught the phone and froze in shock after looking at the screen.

The urgency in Gareth's actions indicates that this distress message isn't fake. Elisa and Rachel left together. This means they had most likely encountered danger together.

The thought made Vincent restless. He set aside his carefree nature and asked seriously, "Do you know who did this?"

Gareth shook his head. After so many years of doing business, one is bound to bump into a few enemies. There's a possibility that Edith harbors resentment for us having just dealt with Paul, so I'm not sure who did it.

Gareth shook his head. After so many years of doing business, one is bound to bump into a few enemies. There's a possibility that Edith harbors resentment for us having just dealt with Paul, so I'm not sure who did it.

"Have Thomas look into it immediately."

As soon as Gareth's words fell, Vincent immediately made a phone call.

Thomas began to investigate the surveillance of that place.

The silence in the car was so intense that one could probably hear the sound of a pin dropping on the floor.

Only the heavy breathing of the two remained.

The car sped to the designated location. However, after a long search, all they found was Elisa's abandoned phone.

Gareth picked up the phone, his heart clenched in his chest.

He could not imagine what Elisa was currently facing. After all the hardship she had just overcome, why would she encounter such a situation again? Who dares to act so recklessly here...

Suddenly, Gareth thought of a person.

Only he... Could it be him?

Just at that moment, a call came in from Thomas. He had found the whereabouts of a suspicious vehicle.

Gareth immediately drove to the address provided.

Gareth shook his head. After so many years of doing business, one is bound to bump into a few enemies. There's a possibility that Edith harbors resentment for us having just dealt with Paul, so I'm not sure who did it.

"Have Thomas look into it immediately."

As soon as Gareth's words fell, Vincent immediately made a phone call.

Thomas began to investigate the surveillance of that place.

The silence in the car was so intense that one could probably hear the sound of a pin dropping on the floor.

Only the heavy breathing of the two remained.

The car sped to the designated location. However, after a long search, all they found was Elisa's abandoned phone.

Gareth picked up the phone, his heart clenched in his chest.

He could not imagine what Elisa was currently facing. After all the hardship she had just overcome, why would she encounter such a situation again? Who dares to act so recklessly here...

Suddenly, Gareth thought of a person.

Only he... Could it be him?

Just at that moment, a call came in from Thomas. He had found the whereabouts of a suspicious vehicle.

Gareth immediately drove to the address provided.

[Chapter 1946 The Abandoned Factory](#)

Meanwhile, at Elisa's end, the car stopped at an unknown destination.

Elisa guessed it was in the countryside somewhere near a factory due to the transition of sounds from car horns in the city to the crowing of roosters and barking of dogs. Furthermore, there was the sound of a massive industrial plant at work.

When the hood was removed abruptly, she found it hard to open her eyes.

Elisa squinted her eyes, looking at the spot in front of her.

I've guessed right, more or less. Isn't that an abandoned factory right in front of me?

"Let's go, Ms. Benett." Mr. Carrerra led the way, signaling the people behind him to escort the two individuals inside.

Elisa shook off the hand that tried to restrain her, her gaze icy cold. "I can walk on my own."

"My, my." The man sneered, pointing at Elisa with the people around him. "Quite the fiery one, aren't you? I wonder if you'll still be as fiery when you're beneath me."

The vulgar jokes and the men's lewd conversations fell on Elisa's ears, causing her to frown deeply, looking quite menacing.

After exchanging a glance with Rachel and ensuring she was all right, Elisa was the first to enter the factory.

The factory was constructed from colorful steel tiles, covering an area of about three hundred square meters. There was nothing much inside, making it appear even more spacious.

Elisa scanned her surroundings. The factory ceilings were typically around five to six meters high, and the windows were sealed shut.

Escaping by themselves was already a daunting task. Adding around a dozen burly men who kill without batting an eye, their swords slick with blood to the mix... The chances of escaping were indeed slim.

She could only hope that Gareth could find her as soon as possible.

Of course, this did not mean she would choose to sit idly by and do nothing.

Ever since she ran into Mr. Carrerra, her mind had begun to whirl rapidly, trying to find a way to escape.

The factory was divided into two sections by a brick wall. The innermost part was where Elisa and Rachel remained while Mr. Carrerra and the others kept watch outside.

Rachel observed her surroundings. She suppressed her fear and turned to Elisa. "What should we do now?"

Despite her best efforts to suppress it, the slight tremble in Rachel's voice betrayed her fear at that very moment.

Elisa understood clearly.

Fortunately, whether Mr. Carrerra and the others were underestimating the two of them or whatever the reason, they did not restrict their movements.

Elisa patted Rachel's shoulder, her expression calm. "Don't be afraid."

Leaning closer, Elisa continued, her voice barely audible, "Before coming here, I've already contacted Gareth. Hopefully, he can find us as soon as possible. But before that, we can't just sit and wait for our demise. We need to think of a plan."

Rachel nodded, her face lighting up with joy. She knew Elisa would not allow herself to get caught without any preparation.

However... Rachel suddenly thought of Vincent.

Knowing his personality, he probably didn't leave then and was likely following Gareth around. I wonder if he's aware or if he'll come.

Rachel realized her concern and shook her head, trying to shake those distracting thoughts out of her mind.

Whether he comes or not has nothing to do with me. I'm just worried that Vincent will hold Gareth back when the time comes. Yes. That must be it.

Elisa was unaware of the myriad thoughts swirling in Rachel's mind and continued to share her observations. "With Thomas' capability, the car should have no problem reaching the countryside. However, it'll take some time."

As Mr. Carrerra and the others switched cars halfway to a location out of the surveillance camera's reach, it meant that tracking the vehicle would pose some challenges.

But that was not the most crucial part.

Leaning closer, Elisa continued, her voice barely audible, "Before coming here, I've already contacted Gareth. Hopefully, he can find us as soon as possible. But before that, we can't just sit and wait for our demise. We need to think of a plan."

Rachel nodded, her face lighting up with joy. She knew Elisa would not allow herself to get caught without any preparation.

However... Rachel suddenly thought of Vincent.

Knowing his personality, he probably didn't leave then and was likely following Gareth around. I wonder if he's aware or if he'll come.

Rachel realized her concern and shook her head, trying to shake those distracting thoughts out of her mind.

Whether he comes or not has nothing to do with me. I'm just worried that Vincent will hold Gareth back when the time comes. Yes. That must be it.

Elisa was unaware of the myriad thoughts swirling in Rachel's mind and continued to share her observations. "With Thomas' capability, the car should have no problem reaching the countryside. However, it'll take some time."

As Mr. Carrerra and the others switched cars halfway at a location out of the surveillance camera's reach, it meant that tracking the vehicle would pose some challenges.

But that was not the most crucial part.

[Chapter 1947 Human Trafficking](#)

Most importantly, even after locating that small town, the place was underdeveloped and barren, so the surveillance system was completely useless there.

After tracking to that point, others wouldn't know where to go.

That place covered at least two hectares, all of it being factory land. It would take a long time to search each building.

Therefore, it was crucial for them to establish contact with the outside world as soon as possible.

"We must find a way to escape from the factory," Elisa concluded with a serious expression.

Rachel nodded, casting a cautious glance outside, and asked in a hushed voice, "So, what do we do now?"

Elisa paused briefly before replying, "Wait."

The best course of action at that moment was to wait. The most crucial thing was to see why Mr. Carrerra had caught them. It's definitely not for the money. Otherwise, they would have called Gareth for ransom by now. When we were bidding for the Ganoderma Caligo, he should have noticed I was closely acquainted with Gareth. Therefore, he'll undoubtedly get a hefty sum for holding me hostage now. But, Mr. Carrerra chose not to inform Gareth. They've also captured Rachel.

A terrifying suspicion surged in Elisa's heart. Could it be...

Outside, Mr. Carrerra sat on a chair, sipping his drink. He casually picked up a peanut and tossed it into his mouth.

"Boss, what should we do with the two women now? We can't keep them here for too long. Their families are bound to notice, right?"

Mr. Carrerra munched on peanuts and took another sip of his drink. He glanced at that man. "What's the rush? Have you managed to get in touch with the people from Moranta?"

Scarface nodded. "We've made contact. We've reached out to Hannah over there. She specializes in this."

Mr. Carrerra began to laugh, then asked in a somewhat sinister tone, "Is that so?"

He clapped his hands, picked up the wine glass, and drained it in one gulp. "We must make sure to sell them at a good price."

“What?”

Inside the brick house, Rachel couldn't help but make a sound. Immediately, someone poked their head in from outside, signaling for the two to keep their voices down.

Rachel nodded, then lowered his voice to confirm with Elisa once again. “Are you saying they plan to sell us?”

Elisa nodded. “I'm afraid so. Otherwise, why haven't they made a move yet? I'm not sure how far they've gotten in their negotiations. Once a third party gets involved, it'll be hard for us to extricate ourselves. So, we must act quickly.”

Rachel nodded, trembling even more intensely.

She never imagined that something like being kidnapped and sold could happen to her.

In countries with high safety standards, human trafficking was severely punished. Yet now, it was happening to her, and she was the one being sold.

Thinking about those women in movies and TV shows who were bought and sold and their ultimate fate, Rachel couldn't help but shudder again.

“Are you scared?” Elisa asked.

Rachel nodded, then quickly shook her head.

Elisa sighed.

It was useless to be scared or regretful now. The best course of action at that moment was to send Rachel away as quickly as possible.

And so, they endured until the evening when someone came to deliver food.

After delivering the meal, he turned around to leave immediately.

Elisa called out to that person. “I need to use the restroom.”

That man turned around and sized up Elisa with a wicked smile. With clear ill-intent, he said, “If you need to use the bathroom, just do it right here.”

Rachel couldn't help but retort, “What do you mean? Are you treating us like livestock?”

The person shrugged indifferently. “To me, you're no different from livestock. The only purpose you serve is to fetch us a good price.”

She never imagined that something like being kidnapped and sold could happen to her.

In countries with high safety standards, human trafficking was severely punished. Yet now, it was happening to her, and she was the one being sold.

Thinking about those women in movies and TV shows who were bought and sold and their ultimate fate, Rachel couldn't help but shudder again.

"Are you scared?" Elisa asked.

Rachel nodded, then quickly shook her head.

Elisa sighed.

It was useless to be scared or regretful now. The best course of action at that moment was to send Rachel away as quickly as possible.

And so, they endured until the evening when someone came to deliver food.

After delivering the meal, he turned around to leave immediately.

Elisa called out to that person. "I need to use the restroom."

That man turned around and sized up Elisa with a wicked smile. With clear ill-intent, he said, "If you need to use the bathroom, just do it right here."

Rachel couldn't help but retort, "What do you mean? Are you treating us like livestock?"

The person shrugged indifferently. "To me, you're no different from livestock. The only purpose you serve is to fetch us a good price."

[Chapter 1948 Right Moment](#)

The words "good price" stung Elisa's ears as if he had confirmed her suspicions.

The person was completely oblivious to his slip of the tongue, just leaning against the door frame with a conceited look and watching the two of them.

Elisa raised an eyebrow. "Have you been drinking?"

The person's facial expression suddenly froze, clearly lacking confidence. "W-What has that got to do with you?"

Elisa chuckled, stood up, dusted herself off, and walked over, "If I'm not mistaken, you're on night watch today. Does your boss, Mr. Carrerra, allow you to drink while on duty?"

It seemed as though a thought had struck him, causing his body to shudder suddenly.

Elisa's smile grew even wider.

She knew she had bet correctly.

She patted the person's shoulder. "Consider it as a favor, shall we? We'll both turn a blind eye to each other, isn't that better? Otherwise, if you're caught drinking at night, it won't just be you who gets punished, but your whole gang..."

Elisa stopped at a certain point, and that person was also intelligent.

After carefully weighing the pros and cons, he agreed to Elisa's request. "Let's go. Come with me."

Elisa didn't move. She pointed at Rachel. "I want her to be my lookout."

The man's temper flared up instantly, his gaze on Elisa becoming increasingly fierce. "Don't you f*cking push your luck!"

He was already extremely infuriated being threatened by a woman, yet Elisa even demanded Rachel go with her at that moment. What's going on? Can't a person pee alone?

Elisa remained unmoved. She was the one in the upper hand now, so there was no need for her to worry.

Elisa curled her lips into a smile, seemingly unaffected by what had just transpired.

"I need to use the restroom, and so does she. We came here together, we eat and drink together, we're both human and need to use the restroom, that's one thing. Secondly, how do I know you won't peek?"

As if Elisa had exposed him, he awkwardly averted his gaze.

As shrewd as Elisa was, she fathomed that man's intention instantaneously.

She snorted in disdain inwardly but didn't reveal the emotion on her face. These people are lustful and greedy. It seems Mr. Carrerra's subordinates aren't that great either.

That was the most lethal flaw of such desperados, always living with their heads in the noose, never knowing when they might be killed.

Therefore, they always seized every moment to enjoy.

Of course, that also conveniently worked out in her favor.

The person didn't hesitate for too long and finally agreed.

He tied Rachel and Elisa's hands before leading them out of the brick house.

Only then did Eliso realize there were two doors there, one at the front and one at the back. The front door is the one we first entered through, and it's also the main entrance. As for the back door... It's rather hidden and quite close to the brick house where we're being held captive.

Just as she stepped out, she found several people sprawled unconsciously across the table. It seems they must have been drinking merrily. No wonder he's afraid of being discovered by Mr. Corroero. Mr. Corroero and the others must have settled down in the corner of some house around here, but definitely not here.

Exiting the brick house without a hitch, Eliso made the excuse that there were too many mosquitoes there and insisted on walking a bit further.

The person grumbled, "Where on earth did these mosquitoes come from in this weather?"

Eliso didn't bother to explain. She merely acted fussy and insisted on going a bit further, making excuses that those places were either not sufficiently concealed or that there were too many mosquitoes.

Finally, the person was annoyed. He casually pointed behind the big tree and said, "If you're not going to pee, we'll just go back."

Eliso pursed her lips in silence and exchanged glances with Rachel.

Only then did Elisa realize there were two doors there, one at the front and one at the back. The front door is the one we first entered through, and it's also the main entrance. As for the back door... It's rather hidden and quite close to the brick house where we're being held captive.

Just as she stepped out, she found several people sprawled unconsciously across the table. It seems they must have been drinking merrily. No wonder he's afraid of being discovered by Mr. Carrera. Mr. Carrera and the others must have settled down in the car or some house around here, but definitely not here.

Exiting the brick house without a hitch, Elisa made the excuse that there were too many mosquitoes there and insisted on walking a bit further.

The person grumbled, "Where on earth did these mosquitoes come from in this weather?"

Elisa didn't bother to explain. She merely acted fussy and insisted on going a bit further, making excuses that those places were either not sufficiently concealed or that there were too many mosquitoes.

Finally, the person was annoyed. He casually pointed behind the big tree and said, "If you're not going to pee, we'll just go back."

Elisa pursed her lips in silence and exchanged glances with Rachel.

[Chapter 1949 Escape](#)

Elisa extended her hand. "Can you untie my hands? Or would you prefer to pull down my pants for me?"

That person was left speechless for a moment by Elisa's audacity. Shouldn't I be the one saying that?

Ironically, he really did foolishly untie it for her.

After their hands were untied, Elisa and Rachel walked behind the big tree.

This tree must be ancient, having a circumference as wide as requiring three adults to fully embrace it. There was no need to worry about being seen there.

Elisa gave Rachel a look.

The person outside constantly peered in their direction, wishing desperately that he had x-ray vision.

Suddenly, there was the sound of a heavy object hitting the ground.

Suddenly, Elisa's shoes appeared outside the tree trunk, followed by Rachel crying, "Come over here quickly. She fainted!"

The man hurried over, his eyes widening in surprise at the sight of Elisa, unharmed. Before he could utter a word, he was struck from behind.

Immediately after, he fell unconscious.

Elisa threw down the stick. She searched the man and found a gun that was loaded with bullets.

Rachel's eyes widened. Firearms are strictly prohibited in this country. So, these people...

Before Rachel could think further, Elisa grabbed her hand, and together, they fled from that place.

Because they were unfamiliar with the area and unsure of which territories belonged to Mr. Carrerra, the two of them dared not recklessly seek help and merely desperately tried to escape that area.

After much difficulty, they found a deserted three-story farmhouse nestled against a hill. Both of them, out of breath, decided to rest for a while, planning to seek help and find a vehicle once daylight broke.

Elisa took a careful look at the structure of the house. It had three levels, each approximately around a hundred square meters.

The three-tiered window opened right onto the hillside, providing direct access to the mountain from there.

Elisa stared out the window for a while, a peculiar emotion crossing her eyes. This should be the last way out, not for me, but for Rachel.

Unexpectedly, they hadn't rested for long before Mr. Carrerra led people to chase after us, heading straight for that house.

With great intensity, many people approached, holding torches. The flames reflecting on their faces flickered.

Mr. Carrerra took the lead, carrying an intense aura of murderous intent.

Elisa knew that was the final moment.

She pulled Rachel, telling her to ascend the mountain directly from the window.

Their survival would be uncertain upon heading out since no one knew what they would encounter on the mountain.

However, they knew they would definitely have to suffer if they were caught.

One of them had to escape.

"Go up the hill from here and run as fast as you can."

Rachel remained still, holding Elisa's hand. "What about you? If we go, we go together. If we stay, we stay together."

"Stop being silly." Elisa said, "Now is not the time for loyalty. If you leave, I won't have any worries. Maybe you can even contact Gareth as soon as possible to come and rescue me."

Rachel remained still, her eyes filled with hot tears.

She knew that Elisa was right. Her staying would only be a burden.

However, she simply couldn't bring herself to leave and let Elisa face all of that alone.

"There's no time left!" Elisa shouted, "Look outside! If we don't leave now, both of us will be forced to stay!"

Tears streaked down Rachel's face. For the first time, she despised herself for being so useless.

"Stop crying, will you? Escape with my hopes, okay?"

Rachel wiped away her tears and nodded firmly.

Elisa didn't say a word. Instead, she brandished her gun, launching an attack on Mr. Carrerra and his group to keep them at bay, preventing them from discovering that Rachel had escaped through the window.

However, they knew they would definitely have to suffer if they were caught.

One of them had to escape.

"Go up the hill from here and run as far as you can."

Rachel remained still, holding Elisa's hand. "What about you? If we go, we go together. If we stay, we stay together."

"Stop being silly." Elisa said, "Now is not the time for loyalty. If you leave, I won't have any worries. Maybe you can even contact Gareth as soon as possible to come and rescue me."

Rachel remained still, her eyes filled with hot tears.

She knew that Elisa was right. Her staying would only be a burden.

However, she simply couldn't bring herself to leave and let Elisa face all of that alone.

"There's no time left!" Elisa shouted, "Look outside! If we don't leave now, both of us will be forced to stay!"

Tears streaked down Rachel's face. For the first time, she despised herself for being so useless.

"Stop crying, will you? Escape with my hopes, okay?"

Rachel wiped away her tears and nodded firmly.

Elisa didn't say a word. Instead, she brandished her gun, launching an attack on Mr. Carrerra and his group to keep them at bay, preventing them from discovering that Rachel had escaped through the window.

[Chapter 1950 Full Firepower](#)

While Elisa held off Mr. Carrerra's men with a handgun, she urged Rachel to leave quickly.

Tears welled up in Rachel's eyes. She desperately wanted to go with Elisa and to admit that she couldn't make it on her own. But there was no other way now. Elisa was paving the way for both of them. It was the only way they could survive.

Tears streaming down her face, Rachel pleaded, "You must take care of yourself. Wait for me. I will come back to save you."

Elisa nodded with a smile, but her face quickly turned serious. "No matter what you hear, don't listen. Just keep running up the mountain. That's the only way you can be safe. Do you understand?"

Rachel nodded vigorously.

After watching Rachel leave, Elisa began her counterattack.

There weren't many bullets in the pistol to begin with. She didn't intend to hurt anyone, knowing that if she did, Mr. Carrerra would unleash his fury on her twofold.

All Elisa wanted was to temporarily fend off these people, yet there were those who recklessly insisted on stepping forward.

In order to buy as much time as possible for Rachel, Elisa shot and killed one of Mr. Carrerra's men.

It seemed that Mr. Carrerra was genuinely angered. His counterattack was fierce. Elisa was quickly suppressed as she was armed with only one handgun.

Elisa leaned against the wall, not daring to show her face at the window.

The moment she showed her face, she would be shot in the head.

Elisa took a deep breath, glanced at the gun with only one bullet left, and quietly made a decision.

She was now pinning her hopes on someone hearing the gunshot and calling the police, provided, of course, that not everyone there was under Mr. Carrerra's control.

But now it seemed things weren't as she hoped.

Otherwise, Mr. Carrerra and his men wouldn't have come looking so soon right after they reached the house, not even having time to catch their breaths.

She reckoned all the factories and residents around there were under Mr. Carrerra's control, which made things quite tricky.

Just as Elisa was making plans, a noise came from downstairs. Mr. Carrerra's men broke in and headed straight for the third floor.

Elisa fired a bullet, hitting the first man who approached right between the eyebrows.

The person just fell down stiffly just like that.

Seeing their comrade fall before their eyes, everyone exchanged uneasy glances. They all knew Elisa was a formidable figure, and no one dared to step forward anymore.

Mr. Carrerra kicked one of the retreating men. "D*mn it! Don't you know how many bullets a pistol has? Twelve! That woman has fired them all! Who the hell dares to step back? Get moving!"

After Mr. Correrro finished speaking, everyone filed in one by one. The small attic on the third floor was instantly packed to the brim.

Just as Mr. Correrro predicted, Elisa's pistol was out of bullets. The shot fired earlier was merely intended to serve as a deterrent.

Regrettably, it didn't last long.

However, Elisa turned to look at the window. I should've bought her sufficient time. I hope that Rachel can be rescued soon.

Everyone entering the third floor was glancing at Elisa, the woman who had just shot their comrade.

If circumstances had allowed, Elisa would probably have been torn apart by now.

Nonetheless, Mr. Correrro wasn't that pleased either. He stepped forward from among the crowd, locking eyes with Elisa.

He first looked around but didn't spot another person.

Immediately, he shifted his gaze toward the window behind Elisa, and a sense of foreboding surged within him.

Mr. Correrro waved his hand, issuing the command. "Give chase."

Five men in black pulled Elisa away and climbed out of the window, officially beginning their pursuit of Rachel.

Elisa remained silent, just smiling softly as she looked at Mr. Correrro.

If one didn't know better, they might think the two of them were closely acquainted and on good terms.

After Mr. Carrerra finished speaking, everyone filed in one by one. The small attic on the third floor was instantly packed to the brim.

Just as Mr. Carrerra predicted, Elisa's pistol was out of bullets. The shot fired earlier was merely intended to serve as a deterrent.

Regrettably, it didn't last long.

However, Elisa turned to look at the window. I should've bought her sufficient time. I hope that Rachel can be rescued soon.

Everyone entering the third floor was glaring at Elisa, the woman who had just shot their comrade.

If circumstances had allowed, Elisa would probably have been torn apart by now.

Nonetheless, Mr. Carrerra wasn't that pleased either. He stepped forward from among the crowd, locking eyes with Elisa.

He first looked around but didn't spot another person.

Immediately, he shifted his gaze toward the window behind Elisa, and a sense of foreboding surged within him.

Mr. Carrerra waved his hand, issuing the command. "Give chase."

Five men in black pulled Elisa away and climbed out of the window, officially beginning their pursuit of Rachel.

Elisa remained silent, just smiling softly as she looked at Mr. Carrerra.