

No Chance 1951

[Chapter 1951 Escape](#)

Mr. Carrerra remained silent, just staring at Elisa with an inscrutable gaze.

Elisa stood upright, neither supercilious nor obsequious.

Mr. Carrerra suddenly laughed. "Elisa, you're quite impressive. I underestimated you."

Elisa just smiled, neither confirming nor denying anything.

Mr. Carrerra's face suddenly hardened. He drew his gun and cocked it, pointing it at Elisa's forehead. In a menacing tone, he said, "Do you have any idea how many of my comrades, who've been through life-and-death situations with me, you've killed?"

Elisa remained silent, for she truly didn't know. Previously, she had held back, using the shots as only a deterrent. However, she unloaded the remaining six bullets on his people. She wasn't sure if she hit their vital spot or not.

Mr. Carrerra held up three fingers, his face trembling violently with anger. "Three!"

Elisa shrugged. "Mr. Carrerra, as you know, I had no intention of hurting anyone. When you were without cover earlier, it would have been easy for me to hit you with those shots. But I didn't..."

Mr. Carrerra raised an eyebrow. Is she implying it was my fault that my comrades met a tragic end?

He began to laugh bloodthirstily.

He raised his hand, firing a bullet from the gun he held. The strong scent of gunpowder filled the air.

Mr. Carrerra put away his weapon with a sinister smile. "I won't waste time arguing with you. You're just trying to cover for your friend, aren't you?"

Elisa remained silent, warily watching Mr. Carrerra with unease.

In the next moment, the words Mr. Carrerra uttered made her scalp tingle. "Once you're sold off to Moranta, I'll kindly have someone decapitate her. That way, her head can accompany you. I wouldn't want you to be lonely on this long and difficult journey."

After he finished speaking, without waiting for Elisa's response, he ordered his men to tie her up.

Throughout the ordeal, Elisa was very docile, hardly putting up a struggle. Perhaps she was too weak, or maybe her thoughts were focused on Rachel.

Begging for mercy was out of the question for her as that act had already infuriated Mr. Carrerra. All she could do was pray that Rachel could run as far away as possible and avoid being detected by his people.

Mr. Carrerra waved his hand, and Elisa was taken away.

Looking in the direction where Rachel had escaped, Mr. Carrerra's gaze was deep and inscrutable, leaving one to wonder what he was thinking.

On the other side, since Rachel left the old house, she had been pushing herself to the limit. She was climbing up the mountain without daring to slow down even a bit.

She was terrified that if she slowed her pace, she would be caught by those people.

More importantly, it would mark the end of Eliso's only hope of escape, which wasn't what Rachel wanted to see.

She believed that she carried her and Eliso's hope to escape and that she must return to rescue Eliso.

Therefore, Rachel didn't care if she tripped or tumbled.

She would never stop moving forward.

She mechanically and tirelessly repeated the motion of ascending and descending the mountain, not daring to stop for even a moment.

When a burst of gunfire echoed from behind, Rachel almost lost her balance and nearly fell.

Tears were swirling in her eyes.

She couldn't help but wonder if those bullets actually hit Eliso.

Would it hurt if it does? Can Eliso still survive? The more she thought about it, the more her heart wrenched.

Stumbling and staggering, Rachel didn't know how long she had been walking. After much difficulty, she finally went from the mountains to a winding road in them.

That road served as the lifeline to the village, meaning all entry and exit to the village depended on that road.

She was walking aimlessly, hoping to encounter a passing vehicle, yet things went against her wishes.

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[Chapter 1952 Reversal](#)

Instead of help, all she ended up waiting for were pursuers.

Five people wielding machetes chased after her.

They wore similar sinister grins, looking at Rachel as if she were a lamb walking into a tiger's den.

Rachel screamed in terror.

However, the dying screams of the prey would only serve to arouse the hunters' intense excitement.

In other words, Rachel was in a situation where she was isolated and without any assistance.

She could only watch helplessly as the five people approached. All she could think of was the way Elisa had fearlessly cleared the path for her to escape.

Rachel shook her head, continuously stepping back, a tear streaking down her cheek.

In the end, she collapsed onto the ground, completely drained of strength. All she could do was watch as her pursuers approached.

The leader of the group chuckled. "Beautiful lady, allow me to escort you to the afterlife."

"No—" Rachel, seeing blades swinging toward her, was so frightened that she quickly shut her eyes.

After Elisa was captured, she was taken back to the abandoned factory.

Of course, Mr. Carrerra knew that Rachel was going to ask for help. In other words, her seeking help would inevitably reveal their location.

Logically speaking, for someone as cautious as Mr. Carrerra, he should have changed his location overnight.

However, he didn't.

It was because he was confident his comrades would surely return to him with Rachel's head, and that it would just be a matter of time.

When Elisa was caught and brought back, the sky was beginning to brighten. Elisa was not locked up in the innermost part again. Instead, she was tied up and placed next to Mr. Carrerra.

As Mr. Carrerra munched on peanuts, he kept a watchful eye on the entrance, seemingly waiting for someone.

Elisa laughed. "Mr. Carrerra, are you waiting for your five comrades to return?"

Mr. Carrerra paused momentarily in his drinking, but it didn't affect him for long. He resumed his usual demeanor, continuing to eat and drink as he normally would.

He didn't even intend to pay attention to Elisa.

Elisa wasn't in a hurry either. She calmly and leisurely stared at Mr. Carrerra.

After an indeterminate amount of time, Mr. Carrerra brushed off the peanut shells from his hand and looked at Elisa. "What does that have to do with you? My comrades may just execute your friend on the spot. Or maybe they'll have a wonderful time with her before chopping her into pieces."

As he spoke, he seemed to imagine the scene he was describing and began to laugh joyfully.

Yet, Elisa's expression remained unchanged, devoid of the anger or fear he had anticipated. Her dark eyes were unwavering as she stared at him intently.

Her intense stare made Mr. Carrerra's heart pound with unease.

"Really? There's also a possibility that they can't catch up with my friend and die out there. Do you think that's possible?" said Elisa.

Mr. Carrerra frowned without saying a word, staring at Elisa.

As if to corroborate what Elisa had said, a subordinate of his came to report the situation.

The bodies of his five comrades were found at the base of a cliff, ten kilometers away from the house.

They were the ones tracking Rachel.

Mr. Carrerra casually grabbed a bottle of wine from the side and smashed it on the ground.

At that moment, Elisa understood that Rachel was saved.

Additionally, she assumed there was a high chance that Gareth had arrived to save Rachel.

Elisa was feeling elated. Naturally, Mr. Carrerra wouldn't let her enjoy her happiness.

Mr. Carrerra grabbed Elisa's collar, his voice fierce as he demanded, "Has Gareth arrived? How many people is he bringing with him? Why on earth is this happening?"

The more scared Mr. Carrerra was, the happier Elisa became.

It's about time he feels what it's like to be on edge. Instead of responding, Elisa just laughed, her laughter growing louder and louder.

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[Chapter 1953 Furious](#)

"I think the one who was left without a proper burial isn't a friend of mine but a subordinate of yours, Mr. Carrerra."

Elisa began to laugh, which sounded as refreshing as a pleasant spring breeze.

Her radiant smile, at this moment, was enough to make one tremble.

However, this only made Mr. Carrerra angrier.

He slapped her across the face, and immediately, Elisa's cheek swelled up significantly.

However, she didn't cry out in pain. The smile still lingered on her lips.

It seemed to silently ask if this was all he was capable of.

Feeling provoked, Mr. Carrerra led Elisa to the side of a water tank, pushing her entire head down firmly.

Before Elisa had a chance to hold her breath, she was hit by the icy water, causing her to shiver from the cold.

The water rushed into her nostrils and throat, making her feel extremely uncomfortable.

No matter how much she struggled, she could always feel the force of his heavy hand pressing down on her head.

Her hands were tied behind her back, so she couldn't even find a proper sitting position for support.

Elisa knew that Mr. Carrerra was really getting serious.

She merely closed her eyes and stopped struggling, giving up on her survival instincts.

Mr. Carrerra quickly lifted Elisa's head when he realized that she was not moving.

It was only then that Elisa felt alive once more as she began to breathe in fresh air in large gasps.

Mr. Carrerra wiped his hands, tossed the handkerchief aside, and told one of his underlings to hasten the arrival of Hannah's subordinates.

Otherwise, he felt that he was going to be plagued by problems caused by a delay.

Elisa lay forgotten in the corner, coughing heavily as she slowly began to recover.

Tears of emotion welled up in the corners of her eyes before they slowly slid down, bringing with them some warmth.

After venting his frustrations, Mr. Carrerra no longer lingered around Elisa.

The reason was simple. Elisa's words were eloquent but they also irritated him in equal measure.

Mr. Carrerra was worried that if he stayed any longer, he couldn't resist killing Elisa himself.

"While it would have been quite satisfying that way, he

would have then deprived himself of the look of agony on Gareth's face."

He was determined to make Elisa and Gareth suffer. Even though both were alive, one of them was being tortured to the point of utter ruin.

Regarding the other one, he knew very well that Elisa was still alive and that she was suffering, but he was not going to be able to find her.

Even if Gareth managed to find her, the beautiful yet aloof woman Gareth cherished was going to turn into lowly dirt. The very thought of this excited Mr. Carrerra.

Elisa did not know what kind of game Mr. Carrerra was playing, nor did she have any interest in finding out.

She sat listlessly on the ground as the scenes from the small island played in her mind like a movie.

When she thought about it, being stranded on a small island was not much better than falling into the hands of Mr. Carrerra.

Why wasn't she harmed when she was on the small island?

Elisa reckoned that Gareth likely had to bear the brunt of it.

Also, when faced with danger, the first person she thought of wasn't anyone else but Gareth.

Suddenly, Elisa started to laugh, as if something had crossed her mind.

Immediately after, she sneezed violently a few times, followed by a severe bout of coughing.

The damp clothes clung to Elisa's body until they were half-dry, and unsurprisingly, she had caught a cold.

For Mr. Carrerra, this was merely a minor additional punishment.

Thus, she was not going to be given any medication to ease her symptoms.

Not being given any medicine was no big deal, but the important thing was that Gareth seemed to have arrived.

For some unknown reason, the buyer from Moronto that Mr. Correrro had been in contact with had yet to make any commitments.

Instead, they could not even be contacted.

This was not really a big deal, and it could even be considered a benefit for Elisa.

It seemed that Mr. Correrro was going to fight to the bitter end.

She heard a discussion going on outside where Scarface was offering a strategy.

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[Chapter 1954 Harboring Ill Intentions 1](#)

At first, Scarface spoke so softly that Elisa couldn't hear what he said.

Then, Mr. Carrerra was heard waving his hand, claiming that something was not possible, and turning his head away. It was clear that he did not want to discuss this matter any further.

Scarface grew impatient and stepped forward, saying, "Boss, after all, your main goal is to humiliate her and Gareth, not to make money. What's the problem?"

Elisa was struck with terror, a sense of foreboding spreading within her heart.

The human trafficker they initially contacted couldn't come for some unknown reason, coupled with the fact that they had previously killed a few of their comrades. Some of them could not hold back anymore and wanted to directly insult both Elisa and Gareth.

Elisa knew that she could not show even an ounce of fear now because showing fear would only excite these beasts even more.

Yet, she absolutely refused to let these things taint her.

The worst outcome was thus a fight to the bitter end, resulting in her death.

Elisa simply could not accept this possibility, having endured so much only to die here.

Fortunately, even though Mr. Carrerra was angry, he knew it wasn't the end of the world. After a moment of contemplation, he rejected Scarface's proposal.

He stroked his chin and said, "You know the rules that Hannah has set. Now that you've crossed her, what if she doesn't let it slide?"

"What about all of us, Mr. Carrerra—"

"All right, there's no need to discuss this any further." Mr. Carrerra interrupted Scarface before he could finish.

Scarface fell silent, a look of defiance on his face. The gaze he directed toward Elisa was filled with intense malice.

Elisa knew this matter was far from over.

When it was time for the evening meal, it was a scar-faced man who came to deliver it.

He held a porcelain bowl and bore a mischievous grin on his face as he stared at Elisa and said, "Come on. It's time to eat."

Elisa walked over, but she was immediately hit by the rancid smell of leftovers that had been sitting for a few days.

Elisa did not take the bowl. She just stared straight at Scarface.

Scarface laughed. "What's the matter? You don't like me?"

Elisa did not respond.

With a cold smirk, Scarface said, "You should be grateful there's food at all instead of being so picky. Do you think you're a guest here? Should I prepare a three-course meal with an appetizer for you?"

Elisa did not get angry. Instead, she just calmly looked at Scarface.

She knew that Scarface held a grudge and that he bore ill intentions. She was also aware of her current predicament.

I don't think Mr. Carrerra would help me if he knew about this. He might even praise Scarface for doing the right thing.

With a neutral expression, Elisa asked, "Where is Nieve?"

Nieve is the one who previously watched over them. He was also the one Elisa knocked unconscious.

All the meals from before were delivered by him.

Although he wasn't exactly a good person, at least the food he brought wasn't spoiled. Elisa had begun to miss him a little.

Scarface sneered at her. "Are you genuinely clueless, or just pretending to be?"

Seeing the bewildered look on Elisa's face, Scarface understood that she truly didn't know, which only made him angrier.

"What do you think, if not because of you? After the escape, Nieve was executed by the boss. He was still so young!"

Elisa listened to Scarface's accusations without even lifting her eyes.

She was no saint, and she hadn't forgotten that the reason Nieve fell into this trap was due to his lustful desires.

Moreover, Nieve was not exactly a good person.

She was just asking about him because she wanted him to bring her food, which was better than eating spoiled food.

Since they were dead, they've merely received their just desserts.

She could not understand why Scarface was glaring at her with such hatred.

She was being treated as if she had been the one who killed Nieve.

When he noticed Elisa's expression being as calm as usual, Scarface became even more frustrated.

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[Chapter 1955 Harboring Ill Intentions 2](#)

"Repentance?" Elisa looked at Scarface as if she was looking at a fool.

"The one who killed him was Mr. Carrerra. If you're close to Nieve, take your anger out on Mr. Carrerra. What are you trying to do by making me repent here?" Elisa looked at Scarface, puzzled.

In reality, Scarface was the embodiment of the saying "Bully the weak and fear the strong."

He was well aware that it was Mr. Carrerra who killed Nieve. However, he hypnotized himself to blame all problems on Elisa.

In order to maintain peace of mind, Elisa had nothing much to say to such people.

She stared at the spoiled pasta and sighed.

She had no idea when she would be rescued or when the best opportunity would come.

The only thing she was certain of was that opportunities were reserved for those who were prepared.

It would be bad if she was hungry when she needed to escape, so she wanted to grab that bowl of pasta.

Scarface was so annoyed and embarrassed by Elisa's words that he "accidentally" dropped the bowl just as Elisa was about to take it.

The pasta was scattered all over the floor.

The stench grew stronger. Elisa couldn't help but retch.

Seeing Elisa in such distress, Scarface felt a perverse pleasure and immediately smirked.

"Do you want to eat? Then eat off the ground!" Scarface said to Elisa in a nearly hysterical tone.

Elisa glanced at him, remaining silent.

The feeling of being ignored made Scarface feel provoked. He menacingly moved closer to Elisa.

Elisa watched him warily, stepping back gradually, her voice steady but laced with a hint of disdain.

"What are you doing?"

Scarface sneered, pointing at himself. "What am I doing? F*cking you, of course!"

Elisa frowned, remaining silent.

Scarface spoke to himself. "I'll tell you the truth. You were originally going to be sold to Moranta to become a prostitute. That's why I think I should have some fun first after watching you for so long." As Scarface spoke, he reached out and touched Elisa's face.

His touch made Elisa feel a wave of nausea, so much so that she started to throw up.

Since she hadn't eaten much, there was nothing in her stomach, so she just threw up some yellow liquid.

Perhaps it included the cause of her cold.

Scarface scowled.

He glanced down at his dirtied clothes, his features scrunched up in displeasure. Then he looked at Elisa. "Did you do this on purpose, you b*tch?"

Eliso was still retching, unable to stand up straight at all.

She waved her hand to indicate that it wasn't the case.

She didn't do it on purpose. After all, she still had to stay there after Scarface left.

Therefore, she was the lost person who would want to dirty the place.

She was disgusted, and she was ill, but that was fine.

Scarface looked disgusted, losing any interest in thinking about anything else. He pointed at Eliso and warned, "You better not try any tricks. Just wait obediently to become a bride in Moronto."

His response was met with another retch.

Scarface was frightened and hurriedly ran out, fearing Eliso would vomit on him again.

After he left, the space suddenly felt much more expansive, and the air circulated freely.

Gradually, Eliso no longer felt so nauseous.

She leaned against the corner of the wall, gazing out the window, lost in thought. I wonder how Rachel is doing now, whether she has been discovered by Gareth and his people. Where is Gareth? Will he be anxious if he can't find me?

Elisa was still retching, unable to stand up straight at all.

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[Chapter 1956 He Has Arrived](#)

Suddenly, a face appeared at the window, startling Elisa.

That prompted her to check the face closer and see it was Gareth.

Elisa covered her mouth, afraid that her surprise gasp might slip out as a shout.

Tears soon filled her eyes.

She didn't show any emotions when she was kidnapped or threatened.

It wasn't because she was afraid.

After all, Mr. Carrerra was ruthless, merciless, and a madman.

It was just that she couldn't afford to be afraid as she had to always consider Rachel's feelings. Over time, she just became numb to her feelings.

The moment Elisa saw Gareth, it was as if she had seen her savior.

Gareth was determined to meet Elisa, regardless of the cost and hardships. He even risked being discovered at any moment to meet her.

The moment he saw Elisa, he felt that all his efforts were worth it.

"Are you okay?" Gareth asked with a faint smile, silently inquiring about Elisa's situation through lip-reading.

Elisa nodded, then as if something had occurred to her, she asked, "Have you found Rachel?"

Gareth nodded, understanding that Elisa cared about Rachel, so he briefly shared how he encountered Rachel.

Apparently, the day after Rachel reached the highway, she had no strength left and collapsed onto the ground.

Five burly men advanced toward her menacingly.

One of them was about to strike her with a machete, and she closed her eyes in fear. Yet, surprisingly, the emotion that filled her mind at that moment was not fear but guilt.

She felt guilty for letting Elisa down and delivering the message.

What followed next in her mind were desperate prayers.

She hoped she didn't hinder Elisa's survival and that Gareth would find Elisa soon.

At that moment, Rachel also realized that people's lives flashed past their eyes on the verge of death.

Surprisingly, Rachel also saw Vincent in her flashbacks.

In her mind, Vincent was sometimes annoyingly cheap but also very competent.

She thought it was a pity that their relationship would end with her death. However, she was also convinced that he was heartless. She believed he would forget about her soon after she died, despite the fact he claimed to like her.

As unwilling as she was for things to end that way, she didn't feel too regretful about it.

After waiting for a long while, the pain she was anticipating did not come.

Rachel opened her eyes and saw the three burly men who had been standing before her were sprawling haphazardly on the ground.

After scanning her environment, she saw the person who was just in front of her.

Vincent jumped out of the car and sprinted toward her direction.

Rachel just sat there, stunned, on the ground.

It wasn't until she received a warm hug that she returned to her senses.

"You scared me to death! Do you know that?" exclaimed Vincent.

Rachel could feel that Vincent's body was trembling.

She raised her hand. Instead of pushing him away, she patted his back. She was still in a daze, not quite knowing how to react. "Don't be scared. I'm perfectly fine, aren't I?"

As soon as those words were spoken, both of them were stunned.

Rachel didn't know when she had become so fond of Vincent's good temper.

She nodded, pushing away Vincent a little.

Sensing her resistance, Vincent stood up, his face flushed with embarrassment.

Immediately, he reached out his hand to help Rachel up.

Much to his surprise, Rachel didn't resist. She was genuinely feeling a bit weak at that moment.

Borrowing his strength, she managed to stand up, only to see Gareth looking at her with anxiety.

Rachel didn't beat around the bush. She succinctly explained the whole situation, including Elisa's predicament.

After hearing everything, Gareth furrowed his brows.

First, they took Rachel to the nearest hotel. Then, Gareth and his gang took their time to make plans.

However, Gareth was always weighed down by his concerns for Elisa.

[Chapter 1957 Hannah Arrives](#)

And that explained how Elisa got to see Gareth.

He didn't waste much time and directly found his way there based on the address given by Rachel.

Vincent had tried to stop Gareth, but to no avail.

The latter didn't show any unnecessary emotions as he said, "If Rachel were the one who was there today, I wouldn't stop you."

Upon hearing this, Vincent had no choice but to step aside and remind Gareth to be careful in all matters.

However, none of those mattered anymore.

Gareth felt that seeing Elisa safe and sound made everything worthwhile.

Between the two of them, there was no need for excessive words. Sometimes, a single glance was all it took, making everything else seem superfluous.

At the sight of Gareth, Elisa finally felt completely at ease as well.

Still, now was not the time to completely relax. She succinctly talked about Hannah's matter.

After listening quietly for a while, he asked, "Has Mr. Carrerra ever met this Hannah woman?"

Elisa was momentarily taken aback, then shook her head. "I don't think so."

"Are you sure?" Gareth narrowed his eyes. "This is very important."

She thoroughly thought it over before nodding.

"They only communicated over the phone. During one of their calls, Mr. Carrerra once mentioned that he would show her something nice when they meet for the first time."

Elisa didn't continue speaking, as she could sense that Gareth had gotten mad.

Who else could that nice thing be? Of course, it's me.

A vein throbbed fiercely on the man's forehead as he struggled to control his impulses. "All right, don't worry. I'll get you out of here as soon as possible..."

He didn't continue to say anything further, for someone had entered the small room.

Elisa composed herself and looked away. Following her line of sight, Mr. Carrerra looked out the window and smiled. "What's the matter? Are you yearning for the life outside, Ms. Benett?"

She remained silent, clearly not interested in engaging with him.

He continued to talk to himself. "Well, that is normal, but it's best if you adapt to the current situation. Once Hannah takes you away, you won't have many opportunities to go outside anymore."

Elisa still said nothing, as if she hadn't heard a thing.

Regardless, Mr. Carrerra wasn't mad and added, "Do you know why?"

He chuckled. "That's because once you're in Moranta, you'll be nothing more than a kept woman of a drug lord or an arms dealer. In other words, you'll become a personal slave, and it's the kind that includes sharing their bed. Cherish the present while you still can enjoy the view outside the window. Who knows, you might just end up living in a basement in the future."

The man laughed heartily, but Elisa remained unfazed.

She even went so far as to say, "What you said is indeed terrifying, but... where's Hannah?"

Mr. Carrerra's smile suddenly stiffened.

Knowing that she had guessed correctly, she continued, "If I'm not mistaken, Mr. Carrerra, your people likely can't get in touch with her anymore, can they? That's why you thought to provoke me a little? In actuality, there's really no need..."

Elisa spoke without much emotional fluctuation, and her face was equally expressionless.

Yet, somehow, he saw a hint of mockery in her gaze.

The man got hot under the collar.

It was around this time that someone came to report, saying they had established contact with Hannah.

Her estimated arrival time was eleven o'clock in the evening.

Upon hearing this, Mr. Carrerra burst into laughter, looking extremely smugly at Elisa.

Yet, she appeared remarkably composed.

Or rather, she didn't want to show her vulnerability.

Seeing that she had no reaction, he was convinced that she was pretending, so he didn't get mad. After all, the real thing was about to happen.

[Chapter 1958 Inspection Of Goods](#)

After Mr. Carrerra left, Elisa felt uneasy and looked out the window.

Gareth had disappeared without a trace some time ago.

Her thoughts were in a state of turmoil, and just like that, she waited until nightfall.

Midway through, someone came in to deliver food, but it wasn't Scarface.

Mr. Carrerra probably knew what that fellow was thinking, too. With the delivery imminent, he didn't want any complications to arise.

Hence, Elisa waited and waited, only for Hannah to show up instead of Gareth and his group storming in.

Around ten o'clock in the evening, the initially quiet factory suddenly bustled with activity and became brightly lit.

Elisa leaned against the corner of the wall, noticing the lights outside starting to illuminate.

Following that was a series of soft, fragmented exchanges.

She pressed her ear against the door. Luckily, it wasn't soundproof, which allowed her to catch snippets of the conversation.

Mr. Carrerra seemed ecstatic and also greatly respected Hannah.

Elisa heard him saying, "Hannah, seeing is truly believing. I'm glad to finally meet you. Please, come inside."

Hannah likely didn't say anything, and everyone moved from the entrance to the center of the factory.

Now, Elisa was able to listen even clearer.

Hannah's voice sounded quite youthful, and she spoke in a concise and clear manner. Overall, she exuded an enigmatic aura.

"Where's the goods?"

With a cheerful demeanor, Mr. Carrerra immediately ordered someone to bring Elisa out.

As the footsteps grew closer, Elisa quickly resumed her act of feigning ignorance, leaning nonchalantly against the corner of the wall.

Immediately after, two burly men entered the room, intending to seize her from both sides.

Elisa dodged swiftly, and a mouthful of water spewed straight onto one of their faces.

She snapped, "Don't touch me. I can walk on my own."

With that, she started heading outside.

This was the first time both Mr. Carrerra and Elisa met Hannah.

The woman was dressed in a style reminiscent of Moranta, and every gesture and movement of hers exuded an exotic charm.

She was clothed primarily in black, with a few small bells adorning her chest, causing jingles to resound with each step she took.

There was also a silver bracelet on her wrist, which was a tradition of where she came from.

Similarly, it was decked with bells that jingled loud and clear.

While Elisa sized Hannah up, the latter did the same thing to her.

A moment of silence later, Hannah covered her mouth and began to laugh.

She then winked at Mr. Carrerra. "This is really a top-notch catch."

The man threw his head back and guffawed. "That's for sure!"

Elisa rolled her eyes, clueless about what he was so proud of.

Meanwhile, Hannah took a sip of tea, savoring it.

All eyes around her were glued to her.

After all, in the end, she would be the one to make the decision about what to do with Elisa.

Hannah waved her hand, and the bells chimed crisply.

"Go on. Get her in the car," was all she said.

Mr. Carrerra smiled from ear to ear, seemingly having envisioned the miserable life that awaited Elisa.

As for Elisa, she naturally resisted.

As her hands were bound, she kicked with her feet, aiming at anyone who approached her.

This led to a moment where people around didn't dare to approach her.

They not only feared getting hurt themselves but also accidentally hurting Elisa.

Mr. Carrerra frowned in dissatisfaction. Looks like Elisa still wants to cause me trouble at this juncture, huh? In that case, don't blame me for being impolite.

He waved a hand, and at once, someone restrained Elisa in a method that was far from gentle. She received a solid punch in the abdomen and fell to the ground, clutching her belly in pain.

"Now, she's behaving," Mr. Carrerra remarked with a smile, looking at Hannah.

The latter gave a couple of awkward chuckles, which seemed a bit strange.

"Yes... Indeed."

Subsequently, she came to her senses and had someone escort Elisa away.

[Chapter 1959 Suspicion](#)

Elisa lay on the ground while biting her lip, no longer resisting. It seemed as if she had resigned herself to fate.

In truth, she was completely depleted of strength to resist.

This was the first reason.

The second reason was that she had spotted the jade ring on Hannah's thumb earlier.

As soon as Elisa got there, she noticed that Hannah was constantly fiddling with her own jade ring in a subtle way.

Elisa couldn't be more familiar with the ring.

It was the same one she received from Mrs. Kella before leaving the small fishing village.

She and Gareth each had one, as they were a pair of matching rings.

The two of them rarely wore the rings on a regular basis, for they were more like keepsakes. After all, they were made of jade and incredibly fragile.

Gareth must have made this woman wear it on purpose to let me know about these people's identities.

That jade ring was exclusively handcrafted from white jade.

Seeing that pristine jade, coupled with the traces of man-made carving, Elisa was certain she would not mistake it.

Additionally, Hannah's somewhat off behavior made Elisa even more certain that the woman worked for Gareth.

Only then did Elisa realize why she felt something was amiss. That was because this so-called Hannah seemed to be putting on quite an act.

The act wasn't about her being pretentious but about her striving to grasp the feeling of being in a position of power and importance.

It simply felt too excessive, akin to how a child put on an adult's shoes.

Not only that, but she also didn't really act or speak like someone from Moranta. Instead, she appeared more like a person from one of their local minority ethnic groups.

The two ethnic cultures shared a common lineage, yet each had evolved in its own unique way.

Since Elisa could tell, Mr. Carrerra naturally could, too.

Compliantly, Elisa allowed the others to pick her up from the ground.

She placed her hand on that person's shoulder, whispering into his ear, "Let's quickly leave lest we get called back."

"Hannah" also let out a nearly imperceptible sigh of relief.

Sure enough, just as they were about to leave, they were stopped by Mr. Carrerra.

"Hold on."

“Hannah” practically felt a chill run down her spine. She turned around stiffly to face him and asked with a forced smile, “Do you have any other questions, Mr. Carrerra?”

The person holding Elisa was about to turn around as well, but she didn't let him.

Weakly, she ordered, “Seize the opportunity and dash out when the time comes.”

Those kicks from Mr. Carrerra's men just now definitely came with resentment from personal grudges.

They hadn't held back at all, as if wishing they could kick her to death there and then.

As such, even breathing hurts for Elisa.

Mr. Carrerra didn't confront them straightforwardly, proving he also likely suspected Hannah's identity.

Thus, tentatively, he said, “Hannah, I really like that bracelet on your arm. I wonder if you could take it off and let me have a look?”

Thank goodness. The fact that he isn't confronting us outrightly means he's not entirely sure. It's not yet time to reveal my identity.

“Hannah” breathed a sigh of relief inwardly, and a smile tugged at the corners of her lips. “Surely you're not unaware of our customs, Mr. Carrerra? This bracelet is only shown to the one a woman loves. What you're asking is rather ill-mannered.”

Upon hearing this, Mr. Carrerra didn't say a word, his expression somber.

After a good while, he chuckled lowly. “You're right.”

It seemed they had perilously passed this challenge.

As “Hannah” was about to leave with her group, she was stopped once again just before reaching the door.

Mr. Carrerra asked, “Hannah, how much money did we agree on? I seem to have forgotten all of a sudden.”

A pang of unease struck Elisa's heart. If what happened earlier was a subtle test, then what was happening now was blatant distrust.

[Chapter 1960 Escape Against All Odds](#)

“Hannah” herself didn't know where she had gone wrong.

Nonetheless, none of that mattered anymore.

Elisa shouted loudly, “Run! Once you're out, hide on either side!”

In a flash, “Hannah” and her group ran desperately toward the door.

Once Mr. Carrerra and the others regained their senses, they rapidly fired at the door.

Elisa felt the bullets whizzing past her, virtually grazing her body.

Fortunately, her timing was impeccable, or perhaps these people had run fast enough so they weren't hit by the bullets.

Only later did Elisa find out that these people were all police officers. It was no wonder they were in such good shape.

Outside the factory, the area was surrounded by police.

Mr. Carrerra was cognizant of this, so he didn't go near.

He cursed in anger, but no matter how furious he was, he didn't dare to chase after them. He could only watch as they left, then immediately ordered the factory's entrance to be shut.

Indeed, a trap had been set outside, waiting to ensnare Mr. Carrerra and the others all at once.

Elisa managed to escape and, at first glance, saw Gareth. The two embraced each other, seemingly with a myriad of unspoken words to share.

He patted her back gently, speaking in a soothing manner. "I'm here. Everything's okay now."

She nodded. "Thank you..."

Meanwhile, "Hannah," who had just narrowly escaped death, looked at the couple with a somewhat puzzled gaze.

She walked over, interrupting the two in their reunion.

"You two seem to have such a wonderful relationship. I'm truly envious. May I ask what your relationship is?"

Hearing this, the duo could only let go of each other.

Instinctively, Elisa didn't really like this girl.

She had always been good at reading people, and this girl made her feel incredibly uncomfortable, especially the way the girl looked at Gareth.

However, it was still necessary to maintain proper etiquette and manners, particularly considering that the girl had just rescued Elisa from the wolf's den.

Elisa remained silent, and it was Gareth who spoke.

"Nothing much. No need to make wild guesses."

"Hannah" let out a drawn-out, inscrutable "Oh," clearly expressing her disbelief in their words.

Still, she tactfully did not continue on this topic and instead questioned, "Well, I'm more or less your lifesaver. Shouldn't you thank me?"

These words were directed at Elisa.

Therefore, Elisa did not hesitate to express her gratitude and sincerely said, "Thank you for your generous help, Miss."

“Hannah” waved smilingly, only for Gareth to firmly grasp her waving hand.

Momentarily surprised, she stared blankly at him.

However, he simply removed the ring from her hand, his face devoid of any expression.

“You're done using it. It's time to give it back to me.”

“Hannah” smiled to conceal her embarrassment, then proactively began to introduce herself.

“Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Kaylee Knapp, and I belong to a minority ethnic group.”

Elisa understood clearly; it was indeed as she had expected.

She's probably the person the police found.

Out of politeness, Elisa expressed her gratitude once again.

Before Kaylee Knapp could say anything, Elisa felt a wave of dizziness, as if the world was spinning and everything in front of her was turning upside down.

Then, without warning, she fainted.

Luckily, Gareth's quick reflexes came into play as he swiftly supported her, preventing her from collapsing to the ground.

Without a moment to spare, he scooped up Elisa, ready to make their exit.

Before leaving, he informed the sheriff, who was present, and the sheriff expressed his understanding.

Seeing the couple leave, Kaylee decided to follow suit as well.

She called out from behind, “Wait for me!”

With that, she eagerly went after them.