

Chapter 116 The hermit and the mob leader.

Hanna's POV:

"I assume you stopped by the orphanage before coming here, didn't you?" Officer Corvin asked

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looking at all of us. He had welcomed us, but I was sure he was still wary of us, especially Tom, who wasn't hiding his gun.

"Yes. We assumed that this could be the best place to start our search, so we went to the place I

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+10 Points

knew first to talk to the nuns, and then we decided to come here," I told him.

Corvin nodded and then muttered, "So you already know what the nuns know... Did you know about me before talking to the nuns? Did they give you my location?" He asked us, suddenly a little panicked.

I shook my head to calm him down. "No, sir. I knew your name for many years now, because the nuns had mentioned it to me, but I never came back to this town to look for you. It was almost impossible to find you, but we finally managed after a lot of effort," I told him.

Office Corvin smiled lightly, and murmured: "Good. That's a good thing. Although I was supposed to not be found by anyone else. But maybe after so many years, the dust has settled. Maybe no one else might be after me, after all."

"We didn't tell anyone what we were going to do or where we were going to," I said to reassure him.

"Don't worry, sir. Nobody will look for you in this edge of the world that you call home," Timothy said to him.

"Timothy!" my mom chastised him.

"Well, that's the truth!" Timothy exclaimed.

"I don't feel offended. You should consider that this is not a bad thing from my perspective," Corvin told him.

"Let's go back to the conversation here, shall we? I know the nun's version. They told me that you found me wandering and went to investigate who might be with me and found only the tracks of the man I was traveling with, right?" I asked him.

Official Corvin looked at me carefully and shook his head. "That's the story on the official record. The one the nuns know," he said.

"What do you mean by that? Is there another story behind my appearance in the city?" I asked him curiously.

"Oh, I love when the authorities think that they need to cover the results of a good investigation just because they believe so," Timothy told us ironically.

"We decided to do so to protect the whole orphanage: kids and nuns. It was for their own safety. And after that, I entered in the witness protection program myself. Or do you really think that I love to live in this cabin isolated from the world? I just got used to that!" Corvin told us.

"Still, who decided that this was the story that you're going to tell everyone?" Timothy insisted.

Corvin decided to ignore Timothy's second question and looked at me, scrutinizing me as if assessing whether I could handle knowing the truth or not. Then, a minute or two later, he says to me, "Girl, you hit the jackpot when you ran away from that crazy guy who you were traveling with and when you ended up in that town square."

I arched my eyebrows. I ended up in an orphanage. "Really? How so?" I asked him.

"Let's start at the beginning, please, sir," Timothy said a little upset. I knew him well enough to know he didn't like this man at all. As my brother, he wanted to protect me, and it looked like what Officer Corvin was about to tell me wasn't going to be so easy to cope with.

Corvin looked at Timothy as if he was analyzing him too. Then he said, "You look like a rich and powerful man. What I found out is connected to the criminal underworld. You've probably never come into contact with such a thing, so I'm sorry if I'm about to hurt your sensitive ears... or your feelings," he said.

Timothy made a face. I knew that he was insulted

for being considered too weak. "I am prepared to hear whatever you have to say, sir," Timothy straightened up and told him.

Corvin put some cups of coffee in front of us. I could feel that my mom was getting nervous by the second. And then, he sat down on the other side of the table, and started talking, "I found out the name of the guy you were traveling with, girl. His name was Joe Morrison. Do that ring a bell to you?" he asked me.

I shook my head and told him: "I don't remember anything from that time. Who was this guy?" I asked.

Officer Corvin continued, "This guy didn't have much relevance in your whole story. Or as they say among criminals, he was kind of a small fish in the pond. He was a poor man with an annoying wife and a bunch of kids at home, and because of it, he liked to pretend he was a hermit from time to time.

You were brought to the Morrissons by an accomplice of someone more important in the world of crime, and the Morrissons had just one mission regarding you. All they had to do was hide you temporarily, so nobody who would be looking for you could find a little girl among so many kids,

and in the end, the guy would come back for you and pay them good money for taking care of you for a few weeks. In theory, everything would be fine for them.

Morrison's wife already had a handful of children to look after. Their house worked as a foster home, and they got money from the government to support the kids, but you weren't in the system, so, to her, you were considered dead weight, but not to him.

So, obviously she was furious that he took this job on the side, and bothered him so much that he decided to leave home. As he liked to pretend to be a hermit from time to time, he decided to travel with you and get you out of that house so that his wife wouldn't get even more angry. That's how you ended up in this town.

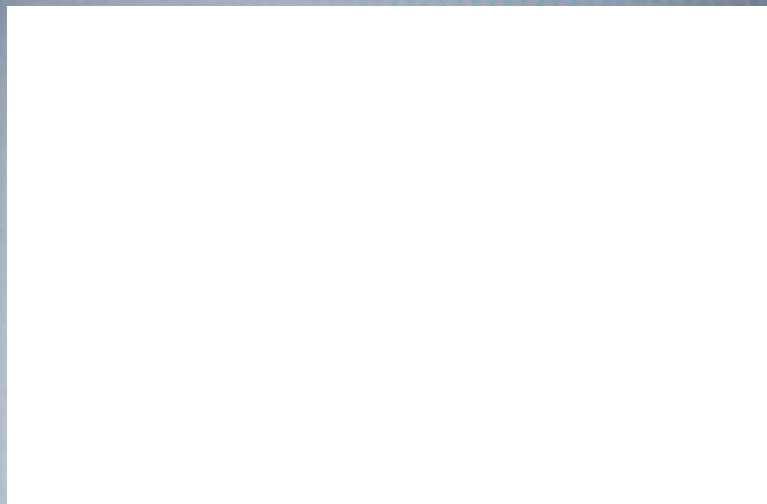
And one day, he was distracted or sleeping on the Watson farm close to our town, and you escaped him, and ran all the way to the town. The rest that follows is the official version the nuns told you, that you were found, taken there temporarily and later we put you in the system with a chosen name," Officer Corvin told us.

"Well, I agree this is a sad story, but it's not as scary as you told us it would be," Timothy told

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Officer Corvin. He still had a sneer in his voice. I knew he was still underestimating the man.

Corvin scowled at him and muttered, "It would even make a good story with a happy ending,



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because the nuns took care of her, if it weren't for the rest of my investigation. I didn't say I was done with this story," he complained.

"Then finish it, please, sir," I told him before Timothy could annoy the man even more.

Corvin looked into his coffee cup for a few moments, as if considering whether or not to tell

me what he'd discovered. Then finally he continued: "The problem wasn't with Morrison, or even with his family with all the foster children. From what I understand, you only spent a week there. It would be difficult with all those kids and everything, but that wasn't the biggest problem.

Well, it was just a week, but just this one week was able to infuriate Morrison's wife. You ate their food, and ended up not bringing home any money after all, because he lost you. I found the real problem when I looked into who left you in that house."

"And who left her there?" My mom asked him curiously.

"His name is Milo Ianello," Officer Corvin told us.

Timothy, who was swallowing his coffee, started to cough immediately. My stomach sank hearing the name. I didn't remember who was Morrison, but I have heard Ianello's name before.

My mum muttered in fright, "Oh, my God..."

My brother had an incredulous expression on his face. "Did you said Milo Ianello? THAT Milo Ianello, the mob boss that ironically the police can't get off the bed with?"

Officer Corvin nodded and then said, "That's right. First of all, not every cop in the country follows the same book rules, but some are... willing to ignore some bad acts in exchange for a little money, and sometimes the corrupted ones are at the top of the food chain. Secondly, at the time, he was still just an apprentice in crime under his uncle Francesco Ianello. A 'do it all' type. He seized power from his own uncle in the crime syndicate many years later. But he took you to the Morrisons to hide you. Which led me to ask: Why would a member of organized crime want to hide a little girl so badly?" Corvin asked the rhetorical question.

"Do you have any guesses?" Timothy asked him.

Officer Corvin shrugged. "Well, the mob could be after a little girl for terrible reasons: human traffic, an illegal adoption or even worse. I hope you don't expect me to mention the other reasons that come to my mind right now," he told us.

I shook my head and murmured: "No, thanks. We got the idea perfectly."

Corvin nodded and continued: "So, Ianello found out that I was after him because of the k*****g of a little girl. I lost my wife because of them. Because they thought that I could give them your

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exactly location, but I kept my mouth shut. After that, I was put in the witness protection program, and here I am," he opened his arms as if to embrace his little cottage. "But I still never got the reason why he wanted Morisson to protect a little girl," he told us.

My mother, however, had the most unexpected reaction possible. She started to cry profusely.

"What happened, Mom? It's okay. We're just trying to make sense of the past. It doesn't mean anything anymore. We were reunited, and we are a family once again," I told her.

"You... you don't understand, ho... honey. Now I... I know why yo... you were kidnapped. And t... the worst thing I c... can say is that this sto... story may not be over yet," she told me.

What the hell?



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