

## Chapter 1447 Freedom Was Within Reach

A henchman eyed Janet's profile with suspicion as they crossed paths; he paused her and studied her face. Without a moment's delay, Janet swiveled on her heels, her movements rigid from anxiety. She forced a chuckle, asking, "Can I assist you with something?"

Scrutinizing her, he stroked his chin and mused, "Have we met before, you seem familiar?"

His boss, looming behind, cuffed him sharply on the head. He scolded, "You've got an unhealthy fascination with good-looking women; you're imagining things! Get back to the grindstone! Not even a heavenly beauty can hold up our shipment!"

The man didn't pause for breath; he shot a brusque glare at Janet.

"Aren't you heading off? Need me to point you to the exit?"

"Alright, alright, I'm on my way!" With a sigh of relief, Janet hoisted her backpack onto her shoulders, sprinting towards the gate.

As she dashed away, the henchman caught another glimpse of her profile. He blurted out, "Now I remember! She's Jeremy's little sister!" "What?" The burly man squinted. "You sure?"

Nodding furiously, he affirmed, "Positive! She's Jeremy's sister! I've seen her before! She's definitely here on a spying mission for Jeremy. We can't let her slip away!"

A recent visit to Jeremy's lair had etched Janet's side-profile into his memory. He was struck by her grace, an image that had since been hard to shake.

Had he not known of her ties to Jeremy, he might have tried to charm her.

"Damn it! After her!" the burly man bellowed, leaving one henchman to guard their goods, leading the rest in a chase.

Sounds of pursuit amplified Janet's sprint.

Ahead, the noise intensified, peppered with the sounds of havoc and terrified shrieks. A brawl was underway.

Yet, fear wasn't her companion; it was a stroke of luck.

Fate gifted her an escape route!

May the bedlam inflate! The worse, the better!

The heightened chaos outside boosted her odds of shaking off her pursuers.

In the expansive courtyard, she raced as though her life hung by a thread.

A diminutive door neared, the clamor magnified; a thrill coursed through her.

Freedom was within reach!

Just a few strides away!

But in a heartbeat, a pair of strong hands clutched her backpack.

"Ah!" Janet's shriek pierced the air. She swiftly shed her backpack, flinging it backward.

The henchman, who'd grabbed her bag, staggered back a few steps, thrown off balance, still clutching the bag.

The burly man steadied the henchman, cautioning, "Watch out, there could be explosives in there. She wouldn't come unprepared."

"Shoot!" Startled, the henchman hurled the backpack.

The other henchmen halted, and one gave the bag a tentative kick. He yelled, "Boss, there's nothing hazardous in there!"

They rapidly resumed their pursuit. As they sprinted, the burly man

instructed, "We cannot let her get away! If Jeremy gets wind of our

unloading site, he could turn the tables on us!" The slight delay was all Janet needed. She neared the rusty old gate.

She was close! She was about to touch the gate!