

Warning 911

[Chapter 911 Taken Away By The People Of Clarence](#)

Helen's POV:

I was in the law firm, attending a meeting when I got a call from an unknown number. I answered it without thinking much, because I figured it might be a client. It was not unusual for me to get such calls because of my job.

However, the moment I answered it, I heard Platt's familiar voice.

"Hi, Helen. Remember me? It's Platt."

I got so excited at the sound of his voice that I ran out of the meeting room. After finding a quiet corner, I held my breath nervously. My heart was racing, and I had a lot to ask him, but the most important thing was to know where he was now and if he was safe.

I could tell that Platt was not making the call on his own, because he had never spoken to me in such a cold and alienated tone.

Forcing myself to calm down, I asked back flatly, "Platt? We already broke up. Didn't we agree on not contacting each other anymore? Why did you call me now?"

[Chapter 912 Meet Platt](#)

Helen's POV:

I was in a daze the whole time, not knowing whether it was my tiredness or the fact that I was drugged that caused it. I didn't even remember how many cars they had changed. When I tried to open my eyes to look around, I saw that I was in a strange place. I was certain that I was not in New York. It was desolate outside, and Clarence and Platt were not there. The car was moving forward without a stop, and I did not know where I was going.

However, I did not try to jump out of the car or attack the driver, simply because I was well-aware that I would not be able to escape even if I tried. The people in the car were obviously outlaws, and I was pretty sure that they all had killed people before. If I even tried to resist or fight back, they would certainly kill me, so I kept quiet. I did not dare to provoke them.

[Chapter 913 Ask Wesley For Help](#)

George's POV:

Maxton and I checked the surveillance video over and over again and confirmed that our vehicle of interest disappeared in the footage for two minutes, and they changed into a black SUV. But soon the SUV also disappeared from the footage, and when it appeared again, Helen was no longer in it.

Clarence was very careful and cunning. He kept changing cars because he understood that even the tiniest details could throw an entire investigation off course.

Two days and one night passed, but we still couldn't find Helen. I had never felt so powerless and helpless in my life. I suddenly stood up and strode out.

Perhaps it was because I hadn't eaten anything for a long time or gotten a wink of sleep that I felt dizzy and almost collapsed when I stood up. Fortunately, Kendal was there to support me.

[Chapter 914 Wesley Agreed To Help](#)

George's POV:

Kendal was familiar with the Drummond Club, which was owned by Wesley, so he took me into Wesley's private room in the club. However, Wesley was not there when we arrived, so we waited for him.

About thirty minutes later, Wesley finally came, and as soon as he entered the private room, he shouted excitedly, "George! Kendal! It's been a long time. I am sorry for the delay. I got stuck in traffic."

I nodded to greet him. After all, I was not close with him, so even though I came to him for help, I couldn't be too excited.

[Chapter 915 Platt Was Taken Away](#)

Helen's POV:

I lost track of the days I had been locked up in the villa with Platt. While I was in captivity, only a person dressed as a maid came to give us our meal three times a day.

I had no idea where Clarence was or what he had been doing. He rarely came to the villa. And ever since he took Platt and me here, he had not come to see us. It was as if he had forgotten about us.

I missed George and the kids more and more as time went by.

As I had nothing to do, I told Platt everything that had happened after leaving Burlington for New York. Most of which were about my children. I let him know that the children missed him and how important he was to them. After all, before George appeared, Platt was their father figure.

[Chapter 916 Deliver The Goods For Clarence](#)

Platt's POV:

"I'll come with you." Clarence got in the car with me and sat on the passenger seat.

"Since you don't trust me, why on earth would you choose me to deliver the goods for you?" I asked.

I couldn't figure out what this man was thinking. Delivering these goods was quite dangerous. Clarence rarely ever did the deliveries himself. Usually, he would ask his trusted men to do it. Clearly, he was afraid of dying during the drop-off of goods.

"Shut up and drive," Clarence grunted. He then turned his gaze outside the window, making it even harder for me to guess what was on his mind.

[Chapter 917 Find Helen](#)

Platt's POV:

Clarence struggled with all his strength. He was a strong and experienced fighter, almost just like me. Since there was not much room in the car for him to dodge, I attacked him directly, trying to knock off his gun.

My friend Garnett was shot to death in front of me before, and I had been kind of afraid of guns ever since, so now I had to be extra-vigilant. We fought for what felt like hours, but to no avail.

Gradually, the sound of gunshots in the distance became fainter and fainter and the sound of footsteps were heard. I did not know if they were Clarence's men or the police.

[Chapter 918 Being Saved](#)

Helen's POV:

After getting in the car, I saw two other men sitting in the front. They greeted me with a nod and drove us to the airport.

Even after I got on the plane, I still couldn't believe that it was all real. It felt as if I was just dreaming the whole time. I pressed my face against George's chest, my arms tightly wrapped around his waist. Although I had safely escaped from that place, I was still a bit scared.

[Chapter 919 Platt Would Be Fine](#)

Helen's POV:

I gradually calmed down and brushed off my tears before making a call to Platt's mother and Bruce. I informed them about Platt's condition and asked them to come to the hospital as soon as possible.

George had found my phone in a black car near Clarence's villa. After they had kidnapped me, those men had changed different cars in order to avoid getting tracked down, and they had thrown my phone into one of those cars. Now that I had time to check on my phone, I saw that there were so many missed calls, including the ones from Lucy and Erin. The kids must be missing me. Although I had been away from them before, I would always make video calls to them every night. I was certain that they must be heartbroken now because they did not hear from me in days.

[Chapter 920 Is My Nose Broken](#)

Helen's POV:

Catherine heaved a sigh and said, "Although I feel bad for what happened, I am proud of my son. We always wanted him to be happy, so we always spoiled him. We never stopped him, no matter what he wanted to do. Though he likes doing exciting things, he is a good lad. He has always had a sense of justice in his heart. Platt has always been kind and brave, and I couldn't be happier."

I nodded in agreement. "To be honest, I'm also proud of him."