

Chapter 384 Rescue Herself

The feeble moonlight trickled into the room, casting eerie shadows on the walls.

Suddenly, a stout man with cropped hair appeared at the door. His eyes scanned Sabrina from head to toe as if she were a piece of merchandise. He then turned to the tall man behind him and remarked, "She's a catch. She could be sold at a fair price."

Sabrina was petrified.

Had she stumbled upon a human trafficker?

Sabrina knew all too well the horrors that awaited those unfortunate women who fell into the clutches of these ruthless criminals. If she was indeed their target, she feared that her fate would be far worse than death.

The man looming behind was gaunt and disheveled, his unkempt hair and beard suggesting he hadn't seen a razor in ages. He barked impatiently, "Hand over the cash."

Sabrina's mind raced as she tried to place the face.

Suddenly, it hit her like a ton of bricks. She stared at the man outside in disbelief.

It was Zeke!

The police had been hot on Zeke's trail, deploying officers at every bus and train station to apprehend him. Cornered in Mathias, Zeke had resorted to blending in with the crowd.

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Two days ago, someone successfully tracked Zeke down and requested his assistance. Zeke agreed to the task and brought the human trafficker here. The mastermind behind the scene intended to transport Sabrina to a secluded spot, strategically preventing Sabrina's return. The plan was to facilitate Zeke's escape from capture after this incident, mirroring events from a decade ago.

Zeke keenly recognized that Sabrina was the one who had unearthed enough evidence to justify reopening the case. Her actions led him directly to this precarious situation.

Resentment consumed Zeke. Had it not been for Sabrina, those misdeeds he had done years ago wouldn't have been laid bare.

Zeke wasted no time traveling here to bring Sabrina to the human trafficker, condemning Sabrina to stay in a remote place where she would be forced to work hard and bear children.

Although Zeke would have relished witnessing Sabrina's desperate struggle when sold to the ruthless human trafficker and suffered, he knew better than to take the risk. After all, the police were after him. He needed to leave Mathias as soon as possible.

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If Sabrina were to go missing, the authorities would intensify their efforts to locate her, rendering it impossible for him to remain here. Consequently, he promptly sold her off to the human trafficker for money. He intended to use the money to facilitate his escape abroad later on.

The stout man retrieved a wad of cash amounting to twenty thousand dollars from his pocket and offered it to Zeke. "Here you are."

Zeke snatched the money from the stout man's grasp and questioned, "Is this all?"

"Take it or leave it," the stout man retorted.

"You..." Zeke's eyes narrowed with fury, but he suppressed his anger, unwilling to waste any more time. He pocketed the cash and turned to Sabrina while addressing the stout man, his voice laced with malice, "Remember our agreement. Sell her to the remote areas and ensure she never returns!"

"Of course."

As Zeke turned his back, the stout man spat on the ground. He didn't need Zeke to caution him about that. What if Sabrina managed to escape after being sold to a nearby location?

The stout man's gaze lingered on Sabrina. There was a trace of appreciation and lust in his eyes.

Having been in this line of work for many years, he had planned to call it quits after this deal due to the mounting risk of being apprehended.

Sabrina's beauty had surprised him. He believed she could fetch a high price, guaranteeing a substantial profit.

In the past, whenever he acquired new victims, he always had his way with them first.

He couldn't wait to get his disgusting hands on Sabrina.

Noticing his intention, Sabrina was on high alert. She tensed involuntarily and tried to control her trembling body. "What do you want from me?"

"I want to fuck you, of course!" The stout man eagerly approached Sabrina.

"Go away... Don't come any closer..." Sabrina's face was drained of color. She retreated, one step at a time.

"You'd be wise not to waste your energy. No one will come to your rescue. Be obedient to me, or you'll suffer greatly!"

His words made Sabrina froze, jolting her into a state of sobriety.

No one was coming to save her.

She hoped her driver would notice her absence and alert the authorities as soon as possible.

Sabrina knew she needed to stay calm. She had to find a way to save herself and take matters into her own hands.

After regaining her composure, Sabrina took a deep breath and said, "You wanted money, right? My family is wealthy. If you release me, I can give you as much money as you want."

"Do you take me for a fool? Don't waste your breath!" The stout man sneered, his eyes fixed on Sabrina.

He couldn't deny that Sabrina was exquisite and refined. Perhaps her family was indeed affluent.

However, it was better to sell her and finish the job. Otherwise, she might report him to the authorities later.

Approaching Sabrina, he shoved Sabrina, leaving her helpless on the ground, bound and unable to rise.

Desperately, Sabrina pleaded, "You can only sell me to remote areas. Those men are of humble backgrounds. How much could you sell me for? But if you release me, I can give you five hundred thousand or even a million!"

Hearing this, the stout man stopped. Sabrina's words made sense.

Those men in remote areas were normally impoverished and lacked the skills to accumulate wealth. Therefore, few women would be willing to marry them.

Despite Sabrina's beauty, she would likely only fetch him tens of thousands of dollars if he was lucky. Those bachelors wouldn't be able to offer him any more money since it would probably be all they had.

Furthermore, due to rigorous inspections in recent years, engaging in this kind of business had become increasingly challenging.

Therefore, the stout man's resolve wavered when Sabrina dangled the prospect of a substantial sum of money.

The notion of adding a million dollars to his savings was enticing. It would establish a secure foundation for the rest of his life.

Sensing his hesitation, Sabrina continued, "If you doubt me, you can check my bag. It's genuine leather. Even if you sold it second-hand, it could fetch twenty thousand dollars. You could also sell my phone for ten thousand."

Sabrina embellished. She wouldn't spend that much money to buy a bag. It was worth no more than two thousand. However, realizing the man's lack of knowledge about such items, she attempted to deceive

him initially.

Her claim about the phone was genuine. She had a habit of casually taking photos and needed a phone with a high-quality camera. She often stored pictures on her phone.

The stout man frowned. "I don't have your bag."

Zeke most likely had it along with her phone.

The stout man reflected on what Sabrina said. If her family possessed the wealth she claimed, then her cell phone would be expensive. Falling for Sabrina's words, the stout man now regretted giving money to Zeke.

Sabrina let out a sigh. "Well, that's a pity, but I'm not lying to you. If you agree to let me go, I'll ask my family to give you a lot of money. It's better than selling me off. Once my family realizes I'm missing, they'll spare no expense to find me and seek retribution against those responsible."

The stout man grew increasingly indecisive. Sabrina was right. If he sold her out to the remote areas, her family would undoubtedly launch a thorough investigation, and the authorities would spare no effort in their search for her.

In the past, tracking down the victims proved to be a daunting task. However, with the advent of the Internet, the dynamics changed. If someone went missing, the police could swiftly locate them. Sabrina would harbor a deep hatred for him if she was sold remotely. In that case, he would have to manage to escape from the capture, not just from the police but also from her enraged family.

He planned to do this one last time before starting to live a normal life elsewhere with the money he got. The potential risk involved in selling Sabrina away was not worth it.

He found himself with only two options. One involved murder, thereby eliminating any looming trouble.

Zeke had kidnapped Sabrina and handed her to him. Their transactions were conducted in cash, leaving no evidence for the police to trace.

However, if he decided to kill Sabrina, it meant squandering his time and handing over twenty thousand dollars to Zeke for nothing. He didn't want to accept this.

The alternative option was to seek money from Sabrina's family and promptly depart as soon as he received the payment.

Despite his decision, the stout man remained cautious. "Is your family truly that wealthy? Can you casually produce a million? What's your name?"

