

## Chapter 387 Escaped

The sergeant breathed a sigh of relief since Tyrone had returned to the car.

If Tyrone had heard what Glenn said, he might have taken his rage out on Glenn.

Glenn had divulged information about the spots those human traffickers frequented and the individuals they associated with.

Single men who lived in remote mountainous regions and were desperate for a wife sought out clandestine channels to buy a wife. They would reach out to intermediaries who had connections to human traffickers.

Without hesitation, the sergeant sprang into action, swiftly dispatching his men to apprehend these criminals and scour the locations Glenn had disclosed. Their mission was to rescue the countless women and children who had fallen victim to abduction and exploitation.

After the interrogation, the sergeant hurried to his car and set off in the direction Baxter had fled.

Meanwhile, Baxter was speeding through the streets in the minibus.

Sabrina lay bound and gagged on the back seat, gazing at the rapidly passing dark street scene outside the car window, and her heart slowly sank.

"Something's not right. I can't reach Glenn," Coleman remarked, fidgeting with his phone.

"Don't worry about him! We have our problems to deal with. They'll catch up with us soon!"

"What if he betrays us?" Coleman asked with concern.

"So what if he does? We're not going to hang around for their attention. What's important now is that we don't get caught."

There were many wanted criminals who evaded justice.

"Do you think they'll catch us?" Coleman asked nervously.

"Can you just shut the fucking up?" Baxter scolded.

After a moment of tense silence, Coleman pondered their next move.

"What should we do now? We can't go to any of our previous spots. And she..."

Coleman gestured toward Sabrina in the back seat. "What should we do with her?"

His thoughts were still preoccupied with the enticing offer of the staggering five million behind Sabrina's safety.

"What should we do with her?" Baxter thought aloud as he glanced menacingly back at Sabrina in the rearview mirror. "We need to get rid of her as soon as possible and go abroad. Make some calls and see if anyone nearby wants her."

He had initially planned to sell Sabrina to those remote areas, but now it seemed impossible.

However, he didn't want to kill her until he exhausted all his other options. Despite losing hope of securing the five million, he could at least try and sell her for some money.

Time was of the essence. He needed to act swiftly to ensure their prompt departure from the country. Delaying the disposal of Sabrina could jeopardize their escape.

"I'll make some calls right now." Coleman started dialing numbers to find a buyer.

Sabrina listened intently from the back seat. Her mind raced with

thoughts of what might happen to her.

Even though she was petrified, Sabrina managed to remain calm. She convinced herself that the police were in pursuit and might catch up with them soon. She also knew the authorities would eventually find her if they sold her. Sabrina clung to a glimmer of hope amid the grim circumstances.

She told herself it was better to endure what was happening to her now than be sold to a remote, unknown location.

Coleman had been diligently making phone calls. Eventually, he found a buyer in a province within the jurisdiction of the state in Acholama, adjacent to Mathias.

Acholama was a place of stark contrasts, with a vast divide between the wealthy and the poor. The southern region was prosperous with a thriving economy, whereas the northern region was impoverished with little resources and education. Few women would be willing to marry those men in this poor-stricken area. Therefore, most of the men here had been single for years in the northern region, unable to find a wife. They had been taught at a young age to save money to purchase a gorgeous bride.

"Tell him we will drive there overnight and arrive early tomorrow morning," Baxter instructed.

"Okay." Coleman conveyed the message before hanging up.

Focusing on the road ahead, Baxter prepared to merge onto the expressway.

Once on the expressway, they couldn't pull over to the side.

Glancing at Sabrina through the rearview mirror, he could only see her profile.

Baxter struggled to find words to describe her. He thought she was the

most beautiful woman he had ever encountered among the many in his life.

She was a vision of grace.

And the daughter of a CEO.

The thought of selling her before he indulged himself with her seemed like a waste.

Baxter wanted to stop the vehicle. But he feared the police would catch up with them.

Baxter thought for a moment and said, "I'm pulling over. Let's swap seats, and you drive.

As Baxter spoke, he leered at Sabrina in the back seat.

The van's size allowed him to carry out his desires.

Understanding Baxter's unspoken proposal, Coleman glanced at Sabrina. His desire for her was evident. But he had to wait for Baxter to finish enjoying her first.

Sabrina's heart raced as she realized Baxter's intention. She trembled all over, and her mind went blank with fear.

What should she do?

Was she going to be raped?

Who could come to her rescue?

Baxter stopped the vehicle, preparing to switch seats, when a police car emerged at the intersection.

Panic seized Baxter. He abandoned any thoughts of money or getting laid with Sabrina, slamming his foot on the gas pedal as the minibus sped toward a different road.

If caught, he would surely face the death sentence for his actions. Nothing was more important to him than his life.

Commented [Ma1]:

Terrified, Coleman gripped the seat belt, contemplating the imminent danger as his life flashed before his eyes.

Unable to see the unfolding events, Sabrina could only gauge the situation from their reactions. Their fear hinted that the police had caught up, sparking a glimmer of hope within her.

After two hours of driving to evade the police on the state route, Coleman regained his composure. He checked the rearview mirror. "Baxter, the police aren't following us."

"You just found out?" Baxter retorted, glaring at him.

Baxter had been looking in the rearview while driving and noticed that the police car behind them had turned right at an intersection. He suspected there must have been another situation, and the police weren't pursuing them.

However, Baxter couldn't afford to let his guard down.

The fear lingered that the police might set up a roadblock ahead, making their capture imminent.

Sabrina's desperation deepened upon hearing this.

But Baxter's focus shifted after that close call. He lost all interest in Sabrina. He just wanted to get rid of her as soon as possible and escape.

Without a doubt, the buyer was likely to lose both his money and the woman since the police would probably locate Sabrina soon.

But Baxter didn't concern himself with the impending loss for the buyer. He was going to quit the business after this job.

After a night's drive, the minibus arrived near the village in the morning.

During the entire night, Sabrina didn't sleep at all, as her life was on the line.

Though the location seemed relatively remote, some inhabitants were

not oblivious to the illegality of human trafficking.

Afraid of being reported, Coleman arranged for the buyer to meet them in the forest east of the village.

The buyer, Andrew Welch, was in his thirties. He had small, beady eyes and was shorter than most women.

Accompanying Andrew were his parents.

"Have you brought the money?" Baxter asked as soon as he met them.

Lanny, Andrew's mother, reluctantly showed Baxter the money. "Of course. But show us the girl first."

She thought the price was too high and had wanted to wait, but Andrew's impatience overruled her.

Andrew and his father, Marcel, strained to look through the dark-tinted windows but couldn't discern anything inside.

Baxter gave a subtle signal, prompting Coleman to open the back door. He brought Sabrina out and placed her on the ground.

Sabrina looked at the Welch family warily.

Andrew's eyes were transfixed on Sabrina the moment he saw her.

Even in her disheveled state, with her mouth gagged and her clothes covered in dust, Sabrina's beauty was undeniable. She was stunning.

"Mom, give them the money," Andrew said immediately.

He was eager to make Sabrina his wife. As soon as they paid, she would be his.