

## Chapter 385 You Must Save Me

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The stout man was in the dark about Sabrina's identity. Zeke was afraid that the stout man wouldn't dare to sell Sabrina off to the remote areas if Sabrina's identity was revealed. So, instead of telling the stout man who Sabrina was or the grudge he held against her, Zeke only said that he had not eaten for a long time and saw Sabrina on the road, walking alone. Therefore, he kidnapped her because he was desperate.

Desperate people were capable of anything.

The stout man could tell from Zeke's shifty expression that Zeke was hiding from the police, so the stout man didn't doubt Zeke's words at all.

However, Sabrina couldn't tell the stout man her true name.

The reason the stout man asked her name was only because he wanted to verify whether she was from a wealthy family.

If the stout man happened to find out about Tyrone during his search and discovered what kind of man Tyrone was, the stout man might decide to cut his losses and just kill her.

After all, Tyrone had been in a similar situation before. Someone had threatened him with Galilea, but Tyrone didn't bow to pressure and just called the police.

After a pause, Sabrina said in a cold voice, "The overcoat on me is worth three thousand. If you don't believe me, you can take it to the second-hand market and ask about it. Besides, my name is Bettie, and my father is Corless. He runs a clothing company called Trang Clothing. You can check it out."

She had no other choice but to use Bettie's name. Bettie's family was rich and lived a carefree life, but she was not in the public eye like Tyrone.

In a twist of fate, Sabrina was glad that Zeke had taken her bag with him. Her ID card was in it, and if this stout man saw it, her lie would be exposed.

"Bettie..." the stout man repeated, a frown on his face. He glanced at her and declared, "Wait here for a moment."

He strode out of the room and locked the door behind him. He told his subordinate who was standing a few paces away from the door about what Sabrina said.

The subordinate became excited when he heard about that amount of money. "I think they will definitely be able to pay a lot more than one million."

The stout man thought about it, but he was still doubtful. "She says her name is Bettie, and her father is Corless, who runs a clothing company. Check if such a person exists."

The subordinate was uneducated and didn't know how to investigate. So he just typed Corless' name into the search engine. A moment later, he found himself staring at several people named Corless, all with different identities and living in different parts of the world.

The stout man, standing behind his subordinate, frowned when he saw the screen.

While the subordinate was scrolling through each name, the stout man suddenly shouted, "Stop!"

The stout man snatched the phone from his subordinate's hands, his focus on a piece of certain news in the middle. "Corless, the chairman of Trang Clothing in Mathias."

There were only a few sentences introducing the clothing company. The article had almost no information about Corless, besides the fact that he was the chairman, let alone any information about his daughter.

After all, there were many clothing companies all over the country.

When his subordinate saw this, he exclaimed, "Is that the one? Is he really running a company?"

This time, the stout man searched for Trang Clothing in Mathias, but he didn't find any useful information. He could only see that the company was still functioning, which meant that the company did exist.

The stout man thought for a while and then typed Bettie's name into the search bar.

Surprisingly, searching Bettie produced worthwhile information. The webpage introduced Bettie as a well-known makeup artist and listed some of her works in detail. At the end of the article, it was mentioned that she was the best friend of Tyrone Blakely's ex-wife.

As a makeup artist, Bettie was usually behind the scenes and would only be thrust into the public eye if her skills were exceptionally great or as a side note when talking about an actress' look. For example, the makeup of a certain actress was so bad that the fans would scold the makeup artist online. Normally speaking, her images wouldn't be shown on the Internet.

Bettie had a good reputation and her schedule was full. However, she only became quite well known because she was linked to the gossip surrounding Sabrina and Tyrone. After the truth was revealed, Bettie, who spoke up for Sabrina, was highly praised.

Later, when Sabrina and Bettie traveled together, the media tied them together even more.

As a result of this, the stout man found a photo of Sabrina and Bettie

together while going through every information about Bettie that was available on the Internet. Since the stout man had only seen Sabrina before, he mistook Sabrina for Bettie.

Now that the stout man had confirmation that Sabrina didn't lie, he threw the phone back at his subordinate. "It seems she is telling the truth. We need to plan this carefully. As soon as we get the money, we will leave here."

"Okay." His subordinate nodded his head immediately. "What are you going to do? Call her father tonight?"

The stout man thought about it and came up with a feasible plan. He looked at his subordinate and said, "For now, put a new SIM card in the phone. I will call her father and demand a ransom. Then we will arrange an escape route and find a place to do the exchange in two days."

"Alright." The subordinate took out a new SIM card from the car and switched it with the one in his mobile phone.

This was a common thing for them to do. Using different SIM cards and discarding them frequently made it hard for law enforcement agencies to track them.

The stout man took the phone and returned to the place Sabrina was kept in.

There was a tense silence in the room as Sabrina and the stout man stared at each other. Sabrina held her breath as she stared at him warily.

"Alright, I won't hurt you. Give me your father's phone number. I will let you go as soon as I get the money," the stout man announced.

Sabrina breathed a sigh of relief. "I can promise you that if I see my dad, I will persuade him not to arrest you or charge you to court, but you have to ensure my safety."

The stout man stared at Sabrina's face and felt a pang of loss. It was a pity that he wouldn't be able to bed this beauty, but he consoled himself with the money her family would pay him. After all, if he got the money, he would be able to get laid with all kinds of women.

"You have my word," the stout man said.

Nodding at the phone in the man's hand, Sabrina said, "Give me your phone and I'll talk to my father."

The stout man shook his head quickly. He was afraid that she would play tricks on him if he gave her the chance. "Tell me the number, and I'll call him."

Sabrina had no choice but to give the man Tyrone's number.

Her heart beat a fast rhythm.

If Tyrone knew she was missing, wouldn't he intuitively comprehend the situation?

She had promised herself that she wouldn't ask him for help, but here she was, with no other choice than to trouble him once again...

The stout man called the number, and it was answered almost immediately.

"Hello?" A deep male voice came through the phone, and he sounded as if he was trying to restrain something.

The stout man couldn't help but glance at Sabrina. The person on the phone sounded quite young. She wasn't lying to him, was she?

The stout man said in a sinister tone, "Are you Corless, the chairman of Trang Clothing?"

"Who are you?" Tyrone demanded, his gaze narrowed. The question was a little strange, but based on the current situation, Tyrone had a niggling suspicion, so he didn't outrightly refute the question.

The stout man took Tyrone's question as an answer in the affirmative and snorted. "It doesn't matter who I am. What matters is that I have your daughter. If you don't want anything to happen to her, you must get five million in cash. Three days from now, I must see that money."

After a pause, Tyrone said, "How dare you demand an exorbitant price!"

"It depends on whether Miss Ramirez is worth it or not in your heart."

"Okay, I'll arrange the money, but I have to know my... I have to know my daughter is safe. Let me talk to her," Tyrone replied.

The stout man put the phone near Sabrina's ear.

After a short pause, Sabrina shouted, "Dad, it's me. You must save me!"

It was Sabrina's voice.

Tyrone breathed a sigh of relief and comforted her softly, "Don't worry. I will save you. Don't be afraid."

"Okay..."

Sabrina wanted to say something else, but the stout man put the phone back to his ear. "Did you hear that? Prepare the cash quickly. I will contact you in three days."

"You don't have to worry about that. But in three days, I want to see that my daughter is fine, otherwise..."

Tyrone's tone was harsh. The rest of the statement was left hanging, which in itself was a threat.

"Your daughter will be safe as long as you bring the money."

A wide smile bloomed on the stout man's face and he became excited.

He was only trying his luck when he demanded five million. But to his surprise, his wish was granted!

Just thinking of the fact that he would be five million dollars richer in three days made him happier.

However, his bubble of joy was shattered when his subordinate rushed in and shouted, "The police are coming!"

