

Chapter 386 Rescue

Stunned, the stout man questioned, "How could they have tracked us down so fast?"

"I don't know! our informants said they were a few miles away a few minutes ago." The subordinate stared at the stout man nervously, at a complete loss.

Seasoned human traffickers like them usually had men on watch near trading points.

Those watchmen were several miles away from here, granting these human traffickers the time to run away after being warned of any unexpected situations.

Thus, the subordinate just caught wind of the police heading in their direction.

The stout man cursed in a low voice, "Damn it! You dare to play tricks on me!"

After saying that, he hung up the phone and flung the phone to his subordinate before Tyrone could say anymore.

The subordinate took out the SIM card, crushed it, and threw it away.

The stout man stared at Sabrina balefully. Faster than Sabrina's eyes could track, he raised his hand and slapped her with all his strength. "You were trying to buy time!"

Sabrina crashed to the ground, her cheeks throbbing. Her ears were ringing and she felt dizzy. "I... I didn't..."

She wasn't buying time. She just didn't want to be sold away to those remote areas.

She never expected the police to locate this place so quickly. And to make matters worse, these human traffickers were now aware that the police were coming.

Sabrina was afraid that the stout man wouldn't believe anything she said.

The stout man sneered, found a piece of rag, and stuffed it into Sabrina's mouth. Then, he picked her up and carried her into the car.

"Drive!"

The subordinate started the car and they sped away.

Actually, there was a tracker in Sabrina's bag.

It was one of her favorite bags and she used it often, so Damon had put a tracker in it when they were once at the airport.

So, it was easy for Tyrone to locate Sabrina.

When Sabrina's driver had informed Tyrone that Sabrina was missing, he checked her location through the app and found that she was on a remote road, motionless.

After contacting the police to get the surveillance video, he found that Sabrina's bag was thrown out of a van.

Thanks to the surveillance video, the police were able to track the van down. Finally, they were able to determine its exact location and sent police officers to rescue Sabrina.

Tyrone and his men also went with the police.

While they were en route to the location, Tyrone received a call.

While Tyrone was talking with the kidnappers on the phone, he gestured to Damon to contact the police and tell them not to alert the kidnappers.

Sabrina was safe for the time being, and they had enough time to rescue her, so they had to ensure she remained safe until they got there.

However, those kidnappers still discovered that the police were on their way and hung up the phone.

Tyrone had a bad feeling about what just happened, so he called the policemen and asked them to rush to the location.

When Tyrone called back to those kidnappers, no one answered the phone.

While holding the still-ringing phone to his ear, Tyrone looked at Damon and ordered, "They must have someone on the watch nearby. Take some men and go and look for them."

As instructed, Damon got out of the car as two other cars parked and several men got out as well. They all ran to the wheat fields on either side of the road.

When Tyrone and the police arrived at an abandoned house, it was empty. He flicked on the flashlight and found himself standing in a very dusty room.

Evidently, no one had lived here in a long time. The ground was covered in a thick layer of dust, so the footprints were particularly obvious.

In a corner of the room, the ground was much cleaner, and the outline of a person's body as well as the traces of folds and wrinkles of clothes were barely visible.

Not surprisingly, this was where Sabrina was moments earlier.

"It seems they just left." The sergeant squatted down and inspected the footprints on the ground. "There were at least three different people here."

"We need to hurry!" Tyrone rumbled. Then he turned around and marched out of the room.

The sergeant went out and signaled to the driver of the police car who was still behind the wheel. The driver understood what he meant and

immediately stepped on the accelerator and chased after the kidnappers.

When the sergeant saw that Tyrone was about to get into his car, he quickly caught up to Tyrone and reminded in a soft voice, "It's our fault. However, if we chase after them and the criminals feel that they can't escape from us, they will likely harm the hostage."

Tyrone froze and clenched his fist. His lips pursed as he mulled over the sergeant's words.

These criminals were desperate and could do anything, even kill their hostage, if they felt that they would get caught anyway.

The sergeant coughed and added, "I suggest we don't follow them too closely. We should confirm their location first, then find ways to negotiate with them so as to maximize the safety of the hostage. However, the hostage... It's inevitable that she will suffer..."

At the thought of Sabrina being tortured by the kidnappers, Tyrone felt his heart constrict and his vision went gray at the edges.

But in order to ensure her safety, he had to do what the police sergeant suggested.

After a few seconds of silence, Tyrone nodded curtly. "Okay."

If it were anyone else, he would have asked the police to chase after them with all their might. But it was Sabrina, and he couldn't afford to risk her life in such a manner.

Tyrone couldn't even bring himself to imagine what he would do if something happened to Sabrina.

"Tyrone, we caught one watchman. He was hiding in the ditch and almost got away," Damon announced as he got out of the car and marched toward Tyrone. One of Damon's men also alighted from the backseat, dragging a man behind him.

This accomplice was short and thin, but his eyes darted around wildly.

Tyrone's eyes blazed at the sight of this man.

"What's your name?" the sergeant asked as he took a voice recorder, pen, and notebook from his pocket. He was about to start interrogating the accomplice when Tyrone closed the distance between him and the accomplice and kicked the latter viciously in the abdomen. The accomplice doubled over with a pained grunt and fell to the ground. He trembled with fear when he saw the rage in Tyrone's eyes.

For a moment, the sergeant was completely stunned. But when Tyrone moved closer, intent on beating the accomplice to within an inch of his life, the sergeant snapped out of his shock and quickly stepped in Tyrone's path. "Calm down. Let me ask him some questions. Maybe I can get some useful information."

The accomplice's shoulders were hunched and his body was rigid, but he didn't try to move from the ground. He wouldn't doubt Tyrone would kill him if no one stepped in and stopped Tyrone.

Tyrone glowered at the accomplice, and after a moment, he finally seemed to rethink his decision to beat the accomplice to death. He turned around and stormed to the car.

The sergeant interrogated the accomplice on the spot.

Glenn Martel, the very accomplice, knew that there was no escape from the police, so he told them everything he knew in the hope that they would reduce his sentence.

Glenn was the youngest son of his family. He was idle and enjoyed killing his time by hanging out with thugs. He often asked his parents for money from time to time and never bothered to find a means to make his own money. His father still had to work in his old age and died at a construction work site because of excessive workload. His mother died not long after.

After his parents' death, Glenn was no longer under anyone's supervision. To make money, Glenn became a thief and a fraud. Soon, his path crossed with human traffickers.

This meant that the people who kidnapped Sabrina were human traffickers. The sergeant was surprised at the revelation.

Anti-trafficking had always been an important task for the police. Now, they had accidentally caught a trafficker. If they could arrest Glenn's accomplices, they would be able to save many abducted women and children.

Glenn told the sergeant that their boss was called Baxter Mason and there was another accomplice called Coleman Watson.

Baxter had been working as a human trafficker for years and had connections with other human traffickers from other regions. He had abducted and sold a lot of women and children. He was also the one who led Glenn into the business.

However, their operation this time around was different. Someone had called Baxter and offered to sell an extremely beautiful woman to him and they had arranged to meet here for the trade.

Baxter was a cautious and cunning man. It was difficult to contact him, and he only showed up when he was certain the coast was clear. Moreover, he always arranged watchmen at different spots to alert him of any danger, which was how he had been able to stay out of the police's reach for years.

Neither Baxter nor his men had expected the police to locate them so quickly.

Glenn also told the police about Baxter's strange habit. Every time Baxter caught a woman, he would rape her before selling her. But Baxter had erectile dysfunction and often resorted to torturing women with strange tools.

The sergeant and Damon frowned when they heard this.