

An Endless Night With Him Chapter 7

Chapter 7: Got The wrong Person

It's been four years since Katrina decided to become a policewoman. Through the layers of branches and leaves, the sun shines on the ground. Together with Farrah, Katrina walks along the streets of Mae. Mae is a coastal country with a highly developed economy. They were currently in Hadley City, the economic and tourism center of the country.

Enjoying the leisure and romantic atmosphere of the city, Farrah takes a deep breath and relaxes. "I try to snatch a little break from my busy life. I finally succeeded in taking my annual leave to travel."

After graduation, Farrah stayed in the hospital as a nurse, while Katrina went to the police station to become a policewoman.

Farrah still feels a little confused about Katrina's decision. "Katrina, why did you suddenly switch careers to become a policewoman?"

A few years after the incident, Katrina has already stepped out of the shadow of the past. But when it comes to this question, there's still a glimmer of unease in her eyes.

Katrina smiles and says, "Maybe... I suddenly found myself unsuitable to become a nurse." She never told anyone about what happened, not even her closest friend Farrah.

Farrah nods. "It's also good to be a policewoman. As soon as you join the force, you're regarded as the darling of the office. Every day, many policemen will care for you.

"Unlike us nurses, we do this thankless task every day for patients who order us about and blame us for a slight delay in service. Last time, there was even a patient who called me a waitress! I was so angry!"

Hearing Farrah's remark, Katrina laughs, "Darling of the office? You're exaggerating."

Since there are fewer female officers in the police station, a young policewoman who enters the force will inevitably be teased like this.

“By the way,” Farrah suddenly turns serious. She looks at Katrina and asks, “Katrina, how do you feel about Marcellus?”

Marcellus has been chasing after Katrina for four years. Despite her ruthless rejection at that time, he still refuses to give up on her. No matter how much Sophie tried to get in the way, Marcellus still insisted on pursuing Katrina.

Four years is enough to pursue a girl successfully, no matter how difficult it is.

What’s more, Marcellus is handsome and kind. His family background is also particularly superior, even more, powerful than the Andersons.

Given a man of his background, ordinary girls would take the initiative to pursue him. Only a naïve girl like Katrina would constantly reject him.

Farrah doesn’t believe that Katrina isn’t interested in such a catch. “I...” Hearing the question from Farrah, Katrina became slightly dazed.

Katrina had promised Sophie to break it off with Marcellus. Initially, she thought that Marcellus would stay away as long as she took a tough stance.

Unexpectedly, despite her harsh rejection and constantly dodging him, he still pursues her.

After so many years, her heart warms even though she was determined to be cold. Not to mention, she is also fond of him.

But because of Sophie, she still can’t accept his confession and get together with him. Farrah gently comforts, “Katrina, if you like him, just accept him.” Marcellus is such a good man. Farrah doesn’t want Katrina to have any regrets. Seeing a nearby public toilet, Farrah says, “Katrina, wait a moment. I’ll go to the restroom.”

Katrina nods. "Okay." While she waits outside, she idly counts the finely textured tiles on the floor to kill time.

"Stop!" "Don't run!" "Catch her!"

Suddenly, there's a noise from a distance, and the sounds of footsteps approaching Katrina feels a thin figure floating past her, and her head lowers suddenly. Someone puts a cap on her

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head.

When Katrina looks behind her, the streets have already resumed the stream of people coming and going. Nothing seems amiss.

That's strange. Who was that? Why did that person put a cap on her head?

While Katrina is puzzled, she sees a shadow cast in front of her. When she looks up, she notices several tall and strong men approaching.

They grab her arms roughly.

Seeing the inhospitable looks on their faces, Katrina startles and asks them defensively, "What are you doing?"

Mae has always been secure. Would anyone dare to kidnap her out in the streets? "You've stolen from Mr. Wilson. Come with us!" The leader of the men says in a cold voice.

They forcibly pull her forward. Katrina is horrified at the man's words. What? Steal?

"Hey, you're mistaken, I didn't steal anything!" Katrina struggles and screams as she's being dragged forward.

Why would she steal? She's a policewoman! She would punish stealing with due severity. How could she steal from someone else? She wasn't going anywhere. She doesn't even know who Mr. Wilson is, how could she steal from him? The cap!

uddenly remembers the hat on her head, then becomes nervous immediately. Did the person put the hat on her to frame her?

She's wearing a simple pair of jeans, canvas shoes, and a cultural

shift, which most of the travelers in Hadley City wear. Such attire makes it very easy to mistake someone for someone else.

If they mistook her as the thief because of the hat, that would be ridiculous.

“Hey, let me go! It’s not my hat. Someone put it on my head. She’s gone the other way. You should go to her!”

She was wearing a big hat labeled ‘robber.’

But it’s completely useless for Katrina to try and explain. Not letting her go, the men take her away aggressively.

They stop in front of a black Lamborghini, and the leader bows slightly. He reports to the man in the car respectfully, “Mr. Wilson, we’ve got her.”

Katrina can’t see the man’s face through the window. She still tries to defend herself. “You’ve caught the wrong person! It’s not me, I didn’t steal anything!” But the man has no patience to listen to her excuses. “Take her back!” A cold and low voice barks from the car. After the Lamborghini leaves with the man, Katrina is blindfolded and forced into a regular car. The car goes further along the road for half an hour until it stops in front of a palatial private villa. When the blindfold is removed, the glare from the sun makes Katrina squint.

“Enter!”

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Before Katrina’s eyes adjust to the sudden light, she’s pushed roughly into the living room.

In the luxurious living room, a handsome young man sits on the sofa. The man’s slender legs are folded elegantly, and his arms are outstretched on the back of the couch. He was tall, with a dignified and domineering air.

Despite his stereotypical facial features, the deep lines on his

handsome face make him seem perfect. He doesn't seem to have any flaw.

Several men in suits stand respectfully on both sides, making the atmosphere in the living room much colder and more somber.

Katrina's eyes are immediately drawn to the man on the sofa.

Presumably, he must be Mr. Wilson.

She doesn't deny that he's probably the most beautiful man she's ever seen and that he's as enchanting as the stars in the sky. Any idol or celebrity would be somewhat overshadowed in his presence. She originally thought Mr. Wilson to be a middle-aged man in his forties or fifties. She isn't expecting him to not only be so young and beautiful but also be of mixed blood.

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Reality and imagination deviate too much, and Katrina can't help feeling slightly stunned.

The man on the sofa looks at her coldly. "Where is it?" His voice is deep and magnetic, subtly putting strong pressure on her.

What? She doesn't even know what he lost, and now he's expecting her to tell him its location. How unreasonable!

Taking a deep breath, Katrina meets the man's eyes and firmly explains, "Sir, I'm a tourist traveling in Mae. I have no idea what you lost, and I didn't steal anything. You've got the wrong person!"