

## An Endless Night With Him Chapter 8

### Chapter 8: A Mistaken Thief

Katrina is mistaken as a thief at the door of the public toilet. What a bad luck! Does she look like a bad person?

It's depressing that these men won't listen to sense, but now it's urgent to find a way to make them believe her and let her go.

But Katrina's explanation is useless. After all, a thief would never admit to stealing something.

The man's dark eyes narrow slightly, and his tall and upright body instantly towers over Katrina. His voice is cold and imposing. "I'll give you another chance. Where is it?"

The strength of the man's aura makes Katrina unconsciously withdraw a bit.

She's seen a lot of bad guys in her career as a police officer, but she still feels a little nervous and her heart pounds fiercely under the man's severe stare.

Katrina calms down, and she meets the man's deep dark eyes with her own. "I told you it wasn't me! Why do you keep insisting I did it! I'm a police officer, and my documents are in my bag."

"It's the foundation of my morality to obey and uphold the law. I'd never steal anything from you! Please let me go right now!"

At Katrina's words, the man pinches her chin roughly with one hand and stares down at her, seemingly considering the credibility of her words and trying to discern anything amiss in her expression.

The man's fingers are long and beautiful, but his strength is surprisingly great. Katrina feels a little pain and she struggles slightly.

"Stop it! You're hurting me!"

The disparity in power between them makes Katrina's efforts useless. In the struggle, the man inadvertently smells her hair and the faint fragrance from her body. It happened in a flash, and he almost thinks

it's his imagination. But the familiar scent still puts the man in a momentary trance.

One of his men opens Katrina's bag and pours its contents onto the floor. After a thorough examination, he comes over with her police certificate, ID card, and passport. Bowing to the man, he says, "Mr. Wilson, I find nothing suspicious."

The man roughly loosens Katrina's jaw and takes a look at the documents. Name: Katrina Miller Gender: Female Age: 22 Birthplace: Abbe City Occupation: Police Officer

Just then, another man hurriedly enters from outside and whispers in the man's ear, "Mr. Wilson, we have the surveillance footage... There appears to be some misunderstanding."

Immediately after catching her, they checked the surveillance footage at that time. Because the thief looked very similar to the woman in stature and clothing, and they wore the same cap, they assumed she was the thief.

Judging from the CCTV monitor, the woman seems to have been framed.

The man remains unmoved even after hearing this. His dark eyes, deep as an abyss, bore again into Katrina.

Her skin is white as snow, her facial features delicate, her body small, exquisite, and graceful. Her long black and beautiful hair hangs down to her waist, and her beautiful eyes flash with a touch of bitterness.

Of course, her eyes are pure and clear. She's not lying.

Katrina massages her red chin in silence, complaining about his cruelty and lack of mercy in her mind. She brings her startled eyes to his and raises her voice, "Since you've seen my identification, you should let me go."

They've turned over her bag and have seen the documents. Besides, she doesn't have what they want at all. They should believe her

innocence now and let her go.

But as soon as Katrina finishes, the man says, “You’re the first suspect until we get it back.” Is he still unwilling to let her go?

Katrina’s eyes immediately flash in panic. “You can’t do this! This is illegal detention! It’s against the

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mail  
law!”

She understands why they would put someone in custody, and even the police would have reason to detain someone. But they brought her here indiscriminately!

The man looks at her like he hears a big joke. Deep dark eyes locking into hers, he says, “Are you talking to me about the law?”

Does he need the permission of the law to do something? “In this place, I am the law!” Katrina starts at the man’s statement. This jerk! Katrina feels a sudden rage overwhelm her.

Though she knows he must be powerful and high-ranking, she doesn’t expect him to be so insolent. What a great tragedy to meet a man completely unreasonable and unafraid of legal consequences! Surrounded by strong young men in a strange country and a strange environment, she’s unable to do anything.

“That’s going too far!” Katrina trembles with rage.

She looks like an angry pufferfish, her beautiful eyes flashing with resentment. It’s as if she wants to kill him with her glare.

Instead of feeling any pressure, the man finds her angry look funny.

“Since you didn’t steal it, you can go as soon as we catch the thief. Take her away!”

These are the last words between them. After that, she’s forced into a room by his men, and he strides out to deal with something. “Hey! Let me go! Let me out!”

Katrina struggles desperately, clinging to the door and refusing to get

in. But the man leaves her behind, turning a deaf ear to her screaming. Eventually, Katrina is locked into the small room.

When the door is closed, there are only about 30 square meters of space in front of her. The doors and windows are shut so tightly, and it's impossible to escape through them. Her cell phone and bag are the possession of the man, and she doesn't have any way to communicate with anyone on the outside.

It's been more than an hour since she was caught.

She doesn't know if Farrah is all right. When she came out of the bathroom and found her missing, was she extremely anxious?

As Katrina paces around in the room, she suddenly notices a landline on the bedside table. She picks up the phone and puts it close to her ear. There's a dial tone, and it seems that the line is still working.

At the glimmer of hope amid the confusion, Katrina congratulates herself.

She dials Farrah's phone number from memory. She'll tell her not to worry, explain her situation, and to ask her to call the police for help. After two rings, a low and cold male voice answers, "Hello."

Katrina is startled by the unexpected sound and hangs up in a panic. She rubs her chest to soothe her beating heart.

Why did a man answer the phone?

She must've been too nervous and accidentally dialed the wrong number. She tries again, certain that Farrah would answer the phone this time.

Katrina slowly enters the digits of the phone number one by one.

Taking a deep breath, she closes her eyes and prays silently in her heart. This time, the person who answers the phone should be Farrah. But as soon as the line is connected, the same magnetic male voice comes again, "You want to call for help? Don't bother. That phone will only connect to me no matter what number you dial."

Hearing the familiar voice, Katrina is stunned. She accidentally drops

the phone to the floor. It's him! That insolent bastard! Why is He haunting her?

Just like that, her only hope is shattered all of a sudden, Katrina throws herself onto the bed in despondency, feeling sad and lost. It's obvious that they caught the wrong person, but they refuse to let her go until they catch the real thief. What bullshit logic! If they can't catch the real thief, will he keep her here forever? This man is so arrogant and unruly, how unreasonable! For the first time, she knows how terrible it feels to be imprisoned. Like a bird in a cage whose wings have been broken off there's no freedom. She suffers indignity all day.

Fortunately, the room has its own bathroom, so she won't be too embarrassed about certain matters. At mealtimes, a housekeeper of about fifty named Randy Stock brings her food.

The dishes are rich with meat and vegetables a complete balanced diet. It's clear that the food is very good, and they aren't harsh on her, a prisoner.

But this time, Katrina doesn't eat. When she gets too hungry, she eats some cold porridge. At night, Katrina goes to bed early. Maybe time will pass by a little faster after she falls asleep. Since the man has a lot of power and so many people under his command... She hopes that when she wakes up tomorrow, she will hear the news that the thief has been caught.