

Her Seven Little Bodyguards Chapter 18

Chapter 18

Henry immediately reported, "Boss, this village is very remote. There are indeed a lot of people here, but all the villagers have gone out during the day to do farm work. Most of them are returning home from the fields at this time, so there are few people outside the village. Also, there are no outsiders in the village all year round, so the villagers are on guard whenever an outsider enters the village. I dared not come in rashly lest anything bad happen, so I parked my car about a kilometer away from the village and pretended to be a photographer taking pictures of mountain villages. Only then did I pretend to take pictures near the door of the house that we'd located in advance. Something is strange, though. I've been keeping watch outside the house for most of the day, but its door was closed all the time; I haven't seen any person coming out of the house."

Vania was inwardly puzzled, but she couldn't be bothered about that. At this very moment, she wanted to see her child more than anything else. She replied right away, "Is the money ready?"

Henry took out the leather case containing cash. "Five million in cash-not a penny less than that."

Vania asked indignantly, "Have you arranged the follow-up stuff? These human traffickers have committed so many crimes that not even death could make up for that. We mustn't let them hurt another family!"

Henry answered, "Don't worry, Boss. I've got everything arranged to prevent them from killing Little Master. As long as we manage to save him, they're definitely not gonna be able to run away."

"Okay, let's go."

Vania followed Henry directly toward the house,

The roads here were the most primitive kind of dirt roads, and there were no streetlights. It was completely dark in the mountains at this time of night, and the road, which was full of bumps and hollows, was extremely difficult to walk on. Vania's heart sank further with every step she took. They had done some investigation before coming, and the family living in this house was a bunch of traffickers who sold children. Since all they wanted was money, they didn't care about the children's welfare or living conditions, and the means by which they managed these children were extremely cruel.

According to their investigation, Vania's son had only been resold and transferred here very recently. In just five years, he had been moved to many places and sold countless times, which made him live a life of vagrancy without a permanent residence. Vania was distressed whenever she thought of this. At such a tender age, her son was supposed to grow up by his mother's side without worry, enjoy a wonderful childhood, and receive education while learning whatever he liked. However, he had suffered all kinds of hardships and lost everything he had originally been entitled to because of Melanie. How could Vania not be heartbroken and resentful for this?

"Boss, it's here."

They arrived at the door to the house. The house was lit at this moment; it was just that this place was too remote to be connected to electricity yet. The faint candlelight shone through the window, making the tottering house appear even more spooky.

Vania stood at the door with complicated feelings. This dilapidated place is much, much worse in comparison to the modernized Hammond. And yet, in such a shabby house, there lived my son, whom I miss day and night, she thought. At this very moment, she found herself somewhat unable to move a step further. On her way here, she had pictured countless times the scene of her reunion with her son, imagining what he looked like and what his response would be when he saw her. Would they hug each other and burst into tears, or look at each other without saying a word? Would he acknowledge her, who had lost him for years, as his mother? Would he blame her? Feeling a twinge of sadness in her chest, she took a deep breath before saying in a hoarse voice, "Let's go in."

"Yes, Boss." Henry went over and knocked on the door first, while Leo and Vania followed him closely. Knock! Knock! Knock! "Is there anyone? Is anyone inside? Open the door. Is there anyone?"

They knocked on the door several times in a row, but there was no answer. Seeing what had happened, they exchanged a brief look with one another as a bad feeling arose in their guts at the same time.