

## Chapter 214 Do You Want To Touch Me

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Darren wrote, "The kidnapping, which occurred ten years ago, seems to have left a limited digital footprint. I was able to restore some news and posts using technology, but it appears there is still a scarcity of information. From what I have gathered, the hostage was a college student from an ordinary family, and fortunately, he was successfully rescued.

As for who erased the information and reports from the web, I can only speculate that it was the family of the hostage. It is common for them to prefer privacy and choose not to have personal information, especially in sensitive or traumatic situations, readily available on the Internet. It is worth noting that media outlets may have chosen not to disclose the hostage's name to respect the privacy of the individual and their family."

Sabrina asked, "Did the kidnappers get a ransom? Were they caught in the end?"

Darren replied, "I couldn't find anything about a ransom, and the kidnappers weren't caught. There are just two individuals listed as wanted. I find that fact puzzling. I have uncovered the identity of the man who was with Decker. His name is Zeke Faulkner. He and Decker are from the same town, yet Zeke's name doesn't appear on the list of wanted individuals. 🕒

Coincidentally, Zeke relocated overseas the day after your father's passing. I did a comparison of photographs, and he probably is one of the kidnappers captured in the image your father took. I'll send you the comprehensive details about him for your review." 🕒

Sabrina responded, "Alright, I appreciate it."

A few moments later, Darren forwarded the document.

Curiosity tugged at Sabina as she contemplated opening the document, but Darren's texts kept flowing. "Despite our awareness of his connection to Decker, the fact remains that he's not listed as wanted. Without concrete evidence, we can't prove anything."

Zeke managed to elude the police entirely, leaving them without a lead to follow. So, it was no surprise that Sabrina's father's death had been officially labeled an accident.

Sabrina typed, "So, it ultimately boils down to the kidnapping."

If she could prove that Zeke was one of the kidnapers and that he had ties to Decker, everything would fall into place.

Proving that Zeke had a hand in the kidnapping posed a challenge. She needed conclusive evidence to tie him to the crime.

Darren replied, "Yes. Still, this abduction isn't as straightforward as it seems. During that period, the authorities only managed to uncover the identities of two kidnapers, both of whom escaped overseas. Someone was probably directing their actions behind the scenes."

Yet unraveling the mastermind behind their actions hinged on a crucial detail: uncovering the identity of the hostage.

The orchestrator of this scheme invested substantial funds to ensure the kidnapers eluded capture and fled overseas. This individual also manipulated Decker into incarceration and generously recompensed him. Any inkling of suspicion could jeopardize the meticulously crafted plan.

This case extended beyond a mere ransom-demanding kidnapping. It seemed to be a more calculated strike aimed directly at the hostage. Perhaps someone harbored a deep animosity towards the captive individual.

"Is there no way to uncover the identity of the hostage?" inquired Sabrina.


Darren promptly responded, "I've diligently restored numerous archived posts and scoured past news reports, but unfortunately, there's been no trace. Given the passage of time, the task of discovery has become considerably more challenging."

Though disappointment weighed on her, Sabrina's hope for Darren's success persisted. She replied, "Okay. Give me a moment to open the information about Zeke."

She clicked on the file that Darren had forwarded, which contained all the information about Zeke.

As she perused the document, she suddenly stopped and stared at the screen.

Nestled within the information were intriguing particulars about Zeke's wife and only child that captured her attention.

It was revealed that his child, a son named Trevor Faulkner, is 22 and currently in his fourth year at Elfton University. 

A spark of recognition ignited within her.

Could it be the same Trevor she was acquainted with?

The alignment was uncanny: 22 years old, a senior at Elfton University.

The pieces fit together seamlessly.

Recollections stirred as she remembered a conversation with Trevor during her time in Norwen. He had mentioned relocating to Dracwynne with his family when he was 12.

A move that aligned with the events of a decade ago.

Did he know what his father had done?

A notion materialized in her mind like a sudden flash of insight.

Sabrina opened the chat log with Trevor. She reread his message. "Do

you have some free time? I'd like to take you out to dinner. I'm still new to this internship and don't fully understand many things. You used to work for Blakely Group, and I would like your advice."

She typed a reply. "I apologize for not checking my phone earlier; the afternoon was quite busy. I'm free for the next few days. Feel free to choose a time that suits you."

She hesitated for a few seconds and then sent it.

Sabrina sent another text to Darren. "Is there any other way to gather more information about the kidnapping? Can we start with the two kidnappers?"

"I'll do my utmost to carry out a thorough investigation."

"I'll await your updates."

Shortly after, Sabrina got a reply from Trevor.

"It's okay. I understand."

What about tomorrow? Could we grab lunch together?"

Sabrina replied, "Sure."

"Feel free to pick a restaurant," Trevor responded.

After briefly contemplating, Sabrina proposed, "How about lunch at Rowland's on Rosemary Road? I'll go ahead and make a reservation."

Trevor sent a happy emoji with the reply, "Great!"

Sabrina powered off her phone's screen. She eased back against the sofa and gently closed her eyes. She sought a moment of reprieve.

She would never have anticipated that Trevor would be Zeke's son.

Throughout the time she had known him, Sabrina had consistently perceived Trevor as a straightforward, outgoing, and kind young man.

Perhaps he didn't know anything about what his father had done.

Thinking that she might have to lie to him, Sabrina suddenly felt a little guilty.

However, her dedication to her father's memory drove her to maintain her resilience and follow through.

Moreover, he might not be so innocent. The funds allocated for his education could potentially come from Zeke's illicit business undertakings.

At 9 a.m., Sabrina set out to Starriver Bay to collect Jennie.

She pulled up her car by the villa's gate and sounded the horn twice.

After waiting for a few minutes, no one came out.

Resting against the back of the seat, Sabrina considered whether to dial Karen's number and ask her to bring Jennie out. However, she remembered Tyrone mentioning that he would be busy with something today, so she assumed he wouldn't be home.

With the certainty that only Jennie and Karen would be home, she decided to get Jennie herself.

Sabrina unbuckled her seatbelt and stepped out.

As she approached the villa, she noticed that the door to the living room was partially open. She went inside.

"Jennie?" she called out.

However, there was no response.

"Karen?"

Still, no response came.

Where could they have gone?

Did Karen take Jennie out somewhere?

Sabrina dialed Karen's number, and before long, Karen picked up the call.

"Hello, Karen? Are you home? Where's Jennie?"

"Well... I'm actually at the grocery store right now, grabbing some supplies. If you're here for Jennie, she's upstairs. Just head straight up to her."

Where's—?

"Apologies. I'm currently at the checkout, and I need to make a payment. I'm in a bit of a rush."

The call ended with a beep as Karen hung up.

Sabrina let out a sigh of helplessness, gazing at the phone screen momentarily before making her way upstairs.

Apart from the master bedroom, the second floor held three guest rooms.

It was unlikely that Jennie would be in the master bedroom.

As for which guest room she was in, Sabrina would need to check them individually.

Pushing open the door of the leftmost guest room, she called out, "Jennie?"

There was no one inside.

She moved to the next guest room, opening the door and inquiring once again, "Jennie?"

Still, the rooms remained vacant.

Upon reaching the entrance of the third guest room, Sabrina held the conviction that she would discover Jennie there. With a smile, she pushed the door open and began, "Jennie..."

In an instant, her voice trailed off abruptly.

Her mouth fell open in stunned disbelief as she locked eyes with Tyrone.

Unable to resist the magnetic pull, her gaze wandered down his sculpted form, tracing every contour.

His damp locks clung sensually to his forehead, while his exposed upper body shimmered under the gentle caress of the light. The breadth of his

shoulders exuded strength, while his muscles rippled with every movement. Each droplet of water that cascaded from his hair, traveling down his shoulders, only accentuated the tantalizing definition of his eight-pack abs.

She had always been aware of his well-built physique, and the memory of its contours was intimately familiar.

Tyrone's gaze intensified, revealing a deepening emotion. He cleared his throat and asked, "What? Do you want to touch me?" 