

### **Never Say 403**

Summoning all her strength, Hannah strained to pull Eva back from the rooftop's brink.

Yet Eva was so panicked that, despite clutching Hannah's hand, she continued to slide, slipping further and further down!

Then, the wire wrapped around Eva's foot suddenly snapped, causing her body to tilt perilously outward.

"Eva, hold on!"

Bang!

Hannah's body scraped against the rooftop's edge as she was pulled along.

"Miss Moore, save me!"

Both women were on the brink of collapse; if this went on, Eva would surely plummet to her death.

Hannah's wrist was raw from scraping against the wall, blood oozing out, but she clenched Eva's hand, unwilling to let go.

Out of nowhere, another hand grasped Eva's shoulder from behind.

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Hannah glanced back to see Cornelius, his face drained but determined, as he aided in hoisting Eva to safety.

Once rescued, Eva slumped on the ground, too weak to stand.

Leaning on the wall, Hannah finally eased her tense nerves.

"Thank you, Cornelius. I'll wire you the full amount."

Having saved Eva, Cornelius was also emotionally spent. He plopped down beside her, panting, and muttered, "Sure."

On the way to the hospital, Eva finally broke down her story.

Strapped for cash, she had initially considered part-time work. When someone offered her a bar job claiming she could make 2000 in a single night, she was skeptical.

She initially refused, suspecting illegal activities, but the promise of selling beer for commissions swayed her.

The first couple of nights involved just selling beer. Although she didn't make 2000, she pulled in around 900.

Then, a seemingly affluent young woman approached her, claiming she could help her earn even more.

Eva said, trembling, "I didn't know the job was about more than just serving drinks. I made a run for it when he was in the bathroom. I was scared that the whole hotel was in on it, so I hid on the roof until you showed up."

"You don't have to worry now. They won't get away with this; we have to go to the police." Hannah reassured Eva.

She then turned her gaze to Cornelius, who sat nearby.

"Your bar and those involved, you're all in some sort of financial agreement, aren't you?"