

## Never Say 432

His hand contorted unnaturally as he clutched it, howling in pain.

“My hand! My hand! Damn it! Someone get Mr. Morrison, now! What are you waiting for?”

One of the man’s underlings dashed off to find reinforcements.

Unfazed, Hannah turned her attention back to leaving with the woman in tow.

But just then, a group of people blocked her path.

Running out of patience, Hannah yelled, “Get out of my way!”

“Your stubbornness is quite remarkable.”

A lazy voice emerged from behind her. She turned around to see a new figure.

The man she had just subdued was now standing beside another man.

Dressed in a crisp white suit that accentuated his physique, he wore a slight smile and exuded an air of casual arrogance. His gaze met hers.

Angela’s Library

Omar Morrison, eyes twinkling with a cold smile, said, “You think you can just walk away after injuring my guy?”

Hannah shielded the woman and glanced at Omar.

“He was the one who attacked first. I was merely defending myself.”

Omar surveyed the man beside him, who promptly lowered his gaze, unwilling to utter a word.

“It’s fine. You’re free to go, but the woman with you has to stay.”

Gripping Hannah’s clothing, the woman implored earnestly, “Please, save me! Save me!”

Unyielding, Hannah gazed directly into Omar’s eyes.

“What’s her price?”

“How much do you want?”

Appearing somewhat entertained, Omar replied, “I’m not short on cash, nor do I want any. But she’s coming with us.”

Before Hannah could protest, Omar lifted his hand, signaling his men to take the woman.

Whipping out her phone, Hannah faced them and warned, “Take another step and I’m calling the police!”

The man standing behind Omar hurled an insult at Hannah.

“You dimwit!”

