

## Never Say 465

He approached the cashier's desk, showing her a photo.

"Has this woman been here tonight?"

The cashier glanced at Hannah's picture, hesitating briefly as she clenched her fists.

"No... I haven't seen her."

Bryson detected the lie instantly, gave a slight nod, and stated flatly, "Fine, I'll contact the police."

A N G E L A ' S L I B R A R Y

The mention of the police threw the cashier into a frenzy.

"Please, don't call the cops! Trey took her! Our cafe had nothing to do with it!"

"What exactly happened!" Losing his patience, concern lacing his icy tone, Bryson demanded an explanation.

The cashier filled him in.

"We often get people here who are in debt.

Trey usually handles them. We assumed she was another debtor."

"Do you know where they've taken her?"

She shook her head vigorously.

"I have no idea. We never dare to ask."

"You've got to at least know the car's license plate!"

"Yes, it's Trey's usual vehicle. The license plate is H3356."

Without wasting a moment, Bryson called Yosef.

"Alert the White family. Ask them about a Trey in Hoijery and find a white Cadillac with the license plate H3356, immediately!"

"Understood, I'll send teams right away."

"Update me in ten minutes!"

"Will do."

Hannah began to wake up, feeling disoriented. The room was poorly lit.

She squinted, scanning her environment as she shifted.

Attempting to sit up, she felt resistance when she moved her hands.