Never Say 466

A metallic sound rang out.

Her wrists were cuffed to the bed!

Hannah yanked at her wrists, only to find them shackled to the bed's headboard. She managed to turn her head just enough to scan the room.

To her immediate right, a TV sat on a stand. The room was enveloped in gloom, but it had the semblance of a bedroom.

Crack!

Crack!

Hannah gave her wrists another feeble tug. The bed's frame was unyielding. Escape seemed like a futile effort given her limited strength.

Angela's Library

"Is anybody out there?"

"Why am I restrained like this? Anyone there?"

Her shouts echoed in the vacant room, unanswered.

With a tightening of her lips, the sound of her handcuffs echoed subtly.

"Who's there? What do you want?"

Her eyes darted to her cellphone on a nearby table. She strained to reach it.

However, the handcuffs restricted her movement. Despite her best efforts, the phone remained out of reach.

Click!

The sound of the door unlocking caught her attention!

Hannah's attention turned to the entrance. The door creaked open, and a form emerged in contrast to the light.

"Who is it!"

A man approached her, his eyes lowered.

"Hello."

As her eyes adjusted to the dim light streaming in, Hannah recognized the man in front of her. Her eyes narrowed.

"Omar Morrison!"

With a renewed sense of urgency, Hannah yanked at her restraints.

"What are you trying to do?! Release me!"