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## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1026

Death sentence?

I spent the rest of the afternoon chatting with Laurel and Tabitha, then returned to the villa.

I arrived to see Nora in the midst of moving out of the villa next door, much to my astonishment. She'd hired a bunch of professional movers who streamed in and out of the doorway toting boxes of various sizes.

Nora stood just outside the door supervising them, occasionally reminding them to be careful with her things.

I stood rooted to the spot in the yard, watching her. Nora saw me out of the corner of her eye and turned in my direction. Our eyes met, and I could see that hers were swollen and red with crying even at that distance.

What on earth has happened?

I hadn't much of a clue what had transpired and didn't suppose it was a suitable time to ask. I smiled at Nora embarrassedly, then stepped into the villa. Ashton was still stuck at Moranta fighting Armond. Cameron had originally extended an invitation to Summer and me to return to K City in the meantime. However, I was busy resenting Armond for having deceived me and in no mood for socializing.

I was vexed but was determined to try and accomplish something.

Back at the villa, I collapsed onto a chair in fatigue. At that moment, the doorbell rang.

I strolled over and peered out of the window. Nora was standing outside, patiently waiting for me beyond the gate of my yard.

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I hastily walked out to the yard and beckoned her. "Do you want to come in?"

Nora shook her head. She replied glumly, "It's all right. I came over to return this to you." Having thus declared, Nora wriggled the bracelet that she was wearing off her arm, then handed it to me. Channing had originally given me a matching set of bracelets. I'd given one to Nora and kept one for myself. They weren't worth much, but they were a significant token of my and Nora's friendship.

I looked down at the bracelet lying in Nora's outstretched palm, then looked back at Nora. "This bracelet belonged to your grandmother. If you're here to ask for it back, I'll return it to you. There's no need for you to return anything to me. I gave the bracelet to you in the first place because of the relationship between our families and because I believed that our friendship was genuine. I never thought that anything could ever come between us. I see now that perhaps I was wrong. Even if that's the case, I don't want your bracelet. I gave it wholeheartedly to you back then, and I don't intend to ask for it back even though things have turned sour between us. You can do whatever you like with it. Throw it away if you wish."

I turned to shut the gate without waiting for her reply.

Nora, however, stopped the gate with one swift motion. She paused, then said in a trembling voice, "Thank you, Scarlett."

I smiled faintly but said nothing. I had a rather accepting attitude towards friendships and whichever winding paths they ultimately took. I had never pursued anyone, accepting the eventual end of any relationship stoically. In the three years that I'd spent waiting for Ashton, I knew that despite how much I loved him, I would never fight for our relationship if he'd decided to give it up.

If I wasn't even ready to strive for the person I'd loved wholeheartedly, I won't be willing to chase after a friendship. Nora was presently entangled in her own difficulties, and I thought the best course of action would be to retreat and respect whatever decision she made.

Since Nora had evidently made her choice to part ways with me, there was no point dwelling any further. I thus chose to flash a bright smile at her and replied, "There's no need to thank me. I wish you all the best in your future endeavors."

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It was an absolutely meaningless, patronizing phrase that I'd always loathed. I now uttered it with absolute sincerity, however. I did hope that Nora and I would each come to find our own happiness eventually.

It was truly goodbye. I would no longer continue journeying through life with Nora, but I hoped that my well-wishes would remain with her when I could not.

The metal gate closed with a steely clang. I exhaled, then walked slowly back into my villa. Just as I was about to head into the room to sleep, the doorbell rang a second time. I opened it to see Nora still standing outside.

Staring fixedly at me, she muttered, "Whether you believe me or not, I have to tell you that I was drunk that night at the Imperial Hotel. If I had known that he would have turned out to be so violent, I would never have dreamt of calling you. I never wanted to cause you any harm, not even once."

I looked at her and smiled as it was a relief. "I know. I never once thought of blaming you. Don't worry. Go on back."

I had indeed never blamed Nora for anything that had happened. I was merely wary that Armond had been using Nora as a pawn all along.

I was on the verge of swinging the gate back shut when Nora piped up. "Brandon's woman was bought over by Tessa. You should be careful. It's not safe for you to stay here alone."

I looked at Nora, bewildered at her sudden revelation. "Got it, thank you," I hesitated then added, "I'll be sure to take care of myself."

Nora hung her head, then turned and walked back to her villa.

I looked at her departing figure with a twinge of regret. Nora was never malicious. She'd simply made the mistake of falling in love with the wrong man.

...

It had never occurred to me to spy on Tessa. I'd initially planned on meeting her in person but was worried about alarming her. If I confronted Tessa directly, there was a possibility that she would reveal everything to Armond. He would then make a move against Brandon

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who was vulnerable and at his mercy now. The truth was Armond had no weaknesses so far. At the same time, he was cold-blooded and poisons filled his veins. Thus, he would want to ensure complete secrecy by sending Brandon to his maker to seal his mouth forever.

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Hence, I was resolved not to tell Tessa anything for fear that the information would simply be passed on to Armond. I was afraid that before I could even get around to persuading Brandon, he would already have died under suspicious circumstances in prison.

It wasn't difficult to uncover news about Tessa. We moved about in the same circles, after all. One could easily obtain any desired information with some effort. Nuthana Gardens was a newly-developed piece of property. Not long after it was completed, its prices skyrocketed, and it was now sold for at least ten thousand per square foot. An apartment of a thousand and five hundred square feet was worth around fifteen million. Tessa had neither a stable job nor a steady source of income and had no projects on hand. Her sudden wealth had naturally raised queries in both Tabitha and Laurel's minds. How could a village girl have acquired enough to buy both a posh apartment and a luxury car in just a few months?

Armond was clearly rewarding Tessa handsomely. What is Tessa doing for him that warrants such a hefty sum? I wondered. Armond wasn't a spendthrift character. I thought of what had happened in Moranta. A niggling thought arose within my mind. Has Tessa been part of Armond's numerous evil schemes?

I had no access to the residential area at Nuthana Gardens. It boasted tight security, and external visitors had no way of entering without permission from a resident. I could thus only observe discreetly from one of its exits.

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It was the only method available but also the most labor-intensive. I waited an entire afternoon before Tessa's car pulled up at the entrance around four in the late afternoon. She drove a black Mercedes-Benz that was the latest model.

I watched as the car entered the basement carpark, then fished out my phone to call Laurel. I had intended on inviting her out along with Tessa. Before I could dial her number, however, my phone rang with a call from Ashton.

I picked up the phone. Ashton immediately demanded, "Why were you sitting out there for the entire day? Did anything happen?"

I was baffled for a moment. Then, I suddenly recalled that Ashton had arranged for a bodyguard to watch over me from afar. I giggled sheepishly. "It's nothing! I wanted to snoop on Tessa a little, so I waited outside her residence to see when she came back. The security here at Nuthana Gardens is way too tight, and I have no way of entering. So sitting out here was the best I could do."

Ashton was silent on the other end of the line for a while. When he next spoke, there was a note of resignation in his tone. "Scarlett, when will you finally remember that your husband isn't a poor man?"

Sensing my confusion, Ashton continued, "Nuthana Gardens' developer gave me a few units within the residence when it had been completed. I'm sending the key over to you right now. What are you investigating Tessa for, though?"

"She has adopted Brandon's child. I wanted to see if there was anything there I could use to win Brandon over," I replied. I'd already reasoned that Brandon's testimony would be the most damning weapon against Armond.

Ashton was silent for a while. Then, he said slowly, "Scarlett, don't interfere anymore in this matter. I've already made plans to handle this. Go back to K City and take care of yourself. If you're bored of that place, come over to Moranta."

I could detect undercurrents of meaning rippling beneath Ashton's casual manner. He seemed unwilling to tell me just what he'd planned. Exasperated, I fumed, "I'm going to stay in A City. Armond took all of us for a ride from the start. If I don't get to witness his conviction and imprisonment, I won't be able to rest."

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Ashton sounded helpless. In a patient voice, he soothed, "It's not time yet. Don't rush into things. Just leave everything to me."

I bit my lip in frustration. Ashton was once again treating me with the same patronizing manner as he would a child. It made my blood boil.

I hung up the phone. Someone arrived shortly thereafter with the keys. I was still harboring resentment towards Ashton for his condescension earlier. I was in no mood to continue with the investigation any further that day.

With that, I turned and headed back to the villa.

I headed into the bedroom and flopped onto the bed, ruminating over the events that had occurred. I felt as if everything I'd done had been rendered worthless and grew even more infuriated.

Just then, a phone call came from Hannah, reminding me that I had to go to K City to attend her wedding. Amidst my busyness, I'd totally forgotten about it. I hurriedly replied to Hannah that I would definitely be there.

The wedding had been scheduled for two days later.

After much deliberation, I decided to head back to K City first. After Hannah's wedding, I'd immediately return to continue scrutinizing Tessa. I thus booked my tickets for the flight to K City.

...

Hannah's wedding was to be held at Chandler's childhood home. The house was situated rather near K City's suburbs. It wasn't much of a drive away at all. Hannah had familiarized herself with the customs there. She had no intention of being caught by surprise by any rituals she hadn't prepared herself for in advance.

As she sat in a cafe in the city center, Hannah's radiant smile nearly filled the room. When she caught sight of me entering, Hannah looked overwhelmed with elation. She greeted me enthusiastically, then fired, "Why did you stay in A City for so long? Chandler has been clinging to me so much lately. I haven't even been able to tear myself away to go shopping!"

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I listened to Hannah's rapid prattle in amusement. "Wouldn't you want him to stay by your side every day? What's so annoying about that?"

Hannah pursed her lips. She grandly got to her feet and did a small pirouette. Noticing that all eyes in the cafe had immediately fastened themselves upon her, Hannah immediately sat down bashfully once again. "Did you see how fat I am now? I think Chandler's been stuffing me too much food!"

I guffawed, then stopped at the sight of Hannah's sober face. "Don't you think you look beautiful now? Even as another woman, I can't take my eyes off you!"

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Hannah rolled her eyes dramatically, then wailed, "You're not serious, are you? My wedding's happening in a couple of days! What if I can't fit into my dress? I can't possibly ask his mother to alter it on the spot, can I? The dress was custom-made and embroidered by hand! It cost an absolute fortune! I'm on the verge of moving out. I have to lose weight, or there'll definitely be a problem."

Hannah's noisy complaining could not hide the traces of a smile hovering over her lips. I grinned at that. If a little weight gain was all that Hannah had to worry about for the rest of her marriage, she'd have many blissful years ahead of her.

Hannah's endless rambling was finally put to a stop by an incoming call from Chandler. She answered the phone only to redirect her flood of words into the mouthpiece. On the other end, Chandler just absorbed everything patiently.

I suddenly found myself very much an outsider in this romantic display of affection. I surveyed around the cafe casually. Abruptly, a familiar face popped up within the field of my vision. I froze.

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I was slightly myopic, so I couldn't be certain that the figure was indeed who I'd taken it to be. I squinted as hard as I could in that direction, but to no avail. I thus reached out and tugged on Hannah's sleeve, gesturing subtly in that direction.

Hannah paused and looked over. She was similarly taken aback. Hannah quickly mumbled into the phone, "Chandler, I just saw someone I know. I'm hanging up!"

After she'd ended the call, Hannah hauled me out of the cafe. When we'd gotten outside, she immediately shrieked, "That woman was Rebecca, wasn't she?"

I wavered, unable to say for sure.

We didn't approach her, however, but merely continued observing from a distance.

K City was a bustling, modern city. Life here was fast-paced, and it was common to see people dashing from place to place. Nobody paid any heed to the sight of a woman pulling on a man and shamelessly begging him for money.

Hannah glanced at her watch, then looked at me with a horrified expression. "It's only seven in the evening! It's not even midnight yet. Is she doing what I think she's doing?"

I bit my lip and continued gazing in Rebecca's direction. She had on a thick layer of makeup and wore a revealing dress that exposed various areas of her body with utter disregard for the winter cold. She looked as indecent as she was legally permitted to be.

Rebecca had a gorgeous face and a lovely figure. It was usually sufficient for attracting stares anywhere she went. If the scene unfolding before our eyes had played out anywhere else, I would never have given it a second thought.

Where we were presently standing was K City's most notorious red-light district. Vice oozed out of every pore of her. Rebecca's scantily-clad self, placed against this surrounding, made our suspicions perfectly reasonable.

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Hannah dragged me closer to take a better look. We could hear the sound of Rebecca's cries now, clear as a bell. "Mr. Tuffin, you promised that as long as I agreed, you'd give me the money! Now that I've done it, how can you go back on your word? You can't do that!"

The man looked visibly irked by Rebecca's constant pleas. He fished out a couple of bills from his wallet and flung them roughly at Rebecca, vehemently cursing her all the while.

I was dumbfounded. Did we just witness Rebecca selling herself? How can this be?

Even if Ashton no longer cared for Rebecca, Joe clearly worshipped her. He would never have sanctioned this degradation of Rebecca's dignity.

Rebecca stooped to pick up the bills, utterly focused on counting them while shivering helplessly from the bitter cold. Clutching herself to preserve what little bit of warmth she had, Rebecca scampered off and disappeared into the nightclub behind her.

Hannah's stupefied expression mirrored mine exactly. We were stunned while we looked at each other as if to confirm what we'd just beheld. Haltingly, Hannah asked, "That was Ms. Larson, wasn't it?"

I craned my neck in the direction that Rebecca had slipped off to, then nodded reluctantly. "I think so."

"What happened to her? How did she end up that way? Wasn't she so glamorous previously? How did she suddenly end up like this? What in the world happened?" Hannah asked urgently. She was evidently still in shock. I could see the cogs in Hannah's mind turning as she struggled to process what she had just seen.

I didn't have the answers to Hannah's questions and said so frankly. "I don't know what just happened either. I think Ashton gave her an apartment and a car that we never asked her to return. Joe has also given her lots of money. There's really no logical reason as to why Rebecca would be so desperate for money that she'd need to sell her body!"

Hannah bit her lip. Soberly, she said, "Come on, let's go over and take a look!"

The incident at the Imperial Hotel had left me with a lingering uneasiness. I hesitated, then shook my head. "I don't really want to. It's too chaotic over there and isn't safe."

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Hannah was insistent, however. She pouted, then wheedled, "It's not. I'm going in with you. Don't worry. As long as we don't cause any trouble, nothing will happen to us. Don't worry!"

Without waiting for my consent, Hannah dragged me across. Upon entry, the dance floor rose to meet us, packed with teenagers wearing the barest slips of clothing. The DJ's hollers were deafening over the speakers, and the drunk partygoers gyrated to the pulsing music without a care in the world.

Hannah burst out, "What's wrong with all of these people? Have they gone insane?"

She tightened her grip on my arm as we move through the crowd, searching for Rebecca. But, she seemed to have vanished off the face of the earth. Hannah puzzled, "Why isn't Rebecca on the dance floor?"

I pondered this, then realized, "She's in terrible need of money, isn't she? She should be hard at work right now."

Hannah smacked her forehead exaggeratedly. "That's right! Why didn't I think of it?"

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1029

We eventually located the front counter of the nightclub but were promptly ignored by the staff. While we were there, we heard a patron making enquiries if there were girls available to spend the night with. The staff member merely handed him a card. It was all rather cloak-and-dagger.

Rather naively, I whispered to Hannah, "What's that?"

Hannah explained, "It's a card with a number on it. It's the same in other bars or clubs. Due to the wide variety of characters that flow through sordid places like these, the nightclub caters to a similarly wide range of demands. That guy we just saw at the front counter

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should have been a new patron. He may have come from overseas, been here on business, or was simply here to try something new. There was a phone number on the card. I'm guessing that there's a woman waiting upstairs for the customer to call the number on her card. I suppose it's pretty much self-service from then on."

I didn't understand. "What do you mean? What will he do upstairs?"

Hannah said patiently, "The units above this nightclub are all apartments occupied by women. The staff at the nightclub connect these women with their clientele. Plainly put, it's a brothel."

I frowned. "Surely Rebecca can't be in such pressing need for money, can she?"

Hannah shrugged listlessly. "I wouldn't have thought so, but after what we just witnessed outside, it's hard to say for sure. One thing we can be certain about is that she's no longer in contact with Mr. Quinn. He's getting married to a K City socialite named Jordyn Bloom. I heard that she's a sophisticated woman who just returned from studying in Granatano. She's only in her early twenties and is a young and pretty lady. It's a pity that her parents pushed her to marry so quickly. Who knows how it'll turn out!"

"Joe?" I asked doubtfully. "Is he really engaged to a socialite?"

Perceiving my skepticism, Hannah replied, "It happened a few months ago. You were occupied with taking care of Summer, so I didn't want to bother you with this frivolous gossip. Apparently, after Jordyn found out about Joe's playboy ways, she made a fuss and wanted to terminate the engagement. Jordyn only went ahead with it begrudgingly because her parents pressured her into it."

All sorts of conflicting emotions stirred uneasily within me. I'd been jealous of Rebecca ever since I came to know Ashton. I could not deny that I'd been incredibly anxious about which one of us Ashton would choose, Rebecca or me. Even though I had defeated her, I could not find it in me to rejoice after seeing Rebecca's predicament. Perhaps I had also never really believed that Ashton would leave me for Rebecca. Besides, my identity as a member of the Moore family had already cemented my superiority to her.

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It was peculiar how one's family background could make such a vital difference to one's bearing and attitude towards life. Anyone who possessed any sort of self-confidence or boldness usually had the backing of a strong heritage and family status.

Hannah looked determined to continue hunting down Rebecca. Unwilling, I tugged at her, saying, "Let's go back! There's nothing much for us to look at here. No matter what caused such desperate straits to befall her, it's none of our business either. Let's leave this place quickly!"

Hannah frowned, then egged me on, "Aren't you curious at all to see how Rebecca's faring?"

I shook my head firmly. "Nope. There's no point in doing that anyway."

What was the point in witnessing Rebecca's debasement? What would I gain from gloating over it? No matter what Rebecca was doing now, wasn't my business with her already entirely relegated to the past?

Seeing my obstinate expression, Hannah decided not to pursue the matter. "Fine. It doesn't matter anyway. Let's go, then!"

There was a small alley just behind the nightclub. Hannah seemed to be in a particularly daring mood today. She was usually rather meek and timid, but today she was exhibiting a wildly uncharacteristic side of her. She was spontaneous and seemed to be especially seeking out a challenge.

I wondered if it had anything to do with Chandler. Now that Hannah knew there would always be someone supporting her unconditionally, she felt absolutely liberated to act without fear of the consequence.

I, however, hung back slightly and trod rather fearfully behind her a little way. Noticing that the last dregs of daylight were fast fading, I shimmied closer to Hannah, urging, "Hannah, shouldn't we be turning back already?"

Hannah turned to me with a mischievous grin on her face. "Chandler's still out of town, and Xavier's staying with Uncle Louis. I'm so bored staying home all alone. Let's just take a stroll together! I'm going to get married in a few days' time and will be under Chandler's thumb for the rest of my life. He won't let me out to play, I'm sure! The thought of it is dull enough."

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Hannah's pout belied the warmth in her tone. I smiled at her obvious happiness. Romance was a truly lovely thing. It could utterly rejuvenate and transform anyone.

Unable to resist Hannah's cheerful enthusiasm, I thus continued down the gloomy alley with her. Nervously, I joked, "Why are we taking a stroll here? Wouldn't a mall be more suitable?"

Hannah turned to me and pressed a finger to her lips. As if she were sharing a delightful secret, Hannah whispered, "I've been hearing about this place for the longest time. Apparently it's a gathering place for all sorts of characters at night. I wanted to take a look to satisfy my curiosity."

I gaped at Hannah, aghast. "What are you so curious about nothing for? All we'll meet are probably hardened criminals! Shouldn't we be fleeing instead of charging straight into their den?"

Hannah sniggered. Gleefully, she declared, "I wrote a book recently and was considering adding some scenes set in the city's underworld. All the true crimes I've ever heard were paltry drug sellers earning a few quick bucks, though. I've never seen the real deal, you know? K City is rife with all sorts of shady characters. I really wanted to come here after all I'd heard about it and see for myself, hoping to gain some material for my writing."

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I groaned inwardly. This woman is crazy!

I reluctantly trailed after Hannah. We hadn't proceeded much further, however, when we came to a halt.

K City's underworld was equally as squalid as how vibrant the city was. Beneath streetlamps so dim, there was barely a glow in the oppressive dark sat a few men. Some were leaning against the wall while others perched on top of it. Some looked haggard, skeletal, and barely sustained by the occasional meals from good Samaritans.

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Others were dressed in flashy outfits, clutching thick wads of cash in their hands. Revolted by the grimy, seedy appearance of the place, I grabbed Hannah and yanked at her frantically, indicating that we should leave right away.

Hannah was evidently terrified as well. She took one glance and turned on her heels, ready to leave with me. Before we could escape, we ironically crashed headlong into the one person we'd come here to meet. It was Rebecca! In the flickering light cast by the streetlamps, Rebecca's face looked absolutely ghastly.

Rebecca's eyes widened first in shock, then in recognition. She instinctively recoiled, her eyes darting nervously from side to side. Realizing that there was nowhere for her to hide or run, she faced me squarely, her eyes blazing in fury and despair. "Scarlett? Why are you here?" she asked.

My gaze shifted to the object that Rebecca wielded in her hand, then jumped in fright. "You..."

Rebecca glanced down at the sealed plastic sachet in her hand. The corners of her mouth curved up into a sinister smile. "What? Do you want to try some? It's good stuff. Once you've had some, you'll find yourself craving for more the rest of your life."

I staggered slightly in horror and gawped at Rebecca. "Did you use the money from all your dirty deeds to purchase this?"

Rebecca narrowed her eyes, then abruptly burst into peals of high, piercing laughter that sounded almost like a shriek. "So it was indeed the two of you I saw just now! I'd thought I was hallucinating," Rebecca admitted dizzily. She stuck a fingertip into the powder in her hand, then waved it in front of us. "Come on, I got lots of extras today. I can spare you a little. Why don't you try a bit to see what it feels like? How about that? Just a little."

"Get away from us!" Hannah struck out, shoving Rebecca aside. She bellowed, "Rebecca, no one cares if you become an addict. But you'd better keep your distance from us! We don't want to end up like you."

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Hannah's words seemed to trigger something in Rebecca. Scowling, Rebecca snarled, "Mrs. Fuller, you're already married to Ashton, aren't you? What are you doing all the way out here, then? Why are you suddenly so interested in addicts like us? Aren't you afraid that someone will kidnap you and demand a ransom of millions from Mr. Fuller?"

"Enough of your nonsense!" Hannah snapped back in return. "You've already been reduced to such a state, yet you're criticizing others? Let me tell you honestly then, we came here to look at you!"

Hannah pulled my arm again, but Rebecca stood adamantly in our way. Raising her voice, she addressed the group of men standing behind us. "Everyone, listen up! She's the wife of the president of Fuller Corporation! If you manage to get her, you should be able to easily get a cool hundred thousand from Mr. Fuller at the very least."

Does Rebecca intend to incite my kidnapping and threaten Ashton? I pondered.

Hannah was speechless. "Rebecca, have you gone crazy? How can you bring yourself to stoop so low?"

Busy reveling in her loathing of me, Rebecca seemed unfazed by either Hannah's derision or the cold wind. One could say that Rebecca was my nemesis, perhaps, but amongst all the possible endings to our rivalry, I'd never imagined this one. There was no light at all in Rebecca's dull eyes. She looked as if she had utterly given up on herself and life.

I had no intention of squabbling with Rebecca. This wasn't an ideal environment, and the sooner we got away from here, the better. Besides, I wasn't invested enough in her to care. We were merely two individuals whose paths had crossed at one point in time but had diverged thereafter. I thus saw no purpose in further engaging with her antics.

I briskly pushed Rebecca aside, dragging Hannah close behind me. But, Rebecca stopped us with one hand. "Scarlett, do you really think I'm going to let you get away so easily?" Rebecca sneered.

Having said that, she howled towards the men behind us with a vengeance. "Inject her with the stuff! I'll give my entire stash to anyone who succeeds. Quickly!"

I froze. Hannah lunged forward to restrain Rebecca but was pushed aside. Rebecca's eyes were blazing. "Move aside if you don't want me to kill you as well!"

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I struggled, but Rebecca seemed possessed with an inhuman strength. I was totally incapacitated by her strong grip.

The audience behind us in the alley sprang into action. I highly doubted that they cared about the legality of their actions. Rebecca's proclamation seemed to unleash the demons within them. They scrambled and sprinted over in their eagerness to inject me.

At the sight of those needles pointing towards me, I stood rooted to the spot, petrified. My mind raced and I panicked. These needles are all probably infected with something or another! I'm dead if they touch me!

Rebecca laughed maniacally. "Scarlett, I never thought I'd live to see you like this!"

Just then, a miraculous burst of energy surged through me. I wrenched my arm out of Rebecca's strong grip and hurled her towards the incoming needles. Without a second thought, I grabbed Hannah. We sprinted for our lives towards the exit of the alley.

Fortunately for us, it wasn't a long way off. The addicts, probably lethargic, didn't have enough of an interest to hunt us down.

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