

Saviour

It was a ghost-quiet evening, the sky was slowly getting dark and Sally was striding along a secluded street. She had just finished work and couldn't wait to finally get home and to sink into a soothing bath. Dressed up in a tight floral dress, which emphasized her neat figure, she seemed so innocent and vulnerable. Walking home all alone, she could only hear her own high-heels clip-clopping against the pavement.

Suddenly, cold sweat covered her as if something bad was to happen, but she had never been the type of person, who would pay much interest to instincts. Lost in her own thoughts, looking right under her feet, not being very perceptive to her surroundings, she nearly jumped out of her skin when a giant shadow penetrated her vision. She looked up swiftly and her eyes fastened on a dark silhouette of a stout man. She stepped back instinctively as he had started to approach her. At the moment the thief laid his harsh hands on her bag, her shrill cry reverberated all around the place. She was trying her best to defend herself, but she had no chance. Being a woman, she was significantly weaker and the thief was going to take the bag no matter what.

"Hey! Put your filthy hands off her!" said a distant voice behind her. Having noticed an unwanted witness, the thief pulled the bag even more aggressively and eventually managed to take it out of Sally's hands. Subsequently, he got lost in the dark without a trace.

"Are you okay?" asked a stranger. It was a young slender man with dark hair carefully slicked back. He had been due to meet with a bunch of colleagues when he had seen Sally in distress and had decided to intervene. He seemed sincerely concerned about what had happened. Although he was rather homely-looking, he appeared to be a fair guy and managed to gain Sally's confidence after a short time. "We must report it to the police," he insisted. As soon as Sally told him, that the thief had stolen her phone, he came up with an offer. "Currently, I don't have my phone with me, but I live nearby. We can call them from my place." At first, she was incredulous. She barely knew that man. However, there was something about his face that made him seem incredibly trustworthy.

Having entered his flat, the man asked Sally to wait in the living room while he would grab his phone. "Oh, what a day!" sighed Sally with relief as she had sat down on a sofa. But as she was looking around the room, she abruptly noticed something that made her completely paralyzed. Her heart started to pound furiously and for a minute, the time stopped. The phone, he claimed to be looking for, laid right in front of her. All dazed, she couldn't think clearly. He was bound to come any minute.

Click...

The sound of the front door being locked resonated in her ears. She was about to take the phone from the cupboard in order to call for help when he grabbed her from behind. It was at that moment she realized, that the horrific night was nowhere near the end.