

# Echoes Of Midnight

## Chapter 1: Midnight Call

By Rayan Siddiq

The night was unusually quiet when the first word appeared.

Adnan Mirza noticed it only because he had been staring at the page for too long. The desk lamp hummed softly above him, illuminating a half-written letter—another one he would never finish. He had a habit of doing that. Starting words. Abandoning them. Letting memories bleed into ink and then retreating before they could take shape.

Listen.

The word sat alone on the page, darker than the rest of the ink.

Adnan's breath caught. He was certain he hadn't written it.

He leaned back, rubbing his eyes. The room felt heavy, thick with the smell of old paper and ink. Books surrounded him like silent witnesses—novels, letters, journals, all carrying stories that refused to stay buried. Writing had always been his escape, yet tonight it felt like a trap slowly closing in.

His phone buzzed on the desk.

Amara Khan.

He hesitated before answering.

"Still awake, Mirza?" her voice chimed through the speaker, light and teasing. "You disappear every time you overthink."

Adnan allowed himself a faint smile. Amara had been his childhood friend for as long as he could remember—intuitive, playful, and far too good at reading him. "I'm fine," he lied. "Just writing."

"That's never just writing with you," she replied. "Don't let the past win tonight, okay?"

The call ended, but her words lingered.

Adnan turned back to the page. More lines had appeared.

Every silence hides a story.

A chill ran through him.

Somewhere across the city, Zara Iqbal stared at her laptop screen, replaying an interview for the third time. The pauses bothered her more than the words. As a journalist, she had learned one thing well—truth lived in what people refused to say. And lately, too many silences pointed back to one name she couldn't ignore.

Hassan Rafiq.

His shadow stretched far, touching lives he pretended to have forgotten. Mistakes buried years ago were resurfacing, and Zara could feel it—something was unraveling.

“Careful,” Nadia Sameer, her colleague, said from the next desk. Sharp-eyed and ambitious, Nadia leaned over with a knowing look. “Dig too deep, and you might not like what looks back.”

Zara met her gaze. “That’s never stopped me.”

Back in his apartment, Adnan’s hands trembled as he reached for the pen. A memory surfaced—Omar Qureshi’s voice, calm and grounding, from years ago.

Words carry weight, Adnan. Once written, they choose where to land.

Omar had been more than a mentor. He was the reason Adnan still believed stories could heal instead of haunt.

The pen touched the page.

A sharp pulse surged through Adnan’s fingers. Images flooded his mind—unfinished letters, burned bridges, a man standing at the center of it all, watching consequences ripple outward.

Hassan Rafiq.

Adnan gasped, pulling his hand back.

“This isn’t real,” he whispered.

The ink shifted.

Reality is only a story that hasn’t been questioned yet.

Outside, the wind howled against the window. The city slept, unaware that six lives—each carrying their own secrets—were quietly being pulled toward the same story.

Adnan steadied himself and began to write.

Somewhere in the darkness, the whisper grew louder.

And the ink remembered everything.