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An abrupt dizziness had suddenly overcome her. She hurriedly clung to the wall for support, focusing on steady breathing.

Hannah's body trembled with a chill, her eyes inflamed with emotion.

"Love of Mona..."

Bryson sensed something was seriously amiss with Hannah. His brow furrowed and he asked, "Are you sure you're alright?"

Hannah shielded her forehead with her hand and feigned composure.

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"It's nothing. When does this jewelry event commence? I'd like to attend."

"In a week, I'll arrange an invitation for you."

Hannah swiftly terminated the call, her bare feet silently carrying her to the French window in the bedroom. Her gaze was fixed on the night sky but her racing thoughts refused to find tranquility.

The glow from Bryson's office persisted. Seated on a plush sofa within that chamber, Brayden maintained silence until his friend's conversation had concluded.

"And what did she say?"

"She's exceedingly keen on this exposition." Bryson, his countenance unperturbed, studied his mobile phone screen.

Brayden snapped his fingers in recognition.

"I had a feeling she'd take an interest in that jewelry exhibit. I witnessed her visiting the Haywood Racing Car Agency today and the staff there extended a cordial invitation. Her status isn't as straightforward as it seems.

Furthermore, her close ties to Franklyn Vargas, the underworld's bigwig, continue to pique my suspicions. There's something about her..."

Brayden lightly drummed his fingertips against the sofa and Lifted his gaze to Bryson.

"Should I discreetly approach Lydia for some inquiries? She might possess valuable insights."

His analytical train of thought hit a sudden roadblock.

"Bryson, do you think... Could she be the individual the Moore Group has been searching for?"

Yet Brayden shook his head.

"No, if she truly were the Moore Group's target, she'd have been apprehended long ago. How could she have maintained her presence in Valmere unscathed?"

With a decisive air, Bryson closed the laptop before him.

Then he stated, "Let's cease this discussion. Pretend you haven't noticed her whereabouts. She isn't my adversary and there's no need for me to delve deeply into her identity."

"But regarding the Moore Group..."

Brayden initially contemplated saying more but quickly adjusted, cautioning, "The Enchantment Casino proprietor in Muvrand suffered substantial losses due to your actions. I'm uncertain if he'll pose problems for you while you're on the ship."