

## Never Say 322

Observing Bryson's departure as he made his way toward Hannah, Melina couldn't help but clench her fists.

What was so special about that destitute woman?

Why did Bryson speak to her in such a manner all because of that wench?!

Melina's envious gaze settled on Hannah in the distance, who wore a radiant smile.

"Enjoy your time, for it shall be short-lived", Melina mumbled to herself.

"Hannah, please join us for some late-night refreshments."

Pierson, already donned in casual attire, continued, "Then we can all unwind at the KTV."

Lydia nodded animatedly, reminiscent of a pecking chick.

"Yes, yes, let's have some fun!"

"ALL you ever think about is having a good time."

Hannah affectionately pinched her friend's cheek.

"You guys go ahead,"

"The hour is growing late; I'll see you safely home."

A N G E L A ' s L I B R A R Y

Bryson positioned himself just behind Hannah, his gaze initially cool as it swept over Pierson but soon softened as it settled upon Hannah.

"Shall we?"

Casting her eyes beyond Bryson, Hannah discerned Melina standing some distance behind him.

"Mr. Mitchell, don't you need to provide Miss Glyn with a ride home? I drove here; I can manage my own return."

"That suits me."

Bryson directed his attention back to Hannah.

"I didn't drive here.

How about Miss Moore gives me a lift instead?"

Was he being serious?

Bryson's playful words nearly evoked laughter from Hannah. He, without a car?

Pierson, not known for his finesse, interjected, "If you're without a vehicle, you're welcome to use mine parked just outside the set."

