

Never Say 324

Bryson accelerated, propelling the car down the road.

“Our families share nothing more than a business partnership. My interactions with her are strictly professional,” he elucidated.

At this explanation, Hannah couldn’t help but turn and fix her gaze upon him.

The car came to a halt at a red traffic light.

Bryson gripped the steering wheel, swiveling his head to meet her gaze.

However, Hannah’s reaction resembled that of a scolded child and she quickly averted her eyes, allowing them to wander aimlessly outside.

“Mr. Mitchell, there’s no need to elaborate on these matters,” she expressed.

As she gazed at the foliage outside the window, Bryson’s voice resonated softly.

“No, I must.”

She turned back just as the car commenced moving again.

In the moonlight, Bryson appeared remarkably gentle.

“I don’t want you to mistakenly regard her as my fiancée, as some others might.”

Hannah pursed her lips, rendered momentarily speechless.

Every encounter with Bryson seemed to elicit in her an incremental measure of caution and hesitation.

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As the car eventually came to a halt, she unclipped her seatbelt and voiced her thoughts out of the blue.

“Mr. Mitchell, I never once thought that Miss Glyn was your fiancée.”

Exiting the vehicle alongside Bryson, Hannah relieved him of the car key and inquired, “How do you plan to return, Mr. Mitchell?”

“My chauffeur will be here shortly. You should head upstairs first.”

Upon arriving home and having freshend up, Hannah reclined on her plush bed, retrieving her phone to peruse her WhatsApp messages.

Just ten minutes prior, Bryson had sent her two messages.

[Safely back home. Make sure to get a good night’s rest.]

[I witnessed your performance today. Your talent is undeniable.]

Hannah clutched her phone, rolling around on her bed, her heart galloping beyond control as she laboriously typed out a reply.

[Thank you, Mr. Mitchell. Good night!]