

Never Say 345

The driver first dropped off Grace at their home.

Bryson then instructed the driver to head to Golden Bay, where they both got off.

The salty sea breeze seemed to lighten the mood.

As they strolled on the shoreline, Hannah's spirits lifted, but neither spoke.

"About today..."

Hannah climbed to a raised platform and looked down at Bryson, hands clasped behind her back.

"Your grandfather wasn't intentionally going after me. He just invited me for dinner. If he'd reprimanded those people on my behalf, it might've caused issues with the ones we haven't yet met."

Bryson looked up, locking eyes with a softly smiling Hannah.

"You don't need to make excuses for him. No one in the Mitchell family is trustworthy."

"That's not entirely true."

Hannah's face lit up as the cool sea breeze caressed her.

"You're a decent man, Bryson. Grace is a good soul, and so is Franco, even if he is a bit stubborn. I'm not one to let myself get pushed around.

Even if you hadn't shown up, I would have handled myself."

Angela's Library

Turning her gaze to the tranquil sea, its waves gently lapping the shore, Hannah felt a moment of serenity.

"But I get it. They targeted me because they misunderstood our relationship."

"And what is our relationship?" Bryson's voice deepened.

Hannah turned around, declaring, "We're just friends."

Bryson halted his steps, locking eyes with her.

"I don't want to be just friends, Hannah. I wish to be..."

Elevated on the platform, Hannah caught the emotion in Bryson's eyes.

Shocked by his unexpected words, she involuntarily stepped back, nearly losing her balance.

"ARI"

Swiftly, Bryson extended his arms to catch her.

Still in disbelief, Hannah realized she was enveloped in Bryson's arms. She hastily broke away, stammering, "I...I just lost my footing."

