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Pulling her toward him, he pressed her against the wall and leaned in for a kiss.

"Back off!"

With swift precision, Hannah aimed a kick straight at Declan's groin.

Wincing, he loosened his grip and sank to his knees with a muffled groan.

"You! You."

With a stone-faced look, Hannah stepped over his crumpled form and opened the door.

Bryson was poised to knock when he noticed Hannah. He was initially puzzled, then he saw Declan, kneeling and grimacing in pain.

"What's going on here?"

Hearing Bryson's inquiry, Declan winced and attempted to rise, but his agony kept him down.

"He's down on his knees, rethinking his life choices," Hannah coldly stated.

"Touched by his emotional epiphany, I thought I'd open the door for him to exit first."

Frustrated, Declan wanted to shout that Bryson shouldn't believe her, but the searing pain left him mute, focused solely on his torment.

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"In that case, you're free to go, Mr. Edwards," Bryson said, looking disdainfully at the still-kneeling Declan.

"Fine! I'm leaving right now!"

Grimacing through clenched teeth, Declan awkwardly dashed out of the room, eager to put distance between them.

Hannah watched him retreat into a nearby cabin.

Gripping the doorknob, she turned to Bryson with a playful smile.

Meeting her gaze, Bryson's eyes softened.

"What's got you smiling"

"I find his cowardice amusing. In your presence, he's like a timid mouse before a cat."

Unfazed by her explanation, Bryson then queried, "What brought him here to you?"

Hannah considered mentioning her father but decided against involving Bryson.

She shook her head.

"He's here to stir up chaos. It's not the first time you've witnessed his insanity."