

## Never Say 362

The once tense atmosphere in the cabin melted away with Lydia's warm embrace.

Hannah's face found refuge in Lydia's chest, even as she playfully patted Lydia's arm.

"Enough, enough! You're smothering me!"

After freeing herself from Lydia's hug, Hannah inhaled deeply and said, "Lydia, a refined woman speaks with words, not her body. Don't do that again, please."

"I'm anything but refined!"

Angela's Library

They spent the entire afternoon chattering, neglecting their usual noon break. Eventually, they opted to check in on Grace.

Ever since boarding the ship, Grace had seemed a bit down.

When she opened the door, Grace rubbed her eyes and greeted them.

"Hannah, Lydia."

Examining her closely, Hannah asked with concern, "Is something wrong?"

"Are you still not feeling well?"

"No, I just can't seem to fully wake up."

Grace perched on her bed, yawning, her eyes moist.

"I'm just feeling so weary."

"Could this be some form of seasickness?"

Lydia leaned in to touch Grace's forehead and then looked at Hannah.

"I've heard that seasickness affects people this way."

"Grace has always been frail. It's to be expected."

Hannah suggested that Grace take her meds.

"If you're not up to it, miss the party and get some rest. You'll want to be well for the jewelry exhibition tomorrow."

"I get it."

Grace nodded, somewhat dejected.

"I've been taking the medicine you gave me, but I'm just too drained to get up. I'll probably skip the party."

Seeing Grace's glum expression, Hannah tenderly stroked her hair.

