

Never Say 387

He'd thought he was in the clear, only to spot a paddle being raised at the front of the room.

"220 million."

It was Bryson, not Hannah?

Hannah turned her head in astonishment toward Bryson.

She'd been about to bid herself when, unexpectedly, he beat her to it.

Puzzled but unable to question him with all eyes on them, she could only sit and fidget, her fingers clenched.

Just as Declan was about to bid again, Eliana quickly gestured to him, lightly touching his arm.

"Declan, weren't you trying to win this as a symbol of our upcoming wedding?"

Visibly irked, Declan pretended to adjust his suit and withdrew his hand.

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Why was Bryson bidding? Was he after the jewelry too?

"220 million, going once!" called the auctioneer.

Without missing a beat, Declan shot back, "230 million!"

Before he could even brace himself mentally, Bryson's composed voice rang out from the front.

"250 million."

The room erupted in murmurs.

"Isn't Bryson usually disinterested in such items? Why bid on this?"

"Most of us are here for the 'Love of Mona' necklace. Maybe he's after the same thing."

"This is getting intense. Declan wants it for his wedding, but he might not get it if Bryson's in the game."

"Do you think Bryson's buying it for someone special? Likely Miss Moore, considering all the rumors around the Glyn family."

Seated to the side, Melina quivered with fury, yet she held back her emotions. If it was out of her reach, she'd make sure it was beyond anyone else's too!

Suddenly, she shot her paddle into the air.

"300 million."

"Wow!"

"Oh my God!"