

Never Say 393

Changing the subject, Lydia brought up the unexpected events of the previous night.

“Oh, by the way, Bryson made a rather passionate confession to you last night. It caught a lot of people off guard.

Is there something going on between you two that you’re not telling me?”

Hannah’s face flushed with surprise and a tinge of guilt. She responded with an indignant tone, “What? No way, Lydia! That’s not possible.”

Lydia was startled with Hannah’s reaction.

“What the hell? You scared me! If it’s impossible, then it’s impossible. No need to shout,” she chided.

Realizing her own overreaction, Hannah cleared her throat and offered a feeble excuse. I just didn’t sleep well last night. Don’t read too much into it. Go back and get ready to get off the ship.”

“Sure, I’ll head back first. You should pack up your things too.”

As they prepared to leave the ship, Hannah hoisted her small suitcase and spotted Bryson waiting outside.

Suddenly, uncertainty washed over her, leaving her unsure whether to approach him or not.

Then, Grace grabbed her arm and suggested, “Hannah, let’s get off the ship together!”

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As they strolled past Bryson, he naturally took Hannah’s suitcase from her hand and slowed his pace to walk alongside her.

Hannah was usually composed, but she immediately got flustered when she walked next to Bryson.

Lydia trailed behind them, and she handed her suitcase to Brayden.

She fixed her gaze on Hannah’s back, her eyes unwavering.

“Why does it feel like something’s off with Hannah?”

Brayden grumbled, struggling with Lydia’s suitcase.

“It’s nothing.

Don’t be so suspicious. And what on earth did you pack in your suitcase? It’s heavier now than when we first boarded the ship.”

“You’re a man; you can’t even carry a suitcase?”

Lydia snatched her suitcase from Brayden and remarked, “I can handle it myself!”

The two of them began to bicker, oblivious to Melina, who was trailing behind them.

After disembarking from the ship, Melina observed Bryson escorting Hannah to a waiting car while making a cold, enigmatic phone call.

Once she'd parted ways with Bryson, Hannah drove to her apartment.