

Never Say 422

Rocco met Bryson's eyes with a frosty stare, quickly averting his gaze.

"Allow me to introduce you. This is the son of a friend, who's like a little brother to me. He's wheelchair-bound while his legs heal."

"Rocco, this is.."

"I'm aware," Rocco interjected, his voice icy.

"Bryson Mitchell, youngest CEO of the Mitchell Group and head of the Mitchell family."

Hannah's eyebrows knitted together subtly, recognizing that Rocco had evidently done his homework on Bryson.

Unfazed by Rocco's brusque manner, Bryson extended his hand toward the young man in the wheelchair.

"Hello."

Rocco raised his somber eyes to meet Bryson's but made no move to shake his hand.

"Hannah, we should get going."

Bryson simply retracted his hand and turned to Hannah.

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"Allow me to drive."

Hannah hesitated, glancing behind him.

"What about your car?"

"My chauffeur will take care of it."

"Very well." Handing her car key to Bryson, Hannah began pushing Rocco toward where she'd parked.

Rocco's hands clenched on the arms of his wheelchair. Waiting until Bryson was out of earshot, his voice rang out, cold and sharp.

"What exactly is he to you?"

Hannah glanced down at the boy and gently ruffled his hair.

"Why do you always ask so many questions, Rocco?"

"You're with him now," he stated matter-of-factly.

"How come you're suddenly concerned about my affairs?" Hannah gently nudged him forward, her voice softening as she added, "Rocco, there are just some things—"

She was cut off by the sound of a car door opening a few feet away.

Bryson craned his neck and called out, "Get in."