

Never Say 425

"Don't worry, no one forced me to do anything."

Hannah turned the speaker mode on and placed the phone on her bed while she folded her clothes.

"My grandfather is seriously ill at the moment. I need to go and see him."

"Are you really going back to the White family? Those bastards will likely give you a hard time while you're there."

It had been years since Hannah had seen those people. There was no way of telling how they felt about her now, not that she would let anything stop her from going.

"Don't worry, I'll be fine. It's not like I'm pitching myself into a lion's den. I'll call you if anything happens."

Lydia sighed, clearly displeased.

"I just want to say that I do not approve of this, but it is ultimately your decision. Be sure to call me, okay?"

"Yes, yes. I got it."

"Oh, by the way!" Lydia suddenly exclaimed.

"Have you told Bryson about this? Is he aware that you're leaving for Hoijery?"

"Yes, and he's taking me to the airport tomorrow."

Lydia breathed a sigh of relief.

"That's good, then. Rest early, and call me as soon as you land in Hoijery."

"Okay."

Angela's Library

When Hannah went downstairs the next morning, Bryson's car was already waiting outside the apartment building.

He met her halfway and took her suitcase, then opened the car door for her before depositing her luggage in the trunk.

"I bought you breakfast," Bryson said as he started the engine.

"You should eat."

It was simple enough—a box of milk and a breakfast sandwich.

Hannah ate in silence as Bryson drove and peeked glances at her. He noticed that she was taking small bites.

"I wanted to get you something more filling, but since you're getting on a plane, I thought a light breakfast would be better."

“I actually wasn’t planning on eating breakfast at all,” Hannah said, turning to face him.

“I wasn’t expecting you to bring me something.”