

Never Say 426

She had to admit that she felt much better after her small meal, though. She finished just as they entered the airport parking lot.

Bryson took out her Luggage.

“You may go through the VIP passage.

I’ve upgraded your ticket to first class.”

Hannah blinked up at him.

“The flight is only five hours. You didn’t have to go through all the trouble.”

Bryson stroked her hair and smiled, “It’s no trouble at all. Go ahead, you might miss your flight.”

Hannah took her suitcase and made her way to the airport entrance.

She had only taken a few steps when she felt the urge to look back.

Bryson was still standing by his car, looking all dapper in his business suit. Their eyes met, and he raised his hand to give her a wave.

A strange and unfamiliar feeling surged in Hannah’s chest. Before she knew what she was doing, she had let go of her luggage and was running back to him.

As dumbfounded as he was, Bryson instinctively opened his arms wide as Hannah crashed into them in a warm embrace.

He stood there, surrounded by her faint yet delectable scent, unsure of how to react.

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Hannah held him tightly.

“Goodbye,” she whispered.

Hannah looked at the man before her, her lips tightly pressed together, and uttered, “Look after yourself.”

She turned around to depart when Bryson grasped her arm, cautioning, “Stay safe. Reach out if anything comes up.”

“Will do.”

Once she boarded the plane, Hannah activated airplane mode on her phone and took a short nap. She disembarked at 6 in the evening.

Though it was only 6 p.m., Hannah hailed a taxi and headed to a nearby three-star hotel.

Once settled, she texted Bryson.

[Made it here safely. No worries.]

Just as she set her phone down, a call from Lydia came through.

Picking up, Hannah said, "I was about to dial you as soon as I'm unpacked."