

Never Say 437

“Really, there’s nothing to brag about here. But mark my words, if you dare to cross me again, your fate will be far grimmer than today’s.”

Hannah’s menacing gaze caused Valery to tremble intensely. Wordless, she turned and made a hasty exit.

The door to the room slammed shut with a resounding thud.

Hannah withdrew her eyes, tidied up, and then called Bryson.

The phone barely rang twice when a notably deep voice answered, “You’re up late. I assumed you’d be asleep by now.”

“Still awake. Did I interrupt anything?”

Sensing the quiet ambience on Bryson’s end, Hannah inquired, “Did I disturb your sleep?”

“I’ve been working late into the night on a group project at work.

Just wrapped up the proposal for review. Don’t fret about waking me.

I was more concerned about waking you.”

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Caught off guard, Hannah shifted in her bed, momentarily at a loss for what to say.

Noticing the silence, Bryson, his eyes lowered, broke it first.

“How are things in Hoijery? Have you seen your grandfather yet?”

“Not yet.”

Even through the phone, Bryson sensed a touch of sadness in Hannah’s voice.

“I’m not authorized to visit the hospital yet Wyatt plans to take me tomorrow. I should see my grandfather then.”

“You should get some rest.” Gently, Bryson added, “I have some work to wrap up.”

“Alright.” Unwilling to hold him up, Hannah acknowledged and ended the call. She set an alarm before laying her phone aside and drifting off to sleep.

Meanwhile, inside a private car heading from Valmere to Hoijery.

After the call concluded, Yosef chimed in, “Sir, why didn’t you inform Miss Moore that you’re also heading to Hoijery? Isn’t the entire business venture there about her?”

Bryson shot Yosef a glance.

Feeling a chill down his spine, Yosef instantly knew he’d said too much and quickly turned away, shutting up.

In a subdued tone, Bryson said, "Find out which hospital Mr. White is admitted to."

"Absolutely, I'll get on it immediately!"