Never Say 444

There are things that the younger generation need not concern themselves with."

Despite his attempt to maintain an air of paternal authority, Hannah's heart grew colder.

Wyatt turned his attention to Bryson.

"Mr. Mitchell, you must be here from Valmere for some business discussions."

To Bryson, Wyatt adopted a different demeanor.

"Well, our Moore family also has considerable business interests. .

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"I'm here for Hannah," Bryson stated flatly, squeezing Hannah's hand.

"Not for any business."

Catching sight of the intertwined hands of Hannah and Bryson, Wyatt's cunning eyes twinkled.

"In that case, Hannah, please make sure Mr. Mitchell feels welcome. I won't interfere. Hannah, take your time coming home tonight. The staff at the villa will wait up for you."

As she caught Wyatt's calculating gaze, Hannah felt revulsion surge through her.

"Let's leave," Bryson softly murmured.

Though Hannah hadn't been to Hoijery in many years, her favorite restaurant still stood in a lovely corner of the city.

She led Bryson to the charming, mid-sized eatery, a rare gem along the street.

Upstairs, Hannah ordered a variety of dishes.

"I've chosen some local Hoijery favorites. I used to dine here often; I wonder if the flavors have changed."

"So, what brings you to Hoijery? How did you even acquire access to the hospital?" she inquired.

Bryson remained unruffled.

"I had some dealings with the White family and initially planned to visit Mr. Byrum White in the hospital. I never anticipated you'd receive such treatment."

Hannah offered a faint smile, concealing her emotions behind a subdued whisper.

"Let it go. As I've said, it's been years, and the lines between right and wrong have faded."

"Why should you bear the guilt of the older generation?"

Bryson's penetrating gaze met Hannah's.

"You were just a child back then. It's unfair to burden you with their mistakes."