Never Say 448

What hotel are you at? I could come get you. We have extra rooms in the White family mansion if you need a place to stay."

Hearing hurried footsteps on the other end, Hannah responded flatly, "No need, I chose to move out. I've been on my own for a while, and I prefer it that way."

Abruptly, Jalen halted and said softly, "Alright, I'll arrange for the invitation to be sent to you tomorrow."

"Sounds good."

Hannah hung up and just as she was about to start unpacking, her phone rang again. It was Gwendolyn.

Wondering about the timing, Hannah picked up.

"What's going on?"

"Miss Moore, can we meet up tomorrow? I'd like to talk."

A sense of unease washed over Hannah.

"Is everything alright? Are those people bothering you again?"

"No, no, nothing like that! I just... I'd like to catch up over coffee. But if you're busy, I understand."

"I actually can't make it tomorrow," Hannah replied.

Gwendolyn's grip on her phone tightened and she said, "No worries!

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Whenever you're free, Miss Moore, I'll arrange a date."

"Sure."

After unpacking, Hannah checked her phone and found Gwendolyn's text.

[Miss Moore, how does the day after tomorrow sound? Let's catch up at the cafe next to Quin Bar.]

Hannah's brow furrowed, puzzled by the choice of location near Quin Bar.

[Could we pick a different spot?]

[Sorry, I'll be running a bit late from work, so I thought it'd be convenient to grab a coffee there, Miss Moore.

]

Gwendolyn's explanation was riddled with errors. After a moment's hesitation, Hannah sent her response.

[Atright.1

The following day, the White family not only dispatched an invitation but also provided a top-notch makeup artist and an elegant gown to escort Hannah to the charity banquet.