

## Never Say 462

Bryson, on the other hand, flooded her inbox with texts, suggesting he'd swing by after wrapping up his work for the day.

Recalling her evening plans, Hannah texted Bryson back.

[Meet me at Cafe 92 after 9 p.m. tonight. Got another invite there.

Swing by when you're free.]

Just as she hit send, her phone rang. It was Lydia.

The moment Hannah picked up, Lydia's teasingly sweet voice filled the air.

"Oh, Hannah, barely a few days in Hoijery and you've already ghosted me. You called once and didn't contact me afterwards. What's up with that?"

Angela's Library

"I've just been swamped lately. Sorry I haven't kept in touch."

"It's fine, you're forgiven," Lydia said, switching topics.

"When are you coming back?"

Hannah cast her eyes downward.

"My grandfather is sick, and I can't even visit him in his room. I'm not sure what he's dealing with exactly, but I want to stay put until I know more, then I'll discuss things with Mr. Campbell and decide what to do."

"Ah?" Lydia's tone softened.

"Is it serious, your grandfather's condition?"

"He's been unconscious for quite some time."

"Alright, I'll head to Hoijery soon to see if I can assist you in any way," Lydia offered.

A slight smile tinged Hannah's voice.

"No need. If you come to Hoijery, who knows what marriage schemes the Phillips family might concoct."

"They can dream on! My folks can't boss me around in Valmere.

Relatives meddling in my love life? Not happening!"

"Great. Seriously, I'll rush back to be with you as soon as I can.

Just make sure Brayden treats you right while I am away."

Lydia's cheeks flushed.

"Who says I need him around!"

