

## Never Say 469

After he'd left, Hannah quickly used her foot to slide the keys toward her.

Outside the residence, Omar was surprised to see Bryson. He identified the latter as the CEO of Mitchell Group.

"Mr. Mitchell? What brings you here?"

Before Omar could complete his sentence, Bryson shot him a frosty gaze.

"Where's Hannah?"

Angela's Library

"What?" Omar was bewildered.

"You're acquainted with Hannah?"

Bryson had no time for small talk.

"Where is she? My team traced a car that dropped her off here."

As Omar stood there, puzzled, an unexpected force yanked him back.

Click!

Hannah had him cuffed by one arm to the gate. She brushed off her hands.

"Stay put."

Upon seeing Hannah, worry filled Bryson's eyes.

"Are you okay?"

"I'm good." Hannah shot a brief glance at Omar.

"Just bumped into a crazy person. Let's go."

Even handcuffed, Omar said cheerfully, "So, Hannah, about that favor?"

As she led the way, Hannah sarcastically gestured at him without looking back.

"Help yourself!"

They entered Bryson's car and drove toward downtown.

After a while, Hannah inquired, "How did you figure out I was here?"

"When you weren't at the cafe, the shop assistant acted strangely, which made me suspicious. Yosef helped locate the car that brought you here."

As he drove, Bryson cast a glance at Hannah and said, "What's your tie to the Morrison family?"