

Never Say 487

“Understood, boss.”

Hannah shifted in her sleep and the unexpected sensation of lying in bed awakened her.

Sitting upright, she realized she was in her own bedroom, daylight streaming through the windows.

She recalled falling asleep in the car and had a hazy memory of Bryson being the one who brought her back.

Walking into the living room, she noticed a note Bryson had left on the table.

“Breakfast awaits in the kitchen. I had to go to Valmere. Grace ran into some issues.”

Seeing Grace’s name, Hannah immediately dialed Bryson’s number.

“Hello?” Gently massaging his temples, Bryson said, “Ah, you’re up.”

“What’s the matter? What happened with Grace? Is she ill again?”

Bryson had just exited his car and sounded a bit worn out.

“Relax, her health’s fine. It’s a school issue. I’ll be back in Hoijery in a couple of days.”

Hannah exhaled in relief.

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“That’s good to hear. We can sort things out when you’re back.”

“Sounds good.”

No sooner had Hannah ended the call than her phone buzzed with an incoming call from an unknown number.

After a brief pause, she answered.

“Hello?”

“Is this Hannah? I’m Johanna, Ursula White’s daughter. I’m having a birthday party tonight at Quin Bar. Will you be there?”

Johanna White?

Hannah had a faint memory of her.

“Johanna? I know you. But tonight’s your birthday celebration, right? I’d probably ruin the mood for everyone if I show up, considering you’re not exactly my biggest fan.”

An awkward silence stretched on the other side of the line. Johanna was caught off guard. She hadn’t anticipated Hannah being so blunt.

“Look, Hannah, what happened between us was a big misunderstanding.

I think we can clear it all up if we just talk it out. Since tonight is my birthday and everyone's going to be there, it might be the perfect opportunity to make amends."