

## Never Say 321

Caught off guard by Bryson's unexpected praise, Hannah's countenance momentarily stilled, a subtle blush gracing her cheeks.

"Indeed, Miss Moore's acting skills are undeniably impressive,"

Melina remarked with a congenial smile.

"But has Miss Moore encountered financial straits of late? Ordinarily a teacher, yet moonlighting as an extra when not in the classroom?"

Hannah offered Melina a fleeting glance.

"I'm here to meet a friend of mine today, just assisting the director temporarily."

"In that case, Director Fowler, you ought to bestow a bonus upon Miss Moore today, especially considering her association with Bryson and me."

Hannah interjected, her tone swift, "There's no need for that."

She continued, "It was just a few lines, a modest contribution. Given that the director has secured an investor, I'll take my leave now; my friend is still waiting for me."

"Very well, then."

Director Fowler addressed Bryson.

"Once we conclude this, let's delve deeper into the investment. I must attend to the final scene first.

Mr. Mitchell, please peruse our script in the interim."

Once the director had departed, Melina, with a measure of jest, quipped to Bryson, "Could it be that Miss Moore is facing financial constraints and covertly working as an extra, too embarrassed to confide in us?"

"Beware, Melina, don't think the implication of your words goes unseen."

A N G E L A ' S L I B R A R Y

Bryson's inky eyes bore into Melina, his tone cold as ice.

"Guard your tongue. If you speak recklessly again, I'll have to reassess the ties between the Mitchell and Glyn families. Consider yourself forewarned."

Melina's countenance felt the sting of a slap, her cheeks aflame with humiliation. She regarded Bryson with disbelief.

"Bryson, would you really let such a trivial matter jeopardize the relationship between our families? My grandfather, he..."

"It's solely thanks to Mr. Glyn that you stand here now."

Bryson's gaze remained unfeeling.

“I’d rather not repeat what was already emphasized.”

A shiver ran down Melina’s spine as Bryson’s unyielding stare bore into her. She nodded, her expression wounded.

“I understand.”