

## Never Say 346

It's getting chilly. Should we head back?

Sensing Hannah's unease, Bryson chose not to finish his earlier statement, keeping his true feelings hidden deep within.

"Sure, I'll take you home."

He drove her back to her place.

Hannah barely mustered the courage to look back. She gave him a quick wave and sprinted upstairs.

Door shut behind her!

Leaning against it, her heart pounded uncontrollably.

His unfinished declaration, and the warmth from his touch, were unsettling.

She had always believed that Bryson's kindness was for the sake of his sister.

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However, after seeing that particular look he gave her today, and hearing what he said earlier, Hannah found herself confronting her own emotions.

She made her way to the window. Peering down, she saw Bryson still standing there, just like before.

He wasn't glancing upward, but his tall silhouette stood out against the dark night.

Conflicted, Hannah questioned her worthiness to stand beside him.

Unable to hold back any longer, she grabbed her phone and dialed a number.

The man below picked up almost instantly. The sound of wind rustled through the line, and his voice was muted.

"What is it?"

"Mr. Mitchell, you seem fond of that spot, don't you?"

He let out a soft chuckle.

"Because standing here means you can see me."

Hannah's heart, which had just found some calm, started pounding again as Bryson spoke.

"You came to the window to see if I was still here, didn't you? And you knew I would be."

Lifting his gaze from his phone, Bryson appeared to lock eyes with someone in a high-up window.

"I was only speculating if you'd be keeping an eye on me."

Puffing out her cheeks, Hannah continued, "Well, I see you. You better head back. It's getting late."