

## Never Say 357

Most of the faces Hannah recognized were from Valmere's upper class.

She initially thought to peruse the exhibition, but a steward informed her that it would officially begin the following day, after tonight's opening cocktail party.

Currently, the jewels were under strict watch, off-limits for viewing.

"Hannah, could you please watch Grace for me?" Bryson whispered, as he was called away.

"Of course. Grace seems a bit worn out from the journey. I'll take her back to the cabin," Hannah assured him.

"Thank you."

Once aboard, Grace appeared notably sluggish. Hannah stayed by her side until she had drifted off to sleep.

When she returned to her own cabin, Hannah picked up her phone and noticed a message from Rocco.

"Ilyatt had somehow gotten hold of the villa's security information.

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He could come searching for me."

As Hannah skimmed through the text, a new message from Rocco appeared.

"Would you like me to handle this guy for you?"

Upon seeing the message, Hannah envisioned Rocco's impassive face on the other side of the phone.

"Wyatt won't be able to enter the Intercontinental Villa District.

Don't make any rash moves."

After she sent her reply, Rocco went silent.

Knock, knock, knock.

The moment Hannah set down her phone, a knock resounded on the cabin door.

Assuming it was Bryson, she rose to open it.

"Grace is already in bed, so..."

Catching sight of the person outside, Hannah's expression abruptly chilled. Her hand shot up to close the door.

Bang!

Declan braced the door Hannah was attempting to shut. He stared at her, somber-faced.

"What? Disappointed I'm not Bryson Mitchell?"

