

Never Say 392

Bryson's voice remained composed, but his eyes conveyed a profound sincerity.

"Sometimes, the value of a gift doesn't lie in its price but in the sentiment behind it."

Hannah was thunderstruck.

"Miss Moore, can you give me a chance?"

Hannah blinked, trying to comprehend what Bryson meant.

Bryson stepped closer to Hannah, his gaze locked onto her.

"Can we explore a deeper connection between us?"

Hannah felt like a gust of wind was rushing through her ears. Her thoughts became a jumble, and her heart seemed ready to burst from her chest.

She didn't remember how she managed to leave Bryson's room. It wasn't until she returned to her cabin and collapsed onto her soft bed that reality hit her.

What had she just agreed to? Was she out of her mind?

What if she returned to Bryson's cabin and told him that she didn't mean what she said?

That her mind had been in an absolute mess just now and that she didn't realize what she had agreed to?

Hannah buried her face in her pillow and groaned. She must have lost her mind completely to have entertained such a reckless idea.

Hannah had tossed and turned all night, struggling to find sleep.

When she finally felt drowsy in the early morning, a persistent knock on the door interrupted her rest.

Angela's Library

She groggily got out of bed and opened the door to find Lydia with a tray of breakfast in hand.

"The ship is docking in an hour. Why are you still in bed?"

Hannah, still trying to shake off her sleepiness, explained, "I had a hard time falling asleep last night."

She took the offered breakfast and started nibbling on it.

"Wow, what time did you go to bed last night? You look half-dead, honestly."

Hannah hesitated, wanting to share what had transpired the previous night, but she struggled finding the right words to say.

She was about to speak, but the words stuck in her throat, leaving her with a simple excuse.

"I think it's just a case of insomnia."

I'll be fine once we're off the ship."