

Never Say 417

“Are you here for Grace?”

“I’m actually here for you. Grace wanted to dine at a local restaurant. I made a reservation for us. Shall we?”

“Sure.”

Hannah strode over to the desk, grabbing her coat.

“Time to fetch Grace.”

The moment she arrived at the school gates, her phone buzzed. Seeing an unknown caller ID, she hesitated but answered.

“Hello?”

“It’s taken me a lot to ask this, Hannah, but would you join me for dinner tonight? I’ll text you the location.”

Wyatt’s voice came through, and Hannah was on the verge of ending the call.

“Wait, don’t disconnect. Someone you know will be joining us. Let him speak.”

After a noticeable pause, another voice finally spoke.

“Don’t come here.”

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It was from Rocco. Hannah’s expression hardened, her grip tightening on the phone.

“What do you want? Don’t do anything reckless!”

Wyatt said, “I just want us to share a family meal. Come now.”

“Fine.”

Hannah disconnected the call, clutching her phone in her hand.

Noticing her demeanor, Bryson sensed something was amiss.

“Everything alright? What happened?”

Hannah almost said she was fine but caught herself. She knew she couldn’t keep it from Bryson.

“The Moore family invited me for dinner. I won’t be able to accompany you tonight.”

Aware of the Moore family’s reputation, Bryson frowned, “You can always say no, you know.”

Hannah shook her head.

“They’ve come all the way from Hoijery. I have to go.”