

Never Say 421

As they left the private room, Hannah's tone softened.

"How did Wyatt locate you?"

"I wanted him to find me."

Rocco looked up at Hannah earnestly.

"I needed to know his true intentions and how he plans to deal with you."

"Rocco! Don't meddle in adult affairs Do you understand how risky that is? Promise not to do it again"

"I'm 16, hardly a kid."

Rocco's eyes grew somber.

"He'd find me eventually, trying to find you. It's better that I chose to let him. The Moore family has been in a financial slump lately. Wyatt wasn't lying about the head of the White family being seriously ill. With your eldest uncle gone and his son ill-equipped to take over, things are messy. Don't you think you should head back and see what's going on?"

Hannah looked away, her mind made up.

"I owe the White family nothing. My mom passed away and they never showed up. Why should I return?"

"So you wouldn't even visit your critically ill grandfather one last time?"

Seeing Hannah's silence, Rocco sensed her hesitation.

Angela's Library

"I'm not trying to guilt you. Even if I hadn't brought it up, you'd have eventually found a reason to go back, right?"

Although touched by Rocco's words, Hannah offered a resigned smile and lightly tapped his head.

"If you ever go rogue like this again, you'll see me get really mad!"

Just as Hannah prepared to drive Rocco off, a black Bentley pulled up nearby.

Bryson emerged from the vehicle. Spotting him, Hannah halted, nudging Rocco's wheelchair.

"What brings you here, Bryson?"

"I texted you and got no response, so I decided to drop by."

Hannah quickly checked her phone and saw several unread texts.

"Ah, I neglected my messages. Sorry to troubling you."

"It's no trouble whatsoever."

Bryson strolled over, his gaze falling on Rocco, who sat in the wheelchair.