

Never Say 471

“No,” Bryson insisted, shaking his head.

“Just allow me this moment.”

His grip was unyielding, almost as if he feared she would disappear if he loosened it.

Unable to pull away, Hannah allowed herself to be held.

The warmth of Bryson’s embrace left her somewhat disoriented.

Eventually, he pulled away. But the instant he did, Hannah seized his shirt and kissed him passionately.

Caught off guard, he reciprocated, losing himself in the kiss for several moments.

Finally, when both were nearly breathless, Bryson pulled away.

“Hannah. ..”

Her heart still racing, Hannah’s ears flushed a deep shade of red.

She lowered her gaze, her voice softening to a murmur.

“I’m exhausted.

I need to sleep.”

She turned and walked away, leaving Bryson to watch her retreating figure with a smile on his Lips.

The next morning, when Hannah woke up, Bryson was already gone, attending to business matters.

Angela’s Library

Her phone rang. It was the hospital.

“You’ve been granted permission to visit Mr. Byrum White,” the nurse informed her.

Without hesitation, Hannah agreed. She swiftly ate, wore a white shirt and jeans, and sped off to the hospital.

Upon arrival, she noticed Jalen waiting for her in the corridor. He stood as she approached.

“Hannah.”

“How’s Grandpa doing?” she inquired.

Jalen shook his head.

“Our grandfather’s still in a coma. Uncle Bryan mentioned that you might have a way to rouse him. The family talked it over after Last night’s dinner and agreed to let you give it a shot.”

“Okay.”