

Never Say 509

"You've been a great help, you know?"

Without you, I doubt I'd have so many potential connections."

"Your own merit draws people in," Bryson said humbly.

"Introductions can only go so far. You have to be competent to keep them around."

Hannah's eyes twinkled as she smiled, "Speaking of which, you mentioned a few days back that something had happened to Grace. How is she now?"

"She's calmed down and the matter had been settled," Bryson said, his brow furrowing.

"But I do need to find a time to go back."

"I think you should head back soon. Grace's situation is delicate. If anything happens, just call me. I'll catch the first flight back to Valmere," Hannah offered.

Bryson shook his head and said, "Once I wrap things up in Valmere, I might just bring Grace here with me."

"I know Hoijery like the back of my hand now. If Grace comes to visit, I'll show her a good time," Hannah said.

"Sounds good," Bryson replied.

The following morning, just before Hannah could fully awaken, her phone rang.

"Hello?" Groggily, she picked up the phone, and Edwin's voice came through on the other end.

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"Hey... um, are you available today?"

He seemed hesitant, maybe because someone was with him, and his voice was soft.

"What's going on?"

Shaking off her sleepiness, Hannah rubbed her forehead.

"Spit it out."

"I'm stuck at Penkleris Hotel. I... I can't pay the bill, and they won't let me leave."

Upon hearing that Edwin was financially stranded at Penkleris Hotel, Hannah's brow furrowed.

"Why on earth would you go to Penkleris Hotel without enough money?"

"If you don't come get me, the police will. Then you'll have to pick me up from the station."

Edwin sounded utterly defeated. On her end, Hannah was equally exasperated.

"Tell them to hold on for twenty minutes. I'll be right there."

