

Never Say 332

Descending the staircase, Hannah's curiosity got the better of her as she inquired, "How did you come to know about this?"

"The dean sent a message to my assistant."

Considering the dean's reluctance to offend the Mitchell family, Hannah expressed her disdain with a contemptuous sneer.

"It appears that if you hadn't appeared today, he wouldn't have dealt with this matter so promptly."

Observing Hannah's displeasure, Bryson offered a faint smile.

"Such individuals abound. Only from a lofty vantage point can you rightfully look down upon them."

Encouraged by Bryson's wisdom, Hannah chuckled, turning to regard him, "Blunt words, yet astute reasoning. I need not dwell on these vexing matters."

Before parting ways with Hannah in her office, Bryson paused, fixing his gaze upon her.

"Shall we share a dinner this evening?"

"Not tonight, I have prior commitments. Perhaps another time, Mr. Mitchell."

Despite the refusal, Bryson's countenance remained composed.

"Very well, another time, then."

Over the subsequent days, Hannah's schedule became increasingly hectic, as she worked to resolve the matter of her thesis.

The aging professor faced dismissal but the issue didn't escalate and was only briefly discussed on the campus forum, lacking fervor.

Following a triumphant thesis defense, Hannah finally felt the weight on her chest dissipate and a sense of relief washed over her.

A N G E L A ' S L I B R A R Y

Saturday was a day off.

Hannah had planned to indulge in some shopping with her friends but her plans were abruptly halted by an unexpected phone call.

"Excuse me, is this Miss Moore?"

The unfamiliar voice on the other end left Hannah somewhat puzzled.

"Speaking. May I inquire as to who's calling?"

"Good day, Miss Moore. I am the butler of the Mitchell estate. Mr. Franco Mitchell cordially invites you to come over to the estate for a chat at 7 o'clock tonight. Might I inquire whether you could honor us with your presence?"

Bryson's grandfather was inquiring for her?

Various thoughts raced through Hannah's mind and, after a brief moment of contemplation, she inquired of the butler, "Pardon me, but does Mr. Bryson Mitchell know of this arrangement?"

The butler's voice, undisturbed, responded through the telephone, "He has been apprised and he shall be in attendance this evening."