

Never Say 406

Shaking her head and smiling, Hannah responded, "I won't interfere with your work commitments. I have to prep for tomorrow's class anyway. Try not to drink too much tonight."

Bryson's voice took on a grave tone.

"You should head up first."

"Will do."

Back in the apartment, Hannah watched him leave from her window before pulling out her phone.

She saw an unread message.

[Be at Moonlight Bar by 10 pm. Valery will be there. Come an hour early for a tour.]

[Okay.]

At 9 pm sharp, Hannah stood outside the entrance of Moonlight Bar.

Upon seeing her, Cornelius's jaw dropped in astonishment.

But given the hustle and bustle at the bar's entry, he quickly ushered her to a secluded corner.

"I could hardly believe you're a teacher... You look like a college girl!"

Sporting a high ponytail and minimal makeup with just a touch of lipstick, and dressed in a white frock with a shoulder bag, Hannah did resemble the quintessential girl-next-door in college.

Her skin was so smooth, even without makeup, that mistaking her for a college student wasn't a stretch.

However, Hannah's eyes remained impassive.

Angela's Library

"Is this look alright?"

"It's more than alright. It's perfect! You won't draw any unwanted attention. Follow me through the back. I'll introduce you to our manager."

Hannah trailed Cornelius into the bar through a rear entrance. As they moved upstairs via the staff corridor, the pulsating music subtly grew louder.

Along the way, Cornelius inquired about Hannah's name before they stepped into the manager's office.

"Mr. Turner, meet my friend here. She's interested in a high-paying part-time gig at our establishment."

Mr. Turner, a man in his early forties, was initially smoking.

However, upon lifting his eyes and spotting Hannah, he put out his cigarette.

Staring at Hannah, he questioned, "A student, I presume? Underage?"

Feigning nervousness, Hannah subtly dropped her gaze and fidgeted with her bag's strap.

