

Never Say 424

It wasn't until the elevator doors closed that Rocco finally spoke.

"What do you like about that man, anyway?"

Hannah turned to peer at him and countered his question with one of hers.

"What do you dislike about him?"

The boy was silent for a moment before muttering, "I don't dislike him."

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"Then why are you acting like this?" He couldn't fool Hannah. She knew him well enough to figure out what he was thinking.

"I already told you that I'll take care of you, didn't I? I will never abandon you. Even if. Even if I fail in curing your legs, I will never give you up in this lifetime. Even with Bryson in the picture, my resolve will never change."

Rocco was a precocious child, and he was obviously worried that Bryson would take all of Hannah's attention away.

She knew this. She understood him that well. Hannah reached out to ruffle the boy's hair again.

"You will always be my brother. That is the one thing that will never change."

She helped Rocco to his apartment.

"Don't do such things again in the future," she reminded him.

"It isn't worth the risk, the Moore family is more ruthless than you can imagine."

"I know already," Rocco mumbled.

"Hannah."

She froze in her steps, stunned that he had finally called her by name again.

Rocco quickly turned his wheelchair away, his ears tinged with red as he all but snapped, "Good night!"

Hannah couldn't help but chuckle under her breath.

"Good night."

Hannah was in such a rush to leave school that she barely had time to say goodbye to her students.

After turning over her work to the administration office, she went straight to her apartment to pack for her trip the next day.

She called Lydia as she pattered around, saying, "I'm heading to Hoijery tomorrow. I don't think I'll be back for a while. Let's keep in touch, though. Let me know if anything comes up."

"You're going to Hoijery?!" Lydia blurted out in surprise.

“Are you kidding me? Did they force you to return?”