

Never Say 445

Hannah felt a subtle stir in her heart at Bryson's words.

"I appreciate your intent to console me. That incident in the hospital won't alter my peace of mind."

As their meal arrived, Hannah shifted the conversation.

"Give this a try."

Bryson tasted it and commented, "Truly delightful. Definitely not something you'd find in Valmere."

Upon hearing Bryson's compliment, Hannah's eyes met the floor as she smiled faintly.

"What's next on the agenda after dinner?"

"Do you have a place in mind you'd like to go?"

Pondering briefly, Hannah shook her head. She hadn't been back in Hoijery for quite some time, and aside from her mother, there was little else she yearned for.

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Sensing Hannah's subdued mood, Bryson offered, "Let me take you home, then. I have to review some partnership agreements back at my place anyway."

"Sounds good."

As twilight gave way to darkness, Bryson's car halted in front of the Moore estate. Hannah exited the vehicle, leaning a bit to wave farewell.

After Bryson drove away, Hannah noticed Wyatt and Julissa waiting at the entrance of the estate.

She cast a disinterested glance their way before making her way inside.

"Hannah! Are you acquainted with Mr. Mitchell from Valmere? What's the deal between you two?" Wyatt bombarded her with inquiries.

Trailing behind was Julissa, who couldn't hide her jealousy. How was it that Hannah, even post-divorce, could still mingle with the upper class?

Ignoring the volley of questions, Hannah's plan was to head upstairs, pack her essentials, and depart the Moore residence.

Surprisingly, Wyatt closed the gap with quick strides.

"You've been taken care of by the Moore family all these years. You can't just be ungrateful"

"Ungrateful?" Hannah chuckled sardonically at the man before her, who prioritized wealth over honor.

"300 million from the White family and dowries from the Edwards. None of it stayed with me. Didn't the Moore family amass nearly one billion?"

She looked at Wyatt disdainfully.

“That is one billion! Even a pig could live lavishly with that kind of money, wouldn’t you agree? And yet, in just a handful of years, the Moore family’s fortunes have plummeted. Did you manage our assets with the brains of a mule, spiraling our family downward?”

Stung by his daughter’s biting criticism, Wyatt’s complexion turned stormy.