

Never Say 495

“She’s left, and Bainbridge has certainly offended her.”

Johanna bit her lower lip and queried, “Where’s Bainbridge?”

“Taking a breather outside, Edwin said as he picked up his belongings, preparing to leave.

Johanna stopped him.

“We haven’t even cut the cake yet. Are you leaving?”

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Glancing at Johanna, Edwin said, “I’m not a fan of cake.”

The next morning at 8 a.m., Hannah arrived punctually at the entrance of the White Group building.

As she walked into the lobby, she immediately caught the receptionist’s eye. Just as she was about to swipe her access card, the receptionist hurried over to intercept her.

“You’re Miss Moore, correct? Please, come with me.”

Hannah looked toward the receptionist and inquired, “Is something wrong?”

“My apologies, Miss Moore. Your access card, if you please.” The receptionist had received instructions that morning, explicitly stating that Hannah should be barred from the company’s internal board meeting today.

Additionally, the receptionist had overheard gossip about Hannah, dismissing her as an illegitimate child who knew nothing. She looked down on Hannah, judging her severely.

Noticing Hannah’s reluctance to hand over her card, she said with a chilly tone, “Give it up now. Don’t force me to frisk you. That wouldn’t reflect well on either of us.”

“What authority do you have to search me? Are you law enforcement?”

Hannah stepped back, scrutinizing the receptionist.

“You’re working for a major corporation and you’re not aware that it’s illegal for anyone other than police to search someone?”

The receptionist rolled her eyes dismissively.

“Regardless, you need to surrender your access card today. You’re in White Group’s territory. You follow White Group’s rules!”

Quickly, Hannah dialed a number, stating, “The meeting starts in thirty minutes. The receptionist here..

She glanced at the name tag and went on, “Her name was Amya Rojas.

She wants my access card confiscated. Send someone to address this immediately.”

Even after hearing Hannah’s call, the receptionist remained disdainful.

“Calling for help won’t change anything. The directive came from the general manager himself. You should just leave before you embarrass yourself.”

“Embarrass herself?”