

Never Say 336

“Hannah? You really are something else, aren’t you? How dare you sneak into our family home at just the opportune time?”

Hannah whirled around to find Tyshawn sauntering down the stairs.

His eyes flashed with sinister excitement as he looked her up and down.

The woman before him was certainly different from the shrew he remembered.

She looked like a respectable socialite, and Tyshawn had to admit that he felt a little tempted to sample a taste.

He walked over to her and said, “If you’re that desperate to marry into our family, why don’t you consider me? I can give you the title you want, but that bastard can’t.”

He was already reaching for her as he spoke, planning to put his arm around her shoulders.

A glint of danger appeared in Hannah’s eyes.

“I advise you to stop what you’re doing if you still value that arm of yours.”

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Her voice was light, almost playful, even. But the threat in her words was unmistakable, and Tyshawn’s face darkened.

“Humph |”

Tyshawn changed direction and plopped down on the sofa and sneered up at her.

“Do you think you’re some rich young lady or something?” he goaded.

“You’re just used goods that someone else has dumped. You have some nerve showing up here, aren’t you afraid of dirtying the floor of our family’s house? If you have any ounce of self-awareness in you, you’d better get out of here immediately!”

“Is that so?” Hannah drawled, totally unfazed.

“Your grandfather asked me to be here today, though. I don’t recall you becoming the head of the Mitchell family, so what gives you the right to drive me away? Besides, I heard that you spend your days rolling around with different women from all the nightclubs littered in the city. Between the two of us, whom do you think is dirtier?”

“You fucking bitch! Let me remind you of your place!”

Tyshawn jumped to his feet, his hand already raised and aimed to slap her across the face.

“Tyshawn!” A firm, yet steady voice boomed.

A man in a black suit slowly descended the stairs, his eyes deep, his brows set.

“She is Grandpa’s guest. You would do well to show her some respect!”

Tyshawn's eyes filled with fear at the sight of Braeden Mitchell, his cousin, and he instantly lowered his hand.

"I... I just wanted to teach her a lesson, Braeden. It was her fault for being so rude..."

"You're not in a position to lecture her!"