

Never Say 341

Enraged by Hannah's biting remarks, Tyshawn strode over and slapped her.

"Don't delude yourself. You're here to win over my grandfather, so you can marry Bryson!"

Hannah took the slap without flinching.

Tyshawn's blow landed so forcefully on Hannah's cheek that it immediately flushed a deep red.

"Tyshawn! What the hell are you doing!"

Braeden leapt to his feet, attempting to intervene.

Yet before he could act, two distinct red marks appeared on Tyshawn's face.

With a pair of resounding slaps, Hannah had hit Tyshawn back, making him stagger a few paces in retreat.

The sound of skin meeting skin reverberated throughout the room.

A hushed silence descended. Had she actually retaliated?

Unperturbed, Hannah flexed her hand.

"I don't strike first, but if you slap me, expect no courtesy in return."

Tyshawn stood there, dumbfounded.

Rushing in to shield her son, Makenna yelled, "How ill-mannered! How dare you slap Tyshawn?"

A N G E L A ' S L I B R A R Y

With a sidelong glance, Hannah retorted, "Did I forget to slap you as well?"

Makenna burst into tears, now that Franco was there to witness it.

"Franco, see for yourself. I told you Miss Glyn would be a far better match for Bryson than this woman!"

Hannah couldn't help but roll her eyes. She had zero interest in becoming Bryson's wife now.

Grabbing her purse, she shot Makenna a final look.

"If you're fond of theatrics, enjoy your own show. I have better things to do."

As she turned to go, Franco spoke.

"Miss Moore, I invited you here to join us, not create mayhem. It appears I was mistaken about you."

Pausing, Hannah let her gaze fall before smirking. Just as she was about to retort, a voice echoed from the doorway.

"You're not the only one who misjudged."