

Never Say 337

Braeden, a rugged man with an impassive expression, approached them.

He shot a look at Tyshawn and said, "Focus on your own duties!"

"Understood, Braeden." Tyshawn appeared a bit cowed by the imposing figure before him and quickly retreated.

However, Braeden's demeanor shifted to cordial when he spoke to Hannah.

"Grandpa's aware you're here. He said to relax. Dinner will start when everyone's present."

"Thanks, but I'm not here for dinner. Franco summoned me for something important. I'll leave as soon as we've talked it out."

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

Braeden simply offered a polite smile.

"Even if we're getting down to business, Miss Moore, you should eat something."

Makenna Mitchell and Kelli Mitchell descended from upstairs, reaching the dining table. Upon seeing Hannah, their faces tightened.

Shortly after, Makenna began to murmur to Kelli, their eyes darting periodically at Hannah. It was clear they were discussing her.

Hannah kept her composure, mindful of her surroundings in the Mitchell mansion, and remained quietly seated.

Braeden introduced them to her.

"This is Bryson's other aunt. You might recall her from our last gathering. And that one is yet another of Bryson's aunts."

Kelli approached warmly, clasping Hannah's hand.

"Just look at you, delicate as a porcelain figure. No wonder Bryson's so taken, even setting Melina aside."

Makenna followed up with a teasing giggle.

"Watch your tongue, Melina's the one we've picked for Bryson's wife!"

"Oh, my careless chatter!" Kelli laughed, then turned to Hannah.

"Just kidding, don't read too much into it."

Hannah offered a subtle smile.

"Why's everyone here so fond of jesting with newcomers?"

The mood at the dining table grew noticeably frosty after Hannah's comment.

Seemingly unaware, she swiveled back to her phone.

Kelli itched to retort but remembered that Hannah was a guest of Franco himself. She held her tongue and briskly returned to her seat.