

Never Say 411

Leading the way, Rosanna ushered them into the venue.

A lavish private room awaited them upstairs. The moment the door swung open, a rush of cool air greeted them.

The pulsing music came to an abrupt halt, and the room fell silent.

Rosanna strutted in on her high heels, under the flashing neon Lights, and cheerily announced, "Gentlemen, enjoy yourselves."

She turned around and gestured to the women following her.

"Here are our most exquisite offerings. Ladies, lift your heads for the gentlemen."

Last to look up, Hannah took the moment to quietly scan the room's occupants.

Her eyes suddenly Locked with someone sitting not too far off.

Bryson? What was he doing here?

Stunned and unnerved, Hannah quickly lowered her gaze.

She had kept her head down upon entering, and her attire was different from her usual look.

However, Bryson had already noticed Hannah at the back, her head bowed.

As she finally lifted her face, their eyes met. Bryson's brow furrowed at her swift lowering of her head.

Richie Finch lifted his glass, clinking it against the one in front of Bryson. He grinned and said, "Mr. Mitchell, would you like to make the first pick?"

Bryson's gaze landed on Hannah. Richie followed his eyes and grinned.

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"Mr, Mitchell, seems like she's caught your attention."

"Join us." Richie gestured toward Hannah, beckoning her over.

Rosanna nudged Hannah with her elbow.

"The boss is calling you over.

Still interested in making some cash?"

Suppressing a grimace, Hannah lifted her chin and walked toward Richie.

Upon seeing Hannah up close, Richie's eyes widened.

"You're stunning.

No surprise Mr. Mitchell is smitten."