Never Say 436

Upon her return to the Moore estate, a servant led her to the guest room.

"Miss, we've set up your room and luggage. The master requests your presence at the hospital early tomorrow."

Feeling somewhat drained, Hannah replied, "Got it."

After the servant departed, Hannah unlocked the guest room door. Just as she tried to close it, resistance came from the other side.

Valery burst in, her face stern as she examined Hannah before stepping inside.

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

"Forget about past grievances, Hannah," Valery declared, leaning against a bookshelf in the room.

"This place, Hoijery, is under my control. Cross me, and I can't guarantee your safety."

Hannah sat down on the bed, her lips curling into an icy smile, as if she hadn't heard a word Valery had said.

Annoyed by Hannah's indifference, Valery stepped closer and spat out, "Who do you think you are? Your mother died. This is not the old Moore family you once knew…"

Before Valery could complete her sentence, she felt a sharp tug at her hair. Before she knew it, her face was smashed against the room's desk!

Holding a fistful of Valery's hair, Hannah's eyes were glacial.

"You don't have the right to speak of my mother!"

A surge of fear swept over Valery. She had misjudged Hannah, thinking the latter was still the vulnerable girl of years past, but she was wrong…

Valery fought back, her face buried in the desk.

"How dare you treat me this way? I'm going to tell my parents!"

Pinning Valery's face to the desk, Hannah tightened her grip and forced the woman to look her in the eyes.

"Go on, tell your parents!

Let's see if they would kick me out."

Releasing her hold, Hannah gazed nonchalantly at a disheveled Valery.

"As it stands, I'm more useful to them than their own daughter.

Otherwise, why would I be here? You get it, don't you?"

Valery's complexion paled as she retreated.

"So what? You're just a pawn in their game. What's there to be proud of?"

Hannah flicked her wrist and shot Valery a teasing grin.