

Never Say 451

"If vulgarity is your style, I can accommodate," Hannah declared, turning her back and exiting the chaotic garden.

Having never faced such humiliation, a seething Gemma wiped her wine-stained face and glared at the retreating Hannah.

Later, as if by fate, Hannah encountered Jalen and Bainbridge as they were leaving another garden.

Upon seeing her, Jalen's mood visibly lifted.

"Hannah! I was just wondering why you hadn't show up."

"I got lost, causing the delay. My apologies," Hannah replied.

Bainbridge was less forgiving.

"If you're late, own up to it. No need for excuses."

"I don't make excuses; I'm just stating facts," Hannah countered calmly.

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"How can anyone be sure you're telling the truth?"

Bainbridge had never been fond of Hannah; his last impression of her was a timid girl who had returned to the White family, an image he disliked.

"Bainbridge, she's our cousin. Show some respect," Jalen interjected.

Somewhat reluctantly, Bainbridge conceded, "Fine, I'll drop it."

Approaching Hannah with a grin, Jalen said, "Come on, Hannah, let's head to the banquet hall."

Just outside the hall, the emcee was showcasing the items donated by the attendees.

"Miss Winona Bailey has graciously gifted a piece of porcelain valued at 3 million."

"Mr. Bryson Mitchell has contributed an antique vase from the royal collection, with an estimated value of 100 million!"

Upon hearing Bryson's name, Hannah felt a jolt. She scanned the room instinctively but saw no sign of him.

The emcee's voice rang out once more.

"Miss Hannah Moore has given us..."

He paused, seemingly flustered, and then continued, "A pen... valued at 500 thousand."

The room erupted into murmurs. What kind of pen could possibly be worth 500 thousand?

ALL eyes shifted to the emcee on stage.

“Which pen could be valued at 500 thousand? Who brought this pen?”