

Never Say 460

Winona let out a derisive laugh.

“The White family is certainly pulling out all the stops to get you back. No wonder Miss Moore acts so audacious. She knew she had powerful support.”

“Actually, Miss Moore didn’t intend to offend anyone,” Tasha said, confused by the unfolding drama but sensing Hannah wasn’t a villain.

Though unsophisticated, she had a sense of Valery’s character and didn’t think highly of her.

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Winona frowned, “You’re Omar’s cousin. Why are you defending Hannah?”

“I just...” Tasha felt unfairly judged.

Omar shot Winona a look.

“So what if she’s my cousin? Must she align with me?”

Rising, Hannah addressed the table dispassionately.

“If you’ll excuse me, I’ll be leaving now.”

After Hannah’s exit, Winona flirted with Omar, feigning hurt feelings.

“Omar, what was that? You need to make it up to me, or I’ll be mad!”

The room watched the spectacle unfold, aware that Omar usually indulged Winona.

Lifting his glass, Omar’s lips curled into a half-smile.

“Go ahead, use my card to buy whatever you want.”

But as Winona’s face lit up, Omar leaned in, his smile vanishing, and whispered a private caution.

“Try threatening me again, and you’re out.”

Winona’s expression shifted, her fingers quivering as they clutched the glass.

Spectators around them were turning it into a show.

“What’s going on here? Miss Bailey seems perturbed. What whispered words are we missing out on?”

“Curious about the secret exchange between Mr. Morrison and Miss Bailey, are we? Brave of you.”

“Hahahaha.”

Laughter filled the air as Winona, striving for poise, managed a forced grin.

Hannah had planned to leave the banquet at the end, hoping to discuss the day’s events with Bryson.