

Never Say 478

"If you can't converse respectfully, I have no reason to continue this call."

"Hold on! Edwin inhaled deeply.

"I apologize for my earlier outbursts.

Adorned in formal attire and marooned in a hotel lobby, Edwin realized he was flat broke and couldn't pay for his room. His face was a portrait of humiliation and seething anger.

He swore in his heart, "If I figure out who this woman is, I'll make things tough for her."

Hannah, the target of Edwin's fury, chuckled softly on the other end of the line.

"Your apology is accepted."

Grimacing, Edwin demanded, "So, can you turn my cards back on now?"

"Absolutely not," Hannah declared.

"I'm overseeing your spending by Grandma's request. You didn't earn the White family fortune, and you won't waste it. You're cut off from here on out."

"You fucking..."

"

Before Edwin could complete his sentence, Hannah ended the call. When he attempted to call back, he realized he was blocked.

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That bitch!!!

With no other option, Edwin begrudgingly phoned a friend to borrow 2000 dollars.

As he left the hotel, he dialed the White family residence, where the call was picked up by the housekeeper.

"Where's my grandma?"

"Madam is already in bed," the housekeeper said solemnly, adhering to prior instructions.

"She made it clear that your financial restriction is final for the time being."

Fuming, Edwin lashed out, kicking a nearby trash can.

"Why is all this happening? Grandma usually favors me!"

"The madam stated that Miss Moore will manage all your affairs. If you have any questions, consult her," the housekeeper explained before hanging up.

A sense of unreality washed over Edwin. Could the woman he had spoken to earlier be Hannah Moore?

He knew of her as the daughter of his father's sister, estranged from the White family for years, and who had only recently returned because of his grandfather's illness.