

Never Say 338

Roughly 20 minutes later, the room was nearly full.

Franco and Alexandra descended and assumed their positions at the head of the table.

The earlier chatter abruptly ceased.

Franco's eyes found Hannah, seated not far from him, and then swiftly surveyed everyone else.

Abruptly, his eyebrows knitted together.

"Where's Bryson?"

A man beside him, his face somewhat ashen, replied with a faint smile, "Maybe he's swamped, too tied up even for family."

"Hurst!" Seated across from him, Braeden scowled.

"As an elder cousin, choose your words carefully."

Hurst casually lifted his hands in surrender.

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

"My apologies for the slip of the tongue."

"That's enough!"

Franco slammed his palm onto the table, his eyes dark and icy.

"Everyone, be quiet!"

The room instantly hushed.

Forks and knives froze in their tracks. No one dared to continue eating.

Except for Hannah. She gracefully continued to slice her steak.

Tyshawn, sitting across from her, couldn't hide his irritation.

"Ever been to a formal dinner? Know anything about etiquette?"

Hannah looked up, took a bite of her rare steak, and began to chew, utterly unfazed.

"You!"

"I told you to shut up. Why are you raising your voice?"

Franco's stern eyes locked onto Tyshawn.

Tyshawn immediately shrank back, avoiding Franco's gaze.