

Never Say 339

"It's her... this woman..."

ALL attention at the table shifted to Hannah.

Makenna said, her voice tinged with indignation, "Miss Moore clearly doesn't understand this family's protocols. When the elders put down their utensils, you stop eating."

"I'm not a Mitchell," Hannah responded, dabbing her mouth delicately before setting her utensils down.

"Why would your family rules concern me?"

"And you." Her piercing gaze turned to Tyshawn.

"Shouting at a dinner table in front of the elders. Is that another Mitchell family custom?"

Makenna longed to speak up, but Franco's harsh rebuke silenced her.

"This is a meeting for the younger generation! Why are you and Kelli here? Is your son still so dependent that he can't be left alone?"

Makenna's complexion drained of color, not daring to utter another word.

Equally implicated, Kelli's face clouded with visible displeasure, yet she remained silent.

Hurst cast a brief look at Hannah, who appeared uninvolved, and said evenly, "I'll give Bryson a call."

"There's no need," Franco interrupted, casting a meaningful gaze at Hannah.

"Let's eat first."

The table was steeped in silence, punctuated only by the soft clatter of cutlery.

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Contrary to the restrained atmosphere, Hannah ate with ease, displaying no hint of her previous discomfort.

"Miss Moore, I've heard that you've managed to control Grace's condition quite effectively," Franco remarked, setting down his fork and knife.

"I've adjusted Miss Mitchell's treatment plan, and it's showing promising results. Her health is indeed improving," Hannah replied.

Franco gave a nod of approval.

Hurst's voice dripped with irony as he said, "It's no surprise Bryson holds you in such high regard. You even know how to treat Grace's condition."

"She excels at seducing men. Shortly after her divorce from the Edward family, she used her charms to hook up with Bryson, who's usually wary of women." Tyshawn glared at Hannah, as if wanting to grind her into the dirt.

“Grandpa, don’t let her innocent facade fool you. A quick investigation into her reputation would reveal its true nature.”

Makenna feigned scolding Tyshawn.

“Stop spouting such nonsense in front of your grandpa! Miss Moore is merely our guest, not Bryson’s fiancée. Her private life is her own concern, not the Mitchell family’s. Hurst chuckled, “Exactly, you’re right. We have no business prying into her personal affairs. As long as she can heal Grace, nothing else matters.”