

Never Say 342

Bryson, dashing in his Givenchy black suit adorned with a silver chain, emanated a commanding presence. His single sentence silenced the room, leaving only Franco to speak.

“What do you mean?” Franco demanded.

Approaching Hannah, Bryson noticed her reddened cheek. Lifting his hand, he inquired, “Are you okay?”

“I’m fine.” Hannah averted her face, avoiding his touch, and added, “I appreciate the concern, Mr. Mitchell.”

A shadow passed over Bryson’s eyes.

Tyshawn couldn’t hold back any longer.

“Bryson, look! She slapped.

Before he could finish, Bryson whirled around and delivered a kick that sent Tyshawn sprawling across the dining table. Glasses toppled and food scattered, some even landing on Tyshawn himself.

Bryson adjusted his sleeves, slid out the adjacent chair, and took a seat. His gaze fell on the man awkwardly sprawled on the floor.

Though his eyes radiated an icy detachment, his tone hinted at genuine curiosity.

“So, I was absent a moment ago. Mind filling me in on what you told her?”

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“Bryson...”

Before Makenna could vouch for Tyshawn, Bryson lifted his gaze, silencing her mid-sentence.

With a subtle grin, he scanned the room and declared, “If he’s reluctant to share, perhaps one of you could speak on his behalf.”

The dining hall lapsed into quietude.

“Speak up!”

The chill in Bryson’s demand made Kelli jump. Her fork clattered to the floor as she quivered.

“Bryson, let’s not rush to condemn Tyshawn. Grandpa invited Miss Moore as a courtesy. You’re making everyone uncomfortable.”

“Uncomfortable? Really?”

Bryson gazed at Hurst, his grin sardonic.

“Says the man who just squandered six hundred million dollars on a bad investment?”

Hurst’s expression tightened, though he held back any retort.

“So you don’t need the Mitchell fortune to dig yourself out of this mess, huh?”

Hurst went silent, his face a storm of emotions.