

### Never Say 343

“Have you assumed that my recent good mood means I’ve been oblivious to your secret dealings?”

Hannah watched Bryson, taken aback. This was her first real glimpse of the man others had described as cold and detached, sending shivers down one’s spine.

Franco, his face unreadable, finally intervened.

“That’s enough, Bryson. No need for confrontations the minute you’re back.”

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“Well, maybe if you hadn’t invited Hannah without informing me, I’d be more civil.”

This jab struck a chord with Franco. His face finally cracked with emotion as he slammed his hand on the table.

“So you’ve matured, have you? What? Now I need your blessing to invite guests?”

“You’re free to invite or insult anyone you like, but she’s off-limits!”

The chill in Bryson’s voice filled the dining space.

“Bryson, show some respect to Grandpa!”

Braeden, as the eldest, rose to his feet and voiced his displeasure.

“Sure, Tyshawn messed up, but don’t take it out on Grandpa!”

“Let me be perfectly clear.”

Bryson’s tone grew icier as he spoke.

“She’s not to be harmed. If there’s a next time...”

Bryson lifted the silver knife from the table, aiming it at Tyshawn, who was sprawled on the floor.

Makenna let out a terrified scream.

“Bryson, please, don’t!”

The iciness of Bryson’s smile caused Tyshawn to recoil further into himself on the floor.

“Touch her, and your hands are gone.”

Bang!

The knife clattering to the floor made everyone instinctively flinch.

Staring at the fallen knife, Tyshawn pleaded, “I get it. I messed up!

Please, just forgive me!”