

Never Say 361

Lydia examined the necklace once more, murmuring, "Why does this necklace seem so familiar? Yet I can't place where I've seen it before."

Hannah pulled up an image on her phone, showing it to Lydia.

"Perhaps you've seen it here."

Staring at the photo in Hannah's possession, Lydia went from shocked to emotional.

"My goodness! That's your mom's necklace! What's it doing at Mia Jewelry?!"

Taken aback, Lydia paused to gather her thoughts.

"Wyatt has a death wish, selling off your mother's prized heirloom like that!"

Fuming, Lydia sprang to her feet and began to pace the cabin.

"Wyatt confiscated your dowry when you first joined the Edwards family, and he didn't even return your mother's keepsake! He claimed he was holding onto it in memory of your mother. What a piece of garbage!

Who knows how many of your mother's belongings they've cashed in on over the years!"

Angela's Library

Hannah's gaze turned icy, her tone both tranquil and authoritative.

"That's why, once I leave this ship, I'm heading straight to the Moore family to reclaim what's rightfully mine."

Lydia sat back down and clutched Hannah's hand.

"Then you have to take me with you. That old man won't easily part with your belongings."

"No, he won't," Hannah replied with a frigid smile.

"Especially after the recent Twitter scandal. He somehow got a hold of my number and had the audacity to call and ask for money."

"Is he utterly lacking in self-respect?"

Lydia's eyes widened in disbelief.

"The Moore family didn't contribute a dime to your dowry when you married into the Edwards family! It was Mrs. Allison Edwards who fronted the 200 million to save face for you. The Moore family didn't even bother to inquire if there was a respectable family that let the groom's side cover the cost of the dowry and wedding gifts! And he still had the audacity to ask you for money? Unbelievable!"

Holding the necklace-adorned invitation in her hand, Hannah's eyes became steely.

"Rest assured, they won't see a cent from me. If they dare tamper with my mother's belongings, they'll regret the day."

Lydia found herself momentarily lost, seeing a glimpse of the Hannah she first knew years ago. That Hannah she knew was a woman with a glacial, unyielding demeanor that warded people off.

She rushed over to envelop her friend in a hug.

“Hannah, remember, you’re not in this alone. Whatever comes, count me in.”