

Never Say 438

The next morning, Hannah descended the stairs to find her “family” at breakfast.

Upon spotting Hannah, Valery acted like a mouse who had just seen a cat. She hastily grabbed her purse, muttered an excuse about being busy, and made her exit.

Wyatt set his phone aside and looked up to see Hannah coming down the stairs.

“Join us for breakfast once you’re ready.”

At the dining table, Julissa offered a warm smile.

“Ellie, could you please prepare breakfast for Hannah?”

“Certainly, ma’am,” Ellie responded.

Hannah cast Wyatt a chilly glance.

“When are we leaving for the hospital?”

“No rush,” Wyatt replied, taking a leisurely sip of his coffee.

“The driver is already waiting outside. We’ll head there after breakfast.”

“Fine.”

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Ellie brought out the breakfast, and Hannah ate in silence.

In the family car, Hannah stared out the window, her emotions a tangled web. How could she face her grandfather?

Wyatt, sitting in the front, began to prattle.

“Your mom was also from the White family. You also own part of the White family business. Sooner or later, you’ll have to stand your ground.”

Hannah turned a frosty gaze toward him.

“When?”

“When..”

Wyatt opened his mouth to speak, but hesitated, reading Hannah’s expression.

“Just try to be diplomatic with your grandfather. The White family isn’t really Looking to cut you off.”

The incessant chatter was grating on her nerves.

Irritated, Hannah looked down and sent Bryson a quick text. [I’m on my way to the hospital now.]

Receiving no response, she switched off her phone and lost herself in the passing landscape.