

Never Say 450

“How does she even compare to Winona? Winona’s from aristocracy. And Hannah? She’s no more than a sewer rat. Do they truly believe restoring her name makes her any grander?”

Overhearing, Hannah maintained her composure.

Back then, these folks may not have been close but were civil on the surface.

But she hadn’t anticipated the depths of their disdain.

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“The fault lies with her. She never seeks to reinforce her relationship with the White family. She and her late mother are both disgraceful!”

Smirks and snickers pervaded the air.

A shadow crossed Hannah’s eyes. She could overlook their prior insults, but hearing them malign her mother was intolerable.

“It appears you haven’t changed, still gossiping behind people’s backs like you used to. If you have any courage, say it to my face.

I swear, one more word and I’ll rip your tongues out.”

Hannah’s gaze met the last speaker’s.

“Considering you were born because your mother slept with a married man while she was his mistress, and you yourself snagged someone else’s fiancé to marry into wealth, doesn’t that make you equally disgraceful?”

Her voice was soft, but it sent a shiver through the crowd.

Clad in a bespoke black dress, Hannah radiated a chilling aura. As she stood in the sunlight, her captivating face left everyone in awe.

Had Hannah truly transformed so much? When had she become this stunning and fierce?

Hannah had just admonished Gemma Sampson, the heiress of the influential Sampson family in Hoijery.

Given Gemma’s social standing, few dared question her, so Hannah’s audacious remarks left them stunned.

Gemma seemed on the brink of a meltdown.

The crowd held its breath, anticipating drama. Unsurprisingly, Gemma erupted, “Hannah! You’ve crossed a line!”

Without missing a beat, Hannah sauntered over and seized a wine glass from a guest. Before anyone could react, she splashed its red contents across Gemma’s face.

A hushed moment enveloped the garden, shattered only by a disbelieving scream.

“Ahhh!! How dare you!”

The dark red wine trickled down Gemma’s refined features, making her hair cling to her face in disarray.

Her once-pink dress was now marked with wine stains. For a moment, she stood there, bewildered.

Onlookers shrieked and scattered, terrified that their own dresses would suffer a similar fate.