

Never Say 457

In the past, her grandmother had always been the one to treasure her during her visits to the White family.

Collecting herself, Hannah complied, "Alright. I'll pay a visit."

After she left, Bryan shook his head in mild despair.

"Mr. Mitchell, it's not that I don't have regard for my niece. I've gained some understanding of her life in Valmere. She's genuinely ill-suited for managing the family's affairs. She studied medicine and later took up an academic position. Why, Mr. Mitchell, are you so adamant about her heading the collaboration before signing the deal?"

Pouring a cup of coffee for Bryson, Bryan leaned in.

"Mr. Mitchell, your acumen and resolve are renowned. You single-handedly stabilized the faltering Mitchell family. I've heard tales of your character. I can't fathom a man of your stature risking a crucial partnership for the sake of romantic sentiment. You wouldn't leave such an undertaking in the hands of a complete novice, would you?"

Bryson left his cup untouched. A weighty implication settled in his eyes, and in a measured voice, he replied, "An alliance with the White family isn't a prerequisite for the Mitchell family."

Bryan's face shifted almost imperceptibly as he absorbed Bryson's words.

"The Mitchell family wasn't initially keen on partnering with your White family venture. The core of our collaboration hinges on Hannah and Mr. Byrum White. Mr. White, I'd advise against muddling your focus. It's often wise to reserve judgment on someone's competence until you've fully grasped who they are."

Angela's Library

Though Hannah's name was only uttered once, Bryan sensed that each of Bryson's statements aimed to defend her.

A vague uncertainty took root in his mind. Just how proficient was Hannah, to warrant such advocacy from Bryson?

"Indeed." With a smile, Bryan replied, "You're absolutely right, Mr. Mitchell. I'll give the matter due consideration, rest assured."

As Hannah descended the staircase, an intuitive premonition hinted at the situation unfolding in the private room. Bryson had personally taken action to back her.

She was somewhat disheartened that Bryson had elevated her status without prior discussion.

"Ah, Miss Moore, you're here!"

An enchanting young woman appeared before her, seizing her wrist with excitement.

"We've been searching for you for some time."

Gently extracting her hand, Hannah's eyebrows furrowed. She didn't particularly enjoy unfamiliar hands on her.

"Have we met?"

"I'm Tasha Natt. My family is in showbiz."

Tasha greeted her with a radiant grin.

"A group of young folks are sitting over there. Care to join?"

"No need, I..."

"Come on, they're right there. Let me introduce you!"