

Chapter 11 The Deed

"Hanna, instead of beating around the bush, be straight. What's the deal with you cozying up to Mr. Sullivan and throwing a wrench in our family's gears?"

Emerie, teary-eyed, greeted Hanna at the Wheeler homestead. She wiped her tears away, launching into her grievances. To onlookers, her distress could have tugged at the heartstrings, but Hanna was just seeing through the hypocrisy.

"What... What are these people doing here?"

Emerie saw the twenty bodyguards behind Hanna and fear gripped her. She took cover behind Phillip.

"Hanna, what's the cavalry for? Are you going to... Planning a showdown?"

As Emerie queried, Robert, wearing a sour expression, rose abruptly. He hefted a hot cup of coffee, hurling it at Hanna.

A quick-witted bodyguard intervened, crushing the coffee mug with a single punch.

Robert, shocked and angered, pointed an accusatory finger at Hanna.

"What's your game here? I haven't held you responsible for the Sullivan Group incident. Why do you want to stoke a ruckus in our abode?"

Hanna nonchalantly kicked away the shattered mug fragments at her feet, retorting coldly, "I'd kindly remind you, this is my home! You have an hour to pack your bags and scam! Else, I might have to get a mite impolite!"

What did she just say?!

Hanna, brought up in another household for over a decade, harbored ambitions to take over the Wheeler family's residence?

How arrogant she was!

Robert's face darkened. Ivan Wheeler sneered, a disdainful gleam in his eyes.

"I didn't favor bringing her back in the day. Now, our troubles trace back to her. And she's eyeing to hijack our home!"

Hanna squinted, her gaze frosty.

Phillip, distinct from the others, held no great fondness for Emerie but harbored an unreasonable disdain for Hanna.

But that didn't matter anymore!

Hanna snapped her fingers, and a lawyer stepped forth from the retinue.

The legal eagle produced several documents, handing them to the Wheelers.

Their faces changed as they pored over the contents.

"What in the blazes? Didn't Dad buy this place? How come it's suddenly Hanna's?" Emerie exclaimed in disbelief, her delicate features twisted in shock.

Robert, with a long face, shredded the document, striding swiftly towards Hanna, fury etched on his hideous face.

"You scheming witch! If I don't teach you a lesson, you'll never grasp the cost of coveting what's not yours!"

Robert's eyes flared, hand raised to strike, but a bodyguard intercepted.

In a blink, he was sent flying by a well-placed kick, coughing up blood!

Phillip clenched his fists, positioned in front of Robert. Emerie and Ivan rushed to their father's aid.

"This document has to be your handiwork! Dad bought this place and signed it. How in the world could it be yours? The deed's right here!"

Ivan dashed upstairs, grabbed the deed, and arrogantly tossed it at Hanna.

Hanna burst into laughter without even sparing a glance at it.

Ivan gritted his teeth. "What's so funny? Your lawyer's document is bunk. If you keep giving us your shit, I'll ring the cops!"

"As soon as you dial those digits, you'll be hoofing it out!"

Hanna dismissed Ivan's words with a smirk. She asked for a chair, sitting down leisurely.

"If you doubt me, get the police here now."

