

Never Say 366

Melina's complexion grew somber. Forcing a smile, she nodded.

"Excuse me, I need to use the restroom," Hannah announced.

"You carry on."

Splash.

Hannah focused on washing her hands at the sink. Just then, the click of high heels signaled Melina's entrance.

As Melina approached, she began washing her hands.

"You really know how to put on a show for Bryson."

Finishing up, Hannah flicked her hands, splattering water onto Melina's gown.

"Well, I had a good teacher, didn't I?"

Spotting the water stains on her dress, Melina erupted "Hannah Moore!

Who do you think you are? Worthy of Bryson's company?"

Hannah clicked her tongue dismissively.

She shot Melina a disdainful look and retorted, "Running low on elegance, are we?"

Irritated by Hannah's contempt, Melina abandoned her refined demeanor.

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"Listen up, Hannah Moore! Just because Bryson is showing you some kindness doesn't give you the right to act so high and mighty! Let me remind you, the Glyn and Mitchell families have a history. So forget any silly ideas about marrying into the Mitchells!"

"What's so remarkable about the Mitchells that I'd want to marry into them anyway?" Hannah replied. She stood off to the side, leisurely wiping each of her fingers with a tissue, her eyes twinkling with amusement as she looked at Melina.

"I should have known, Miss Glyn aims for the title of Mrs. Mitchell.

My goals clearly aren't as lofty as yours."

"How dare you!"

Melina's hand flew up, poised to slap Hannah.

In a swift motion, Hannah intercepted Melina's wrist and slapped her instead.

"~AhE"

Melina stumbled back against the sink, shocked that Hannah had the audacity to hit her. She was almost beside herself.

“Hannah Moore!