

Never Say 372

The onlookers, who had been enjoying the drama from afar, barely had time to register Hannah's swift movement before the slice of cake she'd been holding found its target. It was Eliana's face!

Hannah, plate in hand, playfully smeared the cake onto Eliana's face.

Eliana's delicate makeup became a mess as the cream and cake base combination slowly ran down her face.

The frosting matted her hair, forming a vibrant, disheveled mask that veiled her eyes and splattered her dress.

The room plunged into stunned silence, all eyes focused on Hannah's audacious act.

Even Declan, standing beside Eliana, was so taken aback he was rendered motionless.

"This time I did it. You all saw it," Hannah declared, discarding the plate.

"Miss Patel, I don't deal with rubbish. Keep your distance and stop parading your undesirable trash before me."

Humiliated in the presence of Valmere's elite, Eliana bit her tongue, afraid to amplify her embarrassment.

"What's going on?"

Bryson's resonant voice broke the quiet as he walked up. Noticing the cream on Hannah's hand, he remarked, "You seem rather careless today."

As if Eliana's humiliation was invisible to him, Bryson focused on cleaning Hannah's fingers with a tissue from the table.

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"How did you manage to get cake on yourself?"

Declan interjected, "Mr. Mitchell, control your people. She humiliated my fiancée in public. This is unacceptable."

Still focused on cleaning Hannah's hand, Bryson didn't even glance up.

"Hannah isn't the type to create trouble, unless provoked."

Tossing the tissue away, Bryson shot a frosty look at Declan.

"Is a slice of cake really worth all this drama?"

Bryson turned, leading Hannah away from the scene.

"Talk to my assistant about the dress."

Yosef stepped forward, grinning at the disgraced couple.

"Mr. Edwards, let's discuss the dress compensation."

Feeling utterly humiliated, Declan quickly ushered Eliana away.

“Go to the restroom and wash your face, now!”