

Never Say 409

Valery lounged on the sofa, gazing disinterestedly at her freshly manicured nails.

“Trust-fund kids? They’re all flakes.”

“The guest is Bryson Mitchell, heir to the Mitchell Group!”

At the mention of Bryson Mitchell, Valery’s eyes sparkled.

“Bryson Mitchell? What’s he doing coming to this bar?”

Mr. Turner arched an eyebrow and grinned.

“Richie Finch from Muvrand is meeting with him, and they picked our venue.”

“It’s Like hitting the jackpot!”

Valery tossed her hair back, her eyes twinkling enticingly.

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“I can’t afford to miss this chance!”

Valery couldn’t wait to see Bryson.

“I’ve secured an opportunity for you. The women upstairs are nothing special. Once you enter the room, your dazzling beauty will steal the show.”

Lifting her striking eyes to Mr. Turner, Valery remarked, “Mr. Turner, I can’t thank you enough.”

“Don’t mention it. This is a win-win for both of us!”

Cornelius escorted Hannah to the upper floor and murmured, “Keep your words to a minimum, just snap more photos for evidence. Text me when you’re done, and I’ll find a way to get you out.”

“Understood.”

Hannah slipped on her Bluetooth earpiece, allowing a few strands of hair to fall over her ears for cover.

The pair made their way to the dressing room. Upon opening the door, Cornelius observed women dressed in provocative attire.

The women glanced at the newcomers but quickly resumed their makeup application.

An older woman emerged and scrutinized Hannah, then turned to Cornelius.

“Ah, she looks promising. Follow me.”

Cornelius advised Hannah, “Listen to Rosanna and give it your best shot!”

“Will do.” Hannah nodded submissively.

She tailed the woman known as Rosanna into the dressing area. Rosanna led her to a vanity and assessed her from head to toe.

