

Never Say 429

Infuriated, Wyatt lifted his hand, aiming for Hannah's face.

But Hannah caught his wrist, gripping it tightly.

Numbness spread through Wyatt's hand as it went limp.

"Hannah, you disrespectful child! How dare you strike back at your own father?"

Grimacing in pain, Wyatt stood in the living room.

Julissa swiftly rose to her feet, intervening, "Enough, both of you!

Hannah, release your father this instant!"

Hannah let go of Wyatt's wrist, warning, "If you ever entertain such ideas again, I won't hesitate to break your hand, regardless of who you are."

Snatching her purse, she turned around and strode out of the house.

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Muttering curses, Wyatt exclaimed, "I raised her all these years.

Doesn't she owe something to the Moore family? This is absurd!"

His ranting faded as she left, and the moment Hannah stepped outside the villa, she found the air refreshingly clear.

She hailed a taxi and directed it to Quin Bar.

Quin Bar was a well-known spot in Hoijery, unchanged despite the years.

As she exited the taxi, the bar's signage remained the same dark wood.

Entering the establishment, a waiter greeted her, smiling.

"How many in your party, Miss?"

"Just me. Take me to the fifth floor."

The waiter looked puzzled.

"I apologize, Miss, but we don't have a fifth floor."

"Then go inform your boss that Hannah is here to see him."

Understanding Hannah's request to speak with the boss, the waiter quickly complied.

"Hold on a moment. I'll inform the boss right away."

Soon after, Clive emerged nonchalantly.