

## Never Say 477

Setting the agreement on the table, Hannah added, "I need to meet with my cousin, Edwin White. He's my late youngest uncle's son."

"Alright, take care."

After ending the call, Hannah dialed another number.

The man who answered was clearly not yet fully awake and sounded irritated.

"Who is this?"

"Edwin, where are you?"

Hearing an unfamiliar female voice say his name didn't faze Edwin.

"Why should you care?"

"Who's that, Edwin?"

A lazy female voice echoed through the phone. Edwin shifted his weight, pinning the woman beneath him, and casually tossed the phone aside.

"Nobody."

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"Ah, go easy on me..."

Hannah ended the call with a stoic expression, confirming that Edwin was even more insufferable than her grandmother had let on.

She dialed a new number, gave a set of directives, and instructed the person at the other end, "If he reaches out to you, tell him to call me."

"Understood, Miss."

At 7 p.m., the phone on Hannah's desk started to ring.

She picked up nonchalantly, only to be met with an incensed male voice.

"Who the hell are you?! Why did you freeze my cards? Why did you sell my cars? Why did you fire my driver!"

Keeping her composure, Hannah retorted, "As of now, all cards issued by the White family are off-limits to you. The cars were gifts from the White family, and I have the right to take them back."

"And who do you think you are? By what authority do you get to dictate my life?"

With a faint smile, Hannah replied, "I'm the person who can deactivate your cards. Best of luck."

She disconnected. The phone buzzed again immediately, ablaze with shouts and obscenities. She cut it off once more.

After several cycles of this, Edwin finally called back, his tone marginally more respectful but still tinged with suppressed anger.

“Who are you, really? What is it that you want?”