

The Unshackled Queen: Never Say Never Online Free

Chapter: 116

"It's alright. I've come to see Grace as my own sister," Hannah said, patting Grace's head with affection.

Grace looked up at Hannah, a smile touching her lips.

"I feel the same way about you."

Melina teased, glancing at Grace, "Seems like you've forgotten about me with a new sister in the picture. Maybe next time I bring treats, I'll only give them to your brother Grace replied adorably, "You're my sister too, Melina. Don't you dare stop bringing me yummy treats!"

"You little glutton."

Chuckling, Melina turned to Hannah and said, "I hope you don't mind.

Grace is such a prankster."

With a light laugh, Hannah responded, "It's fine. I just came to visit Grace. I should be heading out. Take care."

Melina offered a warm smile.

"Goodbye."

Hannah began moving towards the door but was halted by a sudden presence.

"Leaving so soon, Miss Moore?"

Bryson, evidently just back from work, had his suit jacket draped over his arm and his tie clutched in hand.

Seeing Hannah's intention to depart, he quickly suggested, "I had the evening's restaurant plans cancelled and brought in Lavenke's chef to cook at home. Why not join us for dinner?"

Supporting his invitation, Melina chimed in, "It would be nice to have dinner together. Thanks for coming by today."

Hannah hesitated, but Grace's gentle voice rang out, "Please stay, Hannah. Dine with us."

"Alright." Hannah relented, settling down next to Grace.

As Melina took her place by Bryson, she remarked, "The property from Jenkins Group is promising. It's the talk of the town, with major corporations vying for development right. Do you want to become a shareholder?"

Bryson, clearly uninterested, responded, "No, I'll pass." He approached Grace, briefly touching her forehead before looking at Melina.

"Let's leave business for work hours."

With a resigned smile, Melina shared, "My father wants to see you at the Glyn family home this weekend. You can't dodge him again. I'd be in a tight spot."

"Understood."

As the two conversed, Hannah found herself drifting into boredom, opting to busy herself with her phone.

Bryson's attention inadvertently drifted towards Hannah, a smile forming as he observed her subtle expressions.

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Noticing his amused look, Melina's gaze followed Bryson's to rest on Hannah.

"Did you introduce Miss Moore, Bryson? I've heard of her significant contributions to the medical field."

With a nod of agreement, Bryson shared, "She indeed has made remarkable progress in medicine."

Melina, with a courteous smile, addressed Hannah.

"Miss Moore, could you assist me with something?"

Hannah, a tad hesitant, inquired, "What do you need? As Mr. Mitchell's associate, I'll certainly try my best."

Melina said, "Here's how you can assist..." Melina softly brushed her hair behind her ear and inquired, "Miss Moore, would you come to my home and help my family with a complete medical check-up?"

Hannah primarily dealt with major surgeries and complex diseases, and she had never conducted such exams.

She was at a loss for words, finding it hard to decline the poised and graceful Melina.

“If your family requires a comprehensive medical examination, I can arrange an appointment with a private doctor in Montgomeret,” Bryson offered.

Melina responded with a playful twinkle in her eye, “I know. I’ll follow your advice. I’ve noticed Dr. Garza has been preoccupied with Grace lately. I don’t want to impose on him. I understand your hesitation to involve outsiders, so I’ll wait for you to set up an appointment with another doctor.”

Hannah lowered her gaze and absentmindedly tapped on her phone screen, somehow feeling an unusual mix of discomfort and unease.

As the food was served, Melina’s expression shifted to one of displeasure.

“What happened with the chef today? Bryson, you never indulge in spicy dishes. Why is today’s menu so spicy?”

“I simply requested the chef to follow the menu,” Bryson replied. He glanced towards Hannah, suggesting, “Miss Moore, since you have a liking for spicy cuisines, why not try the dishes prepared by my chef from Lavenke?”

Hannah tasted the dish and responded with a mild surprise, “It’s truly authentic, but…”

She hesitated, then added, “It’s exceedingly spicy. It might be too much for you tonight.”

Grace tasted the dish and tugged at Hannah’s sleeve.

“The food isn’t as delightful as what you prepare. Perhaps we should dine at your place next?”

Chuckling, Melina chimed in, “Do you both secretly dine out without inviting me? Next time, make sure I’m included.”

She then playfully glanced at Hannah.

“Miss Moore, would you mind if I joined?”

“Not at all,” Hannah replied, her smile subtle yet warm.

After their meal, Melina’s driver came for her.

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Once Hannah was sure Grace was okay, she bid her farewell.

Exiting the house, Hannah spotted Bryson, poised against a black vehicle, awaiting her.

“Mr. Mitchell?”

The evening wind ruffled Bryson’s dark shirt collar and tousled his hair. With a soft expression, he met Hannah’s eyes.

“Hop in. I’ll take you home.”

“I’d rather not.”

Almost instinctively, Hannah aimed to maintain space from Bryson. But instantly regretting her words, she hesitated, then added, “Taxis are easy to hail around here. I appreciate the offer, Mr. Mitchell.”

Bryson, without a word, swung the car door open.

“It’s getting late.

I don’t Like the thought of you traveling alone.”

After a brief hesitation, Hannah agreed and slid into the car.

The subtle scent of mint in the car revived Hannah’s once sleepy mind. She buckled her seat belt and gazed out the window.

During the journey, neither of them spoke, and Bryson stayed quiet until he reached the red traffic signal.

“For generations, my family has been close with the Glyn family.

Melina’s grandfather and mine fought side by side. Our families have always shared a bond.”

Hannah, puzzled, wondered why Bryson brought up his ties to the Glyn family. As she glanced at him and caught his striking face illuminated by the moon, she was momentarily speechless.

“Melina and I? We’re just acquaintances with business ties.”

Suddenly, a rush of emotion hit Hannah. She looked down, fidgeting with her handbag’s straps.

“Why share that with me?”

“I don’t want you to misunderstand.”

Hannah and Bryson shared a brief silence.

The light turned green. As the car moved, Hannah inquired, "Mr. Mitchell, did I misunderstand something?"

Bryson replied with a grin, "I'm glad there's no misunderstanding."

Soon, the car pulled up outside Hannah's home. After thanking Bryson, she exited the vehicle.

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From his car window, Bryson watched her depart. As Hannah approached the community's security booth, she glanced back and called out, "Until next time, Mr. Mitchell."

It wasn't until Hannah vanished from view that Bryson regained his composure and drove off.

Upon reaching her home, Hannah kicked off her shoes onto the carpet and sank onto the sofa, even before the room lights were on.

Suddenly, her phone rang.

Recognizing the caller, she promptly answered.

Loud music blasted from the other end, prompting Hannah to distance the phone from her ear.

"Lydia, are you at a bar again?"

"Hannah, Lydia's in a drinking contest with someone. I can't dissuade her. If she overdoes it, I'll get blamed," a female voice, distorted by the bar's music, relayed this.

Sitting upright, Hannah responded, "Give me the location. I'm on my way."

"It's been sent through WhatsApp!"

"Alright, keep an eye on her. I'll be there soon."

After ending the call, Hannah quickly headed out and called a taxi.

Guided by the provided address, she urged the driver to hasten to the bar.

Upon entering, the bar's vibrant lights momentarily blinded her.

Squinting, Hannah made her way to the center of the bar.

She spotted Lydia in a booth, her distinct red hair waving as she drank with a woman.

As Hannah approached, the deafening beats from the DJ made her increasingly agitated.

She reached Lydia just as the latter took another swig. Snatching the bottle away, Hannah yelled, "Lydia!"

Lydia, not too drunk, recognized Hannah and flung herself at her, planting a kiss on her cheek.

"Hannah! What brings you here?"

Seeing Lydia's drunken state, Hannah sighed. Wrapping an arm around Lydia, she urged, "Let's head home."

Lydia seemed to agree, setting down her wine glass, ready to depart.

"What? Backing out already? Afraid to challenge us? Resorting to bringing backup is a low move, even for you, Miss Phillips."

The taunting came from the woman Lydia had been drinking with, her red lips contrasting with sexy attire. She gestured at Hannah with her wine glass.

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"Friend of Lydia's? She hasn't finished her drink.

How about you take it for her?"

Eager to avoid further conflict, Hannah tried to dismiss the provocative woman, intent on leaving with Lydia. But two young men blocked their way.

"What's this about?" Hannah inquired, her gaze drifting to the array of bottles scattered across the table.

"Nobody leaves until the wine's gone," the woman retorted.

Hannah scoffed, "Three against one? Feeling strong, are we?"

Flustered, the woman stammered, "Did you think we're ganging up on her? She wanted to drink with Mr. Shaw, and we didn't force her.

Right, Mr. Shaw?"

Hannah first spotted the man in the booth's corner when she glanced over. In his casual attire, he appeared slightly disheveled. He hadn't uttered a word since her arrival, so she'd overlooked him.

Alick Shaw lazily raised his wine glass, a smirk forming.

"Keep me out of this, Myrtle."

“Lydia drank on your behalf,” Myrtle reminded him. The she turned and addressed Hannah, her gaze filled with disgust.

“If you’re not here to cover for your friend, then leave. Don’t get in the way.”

The assistant, the one who’d beckoned Hannah, murmured, panic evident, “Should I summon Mr. Phillips?”

“No, he’d only reprimand Lydia.”

Hannah assisted Lydia, handing her off to the assistant.

“Help her sit. Get her some water, perhaps it’ll sober her up. I’ll handle the rest.”

“Understood.” As the assistant ensured Lydia was seated, Hannah calmly rolled up her sleeves. She grabbed an unopened whiskey bottle, smashing it against the table. Lifting the bottle to her lips, she downed its contents.

As the last drop trickled down her throat, she set the bottle down, challenging, “Your turn.”

Myrtle was visibly taken aback by Hannah’s tolerance. A swift signal to her companions, and one of them eagerly drank from another bottle.

“That’s it?”

Hannah gestured toward the three wine bottles left on the table, her gaze fixed on Myrtle.

“Why not go for expensive wine? Or is it too steep for you?”

Myrtle’s gaze involuntarily darted to Alick, her cheeks reddening in a mix of embarrassment and fury.