

# The Unshackled Queen: Never Say Never Online Free

## Chapter: 151

“Is there no oversight here?”

“Whenever my brother pays a visit for work, even if it’s all by the book, there’s a bit of risk involved.”

Noticing Hannah’s skepticism, Grace immediately defended her sibling.

“Hannah, I assure you, my brother isn’t involved in any underhanded dealings! You have to trust me and him.”

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“I do,” Hannah replied, “I’m just a little anxious for him. As the head of Mitchell Group, he could be a target, given Muvrand’s peculiarities.”

Grace met Hannah’s eyes.

“He’s faced challenges before. But my brother never lets me dwell on such matters, and he has a team of reliable bodyguards with him, so there shouldn’t be any issues, right?”

Hannah softly patted Grace’s head, saying, “Maybe I’m worrying too much. The Mitchell family are in clean businesses, and your brother often visits Muvrand for work. He should be fine.”

Just as the words left her lips, a knock echoed at the door.

Carefully, Hannah approached and peeked through the peephole.

Recognizing Melina, she unlatched the door.

“Ah, Miss Glyn.”

“Good morning, Miss Moore,” Melina greeted, gracing Hannah with a courteous smile.

“Miss Glyn, are you here to see...”

Before she could complete her question, Melina had already slipped past her, grinning as she entered the room.

“Grace, new styles from your preferred designer have been sent to the hotel. Interested in trying them on?”

“I’d rather take a walk outside,” Grace retorted, glancing at Hannah with a slight pout.

“Hannah, can’t we explore a bit nearby? You’ve mentioned I should get out more.”

Hannah nodded and then turned toward Melina.

“If Grace wants to stroll, why don’t we all go? Let’s switch to casual wear and grab a cab.”

Melina, looking effortlessly elegant in her stylish attire, gently shook her head at Hannah’s proposition.

“Miss Moore, it’s your first visit to Muvrand. It’s natural to be cautious,” Melina continued, her voice soft and her expression warm.

“I’ve been here many times with Bryson, and both the Mitchell and Glyn families are highly respected.

We even own property here. There’s no reason to be concerned.”

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Hannah felt a twinge of discomfort despite Melina’s soothing words.

As a friend of Bryson, she didn’t want to create tension over a small issue, especially not in front of Grace.

“Mr. Mitchell did say we should maintain a low profile when we go out “

Before Hannah could elaborate, Melina had already linked arms with Grace.

“We’ll increase security and use our car. It’s all for Grace’s safety,” she assured.

With that, Melina guided Grace toward the exit.

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Noticing Hannah’s hesitation, Grace reached back for her.

“Hannah!”

Suppressing her apprehension, Hannah quickly followed them.

As they left the hotel, a brand-new limousine awaited Melina, accompanied by four burly bodyguards in suits.

Hannah observed the holstered firearms at their sides, her brow subtly furrowing. She chose a window seat and stayed quiet.

"We have additional security trailing us," Melina announced as she got comfortable in the limo.

"Rest assured, everything will proceed without a hitch."

Seated close to Hannah, Grace softly reassured her, sensing that Hannah was still concerned about their well-being.

"Don't worry, Hannah. We're safe."

In an attempt to uplift Grace, Hannah concealed her anxious demeanor and nodded.

"It's okay, I'm not worried."

On their journey, Melina had already called ahead to ensure that CoCo, a high-end boutique for custom clothing, was empty.

As they pulled up, their eye-catching limo was the only vehicle in front of the boutique.

The bodyguards from the follow car got out first, establishing a secure ring around the limousine. Then the driver opened the door for Melina.

Stepping out of the car from the opposite side, Hannah felt uneasy as if a pair of malicious eyes had locked onto her.

She cast a chilly glance around, but she didn't find anything wrong.

There were only the spectators' curious stares.

Was it her imagination? Was she overthinking it?

C 153

Grace noticed Hannah's momentary distraction and tugged softly at her attire.

"Hannah, what's wrong? Are you okay?"

Regaining her focus, Hannah shook her head.

"I'm good. Let's head in."

The boutique was completely empty.

As they walked in, the sales assistants bowed in unison.

“Welcome, Miss Melina.”

“I recently had a gown made here, adorned with a pink gem. I was told it’s ready.”

The associate nodded respectfully and guided them.

“The gown is ready, Miss Melina. Please take your guest to the VIP room to try it on.

We’ve prepared some fine tea and refreshments for you.”

“Alright.” With her high heels clicking, Melina turned to Grace beside her.

#### A N G E L A ‘s L I B R A R Y

“Obtaining this dress was no small feat. It cost me 600 thousand for this exclusive piece. Please try it on with care.”

Holding onto Melina’s arm, Grace’s eyes sparkled like a deer’s, brimming with joy.

“Thank you, Melina!”

Hannah followed behind, opting not to enter the VIP room.

“Grace, I’ll wait for you out here.”

“Aren’t you coming in with us?” Grace’s eyes twinkled with the hope of pulling Hannah along.

However, Melina gripped Grace’s wrist gently.

“Maybe Miss Moore would rather explore the boutique alone.”

She faced Hannah with a smile.

“If you find something you like, don’t hesitate to take it. It’s on me.”

“Come on, Grace.” With that, Melina guided Grace into the VIP room.

Hannah lounged outside, her head propped on her hand, a look of ennui on her face. Glancing at her phone, she realized she’d missed a text from Bryson, sent a mere ten minutes earlier.

#### C 154

“Are you outside? Stay cautious.”

Hannah texted back with a quick location pin of the boutique to Bryson, “With Miss Mitchell dress shopping. We’ll be back soon.”

Receiving a brief “okay” from Bryson, Hannah left it at that.

Grace swiftly tried on the dress and emerged from the dressing room.

She twirled in front of Hannah, clutching the hem of her dress.

“Do you think it suits me, Hannah?”

The gown, embellished with a massive pink gemstone at the waist and elaborate pink fabric, made Grace look every bit the little princess she was.

The shop assistants couldn’t stop singing praises for how enchanting Grace looked in the gown.

“Our leading designer crafted this dress, it’s just perfect for the young miss.”

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“This pink gem is a custom import from South Africa. Miss Glyn spared no expense, spending 600 thousand.”

Melina stood nearby, a soft smile gracing her face as she observed Grace.

“If Grace is happy with it, that’s all that matters.”

“What do you think, Hannah?” Grace looked at Hannah expectantly, still holding the hem of her dress.

Hannah’s smile widened as she looked at Grace.

“You’re the picture of a fairy-tale princess today. The dress is a perfect match.”

“Really!” Hearing Hannah’s praise, Grace’s smile grew even more radiant.

Suddenly, Hannah felt someone watching them. She instantly turned her gaze toward the glass window.

A shadow flickered and vanished. The warm expression on Hannah’s face evaporated, and she swiftly rose to her feet.

“Miss Moore, is something amiss?”

Melina, following Hannah’s line of sight, searched outside but failed to discern anyone, a slight crease forming on her brow.

“I had this eerie sensation of being watched just moments ago,”

Hannah disclosed, her gaze fixed intensely upon the source of her unease.

“Miss Moore, perhaps you’re simply being a touch oversensitive,”

Melina consoled, her voice reassuring.

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“We are surrounded by top-tier bodyguards; no one would dare approach us unnoticed.”

With her gaze retracting, Hannah gazed up at Melina and uttered softly, “I’m truly hoping it’s just my nerves.”

Gesturing at the shop’s offerings, Melina turned her attention back to Hannah, her voice gentle as she inquired, “Is there something you desire, Miss Moore? I’ll buy it for you.”

“No need,” came Hannah’s response.

Melina swiftly signaled to an attentive salesperson nearby, declaring, “As long as we are here, kindly fetch us all of your latest in- season arrivals.”

The employees of CoCo lined up in an orderly fashion, loading Melina’s acquisitions into their vehicle, each one offering a respectful bow as the trio climbed aboard.

“Thank you for gracing us with your presence, Miss Glyn!” they chorused.

Once ensconced within the vehicle, Hannah leaned against the window in contemplative silence.

Grace proceeded to place a call to Bryson, ensuring him of their safety.

After concluding the conversation, Grace provided the driver with an address, then leaned in towards Hannah, her tone affectionate.

“Bryson mentioned that we’re heading straight to Golden Bay beach tonight. The scenery is breathtaking and he wants us to unwind.”

“That sounds utterly perfect,” Melina chimed in, her voice filled with excitement.

“Put on that custom dress and let Bryson marvel at his radiant sister tonight.”

Throughout their conversation, Hannah had remained notably subdued.

“Hannah, is something bothering you today? You’ve been awfully quiet since earlier.” Grace gently prodded, her gaze laden with concern.

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Melina’s gaze shifted towards Hannah.

“Miss Moore, have I erred in my hospitality today?”

Hannah's response was swift and comforting.

"It's not about you, Miss Glyn."

In a gentle, almost hushed tone, Hannah turned towards Grace, who held her arm, and offered a faint smile.

"I'm simply not in the best spirits at the moment."

Grace, her eyes shimmering with care, proposed, "Since the journey to Golden Bay will be a bit lengthy, why don't you take a little nap, Hannah? I'll rouse you when we reach our destination."

"Very well," Hannah agreed with a nod. She leaned her head against the window and closed her eyes, though slumber eluded her.

Inside the car, the ambiance was tranquil, marked by soft conversations and the gentle sway of the ride, a combination that began to induce drowsiness in Hannah.