

The Unshackled Queen: Never Say Never Online Free

Chapter: 156

Bang!

Suddenly, a deafening noise erupted, its source external to the vehicle, followed by an abrupt and sharp swerving motion.

“Ahh! |”

Involuntarily, everyone within the car shifted and tilted towards the opposite side. A chorus of alarmed cries filled the air, jolting Hannah from her light repose.

Hannah instinctively reached out, shielding Grace who sat beside her.

The warmth in her eyes was swiftly replaced by a stark intensity.

“What on earth is happening?”

“Look outside, through the window!” Melina, her complexion slightly paling, urgently gestured toward the exterior.

The bodyguards within the vehicle had already drawn their weapons, their aim steady and unwavering upon the outside world, their expressions etched with unwavering tension.

Hannah’s gaze was drawn to the window on Melina’s side, where she witnessed four or five entirely black motorcycles encircling their vehicle from the outside.

Their riders brandished objects resembling baseball bats and the previous thunderous noise that had resounded through the car had most likely been the sound of those objects striking the vehicle’s windows.

Hannah maintained a serene composure as she took a moment to reflect, her eyes lifting to the window on her side. Indeed, she observed another four or five shadowy, onyx motorcycles tailing their car.

“Ladies, there is no cause for alarm. This vehicle is equipped with bulletproof glass. Your safety is guaranteed,” assured a nearby bodyguard, his voice tinged with an attempt to instill a sense of calm.

Yet, Melina, despite the reassurance, appeared visibly agitated. She swiftly retrieved her phone from her handbag, urgency in her voice as she initiated a call.

“Hello? Mr. Watson! We are under attack on the Muvrand overpass; I implore you to dispatch the Tiger Force immediately!”

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Even as Melina's words hung in the air, the ebony motorcycles had drawn perilously close to their windows and a menacing figure cruelly rapped upon the glass.

Just as Melina turned her gaze, a brawny assailant viciously swung a bat against the window!

A bang reverberated through the vehicle, sending it into a disconcerting tremor.

“ARI”

Melina's startled cry filled the cabin as she instinctively covered her ears, her earlier poise abandoned in the face of sheer terror.

“You, all of you!”

Melina gestured toward the bodyguards seated opposite her, a tremor in her voice.

“Quickly rid us of these assailants!”

The lead bodyguard hesitated, his voice cautious.

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“Miss Glyn, for the moment, remaining in the car is the safest course of action. We shall strive to elude them at the earliest opportunity.”

“What good are you then?”

Melina's voice quavered, laced with a hint of distress. She reached for her phone once more, her tone slightly tearful.

“Mayor Todd! Melina Glyn speaking; we are currently under attack on the Muvrand overpass! I implore you to dispatch aid without delay!”

Concluding this conversation, Melina's tumultuous emotions appeared to subside somewhat.

“Mayor Todd assured us that help is en route. He urged us not to be unduly alarmed.”

Grace had been nestled within Hannah's embrace, her gaze cautiously lifting to meet Hannah's.

"Hannah..."

"Shh!"

Hannah cautioned Grace with a gentle finger to her lips, urging her to remain silent.

Hannah had earlier discerned the presence of the pursuing gang outside; it wasn't a mere happenstance chase but appeared to be a carefully orchestrated assault.

In an instant, the discordant crash of shattering glass erupted, perilously close to her ear.

Angela's Library

A harrowing scream followed, reverberating through the car's cabin.

Shards of glass hurtled towards them, prompting Hannah's pupils to contract sharply as she instinctively shielded Grace in her protective embrace.

"Get down!"

The abrupt calamity left the bodyguards with little recourse but to form a human shield, barricading the car's windows and safeguarding its occupants.

Hannah's gaze fell upon an unoccupied seat adjacent to the driver, and she raised her voice with purpose.

"You, take the passenger seat;

I'll handle the driving!"

"What? But..."

The driver in the front seat quivered with nervousness, Hannah's directive only exacerbating his discomposure.

The prospect of entrusting the wheel to such a delicate lady seemed perilous; it was as though they were hastening their own peril.

"Miss Moore, this is no time for jests!" Melina's voice rose in urgency.

"Do not overestimate yourself; it will endanger us all!"

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In defiance of Melina's admonition, Hannah leaned in closer to Grace, her words a gentle murmur.

“Grace, fasten your seatbelt, hold on securely and ensure you stay out of harm’s way.”

“Of course,” Grace replied, her trepidation counterbalanced by the unwavering trust she placed in Hannah. She obediently nestled in the seat’s corner, clutching the handrail with unwavering resolve.

With Grace’s safety assured, Hannah raised her eyes, her gaze an abyss of resolute determination.

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Stepping forward to the vacant space beside one of the bodyguards, Hannah swiftly retrieved the sidearm from the guard’s waist, pressing it decisively against the driver’s temple.

“No more words, just move!”

The driver sensed an icy metallic chill seeping in through his temple, causing his heart to plunge into an abyss of frigid fear.

“To o5 I’ll move right away!” he stammered.

Unfastening his seatbelt, beads of anxiety glistened on his forehead as he cautiously peered towards the passenger seat, surrendering himself to the whims of destiny.

In an abrupt, chaotic twist, the unmanned vehicle careened wildly across the road!

Despite some semblance of readiness, the vehicle’s occupants couldn’t suppress their primal screams.

Hannah, her unwavering gaze fixed intently, deployed her legs to vault from the rear to the driver’s seat, assuming command of the steering wheel.

Raising her eyes, Hannah glimpsed, through the rear-view mirror, the pursuing posse in hot pursuit.

A sardonic smirk tugged at the corner of her lips as she deftly shifted into reverse, forcefully propelling the vehicle backward!

Caught off guard by the car’s audacious retreat, the pursuers scattered to both flanks.

Several motorcycles, unable to evade the abrupt maneuver, toppled askew, their trajectories disrupted.

Hannah withdrew her focus from the rear-view mirror, swiftly manipulating the gears and flooring the accelerator, initiating a high-speed pursuit on the elevated roadway.

Melina, her side window already reduced to shards, struggled to inhale amid the tempest unleashed by their breakneck velocity.

Her mouth hung slightly agape but no words could escape; she was astonished and somewhat fearful.

“Hannah, this daredevil! What on earth is she trying to do?”

The dashboard conspicuously displayed a formidable speed exceeding 200 miles per hour.

The driver occupying the passenger seat, beholding Hannah’s fearless overtaking at this perilous velocity, found himself utterly overwhelmed.

There was no way that Miss Moore was merely an unassuming university teacher!

The relentless pursuing gang proved to be formidable adversaries.

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Despite their momentary disarray, they swiftly regrouped and returned with renewed determination!

On this occasion, the gang’s leader, devoid of any pretense of civility, drew perilously close to their vehicle and struck it with the deliberate intent of instilling fear.

The forceful impact caused the car door to crumple inward, yet Hannah, poised and resolute, maintained her grip on the steering wheel, forging ahead undeterred.

However, these adversaries proved unyielding. Following the Leader’s assault, a menacing assemblage of seven or eight motorcycles encircled them, relentlessly colliding with their vehicle.

The driver seated on the passenger side, clutching the handle with an anxious resolve, turned to Hannah and implored, “Miss Moore, we must devise a strategy to elude them! This cannot persist; a few more strikes and our car may face grave jeopardy!”

Hannah, her hands steadfastly gripping the steering wheel, cast a sidelong glance at the leader who, astride a motorcycle, had positioned himself beside her window, brandishing a baseball bat with ominous intent.

The car window fractured into a mosaic of fine fissures upon the savage impact.

“Miss Moore!” the driver beside her exclaimed, his heart vaulting into his throat.

Hannah, her focus unwavering, addressed him with composure.

“Do me a favor.”

The driver nodded urgently.

“Please, Miss Moore, instruct me.”

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“Keep the steering wheel steady for a moment.”

“Pardon?”

Before the driver could fathom Hannah’s intentions, he observed her, seated in the driver’s seat, purposefully lowering the window, relinquishing her grasp on the steering wheel.

Eyes widened in astonishment, the driver swiftly leaned over to assume control.

Hannah, bracing herself against the window frame, extended half of her graceful form outward.

For an instant, the tendrils of her hair danced in the fierce wind, casting an enchanting silhouette.

Yet it was the unflinching intensity in her dark, tranquil eyes that sent a shiver of dread coursing through the man on the imposing motorcycle. Her gaze exuded a chilling resolve, far removed from the ordinary.

With a swiftness that caught her adversary off guard, Hannah curved her lips ever so slightly, deftly leveling a firearm at his head while unhurriedly disengaging the safety.

Her gaze momentarily flickered beyond the man, taking stock of the other motorcycles that dared not approach, all owing to her audacious actions. Only then did she return her gaze to the man before her.

The handgun gracefully pirouetted in her hand and, with eyes as cold as the arctic sky, Hannah discharged a single round.

Subsequently, she directed the ominous muzzle toward the man framed by the car window, her head cocked slightly, a smile etching her lips, her eyes harboring a piercing chill.

Recognizing that the occupants of the car were not to be trifled with, the man signaled his comrades to retreat. The motorcycles that had been pursuing them obediently receded along the lane.

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It was only after the motorcycles had vanished from sight that Hannah pulled over to the side of the road, allowing the driver to resume his original position.

Hannah slipped into the rear seat of the vehicle, her first concern being Grace.

“Grace, are you alright?”

“I’m fine,” Grace replied. She intended to voice her thoughts further to Hannah but Melina interjected.

“Miss Moore, do you not believe your actions were somewhat impulsive?”

Melina furrowed her brow, her gaze pointedly fixed on Hannah.

“Had our pursuers been armed as well, did you consider the dire consequences that could have befallen us today? If everyone behaved as recklessly as you did, it is my fear that none of us would have emerged from this day alive.”

Hannah looked downward, idly toying with the gun in her hand, methodically disassembling the bullets and turning them over in her fingers.

“We ventured out today at your behest, Miss Moore. If it weren’t for your desire to do so, we would not have found ourselves in this predicament.”

Grace held her lip between her teeth, casting a cautious glance toward Melina.

Angela’s Library

“Melina, I also wanted to come out, so it’s not Hannah’s responsibility.”

“Grace, there’s no need to defend Miss Moore. She’s the one who erred.” Melina’s gaze swept over Hannah, her words carrying a frosty undertone.

“I’ve already requested assistance, so why is she persisting with this display?”

Click!

Hannah had already reassembled the pistol, skillfully maneuvering the trigger, allowing the firearm to glide seamlessly in her palm before handing it to the bodyguard at her side.

She pivoted, her frigid gaze fixing upon Melina’s countenance as she spoke with dispassion.

“Where are your people?”

“What ?”

Melina found herself taken aback by Hannah’s intense scrutiny.

“Your rescue team,” Hannah elaborated, and suddenly, Melina was jolted back to the present, feeling a twinge of unease.

Why was she quarreling with individuals of this caliber?

Melina offered a gentle smile, her fingers lightly brushing her forehead.

“My apologies, Miss Moore. I believe I was quite frightened a moment ago, which caused me to speak without due consideration. You won’t hold it against me, will you? I should express my gratitude to you, even now.”

With a faint, lingering smile gracing her features, Melina casually inquired of Hannah with a trace of skepticism, “Aren’t you a teacher?”

