

# The Unshackled Queen: Never Say Never Online Free

## Chapter: 161

How is it that you possess the skill to handle a firearm? It's truly remarkable."

"I happen to indulge in watching certain police and criminal-themed television programs; that's where I picked up a few things," Hannah replied with a composed countenance, her response offered as though an absolute verity, betraying no hints of deceit.

Yet to Melina, Hannah's words were far from convincing.

They seemed fraught with inconsistencies and loose ends.

"Miss Moore..."

Melina wished to delve deeper into her query but Grace, her face aglow with admiration, had already clung to Hannah's arm, her eyes glistening with a deep reverence.

"Hannah, you are absolutely astounding! Not only are you an exceptional driver but you also confronted those individuals without a shred of fear, even employing your knowledge from television to contend with the adversaries!"

Hannah's gentle touch graced Grace's head, and she inquired, "Did fear overtake you just moments ago?"

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With a playful glint in her eyes, Grace responded to Hannah, "Perhaps a tad but I held unwavering trust in you, dear Hannah, so my fear quickly dissipated."

As their profound bond unfolded before her, Melina smiled and expressed, "Indubitably, Miss Moore deserves our gratitude for this occasion."

Grace, turning her gaze towards Melina, extended comfort, saying, "It was, in part, my insistence on a leisurely stroll that caused you distress in the car. I must shoulder some of the blame, too."

Softly, Melina spoke to Grace.

"No burden of blame should you bear.

It was an unfortunate accident; let your worries fade."

Grace redirected her gaze to Hannah, her eyes glistening.

"Hannah, you don't hold me at fault, do you?"

A reassuring smile adorned Hannah's face as she \_ responded, "Absolutely not, my dear. It's possible our conspicuous presence today drew undue attention. Place no blame upon yourself."

Melina furrowed her brow subtly, pondering the meaning behind Hannah's words.

Hannah's implication weighed heavily on her mind. It had been her insistence on accompanying them with bodyguards today. Was Hannah subtly reprimanding her?

"I too share the blame," Melina confessed, her gaze falling to her knees.

"I aimed to protect Grace but clumsily miscalculated. I'm truly sorry, Miss Moore."

Hannah replied lightly, "It's okay. None among us foresaw today's unfortunate turn of events."

"Indeed," Grace chimed in, nodding sweetly.

"Hannah speaks the truth; it was a mere accident. Let us leave it in the past and refrain from revisiting it."

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As the evening approached, they encountered no further incidents and, as they arrived at Golden Bay's shore, twilight descended.

The manager of the Skyline Hotel eagerly awaited their arrival, greeting them with a warm smile as they alighted from the vehicle.

"Miss Glyn, Miss Mitchell, Mr. Mitchell awaits you in the hall. Allow me to escort you," the attendant graciously offered.

Hannah's gaze briefly drifted to the distant, sun-kissed sea, aglow in the waning light, casting a captivating orange hue.

The towering cliffs at the ocean's edge and the melodious symphony of waves caressing the rocky shores resonated in their ears.

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"Shall we, Hannah?" Grace entreated, gently taking Hannah's hand and leading her forward.

“My brother awaits.”

Within the embrace of the Skyline Hotel, Hannah discovered that Bryson had reserved it for a forthcoming business discussion.

“Do sample the cuisine here. Let us know if it suits your palate,”

Bryson said as he pulled out a chair for Hannah, beckoning her to sit beside him.

With the grace of a host, he plucked a piece of succulent fish with the serving fork and extended it to Hannah, saying, “Give it a try.”

As the flavors of the fish burst within her mouth, a burst of freshness intertwined with the subtle essence of ginger. Raising an eyebrow, Hannah inquired, “Is this grouper?”

“You can identify the fish after a single taste. Miss Moore, your discernment is truly remarkable.” Bryson’s eyes danced with a hint of a smile.

“It appears I can’t serve subpar dishes in your presence.”

“Grouper, a prized delicacy, truly shines when steamed, but freshness is key to its allure, lest an undesirable fishiness pervades.” Hannah wore a smile, her eyes fixed on Bryson.

“Mr. Mitchell, it seems you’ve gone to considerable lengths to acquire grouper at this time.”

Witnessing the undeniable rapport between them, Melina experienced an inkling of disquiet in her heart.

Raising her glass with an appreciative smile, she acknowledged, “I owe a great debt to Miss Moore today. Were it not for her, Grace and I might have encountered considerable trouble.”

Bryson’s countenance bore a subtle furrow as his gaze briefly shifted towards Melina before settling upon Hannah, inquiring, “Did any untoward events befall you during your journey today?”

“Bryson, let me share, let me share!” Grace, resembling an animated sparrow, embarked on an enthusiastic recount of the day’s occurrences.

With sparkling eyes brimming with admiration for Hannah, she propped her chin on her palm, her voice bubbling with excitement.

“Hannah truly dazzled us all! You didn’t witness it, Bro, but when she leaned out and trained that firearm on the individual, she exuded an extraordinary sense of composure!”

“Nevertheless, it did entail a degree of risk. Had those individuals been armed, Miss Moore might have found herself in a perilous predicament.” Melina offered her gentle counsel to Hannah, her tone suffused with care.

“Miss Moore, although you have acquired proficiency with firearms, in the future, you should exercise greater vigilance. The specter of worry looms large if any mishap should arise.”

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Hannah found herself unsettled by the recurrent mention of the firearm. She raised her eyes, bestowing upon Melina a nonchalant gaze, her response restrained.

“In times of exception, exceptional measures become imperative.”

Bryson’s voice resonated with calm assurance.

“I discern no fault in Miss Moore’s course of action.”

Hannah was taken aback by Bryson’s unexpected support in this instance. She looked at him in surprise.

Bryson’s eyes remained impassive as he directed his attention to Melina, asserting, “In such a situation, self-preservation is the only recourse.”

Melina, having bitten her lip and momentarily averted her eyes, ultimately embraced a smile, articulating her concurrence after a brief pause.

“Bryson speaks the truth. I’ve previously been safeguarded by vigilant bodyguards and never confronted such a circumstance. Hannah, please, do not let my words weigh upon you.”

Only then did Hannah divert her gaze from Bryson, lowering her eyes to reply with an understated assurance.

“I don’t mind.”

Following the dinner, Grace, her appetite satiated, insisted that Hannah accompany her for a seaside stroll.

The area had been meticulously secured under Bryson’s men’s watchful eye, allowing Hannah to lower her guard considerably.

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Extending her hand to clasp Grace’s, Hannah turned to Bryson and conveyed, “I shall accompany Miss Mitchell for a leisurely stroll by the beach. Mr. Mitchell, please feel free to continue with your work.”

Once they departed from the hotel’s embrace, Grace, akin to a bird unburdened by gravity, eagerly pulled Hannah along, their destination the beckoning shore.

Grace, embracing spontaneity, unstrapped her platform shoes and carried them by the straps. She spread her arms wide, stepping onto the soft, damp sand, her countenance aglow with effervescent delight.

“Hannah, it’s been so long since I’ve felt this joyous!”

Grace's gently curled tresses cascaded over her shoulders as she looked up at Hannah, radiating an adorable and luminous charm.

"As long as your heart is filled with happiness, this journey here holds its worth," Hannah responded with a warm smile and fished out her phone to capture moments of Grace's elation.

After a while, Grace subconsciously touched her shoulders, showing signs of her potential discomfort.

"The seaside can be rather chilly at night. Shall we return?" Hannah suggested.

"But I'd like to stay a little longer and play," Grace playfully implored Hannah.

"Could you accompany me a bit further?"

"Alright, then, but first, come back with me to change into something warmer."

Pouting and casting a mildly aggrieved glance, Grace lightly shook Hannah's sleeve.

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"But that seems like such a bother."

Hannah sighed, her sense of helplessness apparent, "In that case, wait here for me, I'll swiftly fetch you some warmer clothing."

"Yay!" Grace exclaimed with boundless enthusiasm, stepping toward the water, and waved at Hannah with a radiant smile.

"I always knew Hannah was the best!"

Reluctantly, Hannah retraced her steps to the hotel, grabbed a long-sleeved jacket and hastened back to the shoreline.

Yet, in the span of a mere five minutes, Grace, who had been so recently immersed in the seaside merriment, had vanished.

The expanse of beach lay vacant, devoid of any soul.

Hannah was instantly gripped by alarm, her voice piercing the night.

"Miss Mitchell! Grace!"

The seashore's emptiness reverberated with Hannah's solitary voice, unanswered by anyone.

Perceiving an ominous presence, Hannah urgently dialed Bryson, uttering, "Mr. Mitchell! Miss Mitchell has gone missing near the beach!"

“What Bryson’s voice turned frigid in an instant.

“I’ll dispatch someone immediately! Where are you now!”

“I’m near the shoreline.” As she spoke on the phone, Hannah surveyed her surroundings.

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“Hold on!” In a sudden revelation, her eyes narrowed, fixating on a figure atop a towering rock. She swiftly pivoted toward the rock’s direction.

“It appears Miss Mitchell is on that rock! I’ll investigate first!”

Meanwhile, Bryson, on the other end of the call, had already left the room.

Yosef, Bryson’s assistant, awaited outside and promptly followed Bryson, speaking with urgency.

“Boss, security from Golden Bay and our bodyguards have initiated a thorough search. We’ll locate Miss Mitchell soon!”

“Join me at the nearby rocks immediately!”

“Of course!”

Upon concluding the call, Hannah quietly veered off her path and ascended the rocky pinnacle, indeed spotting Grace.

“Grace!”

Grace sat on the ground, her youthful countenance marred by fear, dust from the earth covering her, while two men before her were attempting to drag her toward the sea.

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Hannah’s sudden exclamation caused the two men to cease their actions, their guns now aimed at Grace.

“Hannah! Escape now, don’t worry about me!”

Even when faced with the Looming threat of being thrown into the sea, terror coursing through her, Grace still managed to cry out these words, filled with heartbreaking desperation.

The two men dressed in black suits relinquished their grip on Grace.

One of them slowly lowered his hand, the muzzle of his gun now indicating Grace’s direction.

“If you dare attempt to flee, she’ll meet her demise,” he warned.

The night breeze wafted gently, lifting a corner of Hannah's pristine white dress, casting her figure in an exceptionally delicate silhouette beneath the night sky.

With deliberate composure, she lifted her hands, her gaze locked unwaveringly on the two men.

"If you require a hostage, I believe I would be a more fitting choice than her."

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"But she's Bryson's sister, what are you in comparison?"

"You've been playing a dangerous game, pretending to threaten Miss Mitchell only when you saw someone approaching." Confronting the gun barrels pointed at her, Hannah proceeded with measured steps toward the two men.

"You know that Mr. Mitchell cherishes his sister above all. If any harm befalls her, it won't just be your loss. Those who orchestrated this will suffer!"

One of the men angrily gestured his firearm toward Hannah.

"What use do we have for you?"

Hannah halted, positioning herself a mere ten paces from them.

"I am Miss Mitchell's primary physician; Mr. Mitchell relies on me. Holding me as a hostage would not be to your detriment."

"Why should we trust a woman's words?"

Then, suddenly, a gunshot pierced the air!

The man in front of Hannah felt his wristwatch tumble in response.

Startled and disoriented, the two men swung their weapons toward the source of the shot.

"Who?! Who in the world fired that shot?!"

Hannah, taken aback, turned her head and beheld Bryson, standing tall with a gun in hand, not far from her.

Bryson's profound eyes exuded an icy chill. After discharging that gunshot, he stooped, gently placing his firearm on the ground, and extended his arms to demonstrate his lack of weaponry.

Only then did he commence a resolute advance, moving steadily in the direction of Hannah.