

The Unshackled Queen: Never Say Never Online Free

Chapter: 166

“Mr. Mitchell!” Hannah’s heart quickened, her voice barely above a whisper.

“This is far too perilous!”

The man in the suit opposite, his wristwatch shattered by a well- aimed bullet, finally regained his faculties, brandishing his firearm toward Bryson.

“Damn you, are you courting death? Do you no longer care for your beloved sister’s life?”

Confronted by Bryson’s unwaveringly lethal stare, the bravado of the two men across from him withered instantaneously.

“You!” The man who had lost his wristwatch raised his voice, bolstering his own resolve, aiming his weapon at Hannah.

“Approach us immediately !”

Hannah attempted to step forward but an unyielding force drew her back.

Bryson’s eyes, laden with resoluteness, remained fixed upon her.

A N G E L A ‘s L I B R A R Y

“I shall go.”

The man in front of them grew impatient, clutching his gun.

“Enough talk! Any further delay and we shall cast her into the sea!”

The other appeared poised to drag Grace, who had fallen to the ground, upward.

“I’m on my way.”

Hannah broke free from Bryson's grasp, casting him a determined look before turning and approaching the two men stationed near the rugged cliffs with a subdued expression.

Upon reaching Grace's side, Hannah made an attempt to kneel and offer her assistance, but a man seized her shoulder harshly.

"Do not you dare move!"

The gun's cold barrel pressed against her forehead, causing Hannah to lower her gaze and inquire, "What do you want?"

Holding the fates of two individuals within his grasp, the man finally let down his guard and directed his gaze in Bryson's direction.

"You've trespassed into territory you ought not to; today serves as a mere lesson for you!" With a scornful grin, he casually twirled the gun aimed at Grace.

"Today, we shall take but one of her limbs, a message to Mr. Mitchell!"

The moment of reckoning had arrived!

Hannah elevated her hands, seizing the gun that had been menacing her temple and forcefully redirected its aim.

The man behind her, startled, instinctively pulled the trigger.

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The bullet found its mark, striking the hand of the other suited man wielding the weapon, causing it to tumble to the ground amid his agonized cries.

"Ahhh!

!|

While enduring the excruciating pain, the suited man knelt to retrieve the fallen firearm, only to be met by Bryson's sudden presence, a devastating blow that sent him sprawling!

In perfect synchronization with Hannah's audacious move, Bryson closed the distance between them, taking advantage of the suited man's incapacitation.

The man positioned behind Hannah, his grip constricting her throat, inched her perilously closer to the precipice of the rocky Ledge.

"None of you make a move! Another step, and I'll throw her... Ahhh !!!"

Before he could utter another word, Hannah's eyes darkened.

She hoisted her hand, latching onto his arm, and used his own momentum to strike with all her might.

Both of them tumbled from the rocky precipice, hurtling swiftly toward the unforgiving sea below!

“Hannah!”

A N G E L A 's L I B R A R Y

“Hannah!”

From the heights of the cliffs, two voices resounded urgently.

During her rapid descent, Hannah thought she caught a glimpse of someone leaping from the rocks!

The voices around her faded into an indistinct murmur, and the sensation of plummeting into the sea sent a flutter of panic through her heart.

The water surrounding her, suffocating and icy, seemed to extinguish her will to survive.

With her eyes barely open, she could only make out hazy shapes in the murky water, memories flooding back to a distant time, years ago, when she had been forcibly pushed into the sea!

Sinister eyes lurked in the obscurity, willing the ocean to claim her, to drown her beneath its depths!

Hannah's once-vigorous struggle gradually waned, and she found herself sinking into the abyss of the dark waters.

“Hannah, Hannah!

Who could be calling her?

Struggling to lift her eyelids, Hannah found herself surrounded by a disorienting haze until an image of a teenage boy crystallized, approaching eagerly in her direction.

Though his lips moved as if speaking, she couldn't make out any sound.

She felt her plummeting form caught in a tight grip, encircled securely as her descent was arrested.

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Muscular arms lifted her from the ocean's depths; then her memories scattered, elusive as a kite cut from its string.

“Hannah! Wake up, Hannah!”

Drenched through and through, Bryson carried Hannah to the shore, but she lay unresponsive.

Nearby, Grace sobbed guiltily, "This is all my fault! If I hadn't been so adamant about staying outside, Hannah wouldn't be at risk!

Bryson! Please save Hannah!"

Angela's Library

Wet strands of hair stuck to their foreheads as Bryson, with his strong stance, bent down, his intense gaze fixed solely on Hannah.

Upon hearing the commotion, Melina rushed over and gasped, "What..

What's going on here?"

After multiple unsuccessful CPR attempts by Bryson, he pinched her nose, preparing to administer mouth-to-mouth resuscitation.

"Maybe we should wait for medical help," Melina advised.

Ignoring her, Bryson softly pressed his lips to Hannah's.

Melina's fingers clenched, her face barely masking her disquiet.

Why did a mere teacher deserve Bryson's full attention?

"Cough! Cough!"

Hannah's eyes still sealed, she coughed forcefully, expelling a mouthful of seawater.

"Hannah!"

Her eyes flickered open, their focus wavering before settling on Grace. She mumbled, "Grace..."

Seeing Hannah regain consciousness, Grace immediately knelt down, grasping her hand.

"Hannah, I'm here"

A faint hum buzzed in her ear, and Hannah seemed slow to react, her hazy eyes meeting Bryson's.

His eyes glinted even in the darkness, causing Hannah to squint as his face began to meld with that of the teenage boy who had saved her from drowning years ago.

"Mr. Mitchell."

Without another word, Bryson scooped Hannah up and made his way to the hotel.

Worn out and cradled in his arms, Hannah soon fell asleep.

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When she awoke, gentle murmurs reached her ears.

“Is Hannah really okay? Her forehead felt hot. Bryson, shouldn’t we get her to the hospital?”

“Rest assured, Miss Mitchell. She just had a chill from the water.

Her fever’s gone down; she’ll wake up soon,” someone assured Grace.

Struggling to open her eyes in the dimly lit room, Hannah saw Bryson beside her, his features hidden in shadow, his expression unreadable.

“Grace... Mr. Mitchell.”

A N G E L A 's L I B R A R Y

As soon as she spoke, Grace rushed to her, tears spilling over.

“You scared me, Hannah! Really scared me!”

Looking at the distraught young girl, Hannah tenderly wiped her tears.

“I’m okay, see? You’re the one crying.”

Leaning on Hannah’s shoulder, Grace’s Lips quivered before she sobbed, “It’s all because of me... my fault.”

“How could you say it’s your fault?” Hannah reassured her, patting her gently.

“Someone evil did this, using you to get to your brother.

Thankfully, you’re fine.”

“Stop crying. It won’t help you heal,” Hannah softly whispered to Grace.

Finally, Bryson broke his silence.

“Grace, let’s leave Hannah to rest.”

Grace sniffed, regaining some composure.

“Alright, Bryson, you stay with Hannah. I’ll go back to my room.”

Click.

The door shut softly, leaving Hannah and Bryson alone.

“Thank you for saving me today, Mr. Mitchell.”

“Do you understand how risky what you did today was?”

Chilled by the sternness in Bryson’s voice, Hannah met his gaze.

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“But had I not done it, they would have surely hurt Grace. I was worried for Grace. It was a desperate act, but given the situation, it was my only option.”

Bryson sat next to the hospital bed, weariness and concern evident on his face.

“Even when it meant risking your life at sea?”

Taken aback by Bryson’s words, Hannah averted her gaze.

“Actually, I can swim,” she admitted.

Her face was pale from the near-drowning incident.

Angela’s Library

“I had an accident in the water as a child. That’s when I learned to swim.”

“But…”

” With a bitter smile, Hannah continued, “When I fell into the ocean this time, memories of my past overwhelmed me, and I forgot my swimming skills. It wasn’t intentional. Anyways, we should move on from that.” She tried to change the topic.

In a more cheerful voice, Hannah said, “With everyone here, I felt pretty safe.”

“I’d like for you to rely on me in the future, instead of taking risks with your life,” Bryson cautioned, his eyes still filled with concern.

Noticing Bryson’s worried look, Hannah, who was lying on the bed, gave a subtle nod.

“Understood.”

Easing back into his chair, Bryson’s voice grew tender.

“I’ll stay right here. You should rest.”

With a nod, Hannah shut her eyes, reopening them only after a significant amount of time.

Bryson had his eyes closed too, leaning into his chair comfortably.

Hannah boldly let her eyes linger on him.

She recalled a childhood memory of nearly drowning, and the first face she saw upon waking was that of Declan.

She had always believed it was Declan who had pulled her from the water. But now, it was Bryson who had come to her rescue.

As these memories resurfaced, she began to doubt whether Declan had been her savior back then.

Rather...

Her eyes were drawn to the man in front of her, completely mesmerized. The boy from her distant memories began to morph into Bryson.

She shook her head vehemently, dismissing the notion. Could fate really be this uncanny?