

# The Unshackled Queen: Never Say Never Online Free

## – Chapter: 181

Swiftly, the crowd formed a human barrier around the gambling table.

The woman in the mask attempted to vanish in the ensuing chaos but found herself cornered by the masses.

Hannah was similarly engulfed by a sea of astonished and awed faces, each person eager to form a connection with the legendary God of Gambling.

Noticing the crowd's focus shift toward the newcomer, Nigel felt his flushed cheeks cool a little.

"Mr. Kelly's event has certainly lived up to expectations," Bryson remarked in a tone tinged with apathy, causing beads of sweat to form on Nigel's forehead.

Nigel turned his head and offered Bryson a forced grin.

"Mr. Mitchell, I apologize for the awkwardness. Shall we head up for dinner?"

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Guiding the group toward the elevator, Nigel discreetly gestured to a waiter.

Getting the cue, the waiter promptly headed back into the gaming area.

With a casual wave, the waiter summoned two bodyguards, instructing them as they focused on a central table.

"The boss wants the real"

God of Gambling captured. But don't harm her, got it.

"Understood!"

The bodyguards turned and began walking in Hannah's direction.

From afar, Hannah noticed the bodyguards making their way toward her.

It looked Like the casino owner really was out to capture her!

Hannah expertly wove her way through the impassable crowd, swiping a jacket from the table as she disappeared.

The bodyguards shoved their way through the swarm of people, but Hannah had vanished. They looked at each other, puzzled.

“Search every nook and cranny, now!”

The two guards communicated discreetly via concealed earpieces, skillfully accessing surveillance footage spanning the entire expanse of the casino hall.

Their vigilant eyes eventually glimpsed Hannah, attired in a suit, vanishing through an unassuming door on the eastern flank.

Upon receiving this critical intelligence, the two vigilant guards promptly set their course towards the doorway of the east!

Hannah possessed a certain familiarity with this place, her renown as the God of Gambling had its genesis in these very precincts.

Her mind adorned with nostalgic echoes, Hannah expertly navigated the labyrinthine corridors, finally locating the sanctum of the casino’s waitstaff.

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The ensembles adorning the staff here exuded a certain allure, boasting a dark lace skirt that tantalizingly halted just at the threshold of her thigh. This sartorial choice didn’t escape Hannah’s disapproving scrutiny.

However, the approaching footfalls outside left her with no choice but to hastily shroud her identity within the garb of a waitress.

“Intruder alert! I saw someone enter this chamber. Launch an immediate search!”

“We shall investigate the changing room; the rest of you, maintain your vigil at the staircase entryway!”

As the footsteps edged nearer, Hannah maintained her composure, discreetly stashing her mask and vocal modulator amidst the surrounding disarray.

The resonant creak of a door pierced the chamber’s silence, heralding an imminent arrival at the entrance!

In a calculated performance, Hannah gracefully arose, meticulously adjusting her attire, simulating an air of surprise as she swung the door wide open!

“ARE”

It appeared as though Hannah was taken aback by the two men standing at the threshold, her expression reflecting a semblance of trepidation.

“This is the ladies’ changing quarters! What is your purpose here?”

The pair of vigilant sentinels cast a dubious gaze into the chamber, scrutinizing Hannah intently.

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“What are you doing here?”

“What else would one be expected to do in a changing room, if not to change attire?”

Hannah’s patience wore thin as she nonchalantly flicked her hair.

“A customer drank too much earlier and vomited on me. I sought refuge here for a change of attire. And what, may I ask, is your mission here?”

“Our orders, madam, are to locate a certain individual...”

The conversational bodyguard found himself swiftly interrupted by the other individual.

“Cease the chatter; our priority lies in Locating the person!”

They executed a seamless about-face, embarking on their journey toward the ascending staircase.

Hannah, positioned at the changing room’s threshold, released a breath of relief. She had barely taken a step forward when the vigilant bodyguards interposed.

“Hold on a moment!”

At their behest, Hannah complied, her gaze transitioning into an icy resolve, her digits slowly coiling into clenched fists.

“Our superior has communicated a lack of waitstaff in the banquet hall on the floor above. Swiftly ascend and lend your assistance.”

Hannah pivoted, her countenance still adorned with a gracious smile.

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“Very well, I shall proceed forthwith.”

Beyond those doors, she ascended in the elevator to the third level.

Upon disembarking, Hannah was hastily ushered into the kitchen to partake in the transportation of dishes.

“Why the hesitation? Hurry! Don’t keep Mr. Kelly waiting!”

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The manager, attired in a suit, led Hannah and a select few among the waitstaff, instructing them to make haste to the bustling kitchen arena.

Upon reaching the banquet kitchen, where the waitstaff congregated, the manager commenced a discerning appraisal of Hannah.

Although she had initially positioned herself at the vanguard, the manager directed a shift.

“You, kindly line up at the back.”

Hannah, ever compliant, dutifully stepped aside, relocating herself to the tail end of the waitstaff assembly.

Subsequently, she overheard the manager’s specific instructions.

“You shall be responsible for presenting dessert as the final course, particularly at Mr. Kelly’s table. Exude a dash of charm when the moment arises; I trust you understand what to do.”

Mr. Kelly’s table?

“Manager, I’ve only just commenced my service on the second floor and I am regrettably unacquainted with the visage of Mr. Kelly. I harbor apprehensions about my capacity to articulate properly. Might it be more prudent to delegate this duty to someone else?”

“Is this your first day here?”

The manager cast a discerning gaze upon Hannah, a burgeoning satisfaction reflected in his eyes as he admired her physique and overall appearance. He harbored unshakable confidence that Mr. Kelly would undoubtedly find her to his liking.

“No need for concern, as long as you deliver the dishes impeccably, Mr. Kelly is not one to make things difficult. Simply follow the lead of the person in front of you and serve. Everything else should be the least of your concerns.”

“Ella, show her the ropes,” the manager instructed the waitress positioned ahead of Hannah, then executed a graceful pivot, departing the scene.

The waitress in the vanguard, who was equally striking in her allure, turned back to Hannah, her expression a mix of warning and advice.

“Just a gentle reminder, whatever unfolds later, it’s imperative that you captivate Mr. Kelly. You must be aware, since you applied for this position, that the handsome salary comes with its demands.”

Ella scrutinized Hannah with a measured gaze, from head to toe.

“With your looks, Mr. Kelly is bound to be rather generous.”

Hannah retained her demure disposition, offering a slight bow in tacit acceptance.

Her lengthy lashes veiled her downcast gaze and the warmth in her eyes had been wholly extinguished.

She had been a frequent visitor to the Enchantment Casino in the past.

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Even though she only frequented the second floor, she was well aware that the casino harbored dark undercurrents, with illicit transactions frequently transpiring on the first floor.

The third floor, frequented by the social elite, adhered to its own peculiar and tacitly acknowledged codes during the grand banquets.

She needed to seize an opportunity to make her escape soon!

Carrying an ornate tray laden with delectable pastries, Hannah was the last to depart the kitchen, her intention set on locating an exit for her discreet departure.

However, her plans took an unexpected turn as she inadvertently eavesdropped on a nearby exchange. Two individuals, engaged in casual conversation while indulging in a smoke, unknowingly came within earshot.

“Have we successfully gathered everyone? We wouldn’t want to face a shortage should Mr. Kelly decide to take action.”

“There’s no need for concern; all the bodyguards have descended to the lower levels. He’ll be as defenseless as a wing-clipped bird.

Moreover, Mr. Mitchell made a solo entrance this time; there’s nothing to fret over.”

Mr. Mitchell?

At the utterance of Mr. Mitchell’s name, Hannah momentarily halted, her thoughts racing. Could this Mr. Mitchell they spoke of possibly be Bryson Mitchell?

Recollecting Bryson’s mention of business negotiations scheduled for today, a fleeting shadow passed over Hannah’s eyes, causing her to slow down.

“One cannot afford to provoke the Mitchell Group; their influence extends across the nation. I’m afraid that Mr. Kelly might be ill- prepared to contend with him...”

“No matter how influential an individual may be, upon crossing the threshold of our Enchantment Casino, they are akin to a rooster devoid of talons. Surrounded by a multitude today, even if he were forged from iron, he will find no sanctuary.”

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With her suspicion that they were indeed referring to Bryson Mitchell confirmed, Hannah directed her gaze toward the distant banquet entrance and proceeded in that direction, a tray of delectable desserts in her hands.

The two conversing men, upon sighting Hannah’s approach, swiftly muted their voices, interposing themselves before her and conducting a comprehensive appraisal from head to toe.

Witnessing the tray of pastries, one of them offered a permissive wave, granting her passage into the banquet hall.

In the wake of her departure, hushed whispers trailed behind her.

“The selection of girls this time is particularly alluring.

Undoubtedly, she shall align with Mr. Kelly’s tastes.”

“It’s our perpetual misfortune, forever relegated to the periphery, missing out!”

Adorned in stiletto heels, Hannah made her graceful entrance into the opulent banquet, deftly closing the door on the cacophony of the outside world.

Beneath the resplendent glow of the chandeliers, the banquet hall reverberated with the symphony of elegant footsteps and ceaseless conversations.

Her gaze alighted on an array of sumptuous dishes and exquisite wines, elegantly arranged on lengthy tables. Revelers clinked their glasses together, and diligent waitstaff weaved through the crowd, trays in hand.

Numerous round and elongated tables were meticulously set, their elegance complemented by distant opulent settees. Ladies, adorned in resplendent gowns, held wine glasses while indulging in animated discourse, and gentlemen, immaculately attired in finely tailored suits, engaged in discussions of matters grand and profound.

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Every denizen of this space bore the unmistakable aura of high society, their presence a testament to their wealth and nobility. It was beyond question that only those of significant means or noble lineage could lay claim to an invitation to this gala. Regrettably, Hannah couldn’t afford the luxury of savoring the splendors of the high-society soiree. Her unwavering focus zeroed in on a distant settee.

And there he was-Bryson!

Amidst the throng, Bryson was an arresting figure, commanding attention simply through his mere presence.

He leaned casually against the settee, his countenance a portrait of serene composure, wholly oblivious to Hannah's approach.

A gentle clinking echoed through the air as glass met tabletop, producing a crystalline note.

In hushed tones, Hannah ventured forth.

"Sir, please have a cookie."

Suddenly, a voice Bryson knew well graced his ears.

His gaze ascended and his profound eyes promptly turned icy!

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Hannah's luxuriant, dark tresses, adorned with gentle waves, cascaded upon her shoulders. Her petite skirt, a mere wisp concealing the summits of her thighs, unveiled a woman's dainty and smooth legs.

Engaged in the art of socializing, Brayden's countenance bore a relaxed grin as he raised his glass in response to a toast, when suddenly, his eyes landed on a woman.

Miss Moore is in attendance?!

!

Struggling to contain the wine within his mouth, Brayden began to convulsively cough!

Nigel swiveled his head and laid eyes upon Hannah. His visage was a tableau of astonishment, as he had not anticipated discovering such a caliber of woman amidst the servers!

"The one dispatched this time possesses remarkable beauty."

Nigel's discerning eyes deliberately traced the contours of Hannah's form before abruptly pivoting towards Bryson.

"Mr. Mitchell, you've arrived unaccompanied today. The women in this gathering are all exquisite; why not select a companion to accompany you directly?"

"No selection is necessary."

Bryson, reclining against the sofa, lifted his glass towards Hannah.

"Her."

Nigel was taken aback, then erupted into hearty laughter.

“I’ve heard rumors that Mr. Mitchell is typically indifferent to women but it appears that not all the rumors hold true.”

After uttering this, he turned to Hannah with an encouraging tone.