

The Unshackled Queen: Never Say Never Online Free

Chapter: 216

With a protective demeanor, Bryson escorted her out of the room and down to the hall below.

Standing beside him, Hannah's heart raced wildly.

His recurring attentiveness drew her in, making her long for his continued presence.

Whenever she faced peril, Bryson was there, like her own guardian angel.

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

Yet, these "improper thoughts" made Hannah pause. A remarkable man like Bryson felt out of reach.

This wasn't new to her.

"Watch your step."

Lost in her thoughts, Hannah nearly stumbled on the staircase.

With quick reflexes, Bryson caught her in his embrace!

As she felt the comforting thud of his heartbeat, Hannah gently freed herself.

"Thank you, Mr. Mitchell."

Below, the crowd in the hall witnessed the unusual spectacle, eyes wide with surprise.

Mr. Mitchell showed concern for a woman?

Perceiving Hannah's awkwardness, Bryson offered a small smile.

"You seemed deeply absorbed in thought. What was on your mind?"

Confessing she was distracted by thoughts of him, to the point of almost tripping, seemed too mortifying.

Clearing her throat, Hannah diverted the topic.

"I was pondering if they'd locate that suspicious waitress."

"She could run, but she won't get far." Bryson allowed Hannah to hold onto his arm as they made their way down the staircase.

"The Mitchell family own all the land around here. She's got nowhere to go."

Earlier, a crowd had climbed the stairs, eager to catch a glimpse of the unfolding drama, filling the hall with whispers and murmurs before retreating back down.

As Bryson and Hannah appeared, a hush fell over the crowd.

They observed Bryson leading Hannah to a secluded area where she could relax.

A nervous Sadie inquired, "Eliana, I spilled something on her on purpose. Do you think she'll retaliate?"

C 217

"This has nothing to do with you. It was an accident. Why would she make trouble for you?"

Eliana's gaze remained fixed on Hannah, cursing the timing. So near, yet so far! How did she manage to have such good luck every time?

In the distance...

As Hannah nestled into the sofa, Lydia and Grace quickly approached.

"Let me see, are you injured?" Lydia examined Hannah, concern filling her eyes.

"I heard a scream that sent shivers down my spine. As I headed upstairs, Miss Mitchell was on her way down. She assured me you'd be okay and rejoining us soon. What exactly happened?"

Grace took a seat next to Hannah, clearly furious.

AngelasLibrary

"This all happened because that man had bad intentions! What a relief that my brother got there in time! It could've been disastrous otherwise!"

A furious Grace gripped Bryson's sleeve.

"Bryson, we can't let that man slip away. He must be sent to prison!"

“Understood.” Bryson looked warmly at his sister, patting her head reassuringly.

At that moment, the estate’s steward showed the surveillance video.

“Mr. Mitchell, we’ve found the woman. Our security is on the way to capture her.”

Upon viewing the video, Bryson caught the moment when Sadie spilled wine on Hannah’s dress.

His face turned cold, his inscrutable eyes finding Sadie in the crowd of people.

“Sadie Edwards! She said it was an accident, but it’s clear that Hannah had to change because of her actions, leading to all of this!”

Grace indignantly said.

Lydia’s composure broke, her voice tinged with outrage.

“This is intolerable! We should’ve never given her the benefit of the doubt!

We should’ve called her out immediately!”

Lydia sprang up from the couch, as if ready to face Sadie head-on.

Hannah quickly seized her hand.

“If we confront her now, we’ll only get a hollow apology.”

Lydia fumed, “And what should we do? So we just ignore it? I can’t bear this!”

C 218

At the same time, Bryson scrutinized the security footage, his face turning increasingly frosty.

“That man was let in by this waitress.”

Following Bryson’s gaze, Hannah looked at the computer screen.

The video confirmed it. A man lurked into view, and the door-guarding waitress discreetly left the scene.

“This was no accident.”

Having suspected as much, Hannah’s expression turned even chillier upon seeing the footage.

“It’s obvious, Hannah. Sadie set you up! We should confront her right now,” Lydia said.

Angela’s Library

Hannah muttered to herself, "This can't be Sadie. she's not clever enough to orchestrate something like this. Though she had intentionally spilled wine on me earlier, it was purely a spontaneous act."

"I don't think it was Sadie," Hannah said calmly to Lydia.

"Even if she knew about this, someone else is pulling the strings. Let's first find out who's actually behind this. Then we can deal with her."

Meanwhile, Sadie kept a wary eye on Hannah and breathed a sigh of relief upon realizing that they weren't coming her way.

"What luck for her to run into trouble just as she went to change!"

Sadie remarked.

Eliana shook her head softly.

"I can't say. But I heard from bystanders that Mr. Wood knows Miss Moore. He approached her because she abandoned him, and he couldn't handle the shame."

"What a slut! Ever since leaving my brother, she's been entangling herself with men wherever she goes. Can't she manage on her own?"

Sadie scoffed.

"She had it coming! She shouldn't even be at such a posh event; someone needed to put her in her place!"

Security acted promptly. After moving the guests aside, they escorted the waitress upstairs.

Standing in the expansive room, the waitress quivered with fear.

Hannah reclined on the couch, observing the waitress with an icy glare.

"I've already alerted the authorities. You're implicated, so don't think you're dodging the law."

The waitress rushed to clarify, "Miss Moore, I only took the money!

I never intended to hurt you!"

C 219

The waitress continued, flustered, "I was just seduced by the allure of money! The real culprit told me to exit the scene when I saw the guy approach. I swear, I truly had no idea! Miss Moore, temporary greed clouded my judgment. Please, don't let them lock me up!"

Hannah said, "If you disclose who's behind this, I might consider sparing you."

The waitress nodded frantically.

"I'll tell everything! It was the young lady from the Edwards family! She handed me ten thousand to guide the man in that direction!"

Lydia slammed her palm onto the table, her eyes ablaze.

"I knew she was behind this! Who else would stoop so low?"

Bryson's eyes narrowed momentarily before he motioned to the security outside to bring in the Edwards family.

Meanwhile, Sadie was visibly anxious, continually shifting in her seat. She discreetly sought out Declan.

"Declan, should we head home?"

I'm not feeling so great."

Declan looked puzzled.

"You seemed fine when we arrived. Weren't you excited about socializing with other families' daughters at the banquet?"

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

"I... might be having some stomach issues," Sadie stammered, unable to admit she had messed with Hannah.

"Declan, I'm really not well.

Can we leave?"

Knowing that the Edwards family needed to cultivate social connections, and having just made some progress, Declan was hesitant to exit.

"Just hold on for another ten minutes, then we can go."

As soon as he finished his sentence, a pair of security personnel approached them in the hall.

They were polite.

"You're both invited by our boss."

Sadie's heart lurched. She lowered her head even further, not daring to meet anyone's eyes.

Declan assumed that Bryson wanted to reignite their partnership and smiled warmly.

“Very well, let’s proceed.”

“Declan!” Sadie clutched at his sleeve, desperate.

C 220

“I should go home…”

I’m not feeling up to this.

Sadie attempted to slip away, but the nearby security halted her.

“Miss Edwards, Mr. Mitchell insists that you accompany us upstairs.”

If Bryson had business matters to discuss, he wouldn’t have insisted on Sadie’s attendance.

A wave of unease suddenly washed over Declan.

Swiftly turning his gaze to his sister, he caught her alarmed look; his brow tightened, a question on the tip of his tongue, only to be interrupted by a security guard nearby.

A N G E L A ‘s L I B R A R Y

“Follow me, please.”

Puzzled, Declan trailed behind the security guard to the second floor, where he discovered not just Bryson, but also Hannah seated casually on a nearby couch.

“Declan.”

Visibly anxious, Eliana stepped closer and lightly gripped Declan’s arm.

“I’m a little frightened.”

Taken aback to find both Eliana and his mother in the room, Declan reassured her by patting her hand gently.

“I’m here. There’s no need to be scared.”

“Mr. Mitchell, you’ve gone to considerable effort to bring us all here. What’s the matter?” he asked Bryson.

By this point, it was obvious to Declan that Bryson had no plans to talk business.

As Declan’s resounding voice filled the room, a woman dressed as a waitress was ushered in.

Bryson’s detached gaze surveyed the group opposite him.

“Does anyone know her?”

Declan looked at the waitress, his brow furrowing as he shook his head.

“Why would I know her?”

“No.. I don’t recognize her,” Sadie said, her voice tinged with guilt, avoiding eye contact with the waitress.

Leah found the situation puzzling but refrained from speaking out of turn in Bryson’s presence, simply shaking her head.

“I’ve never seen her before.”