

The Unshackled Queen: Never Say Never Online Free - Chapter: 236

“No.”

Hannah clutched her blanket nervously, saying, “I intend to ask Mr. Campbell to treat Grace. The medication I’ve recently administered should slow down the advancement of her condition. Today, I’ll hand off the medication to Mr. Campbell. If anything happens to me, he can carry on with Grace’s treatment.”

“Don’t talk like that!”

Lydia quickly chastised her from the other end of the phone line.

“Hannah, are you leaving a last will or something? You can’t get hurt, you hear me? In dramas, they always say talking Like that brings bad Luck!”

Hannah chuckled softly on her end of the line, responding earnestly, “We’re talking real life, not a TV show. Besides, I’m not planning on losing. I trust my driving skills.”

Lydia understood her friend’s determined nature. Once Hannah made up her mind, it was unshakeable.

“Did you pick a co-driver?”

“I trust no one else for this trip to Rochgan Hill, so I’m going alone.”

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“Are you insane? Do you really intend to tackle the treacherous roads of Rochgan Hill by yourself?”

Anticipating her friend’s reaction, Hannah pulled the phone slightly away from her ear.

“Let’s discuss this later. I have to see Mr. Campbell now. I’ll call you back this afternoon.”

After hanging up, Lydia hesitated briefly before dialing Brayden’s number.

After preparing herself, Hannah flagged down a taxi to Saul’s research facility.

She compiled an exhaustive report on Grace’s treatment and the medication administered, handing it to Saul.

“Mr. Campbell, the toxins in Miss Mitchell’s system are spreading unusually fast. The current meds should control it. I think a specific mold may be at play. I urge you to look into this, Mr. Campbell. I’ve also included a report on Miss Mitchell’s health for your review.”

Impressed, Saul nodded and said, “You’re indeed my star pupil, always thorough. However..

Adjusting his glasses, he inquired, “You’ve been managing Miss Mitchell’s treatment and medications, why pass it to me now?”

“Actually...” Hannah then disclosed her true intent.

“I have a request to make of you, Mr. Campbell. I don’t mean to keep secrets.

I’m entering a high-stakes competition soon, and I’m concerned...”

Saul’s face, already lined with age, seemed to age even more as worry creased his features.

“Hannah, no contest is worth risking your life for. However, I understand you must have strong motivations.

I’ll work on the medication, awaiting your safe return.”

C 237

Hannah’s lips tightened, as if to say thank you, but words eluded her.

“I get it, Mr. Campbell,” she murmured.

Leaving behind the medicine and data, she stepped out of the research institute.

Once she was outside, she glanced at her phone and noticed a bunch of unread messages.

Several came from the DarkLink app.

[Odds for tomorrow’s big event just dropped. The duo is at 26:1.

Group odds are even steeper, 40:1. This Cyril Holmes guy is a juggernaut. He hasn’t lost recently.]

Swiftly, Hannah typed her reply. [Put me in Cyril’s group and bet 100 million on me winning. Do it under your name. Also, set up a car for me. Needs to have a spoiler and be drift-friendly. Keep it light.]

A ok emoji was quickly sent in reply.

[You sure you’ll win, boss? If you’re that certain, I might bet too.

Could win 2 billion with those odds!]

A slight grin crept onto Hannah's face as she texted back.

[If you're not scared of losing your initial investment, go ahead and place your bet.]

Feeling upbeat, she logged off from the DarkLink app.

The remaining unread messages were merely notifications about the upcoming competition, its venue, and its schedule.

Upon opening WhatsApp, she saw a recent message from Bryson.

A high-end jewelry brand is debuting its new collection on a ferry at month's end.

Bryson's text was an invitation for her to accompany him.

Hannah's fingers lingered above her phone's screen. After a moment's pause, she opted not to respond to Bryson and slid her phone back into her pocket.

She roamed around for the rest of the day, not heading back to her community until the sky had turned entirely dark.

Rummaging through her bag for the community access card, Hannah was interrupted by a sudden appearance in front of her.

Without thinking, she stepped back and looked up, finding Bryson in her view, which made her momentarily stiffen.

Bryson sported a black T-shirt instead of his usual tailored suit, his unkempt bangs framing his face, giving him an air of detachment under the moonlit sky.

"You're out pretty late," he said, his voice tinged with iciness.

C 238

Caught off guard, Hannah backpedaled a bit.

"Mr. Mitchell, what are you doing here?"

Holding her gaze with his penetrating eyes, Bryson said, "I tried reaching you, but you didn't answer your phone or respond to my messages. I got concerned."

"Calls?"

Fumbling in her bag, Hannah pulled out her phone, only to find it had shut down due to a depleted battery. She held it up, somewhat apologetically.

“Sorry, my phone ran out of battery. I didn’t catch your calls.”

“And what about the messages?”

She had seen them but had chosen not to respond.

Her face distorted with slight discomfort.

“I... was tied up today.

So I forgot to get back to you.”

Bryson, noticing her difficulty in formulating a lie, narrowed his eyes but decided not to press the matter.

“Fine, you should go home now.”

As Hannah’s hand grazed the entry gate, she turned and saw Bryson, framed by moonlight, silently observing her.

She parted her lips, but ultimately, the words she had in mind remained unspoken.

“I’ll head in now, Mr. Mitchell.”

A gate now divided the space between them.

“Hannah.” She heard him say, halting her steps.

She turned around, peering at Bryson who stood beyond the gate. His expression was unclear from her perspective.

“If you need anything, don’t hesitate to reach out.”

Waving his hand as a goodbye, Bryson turned and slid into his car.

The vehicle pulled away, leaving Hannah rooted to the spot, her eyes tracking the disappearing car. It took her a considerable time before she finally retreated into her residential area.

Morning broke with an unexpected start.

Violent knocking nearly splintered Hannah’s front door, and the doorbell rang incessantly.

C 239

“On my way! On my way!”

Stretching with a yawn, Hannah swung the door open and watched as Lydia strode in, arms full of various items.

“What’s all this?”

“You’re asking? I picked up these charms for you from a church last night. They’re for your protection and well-being. Oh, and these bracelets are for you too.”

Hannah sat, slightly dumbfounded, as she observed Lydia unload an assortment of seemingly pointless objects, a growing headache imminent.

“So, you disappeared all day yesterday. Was it to gather all this stuff?”

“It’s important!”

Lydia seized Hannah’s wrist, eager to adorn her with the items.

“You attended the race without inviting me. How could I not worry? The stakes are high in this contest. It’s unnerving!”

A small laugh escaped Hannah; she playfully pinched Lydia’s cheek.

“And here I was, thinking you were scared of nothing.”

“The only thing that scares me is something happening to you,” Lydia declared, her usual playful demeanor turning serious for a moment.

“Hannah, I’m going all-in on you. You can’t afford to lose.”

Hannah expected a serious revelation, but it was still typical Lydia, cheerful even when earnest.

“Fine, let’s get to the real talk. I did some digging yesterday.

Rochgan Hill is hosting the event, and it’s attracting nobles from Valmere as spectators. Cyril is the odds-on favorite! Some have even started illegal betting pools, and the odds are doubled!” Lydia’s lips tightened.

“Looks like he’s the clear winner. His sponsor must be making a killing using underhanded methods. How can they not feel ashamed?”

Hannah nodded in agreement.

“This event will likely draw the attention of many under-the-table dealers. Maybe we can finally catch the person who hurt my mentor.”

“But with so many shady characters around, finding Cyril’s puppet master won’t be easy.”

"If I win, things might change." Hannah's eyes sparkled.

"With 40:1 odds against me, if I beat him, his backers will have no choice but to reveal themselves."

Lydia's eyes went wide.

"You're planning to... It's risky! I've heard that even the big boss from Muvrand, a city steeped in crime, is involved. They might come after you if you beat Cyril!"

C 240

Hannah tilted her head and winked.

"Hold on, how'd you get wind of such confidential information? Who's your source?"

Feeling a sudden shiver, Lydia straightened up and gave a stiff grin.

"Uh... someone did the groundwork for me."

Who?"

"Brayden did the investigating..."

Hannah scowled.

"Brayden's buddies with Bryson. By asking him for help, aren't you basically tipping off Bryson?"

"No, no, no!"

Lydia instantly gestured a denial with her hands.

"I've already cautioned Brayden against mentioning this to Bryson. He'll keep quiet."

Yet recalling Bryson's demeanor the previous night, a twinge of apprehension surged through Hannah, planting a seed of doubt in her mind.

But even if Bryson did find out, what would change?

She was simply Miss Mitchell's personal doctor, and Bryson had just happened to save her life twice. That was the extent of it.

"Hannah, you seem preoccupied. What's on your mind?"

Lydia scrutinized Hannah's face, misinterpreting her look as one of irritation.

“It wasn’t deliberate, you know. Brayden was the only dependable source for this information. It’s not like I could’ve asked Alick, right?”

“That’s not what I’m mulling over,” Hannah said, shaking off her earlier thoughts.

“Let’s change the subject. Tonight’s competition begins at 7. I may need to head out this afternoon to fetch the car from the city outskirts. The race tonight…”

“I’ll be there,” Lydia asserted.

“Even if I can’t serve as your co- driver, I can at least be a spectator, can’t I?”

Hannah grabbed the amulet that Lydia had left on the table for her and gave it a gentle swing.

“With this charm by my side, victory is practically guaranteed.”

At the Mitchell Group Headquarters, Brayden reclined on the couch in Bryson’s office, ending a phone call.