

# The Unshackled Queen: Never Say Never Online Free –

## Chapter: 41

“I’m aware. My brother speaks of you quite often.”

Often?

Before Hannah could inquire further, Grace had already latched onto her arm.

“Come, Hannah. Let’s sit and chat.”

Grace felt soft to the touch, her presence exuding a comforting scent, akin to warm milk.

“How are you feeling, Hannah?”

“Much better after the medication, thank you.”

Hearing this, Grace’s smile widened.

“I was stunned to see Bryson carrying you when he came back.”

“Bryson... carried me?”

“Yes. He seemed quite concerned when he returned with you.” Grace looked into Hannah’s eyes,  
blinking thoughtfully.

“I’ve never seen him so worried about someone else. And, he’s cooking dinner himself tonight.”

Grace gestured toward the kitchen, adding, "Usually Gail takes care of the cooking when we have guests."

Hannah felt a bit puzzled by what Grace was implying but simply sighed, "I didn't expect that he could cook."

"Grace."

Bryson emerged from the kitchen, now dressed in a casual black ensemble, a pair of silver-framed glasses perched on his nose.

Catching sight of Hannah's expression, Grace let out a suppressed giggle and sauntered over to Bryson.

"Bryson, Hannah is as enchanting as you described!"

For a fleeting moment, Bryson appeared off-balance. He glanced at Hannah and simply said, "Dinner's ready."

At the dining table, Grace took the seat next to Hannah, encouraging her, "Go on, try my brother's cooking. Very few have that privilege. Sampling the dish, Hannah raised an eyebrow.

"This is really good."

Cradling her chin in her palm, Grace looked at Hannah with a trace of innocence.

"Of course! I've always said my brother's culinary talents were reserved for my future sister-in-law."

"Ahem, ahem, ahem!"



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Hannah choked on her food.

“Hannah, are you alright?” Grace glanced nervously at Bryson.

“Bryson...

Did I say something wrong?”

In a composed manner, Bryson poured a glass of water and slid it in front of Hannah.

“No.”

Grasping the glass, Hannah lowered her gaze, feeling a bit awkward.

How touching it was that Bryson could be so attentive to his sister!

“Really? Hannah’s going to be my future sister-in-law?” Grace’s face lit up with a spark of excitement.

The conversation was veering into unexpected direction.

Quick to correct her, Hannah said, “No.

“Grace, does eating not keep your mouth busy enough?”

At Bryson’s comment, Grace playfully stuck out her tongue.

“Alright, I’ll zip it if you don’t want me talking.”

Feeling a bit awkward, Hannah deftly switched subjects.

“Actually, Grace, I owe you an apology.”

Tilting her head to the side, Grace flashed a puzzled wink at Hannah.

Hannah set down her fork and knife.

“I rushed over this time and didn’t even bring a gift for our first meeting.”

“That’s not on you,” Grace responded, solemnly.

“After all, we’ve met before. I saw you years ago in the tallest tower. Both Bryson and I remember it well.”

Hannah recalled Brayden mentioning something similar. Noticing Bryson's look, she quickly told Grace, "Next time, I won't forget to bring you a gift!"

Hannah stayed at Bryson's family house for five days.

As soon as she felt better, her old teacher called, urging her to start her hospital job immediately.

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What Bryson had told her was that she could stay in this house. He was seldom there, and she could pick any room she liked.

However, Hannah graciously declined.

Though conveniently located near the school, she felt uneasy residing in another person's home.

After expressing her gratitude to Bryson, she packed up and left, despite Grace's reluctant farewell.

Grace watched her go, then tugged at Bryson's sleeve.

"So, when is Hannah going to be your girlfriend?"

Watching Hannah's fading figure, Bryson murmured, "Soon, very soon."

In the city's heart, rents were exorbitant, and desirable properties were quickly snatched up.

Listening to the realtor's pitch, Hannah felt overwhelmed.

Lately, she had toured several places in various neighborhoods, but none had felt right.

"Hannah!"

Lydia stepped in, arriving late and teetering on her high heels.

"Any luck?"

Hannah sighed, "Not yet. Why are you so late? I wanted you here to help me pick out a place."

"You've been staying at Bryson's place for five days without a word, and you only reached out when you needed help finding a house. I haven't said anything about you favoring men over friends! So, how can you fault me for being late? I should probably head out!"

Grabbing Lydia's arm, Hannah said, "I'd never prioritize a man over you. I'm sorry, Lydia. My bad."

"Humph!" Lydia lifted her chin.

"You're forgiven, just this once."

"Miss Moore, have you made a decision? This 80-square-meter place in Autumngami Cove could be perfect for you. It faces the ocean and has a large French window in the living room. The landlord's eager to rent, so it's just eighteen thousand a month. Plus, it's got an ocean view!" the agent interjected politely.

Autumngami Cove was a prime residential area downtown, and the deal was tempting.

Hannah was nearly sold on it when Lydia snatched the iPad from her hands.

Glancing through some photos, Lydia faced the agent and asked, "Building 6, unit 11037"

The agent seemed a little on edge; he started to sweat and his Lips quivered.

"Yes..."

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"Is it a good property?"

"The place is excellent, Miss." The agent wiped his brow and declared, "You won't find a better, more affordable place than this, I promise!"

Lydia looked at him coldly as she set the iPad on the desk.

"Did you inform my friend that the previous tenant died here just last week?"

Hannah's eyes went wide.

"Seriously?"

Caught off guard, the agent stammered, "The death was natural. It was a heart condition. It's irrelevant."

"You're lying! The man hung himself in the bathroom!" Lydia's voice rose in outrage.

"You're misleading customers! I'm going to file a complaint!"

"How did you find out?" the agent blurted out.

Then he instantly clammed up, realizing he made a mistake.

Just as Lydia was about to lay into the agent further, Hannah interrupted, "Hold on, Lydia. I've got a call."

She picked up her phone.

“Hello? Mr. Davies?”

Brayden responded with a cheerful tone, “I heard from Grace that you’re in the market for a new place. Have you found it?”

“I’m still looking,” Hannah said.

“Well, what a coincidence,” Brayden continued.

“I have a place that’s empty. I can rent it to you.”

“Really?”

Brayden ranted on, “You familiar with Autumngami Cove? It’s a modest place under two hundred square meters. Bought it originally for the view, but lost interest.”

Puzzled, Hannah inquired, “Autumngami Cove? Less than two hundred square meters?”

Brayden glanced at Bryson, who was lounging on the couch, and grinned.

“You’re a friend of Bryson’s. No need for a deposit. How about three thousand a month?”

“Three thousand a month?” Hannah questioned, wondering if Brayden was out of his mind.

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Intrigued, Lydia chimed in.

“For a two-hundred-square-meter place in Autumngami Cove? That cheap? Did someone die there or something?”

At the sound of the voice on the other end, Brayden’s lips twitched.

“Miss Moore, don’t mind her. The house is new and completely accident -free. You have my word.”

“Look, you don’t need to cut me a special deal just because I know Mr. Mitchell.”

“I’m not. The house would be vacant anyway. Might as well rent it to someone I know.”

After hanging up, Hannah exhaled deeply.

“Come on, Lydia. Dinner’s on me.”

Curious, Lydia tugged on Hannah’s arm.

“So? Who was that?”

Brayden, too, let out a long sigh after ending the call.

"If you want Miss Moore to rent the place, why not tell her yourself? Why get me involved?"

"If I offered, she'd probably decline."

Brayden gave Bryson a sly smile.

"You're right. Miss Moore made it clear she didn't want favors because of you. Seems like she wants to keep her distance."

Staring Brayden, Bryson said nothing.

Feeling a shiver, Brayden quickly added, "She... She must not want to inconvenience you, that's all."

"Why are you just sitting there?" Bryson's eyes remained focused on his computer screen as his fingers danced across the keyboard.

"I need that proposal on my desk by Monday."

"But it's already Sunday, Bryson. You're really putting the squeeze on me," Brayden protested.

"Fine," Bryson responded, casting a blank look toward Brayden.

"I'll delegate the project to a different firm."

Brayden immediately rose to his feet, grinning.

"You'll have the proposal at precisely 9 AM tomorrow!"