The Unshackled Queen: Never Say Never Online Free Chapter 99

Gail pondered and then shook her head.

"Miss Mitchell is always cautious. She doesn't consume food from outside."

If Grace hadn't consumed peanuts, the report wouldn't indicate an allergy.

While discussing, a nurse emerged from Grace's room.

"Miss Mitchell is awake and wishes to see Miss Moore."

Hannah glanced at Bryson, and upon his nod, she headed to Grace's room.

There, Grace lay on the bed, her pale face adorned with a faint smile.

"Hannah, thank you for your concern..."

Gently patting Grace's head, Hannah replied, "It's no trouble. Grace, did you consume anything with peanuts?"

"I'm not sure. I had regular food and then felt unwell..."

Despite her frailty, Grace answered Hannah earnestly.

She paused, blinking, then said with gravity, "Besides Gail's dishes, I did have some cakes today. They were desserts from Wilders Cake Shop, a gift from my aunt when she visited with her daughter. I adore them. After my meal, I ate a couple."

Realizing the potential source, Hannah swiftly acted.

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"Rest up. I'll inspect these cakes."

Hannah handed over the cakes to Bryson.

"They might be the cause, Mr. Mitchell. Perhaps have someone examine the ingredients."

"Thanks. Allow me to escort you out." Accepting the cakes, Bryson observed Hannah.

She gestured dismissively.

"A friend is picking me up. No need to worry."

As she was leaving, she added, "Mr. Mitchell, if anything happens to Grace, reach out. I'm always reachable."

He looked slightly taken aback, then responded with a smile, "Will do."

On Monday, upon reaching her office, Zayn greeted Hannah with paperwork.

"Miss Moore, my students have health checks today. But I'm engaged elsewhere. Could you escort them to the school clinic?"

Hannah skimmed her schedule, noting her free morning. Taking the papers, she said, "Sure, I'm free this

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Hannah walked into clinical medicine's class 2, papers in hand, and immediately, murmurs spread among the students.

"Isn't that the gorgeous instructor from class 3? Wow, she's stunning!

I knew you guys weren't exaggerating!"

"See, I told you to join me in her class once, but you refused."

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"I saw her in the cafeteria once. She's genuinely breathtaking!"

Hannah, unaware of their chatter, simply lowered her gaze to the papers and announced, "Those I call out, please form a line outside.

I'll escort you to the school clinic for your health check."

By chance, when they reached the clinic, it was packed with students from another department still undergoing their checks. They found themselves at the back of a growing queue.

The students ahead kept stealing glances at Hannah, their discussions growing louder.

"Who's that? Do we really have such an attractive teacher?"

"She seems sophisticated. Could she be from the art department? Some of their faculty are quite stunning."

Recognizing Hannah, a student whispered, "No, she's our new teacher in the clinical medicine department! The dean spoke highly of her recently."

"I remember now! Saw a blurry photo of her on the school board.

She's even more beautiful in person!"

"Didn't she get this job due to some connections? Looks aren't everything."

"True, but she wouldn't just be handed a clinical medicine teaching position solely because of that, right?"

The students whispered among themselves with evident excitement. As Sadie exited the school clinic, snippets of their conversation reached her ears, causing her to glance over her shoulder.

Upon spotting Hannah, Sadie clenched her teeth in anger. A mention of the school forum caught her ear and an unsavory thought crossed her mind.

By midday, before the student health checks concluded, the school's online forum was buzzing with activity.

A post quickly garnered attention.

It showcased a candid picture of Hannah, leaning against a wall. Her long hair cascaded onto her chest, her head modestly tilted, looking stunning.

Yet, the accompanying caption was less than flattering.

"Check this out! Rumor has it that the newest instructor of clinical medicine class 3 used her connections to secure her spot. Just look at this photo for proof."

Below the text was another picture. It depicted Hannah getting out of a flashy red Porsche at the school's entrance.

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