

The Unshackled Queen: Never Say Never Online Free –

Chapter: 61

“What’s Bryson thinking, bringing you out when he knows you’re unwell?”

Makenna Mitchell shot Grace a look.

“I hear you’re not doing great.

Only a year to live, they say. Bryson’s usually so resourceful. Why hasn’t he found a cure for you?”

Grace shivered at Makenna’s words.

She’d been shielded by Bryson all her life and had never interacted much with these relatives.

Plus, her chronic illness had always been met with polite sympathy before, never this kind of cruelty.

Grace’s fingers clutched Hannah’s sleeve. Her voice was barely a whisper.

“Bryson... he’s working on it.”

Finally breaking his silence, a young man interjected, “Mom, why grill her like that? You’ll upset her enough to land her in the hospital, then her brother will have words with you.”

Makenna crossed her arms, huffing, “Should he really confront us for such a fragile girl?”

Hannah gathered that these were Grace’s relatives from their conversation.

Their comments were distasteful, and the naive Grace was close to tears.

Stepping up, Hannah protected Grace.

“What makes you so untouchable?”

It wasn’t until then that Makenna noticed Hannah. She scrutinized her from head to toe.

“And you are?”

Lingering at a distance, wine glass in hand, Makenna’s son, Tyshawn Mitchell, scrutinized Hannah.

“Ah, another gold-digger. But this one’s smarter. She’s starting with the weak Link.”

Hannah met his gaze, ice-cold.

"I'm simply a friend of Mr. Mitchell."

"A friend?" Tyshawn scoffed.

"Seems everyone these days can claim ties to our family."

"You! Watch your mouth when you talk about Hannah!" Though nervous, Grace mustered the courage to speak up for her friend.

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"So you're Hannah Moore!" Makenna's disdain intensified.

"Do you know her, Mom?" Tyshawn assessed Hannah with a swift glance.

"Do you not remember? Miss Moore was once married to Mr. Edwards! We even received a wedding invite from them."

Grasping his wine glass smugly, Tyshawn dismissed Hannah.

"Ah, now it clicks. The second-hand woman."

"Don't you dare defame Hannah!" Grace, who seemed like a pint-sized rebel, interposed herself between Hannah and Tyshawn, her eyes moist.

"Grace, I'm saying this for your benefit. This woman is unworthy of being associated with Bryson," Makenna chimed in, her smile never wavering.

"Exactly. What business does she have getting near Bryson? She must have a hidden agenda!" Tyshawn advised, "Don't be fooled. The world is a complicated place."

Hannah remained unfazed by their words.

With a composed smile, she shot back, "Not long ago, there were headlines about you, Mr. Mitchell. You squandered fifty million at an underground casino in Beachholt."

Narrowing her eyes, she went on casually, "Have you managed to settle that fifty-million-dollar debt yet?"

Tyshawn's face darkened.

"Are you inviting danger, Hannah Moore?"

Hannah grinned ear to ear.

“Why so edgy? Could it be because you were short on funds and misappropriated public money?”

Makenna broke into a nervous sweat, stuttering, “How did you find out?”

You...”

“Mom!” Still sensible enough, Tyshawn swiftly cut off Makenna, though the revelation had already occurred.

Feigning astonishment, Hannah covered her mouth.

“Oh, I was only speculating. Seems I was right.”

Her eyes turned icy.

“You’re nothing but slothful and greedy!”

Makenna was at a loss for words.

“You... You... How can you be so rude?”

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“I come from humble beginnings. Manners are not my concern.” Hannah quirked an eyebrow.

“Besides, if I were as refined as Grace, wouldn’t your lack of manners disturb me?”

“I dare you to repeat that!” Fuming, Tyshawn advanced on Hannah, staring down at her.

“You bitch! You’re not just unrefined. You’re despicable!”

Hannah stared back, her sneer intact.

“If it weren’t for your family’s influence, you’d have been behind bars.”

In the next instant, Tyshawn’s hand was in the air, poised to strike.

“Hannah!” Grace shrieked in alarm.

Hannah held her phone with feigned shock.

“Oops! I didn’t notice it but at the beginning of our conversation, my finger slipped and hit the record button. If I accidentally sent this recording to Grace’s brother, you’d be in a real bind.”

Her fingers hovered over Bryson’s chat window, her expression torn.

“If that slap had connected, I can’t promise this recording wouldn’t have been sent.”

Makenna quickly grabbed her son’s hand, aware they couldn’t afford to provoke Bryson.

Grimacing, Tyshawn muttered, “Fine, you win this time!”

As they prepared to exit, Hannah’s smile vanished, her voice icy.

“Apologize.”

Tyshawn spun around, disbelief coloring his words.

“Damn it! What the hell did you say?”

“I said say you’re sorry to Grace. Are you deaf, Mr. Mitchell?”

The sound of music drifted from the hall, visible through the clear windows, where guests could be seen mingling elegantly.

In stark contrast, the garden’s ambiance had grown chilly.

Tyshawn, looking sharp in his custom-made suit, turned to face Hannah.

His eyes bore into her with a venomous glare.

“Ah, Hannah Moore, isn’t it? I know you!”

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Unfazed by Tyshawn’s menacing tone, Hannah offered a serene smile but remained silent.

Clearly unnerved by her stare, Tyshawn refrained from making a scene.

He nonchalantly faced Grace and lifted his drink.

“Don’t be offended by my earlier words. We’re family, it was merely a jest. Don’t take it to heart.”

“Is that your attempt at an apology?” Hannah sneered.

“Even a dog knows to apologize sincerely. Haven’t you learned that much?”

Tyshawn thought to himself, “She had the audacity to compare me with dogs?”

His grip tightened on his glass, incensed by her words.

“Bitch! What the hell did you say to me?!”

“Don’t be offended by my words. It was merely a jest. Don’t take it to heart.”

Hannah echoed Tyshawn’s own words.

Now truly enraged, Tyshawn swung his wine-filled glass towards Hannah.

With no time to evade, Hannah quickly turned around, enveloping Grace in a protective hug to keep her safe.

Crack!

The sound of shattering glass reverberated, yet Hannah felt no pain.

Turning, she found herself shielded by a black suit.

Lifting her eyes, she saw Bryson had silently stepped in, his face emotionless as he stared down Tyshawn.

His tailored suit emphasized his broad shoulders and lean waist, making him look nearly mythical.

Casually, Bryson discarded the pricey suit jacket onto the ground.

His icy gaze made Tyshawn shudder involuntarily.

Upon seeing Bryson, Makenna’s face blanched.

“Bryson, you’ve misunderstood!”

“Misunderstood?” Brayden walked over, hands tucked into his pockets.

“Oh, so Tyshawn ‘accidentally’ hurled the glass at Miss Moore?”

C 65

Makenna began to retort but found herself halted by Brayden’s follow -up.

“Be extra cautious on your drive home tonight. You never know what accidents might occur.”

Startled, Makenna’s face paled further, sensing the veiled threat.

Tyshawn lost all bravado, muttered an apology to Grace, and hastily exited the garden.

“Are you alright?”

Bryson shifted his gaze from Tyshawn’s retreating figure to meet Hannah’s eyes, warmth returning to his expression.

Hannah nodded her head and looked at Grace, who was securely enveloped in her arms.

“How about you, Grace?”

Grace appeared genuinely shaken, her eyes brimming with vulnerability.

“I’m okay.”

Two lingering tears adorned her cheeks, rendering her both pitiable and endearing.

“Thank goodness you were here,” Grace added softly. She clung to Hannah, gripping the latter’s arm firmly.

“It’s my fault, I apologize,” Bryson admitted.

Hannah shrugged off the incident.

“ALL that matters is that Grace is okay.”

Exiting the garden, they stepped into the bustling hall. The auctioneer had already begun presenting the evening’s items for bid.

In the front row, Lydia spotted Hannah and signaled her over.

Hannah took a seat next to Lydia, with Grace sitting beside her.

Lydia glimpsed Bryson next to Grace and whispered, “Hannah, you’re doing great! I saw that jerk with that nasty woman at the back. I made a show of walking past them before sitting up front just to get under their skin!”

Tapping her forehead, Hannah advised, “Next time, just ignore them.

No need to stoop to their level.”

A few rows behind, Declan had been intently watching Hannah ever since she reentered the hall.

He recognized Grace as Bryson’s beloved sister. Why did she seem so chummy with Hannah?

Eliana noticed Declan’s gaze fixed on Hannah and felt a pang of worry. She feigned surprise.