

The Unshackled Queen: Never Say Never Online Free

Chapter: 146

As it happened, the Patel family had recently lost several business deals to the Mitchell family, leaving them frustrated and helpless.

Their only recourse was to push Declan, their would-be son-in-law, to get married as soon as possible.

Likewise, the Edwards family were too preoccupied with their own business affairs to cause Hannah any grief. Time flew, and half a month had already passed.

When summer break arrived, students burst from the school buildings, excited and chattering.

Strolling among them, Hannah overheard their conversations.

“My parents are taking me to Australia for the summer. What about you?”

“I’m on my own. My parents gave me \$300, 000 for pocket money and told me to explore the country. So dull.”

“We’re off to Europe. A designer I adore just dropped a new collection. Mom wants to take me to his fashion show.”

“Wow! I’m so jealous.”

Hannah wore a grin as she listened to the students chatter. Their youthful exuberance transported her back to her own carefree days in school.

One student, recognizing her, eagerly approached and inquired, “Miss Moore, any summer plans?”

Over the past several months, Hannah had become a familiar face to virtually every student.

Her striking appearance, coupled with her teaching prowess, had won her widespread acclaim. Ever since she'd stood up to Sadie in the principal's office, she had become a heartthrob for the boys and an idol for the girls. She was a campus celebrity.

A group of students, who had been engrossed in conversation among themselves, now circled around her, joining the discussion.

"Miss Moore, how about a European getaway with me?"

"Come with us, Miss Moore. I'll cover your flight!"

Engulfed by a group of eager students, Hannah listened to their ceaseless chatter and smiled, "I'm flattered, but I've already made summer plans. Enjoy yours!"

"What are those plans?" Curious students crowded around her, questioning, "Is it a romantic date with your boyfriend?"

"Wow! ! Seriously?"

Their lively banter drew the attention of even more onlookers.

"No romantic dates. Stop the rumors!" Slightly embarrassed, Hannah admonished them, "Watch your tongues! You're tempting fate by teasing your teacher. I might just have you dropped from your classes."

Realizing she was jesting, the students chuckled and pretended to be scared, continuing to banter with her at the school entrance.

Just then, a Bentley rolled up to the school gate, coming to a stop.

The driver exited the vehicle and advanced toward Hannah.

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"Miss Moore, your ride is here."

The sight of the luxury car left the students whispering among themselves, visibly taken aback.

Though surprised to see Bryson's chauffeur, Hannah chose not to flaunt it. She simply nodded and replied, "Okay."

After bidding farewell to the students, she climbed into the car.

Once inside, she questioned the chauffeur, "Is something wrong with Miss Mitchell?"

"Nothing concerning Miss Mitchell, but there's a change in tomorrow's agenda. Mr. Mitchell has rescheduled your flight for this evening. We need to head to the airport immediately."

“A flight tonight? But I haven’t even packed!”

“Don’t worry, Miss Moore. Mr. Mitchell has taken care of everything.

ALL your travel essentials are ready.”

At that moment, Hannah got a text from Bryson on WhatsApp.

“Apologies. I had to shift the flight last minute for some work.

I’ve arranged for the chauffeur to take you to the airport. Did that scare you?”

Hannah snapped a photo of her route to the airport and sent it his way.

“If I weren’t familiar with your chauffeur, I wouldn’t have risked getting in the car.

In the airport lounge, Bryson read Hannah’s text, a subtle smile lighting up his eyes.

Grace peeked at Bryson’s phone screen and couldn’t help but smile behind her hand.

“Bryson, what’s so funny about texting Hannah?”

Bryson glanced at Grace’s inquisitive expression and affectionately patted her head.

“Adult matters. No need to concern yourself.”

“I’m not a kid anymore.”

Pouting, Grace gave her pink suitcase an irritated kick.

“I’m in college now, you know. Stop treating me like a child.”

“Having another spat with your brother?”

At the sound of Hannah’s voice, Grace sprung to her feet and dashed over.

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“Hannah, you made it! Come with me to scold my brother!”

As Hannah turned, she found herself locking eyes with Bryson, whose soft smile made her momentarily self-conscious. She quickly averted her gaze.

Grace ushered Hannah to a seat, then asked, “Isn’t it frustrating hanging out with me?”

“Not at all.” Smiling, Hannah suggested, “You might want to consider relaxation therapy. It could be beneficial for your wellbeing.”

“Hello there! You’re on this flight too? What a coincidence!” There came a familiar voice.

Dressed in a flowing white chiffon gown, Melina entered, trailed by an assistant lugging suitcases.

Catching sight of Hannah’s slightly raised eyebrows, she grinned.

“So, Bryson, taking Grace out for some leisure time?”

“Business trip,” Bryson responded, his tone flat.

“What a coincidence.” Melina eased into the seat next to Bryson.

“My family has some dealings in Muvrand as well. It’s fortunate that I can also spend a few days there.”

She then turned and flashed a smile at Grace.

“How about joining me for some fun, Grace?”

“I’d Like to hang out with Hannah, too,” Grace replied, her face crinkling into a pout.

“Wie could all go,” Melina suggested, angling her head toward Hannah.

“You wouldn’t mind, would you, Miss Moore?”

At first, Hannah thought she’d be alright being left out of their plans. But since Melina had asked, it was tough to say no.

“Of course, I have no objections.”

With a playful tap on Bryson’s shoulder, Melina quipped, “Bryson, Muvrand might be picturesque, but it’s not exactly safe after dark.

Just having Miss Moore to look after Grace might not cut it.”

Bryson shifted slightly, his shoulder coming to rest against Hannah’s.

“That’s not your concern.”

A cool, minty aroma hovered in the air. Hannah tensed up as both brother and sister nestled beside her, feeling cornered and immobilized.

Glancing down at Hannah, who was aimlessly scrolling through her phone, Bryson's mouth curved into a faint smile.

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Once they were on the plane, Hannah found her seat next to Bryson's.

As she moved to sit, Melina leaned in to whisper.

"Could I switch seats with you, Miss Moore?" Smiling subtly, Melina explained, "I'd like to talk business with Bryson during the flight.

Would you mind taking my seat?"

Before Hannah could even nod, Bryson shot down the proposal.

"I'd rather not talk business while flying," he said.

With his back against the seat, he glanced coldly at Melina.

"No need to switch seats."

Melina's face registered a mix of hurt and confusion. She turned to Bryson.

"I understand you don't want to discuss work, but this is vital for our upcoming ventures."

Shifting his gaze to Hannah, Bryson lifted his hand to his forehead and softly instructed, "Come sit by me."

He then told Melina, "We can talk this out when we're back in Valmere."

Melina's face tightened, but she managed a small smile.

"Very well."

The flight was scheduled to last seven hours, with an expected midnight Landing.

Not long after takeoff, a sense of drowsiness overcame Hannah. As the overhead announcements played, she closed her eyes and slipped into sleep.

In her half-awake state, she faintly heard murmuring beside her, followed by a feeling of warmth, as she sank deeper into sleep.

When her eyes flickered open again, the cabin was dimly lit. She noticed a blanket over her legs, and next to her, Bryson appeared to be snoozing, his back against the seat.

Carefully, Hannah lifted the blanket from her legs and began to drape it over Bryson. However, he stirred, opening his eyes.

The closeness was palpable. His warm breath grazed Hannah's cheek, causing her to instinctively loosen her hold. In a swift move, Bryson grabbed her wrist.

His newly-awakened voice tinged with a raspy undertone, Bryson wore a gentle smile.

"Be careful," he whispered.

Feeling the warmth from where Bryson had grasped her wrist, Hannah delicately tried to pull away.

"I'm okay," she whispered back.

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Swiftly averting her gaze, she feigned sleep, clenching her eyes shut to shake off the lingering awkwardness. She questioned herself about why she felt compelled to cover him.

Noticing Hannah's tense form, a silent chuckle brightened Bryson's eyes.

As they touched down in the early morning, Grace was visibly weary.

Hannah assisted her, taking her suitcase and offering a comforting hug.

"Bryson. I'm tired," Grace mumbled sleepily, nestling into Hannah.

"We'll be at the hotel soon," Bryson assured her.

Walking next to him, Melina chimed in, "I've been considering switching hotels as well, so we can keep an eye on each other."

She gestured, signaling a young assistant to come forward.

"Cancel our prior hotel reservation. We'll all stay together. It should be more convenient that way."

Leaving the airport, they found two Rolls-Royces ready to whisk them away to the hotel.

Melina, having booked her room later, found it was on a separate floor. She headed downstairs, accompanied by an assistant.

Concerned for Grace's safety, Hannah asked Bryson to rearrange the accommodations, opting for a suite on the same level.

Bryson cautioned her before departing, "Muvrand gets pretty hectic when the sun sets. Stick close to Grace, and call me if anything goes wrong."

“Sure,” Hannah responded.

“Grace will be safe with me. Don’t worry.”

After a draining day, both women were wiped out. Following a quick freshening up, they collapsed into bed, succumbing to sleep after a brief chat.

Come morning, Bryson was tied up in meetings and couldn’t join them.

However, he ensured they were guarded by four bodyguards for any excursions.

Drawing back the curtains, Hannah admired the view, feeling a sense of contentment.

“Muvrand doesn’t appear to be chaotic Muvrand didn’t boast towering skyscrapers like Valmere. Instead, it had the charm of an old, scenic town and also featured waterways.

Half of the city was accessible by boat, which added a tranquil allure.

“Hannah, despite the picturesque surroundings, Muvrand isn’t as peaceful as it seems,” Grace informed her, propped up on her elbows in bed.

“I’ve been here a few times with my brother. He told me the crime rate is unusually high due to the city’s geographic perks and abundant resources.”

Intrigued, Hannah lightly drummed her fingers on the window glass, looking back at Grace.