

The Unshackled Queen: Never Say Never Online Free - Chapter: 176

In the spotlight of the casino, the woman Nigel hired radiated with an enchanting allure. Turning towards Bryson, Nigel's smile held a subtle element of self-satisfaction, a glint of triumph in his eyes.

"Mr. Mitchell, how is your experience? The God of Gambling hasn't disappointed, has she?"

The God of Gambling?

Bryson's indifference was palpable as he averted his gaze from the veiled woman.

He had astutely observed her cheating moments ago. If she were indeed the God of Gambling, her deceit would not have been so readily exposed.

Yet Bryson chose not to divulge the truth, feigning disinterest.

Nigel, failing to discern a satisfactory reaction from Bryson's demeanor, felt his smile momentarily freeze before he gracefully regained his composure.

"It appears, Mr. Mitchell, that this venue doesn't quite suit your tastes. Allow me to escort you upstairs."

As they turned to leave, a beguiling, mellifluous female voice resonated within the casino.

"In your right pocket, you should find three ordinary dice. As for the three on the table, they're imbued with magnetic stones, ensuring that no matter how they're cast, the outcome aligns with your desires."

Hushed murmurs rippled through the assembled spectators, who willingly yielded space for the newcomer.

Hannah was concealed behind the mask of the God of Gambling, her form adorned in a red wrap dress that elegantly accentuated her graceful silhouette.

Whispers of admiration emanated from those nearby. In the casino's dimly lit ambiance, Hannah's silky skin took on an even more enchanting allure.

"By the heavens, her figure is divine!"

"If only I could clasp her waist!"

"Who might this enchantress be? Bold to emerge and challenge the God of Gambling!"

Curiosity gripped the onlookers. The hired woman, casting a haughty glance in Hannah's direction, retorted, "Dear Miss, don't assume that donning the same mask grants you the power to seize attention and usurp my identity!"

"You ought to direct those words inward." Beneath her mask, Hannah fixed a frigid stare upon the woman before her.

"You may possess the potential to supplant me but you've yet to master any of my skills.

ALL you've been doing is nothing but cheating."

Witnessing a masked interloper stir up trouble, Nigel's temper flared.

He raised his hand, gesturing to those in his proximity.

"Remove her from the premises"

"Hold on!" Bryson intervened.

C – 177

"Aren't you curious about which one is the true God of Gambling?"

Nigel chuckled as though entertained by a jest.

"Mr. Mitchell, your infrequent visits to casinos may have left you unaware of the formidable reputation the God of Gambling wields. Now that you've developed an interest in our little spectacle, I'll gladly partake in this amusement alongside you. Let us consider it a jest!"

With this declaration, Nigel signaled to the retinue behind him to leave the newcomer alone for the time being.

Adorning Hannah's delicate neck was a rose-shaped velvet necklace, ingeniously housing a voice-altering device.

In the midst of such a chaotic environment, Hannah demonstrated a masterful ability to conceal her true identity.

Before the impostor on the opposite side could utter a word, Hannah adopted a taunting tone.

"You claim to be the God of Gambling. Are you willing to gamble with me?"

A sardonic sneer curled upon the impostor's Lips.

In her estimation, Hannah hardly fit the mold of the authentic God of Gambling, who had long remained elusive.

“This lady must be posing as the God of Gambling, hoping to make a splash in the casino and ensnare the attention of eager young men,” she surmised.

Thinking of this, the impostor readily assented, her gaze locked onto Hannah, “Very well! At the gaming table, there must be wagers accompanying wins and losses. Pray, madam, what shall be the stakes?”

Hannah nonchalantly tapped her fingertips upon the table and declared, “Should I lose a round, I shall surrender ten million. If you find yourself defeated, you must publicly acknowledge that you are a counterfeit God of Gambling.”

A haughty laugh escaped the woman’s lips as she regarded Hannah confidently.

“I regret to inform you, Miss, that your fate appears sealed.”

With a smug expression, the woman inquired, “What shall be the game, then?”

Hannah, her demeanor brimming with confidence, gave the dice cup in her grasp a deft shake.

“Let’s engage in a contest of numbers, yet this time, we shall utilize cards instead of dice.”

The woman gracefully lifted her hand, beckoning the nearby attendant to exchange the dice for a pair of decks of cards.

Taking hold of the cards, she delicately held them in her grasp.

With her right thumb and middle finger, she expertly sent them flying with a gentle flick!

A set of cards unfurled in a flawless trajectory through the air, eliciting collective bated breath from the onlookers.

The cards danced lithely, eventually descending obediently into her awaiting left hand.

The crowd, spellbound by her display of skill, erupted in applause.

C 178

Hannah observed her performance with a condescending smirk.

“A paltry trick! How audacious to proclaim yourself the God of Gambling!”

Murmurs of dissatisfaction echoed around the room.

Someone retorted, “Who’s really cheating here is still up for debate!”

You just waltz in, acting high and mighty, yet you think you're clever?"

Soon, others chimed in, nodding in agreement.

"Exactly! Not too skilled, but a whole lot of talk! If you're so great, prove it!"

"Yeah! Nothing but words, who's to say if you're genuine or a fraud!"

The atmosphere in the casino was electric, a magnet for onlookers drawn by the commotion at this particular table.

The crowd expanded, and Hannah's table became the main attraction of the entire venue.

Hannah's fingers lightly touched the deck, giving it a subtle twist, and the cards elegantly fanned out.

She skimmed her fingertips across the cards a few times, swiftly drawing out four and sliding them forward.

One by one, she revealed them to be four Aces.

And she hadn't even shuffled! Could she have seen through the deck?

Did she possess X-ray vision?

A collective gasp filled the air.

Swiftly, Hannah separated the deck into two stacks and revealed their suits.

One side showcased hearts, the other spades.

The room erupted into cheers, the music surged, and the energy levels soared.

Across the table, the other masked woman's expression darkened.

"Those are child's play! You're not the only one who can do tricks."

Hannah gracefully swept her arm, arranging the cards, and snapped her fingers at the dealer.

Cards floated down, as if time had slowed, aligning perfectly in front of him.

Casually, she pointed a finger at the first face-down card in front of the dealer, declaring, "The first card is the King."

C 179

The dealer flipped it, revealing it to be true.

"It is the King!"

Those who had doubted Hannah fell silent, stepping back without a word.

The thrill-seekers in the crowd turned their attention back to her, probing, "Are you really the Magician? Then who is she?"

"Simply an amateur scam artist." Hannah grinned, laughing freely, and stared across at the woman with no pretense.

"Next time you try to impersonate someone, make sure you don't get caught in the act."

"Caught? Do you have proof?" the masked woman shot back, her tone defiant.

"The game's not even started yet. Don't get ahead of yourself!"

Hannah shot a fleeting glance at the dealer next to her.

"Shall we get started? Deal the cards."

The masked woman and the dealer locked eyes for a moment.

With a subtle nod, the dealer meticulously shuffled the deck and handed a card to both Hannah and the other woman behind the mask.

The masked woman grabbed her card, looked at Hannah, and announced, "Two of spades. Tough luck, Miss.

A collective exhale emanated from the audience.

"God of Gambling starts strong. The other lady's luck has run out!"

Peeking at her own card, Hannah realized they'd conspired to set a trap.

She held a six of diamonds. It was a certain loss if the cards were shown.

Hannah tapped her card lightly, locking eyes with the masked woman.

"Care for a second chance? Best two out of three?"

"Hahahahahahaha!! You're funny!" The masked woman erupted into derisive laughter.

"Miss, a loss is a loss. No need to save face.

I'm God of Gambling, and I stand by my rules. A single round seals the deal, and that's that.

She squinted at Hannah.

“Scared to show your hand, are you? It’s just 10 million.”

C 180

Someone chimed in, “No last-minute rule changes! Come on, quit wasting time! Show your card!”

Another one sneered, “If you’ve lost, own it. It’s only 10 million.

You didn’t come here pretending to be wealthy and unable to handle the loss, did you?”

A man shouted, “Can’t pay? Then give us a striptease. Make it good, and we might clear your debt!”

Jeers and vulgar comments filled the air, punctuated by ripples of mocking laughter.

Unfazed, Hannah simply smiled, “Alright, but remember, you had your chance.”

With a subtle dip of her head, she pinched her card between two fingers and elegantly flipped it over.

Suddenly, the room fell silent.

Although the crowd had assumed the outcome, a palpable tension hung in the air.

The clamor of the casino was replaced solely by the rhythmic thumping and seductive dances emanating from the main stage.

A two of hearts lay exposed for all to see.

Hannah flicked her finger, nonchalantly sending the two of hearts onto the table.

“Looks like the tables have turned. I win.”

In the world of gambling, it was common knowledge that the two of hearts trumped the two of spades.

The masked woman’s eyes widened, darting frantically toward the dealer.

Frozen in disbelief, the dealer couldn’t move an inch.

“The real Magician stands before us! She is the real God of Gambling!

The other was a mere pretender!”

In the crowd that had gathered, a voice rang out, soon echoed by others in jubilant agreement.

“Exactly! The latecomer is the real God of Gambling!”

“I can’t believe I’m actually seeing the real God of Gambling today!”

Abruptly, an authoritative yell broke the chatter.

“The fraud is making a run for it!”

“Seize her! A fake challenging the true God of Gambling and thinks she can flee after being exposed?”