

# The Unshackled Queen: Never Say Never Online Free - Chapter: 281

Hannah had a sudden recollection, her gaze fixed on Bryson.

“How did you know that I was at Allison’s place? Were you tailing me?”

Bryson shifted his gaze, his bright eyes locked onto Hannah.

Hannah blinked.

“The formidable CEO of the Mitchell Group, you didn’t actually resort to stalking, did you?”

“No, not at all.”

Bryson shifted his eyes away, his gaze dropping.

“I stumbled upon you entering Declan’s car when I set out to find you, so I decided to follow.”

“I see.” Hannah nodded.

“Okay, what’s the specific reason you’re seeking me?”

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The car fell into silence briefly.

Bryson spoke with a touch of awkwardness.

“Not much, really.”

Hannah actually let out a laugh.

“Alright, it’s getting late. Since you don’t have much in particular, you can give me a ride home.”

The car swiftly arrived at the residential neighborhood where Hannah resided.

Hannah exited the car, and Bryson lowered the window, observing her departure with a gentle expression.

But halfway there, Hannah abruptly pivoted back. She strolled to the car, her hands resting on the window frame, peering at the person seated within.

“How about we grab dinner? I’m feeling a bit hungry.”

Bryson was taken aback for a moment, then nodded with approval.

“What would you like to eat? I’ll take you there.”

Hannah Lightly tapped the car door.

“Step out, and I’ll be your guide.”

Bryson exited the car, allowing the chauffeur to take it away momentarily, and they strolled toward Hannah’s residential building.

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As they walked down the street, Hannah stole a glance at Bryson’s impeccably attired figure and couldn’t help but chuckle, “Did you rush to find me immediately upon leaving the office?”

“Mm,” Bryson responded, “I happened to be in the area.”

“Great. There’s a place that I like nearby, let me take you to try it Slightly past 10 in the evening, the shops beneath Hannah’s apartment were buzzing with life.

Hannah secured an outdoor table and took her seat.

“Excuse me, I’ll have the clear soup hot pot, please.”

“You brought me here for hot pot?” Bryson glanced at the set of bowls and chopsticks before him, appearing mildly taken aback.

Hannah efficiently arranged Bryson’s place setting with the bowls and chopsticks.

“What’s wrong? Don’t you like it here?”

“I do.”

Bryson curled the corner of his lips and explained, “Previously, I used to dine around Red Origin Road.”

Hannah regarded Bryson with amazement.

“Red Origin Road? Many places there are humble food stalls. I assumed someone of your stature wouldn’t dine in such spots.”

“I used to live there with my mother.”

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Hannah paused, chopsticks in hand, and turned to regard Bryson, a chapter of his life previously undisclosed to her.

“This was prior to high school. After I rejoined the Mitchell family, it was a topic nobody mentioned again, so it’s understandable you weren’t aware.”

“The clear soup hot pot has arrived!”

The proprietor placed the pot on the table, ignited the burner, and organized the accompanying dishes.

“Bon appetit! Don’t hesitate to call if you require any extras!”

Hannah added a plate of meat into the simmering pot, observing it as it sizzled and cooked. Then she addressed Bryson.

“Regarding the recent incident, I want to express my gratitude. Without your intervention, I might still be facing an online backlash.”

“It was the right thing to do.”

“Could it be that your time away from the Mitchell family influenced how you interact with your grandfather?” Hannah inquired abruptly.

Bryson didn’t keep any secrets from Hannah. His eyes took on a touch of shadow, and he admitted, “Not particularly. When the Mitchell family brought me back, my mother had already passed away. At the time, Grace was a child, and she was my sole focus. The year she was poisoned, I was overseas and couldn’t rush back because he ordered me to set up my own international business. If I didn’t succeed, I’d never be allowed to return. Because of this, I couldn’t make it back in time when Grace was poisoned. She came perilously close to not making it.”

Hearing Bryson discuss his history for the first time, Hannah silently absorbed the words, watching his demeanor transform from the guarded man she knew.

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It appeared that no one had ever made an effort to comprehend Bryson.

He was viewed as an impenetrable fortress.

Yet, in her perspective, this man was undeniably human, a well of emotions concealed beneath a stoic facade, eternally a solitary soul.

Bryson’s deep gaze locked onto Hannah’s, and he released a soft chuckle.

“After hearing all of this, you don’t consider me a miserable man, do you?”

No.”

Hannah offered a faint smile, saying, "I can't help but think that if I were in your shoes, unable to save a loved one in time, I might not have coped as admirably as you did."

"How about you?" Bryson inquired, his gaze fixed on Hannah.

Bryson fixed his gaze on Hannah as he remarked, "I've never heard you speak about your parents."

"They?"

Hannah's memories appeared to awaken, and she offered a wistful smile as she spoke.

"They have their own children. I'm just the one who was discarded."

Bryson regarded Hannah with a hint of jest.

"It seems, you have more secrets than I do."

"I don't have many secrets," Hannah smiled and gently shook her head.

A N G E L A ' s L I B R A R Y

"Being abandoned is no different from being an orphan. It's hardly a well-guarded secret."

Understanding that Hannah preferred not to delve into the past, Bryson offered a gentle smile and didn't push the matter.

After concluding their hot pot meal, they exited the eatery.

The night breeze gradually carried a chill, and Bryson escorted Hannah to the base of her residential building before stopping.

"It's 11 o'clock. Aren't you supposed to call your chauffeur?"

"You go on ahead; don't worry about me."

Hannah adjusted her collar against the chill and waved to Bryson.

"I'll head upstairs now. Goodbye."

Upon returning home, an inexplicable urge nudged Hannah to peer downstairs. When she did, there stood Bryson, a steadfast figure in the community area beneath her.

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The wind theatrically rustled his suit jacket while he held a solemn stance, engrossed in a phone conversation.

Eventually, Bryson tucked away his phone and, raising his head, noticed the illuminated room of Hannah. There she was, by her window, sending him a friendly wave.

With the glint of a budding smile, Bryson returned her gesture with a slight hand raise before heading off.

The Summer break breezed by in a flash.

To Hannah, it seemed like mere moments before the onset of the new academic term.

## ANGELA'S LIBRARY

On school's inaugural day, with no morning lessons, she sauntered in slightly behind schedule.

In the office was Zayn, her co-worker, eyes shining with excitement.

"Hannah! I was oblivious to your racing prowess! The tales of your driving feats are mind-blowing!"

Hannah hesitated to delve into the topic, feeling cornered. The episode had ignited a buzz on the Internet. Recognition greeted her in almost any gathering, no matter how modest.

"It's been ages since I raced. That might just be my curtain call."

However, Zayn thrust a notebook toward Hannah, demanding, "Hannah, I simply must have your autograph!"

Deeming the autograph trivial, Hannah obliged. But the ensuing events wiped the smile off her face.

Perhaps the post-lunch class schedule contributed, but soon, a serpentine queue took shape right outside Hannah's office!

Each student had arrived, starry-eyed, seeking an autograph from their newfound hero!

Hannah felt uneasy turning them down. So, she had them queue orderly, and before she realized it, her office turned into an autograph session.

This spectacle even drew curious bystanders, clueless about the unfolding drama.

Post her class, Grace skipped into Hannah's office, eyes wide at the lengthy line.

"What's causing this marathon? Why's there a horde outside?"

Spotting Grace felt like a breath of fresh air to Hannah.

"Grace!

The swarm of students is overwhelming. I fear it might spark school-wide chatter."

Grace's eyes twinkled mischievously, an ingenious plan forming.

Grinning cheekily, she declared, "Hannah, entrust this to me!"

True to her word, in merely thirty minutes under Grace's command, the queue dissipated, leaving Hannah with just one final signature to pen.

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Exhausted, she sank into her chair, nursing her aching wrist. Hannah reflected, "I thought I could dodge such whirlwinds at the campus.

This was unforeseen."

Bursting into the office, Grace excitedly shook Hannah's arm.

"How'd I do, Hannah? Pretty spectacular, right?"

"You're indeed phenomenal, top-notch! What magic did you wield to scatter them?"

Leaning in, Grace chuckled heartily, sharing her strategy.

"I promised them a daily half-hour autograph session for a week. That got them moving!"

With a bemused smile, Hannah quipped, "Grace, you're truly a master of time management."

"Hannah, you might be unaware, but the school forum's buzzing with your fame. There's chatter everywhere, even a thread lauding your sensational escapades!"

Gently ruffling Grace's hair, Hannah expressed her concern.

"Stay clear of such distractions. How have you been health-wise of late?"

"All's well. I've been religiously following the medication you concocted and keeping up with the essential injections. A month's gone by without a setback."

Hannah acknowledged, "That's a sign of improvement. Soon, I'll confer with Mr. Campbell and explore the possibility of refining the medication for your ailment."

"I always knew it! Hannah, you've got my back like no other! However, there's another thing that concerns me..."

Grace whispered with a hint of worry, "Lately, there's been a change in my brother's demeanor. No matter what I do at home, his spirits don't lift. I'm so puzzled. Hannah, have you caught wind of any changes with my brother lately?"

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Memories from the previous night danced across Hannah's thoughts, and she replied with a hint of uncertainty, "I can't say for sure, but maybe it's the crushing weight of his work responsibilities."

"Could be. He's been clocking in early and coming back home way too late because of work. My uncle has stirred up some storms at the office, but thankfully, Grandpa always calms the chaos."

Hannah's ears perked up at Grace's revelation.

"Your uncle was the one wreaking havoc at the office?"

"Absolutely. Apparently, it stemmed from your racing event. He poured a mountain of money on another racer, probably over 5 million! But alas, it all went down the drain. He believed my brother withheld some vital intel, which led him to lose that 5 million. And that's what ignited his fiery rampage at the office. Rumor has it, he didn't spare the furniture and let loose a storm of harsh words!"

Hannah's brow furrowed in confusion.

"He chose to back another racer, why drag Mr. Mitchell into this? Betting is always a game of chance."

"What gave him the right to point fingers at Mr. Mitchell?"

"So, Grandpa rained down a torrent of reprimands on Uncle, pressing him to settle the debt pronto. If not, he'd have to forfeit his throne as the General Manager!"