

# The Unshackled Queen: Never Say Never Online Free

## Chapter: 121

“You! To say I can’t pay the bill for Luxury wine? Ridiculous.”

“Really?”

Hannah rang for service. Shortly, a bartender approached their booth, inquiring, “How may I assist?”

“Do you have any expensive liquor?” Hannah inquired.

The bartender referenced his digital device.

“We’ve got a 60-proof foreign liquor, priced at two hundred thousand a bottle. But it’s a package deal, minimum of five bottles.”

“That works. We have a large group here.” Hannah briefly scanned the gathering and told the bartender, “Let’s start with ten bottles.”

“Ten bottles?” Myrtle nearly shouted in disbelief.

Hannah turned to face her and playfully teased, “It’s a mere 2 million. Can’t handle that?”

Visibly irritated, Myrtle pulled out her card and shot a fiery glare at Hannah. Oh, how she longed to lash out at the wench at that moment !

As the bartender departed, he added, “If there’s any liquor left, we can store it for you.”

Soon, ten bottles were presented on their table. Crossing her arms, Myrtle scoffed, “Since you placed the order, you should take the first sip!”

“I’d rather not.”

Myrtle’s brows knitted together.

“Are you going back on what you said?”

Hannah, without lifting her gaze, uncorked a bottle and flashed a radiant smile at Myrtle.

“If we’re playing, let’s go all out. Do you have the guts?”

Flushed with embarrassment, Myrtle shot a quick look at her companions before fixing a harsh gaze on Hannah.

“Afraid to drink? I think the real coward here is you. Quit the theatrics!”

Unfazed, Hannah downed an entire bottle of liquor in one go.

Setting the empty bottle on the table, she looked up at Myrtle and declared, “Your turn.”

Smirking, Myrtle signaled to the man beside her. Eager to mimic Hannah, he grabbed a bottle and attempted to gulp it down.

However, he sputtered out the alcohol mid-way and slumped back into his seat, waving off any more attempts.

Hannah clicked her tongue and scoffed, “Given up already? Seems Like you didn’t pick the best sidekicks.”

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“Pathetic,” Myrtle sneered at her stumbling companion. She then leaned her neck toward Hannah and taunted, “Keep drinking!”

This time, Hannah emptied two bottles back-to-back.

Even Myrtle’s men couldn’t keep up, leaving Myrtle to fend for herself.

However, when Myrtle lifted her bottle and managed to down only half, she slammed it on the table and gagged.

“You think Lydia sending you makes this a fair win? Don’t kid yourself!”

Until now, Myrtle had been unbeatable in drinking games. But faced with Hannah’s prowess, she started to lose her composure.

Hannah shot back, “Three against one and you’re accusing me of cheating? How strange. If you’re dictating the rules, why not just declare yourself the winner?”

Infuriated, Myrtle shoved her bottle off the table, causing it to shatter on the floor.

The sound drew a crowd.

“You’re a cheater!” Myrtle barked, nudging the men next to her.

“You two! Throw her and Lydia out!”

The two men heeded Myrtle’s words and advanced toward Hannah with the intent to intimidate.

With a considerable height advantage over Hannah, they closed in with a commanding presence, ready to lay a hand on her shoulder.

But before they could lay a hand on her, Hannah swiftly grabbed one man’s arm and wrist.

With a firm grip on his muscular arm, she applied pressure. He howled in pain and collapsed into a nearby chair.

Seeing his friend collapse, the second man lunged at Hannah, hands outstretched, only to find his arm caught and pulled back by her.

His arm was also twisted, a sharp crack sounding above the bar’s music as he crumpled in agony.

Before Myrtle could process what had happened, both men beside her were down, She gaped at Hannah, retreating a couple of steps.

“You...

You!”

Glancing dismissively at the fallen men, Hannah flexed her wrist, saying, “You thought you could take me down just because I outdrank you? Pathetic.”

As she spoke, other onlookers in the booth rose to confront her.

One bellowed defiantly, “So what if we gang up on you?”

Hannah’s expression chilled. She’d had no intention of fighting, but they weren’t giving her a choice. Fine, then they’d asked for it.

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Ducking to dodge the incoming fist, she swiftly counterpunched, landing a blow to the man’s stomach. The impact sent him sprawling to the floor, unable to get back up.

The crowd watching had never seen a bar fight before. Some took out their phones to record, while others whistled and cheered.

These troublemakers were all talk. When the police arrived, they slumped onto sofas, nursing their various injuries.

During the routine police questioning, several people clamored to assess their injuries. They claimed Hannah was the instigator, insisting they were in so much pain they could barely move.

“Miss, is this true?” the police officer asked Hannah, turning towards her.

Though she had just been in a brawl, Hannah looked entirely unscathed.

She smoothed her hair back.

“There’s security footage in the bar.

They started it. I was just defending myself. They’ve only got dislocated joints. Nothing serious. As a matter of fact, I know a bit about medical treatment. I could pop their joints back into place for free if they like,” Hannah said, smiling courteously.

Those men were silenced by her grin, their bravado suddenly evaporating.

Owing to the surveillance footage and corroborating witness statements, Hannah was soon released. Meanwhile, Myrtle and her gang were taken in for causing a disturbance.

By this point, Lydia had sobered up and was waiting on the stairs of the police station.

When she saw Hannah emerge, she rushed over, guilt written all over her face.

“I’m so sorry! I didn’t realize things would get so out of hand!”

Lydia clasped her hands together and bowed slightly.

“Are you alright?”

“Did they harm you? It’s all my fault, please don’t be mad.”

Hannah stood there, flicked Lydia on the forehead, and asked, “I’m fine. What compelled you to go to that bar—and with Alick too?”

“I didn’t want to go! That idiot leveraged his status as my fiance to coerce me. He said he’d tell my dad if I didn’t go. I was livid!”

Lydia stamped her foot in frustration.

“You helped me blow off some steam, at least. My dad inexplicably favors him, even though Alick is just a clueless playboy. Myrtle also provoked me, so I ended up drinking more than I should’ve,” Lydia fumed.

Catching Hannah’s expression, Lydia lowered her tone and said, “I promise I’ll be more careful next time. Don’t be mad, okay?”

Hannah wasn't actually angry. Seeing her friend so remorseful, she simply patted Lydia's hand.

"Let's forget it for now. I'll take you home."

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As they prepared to leave, Alick emerged from the police station. At the sight of him, Lydia became very heated and yelled, "Alick, You bastard!!!"

Alick walked over, hands in pockets, and shot Hannah a smirk.

"I never knew you had such fighting skills."

Hannah firmly grasped Lydia's hands, shooting Alick a frosty look.

"I'm aware you've been using your fiance status to manipulate Lydia.

You're going to regret it. Come on, Lydia, let's go."

"Hannah! I need to give this jerk a piece of my mind! He's the reason we're in this mess!"

Lydia continued to seethe as they walked away, while Alick's eyes lingered on Hannah's retreating figure.

Once inside Lydia's car, with the assistant at the wheel, Hannah handed Lydia a bottle of water.

"Next time he wants to see you alone, either call me or refuse him directly."

"If I refuse him, he'll just whine to my dad again."

Resting her head on Hannah's shoulder, Lydia sighed, "The Shaw Group and our family's business have been partners for ages. We've been engaged since we were kids. My dad won't let me break it off. What am I supposed to do? It's not like I'm Alick's babysitter! He keeps messing up and I'm left to clean up his disasters. I'm not his mother!"

Lydia, flushed from both wine and frustration, turned to Hannah and mumbled, "What about you? Is Declan still refusing to sign the divorce papers?"

"Don't worry, I've filed. He can't stall much longer."

After escorting Lydia home, Hannah returned to her apartment and quickly fell into a deep sleep.

A phone call woke her up the next morning. Still half asleep, she answered, "Hello?"

Pausing at the sound of her voice, the person on the other end of the line then said, "Did I disturb you?"

Bryson's rich, inviting voice filled her ears, jolting Hannah fully awake.

"No, what is it, Mr. Mitchell?"

"I've sent over some porridge for you. It should arrive soon."

"What?" Hannah was puzzled.

"Porridge?"

But before they could continue, a knock sounded from Bryson's end.

"The conference room is ready, boss. The board meeting starts in five minutes."

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"Alright."

Bryson's tone softened as he spoke into the phone.

"I have to go to a meeting now. Don't forget to eat the porridge."

"Okay... Thank you, Mr. Mitchell..."

Once she hung up, Hannah sat dazed on her bed, phone in hand. Why had Bryson sent her porridge out of the blue?

Shortly after ending the call, the doorbell chimed its arrival.

Hannah hastened to greet her visitor. Standing there was Bryson's chauffeur, wearing a warm grin and holding a large, insulated container.

"Miss Moore, I waited at Bamer Restaurant to get this freshly made porridge for you. It's good for your skin and digestion. Please try Bamer Restaurant specialized in porridge made with Luxurious ingredients. They were open only in the mornings, and people started lining up an hour before opening.

Caught off guard, Hannah said, "Um... Thank you."

With a gloved hand, the chauffeur gave her the insulated container and smiled, "I'm just doing my job, Miss Moore. The boss insisted that you eat it while it's hot."

"Thank you."

After dismissing the chauffeur, Hannah lifted the lid of the insulated container, inhaling the comforting scent of cooked rice.

Inside the container were a small jar of porridge and a thick bamboo tube filled with plain congee. The aroma of the plain congee blended harmoniously with the scent of the bamboo, and the congee was impeccably cooked, free from any foreign matter.

Eight additional dishes, equally refined, completed the spread.

Hannah arranged the porridge and other dishes on the table but found she had no appetite. The alcohol from the previous night still lingered in her stomach, causing mild discomfort.

Reclining in her chair, Hannah scrolled through her phone.

On opening Facebook, she discovered a barrage of messages awaiting her.

A video from last night's altercation with Myrtle's men was featured prominently.

The edited video was deceptive, making it look like she was the instigator who even assaulted Myrtle after drinking excessively.

Reading the comments, Hannah saw that she was the subject of considerable scorn. Critics said she was a two-faced teacher, gentle at school but morally corrupt in private.

However, there were also those who defended her, arguing that the critics didn't know the full story and that Hannah was unfairly criticized.

Some accused Hannah of seeking internet fame by Leveraging her good looks, all because her teaching salary couldn't compare to an online celebrity's earnings.

Hannah put down the spoon she'd just picked up.

She realized Bryson must've seen the online video, prompting him to send her the comforting porridge.