

The Unshackled Queen: Never Say Never Online Free

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Perhaps she had been staring a bit too “intensely,” because Bryson abruptly opened his eyes, meeting her gaze with a soft grin.

Realizing she had been caught staring, Hannah quickly blinked and moistened her dry lips.

Yet, she couldn't hold back, lifting her intrigued gaze to query, “Mr. Mitchell, is it possible that we... Knew each other long ago?”

Bryson's eyes momentarily wavered, as if he were about to respond.

Suddenly, a knock interrupted them at the door!

The resonant echo of a knock intruded into Hannah's reverie, abruptly yanking her from her contemplation. Swiftly, she averted her gaze, inclining her head.

“Enter.” Bryson's voice eventually emanated.

Yosef made his entrance, positioning himself beside Bryson and, in a hushed tone, he conveyed, “Boss, I've ascertained that the individuals responsible for Miss's abduction are Travis Nixon's men.

And furthermore...”

Yosef momentarily hesitated, casting a furtive glance in the direction of Hannah, reclined on the bed, before halting his discourse.

Bryson’s gaze delved into profound contemplation.

“Continue.”

“Those malefactors that the ladies encountered earlier today were also orchestrated by Travis. Our intent in venturing here revolved around securing that coveted piece of real estate in Cityscape Gardens. Their operatives have cast their covetous gaze upon it as well. With the deal now sealed, they perceive it as an affront and it appears retribution is their foremost objective.”

Yosef’s voice dwindled further, almost a whisper.

“Boss, should we..

Bryson’s eyes turned icy, his tone devoid of emotion.

“Gather compelling evidence and submit it to the local authorities.”

Comprehending his boss’s unspoken directive, Yosef nodded and then inclined his head in the direction of Hannah.

“Boss, Miss Moore should retire early. I shall not disrupt her further.”

As Yosef departed, Bryson's phone abruptly chimed. He retrieved it and deliberately lowered his voice, inquiring, "What's the matter?"

"That shrewd individual, Nigel Kelly, suddenly extended an invitation, asserting a banquet scheduled for tomorrow where the contract shall be formally signed."

Brayden, on the other end of the line, was idly flipping a butterfly knife, casually leaning against a sofa.

"He's had a change of heart, given your absence this evening, unwilling to proceed without your presence."

Bryson pinched the bridge of his nose, his words laced with nonchalance.

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"I will attend the rendezvous tomorrow."

"Incidentally, I heard Miss Moore had a close call today?"

Bryson's gaze alighted on Hannah, her form now peacefully asleep, her head gently inclined, her eyes sealed in slumber.

"Hmm."

"Travis incurred significant losses the last time. How audacious of him to provoke the Mitchell Group once more!"

Bryson's gaze turned glacial, his knuckles pressing lightly against his furrowed brow.

"He's trying to salvage his reputation. Injuring Grace and Hannah won't grant him an easy escape this time."

When it came to discussing the plans for the following day, Bryson rose from his seat. Casting a quiet glance at the peacefully slumbering Hannah, he made his exit with utmost discretion.

The room descended into a hushed tranquility and only then did Hannah slowly unfurl her eyes.

She had caught snippets of Bryson's conversation earlier, which had somewhat reassured her with the glimpse of a strategy.

The next morning, Hannah presented herself to the group as though nothing had transpired.

"Hannah, are you feeling better now? Perhaps you shouldn't accompany me outside today?" Grace fretfully clutched Hannah's arm, reaching up to gauge the latter's temperature with her palm.

"I'm perfectly fine," Hannah responded nonchalantly.

"It's just a minor chill from my tumble into the water. A night's rest has resolved it."

As everyone gathered for breakfast, Hannah couldn't help but notice Melina's conspicuous absence, though she refrained from inquiring.

Just as Hannah began to nibble on a piece of bread, Grace, cupping a glass of milk, inquired first, "Bryson, where's Melina?"

“She had some matters to attend to and returned to Valmere.”

“Oh.” Grace nodded, turning to Hannah with a smile.

“Then, Hannah, I’ll be relying on you for our outing today.”

“Of course.”

Bryson set down his coffee with a calm demeanor.

“I’ll accompany you.”

Grace blinked mischievously, as if she had discerned something, her gaze fixed on Bryson while she playfully swirled her milk-filled glass.

The young girl couldn’t resist teasing Bryson, “Bryson, who do you worry about more, me or Hannah?”

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As Bryson’s eyes settled upon them, Grace playfully extended her tongue and meekly focused on her meal.

Hannah, too, experienced a certain disquiet, lifting the glass of milk at her side and taking a sip, deliberately evading Bryson’s scrutiny.

Their entire day had been spent outdoors and Bryson had been their unwavering companion throughout.

When the sun began its descent, heralding their return to the hotel, Bryson observed attentively as Hannah and Grace entered the car, meticulously closing the door behind them.

Grace lowered the car window and leaned forward, inquiring, "Aren't you joining us on the way back?"

"I have some work this evening," Bryson conveyed. He extended his hand and gently tousled Grace's hair through the open car window.

"You two can head back now; I'll follow later."

"Okay!"

With a gradual ascent, the car window sealed itself. Seated within, Hannah only shifted her gaze after she witnessed Bryson embarking on his departure in another vehicle.

Upon their return to the hotel, after ensuring Grace was comfortably settled, Hannah retreated to her room. It was then that a message illuminated her DarkLink app.

[Boss, are you in Muvrand? Someone is engaging in identity fraud at the Enchantment Casino, posing as you.]

[Moreover, she's aiding the dealer in substantial cheating. Please hurry over!!]

A precise Location was then promptly transmitted.

Upon reading the message, Hannah furrowed her brow, casting a fleeting glance at the time displayed on her phone; Bryson likely wouldn't be returning imminently.

[Monitor their activities; I will be there shortly.]

Swiftly altering her attire, Hannah discreetly exited through the hotel's rear entrance, avoiding drawing the attention of the security detail Bryson had stationed outside.

Bryson's vehicle came to a halt outside the Enchantment Casino, where a contingent of individuals led by Nigel, a portly man, awaited.

Hi everyone

Upon Bryson's exit from the car, Nigel immediately broke into a grin, revealing a set of teeth tinged with a yellowish hue.

"Mr. Mitchell, it's a rare privilege to have the chance to meet you!"

Nigel, his thumb rotating a green jade ring, laughed heartily, causing his ample cheeks to ripple with mirth.

"I'm truly honored that you've graced my banquet this evening!"

This boorish fellow, attempting to don an air of refinement.

Brayden, positioned beside Bryson, kept his discontent internal.

Nigel's demeanor wasn't like this the previous night; this cunning fox was remarkably shrewd!

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As they made their entrance into the Enchantment Casino, a throng of individuals swarmed around them.

The Enchantment Casino wielded considerable influence within both the underworld and the city's legitimate circles of power in Muvrand, under the jurisdiction of two major factions.

The banquet hall on the casino's topmost third floor served as a social hub for the city's elite, its opulent veneer consistently concealing a deeper underbelly.

The casino's second floor was designated for the leisure and entertainment of the city's upper echelon. It naturally served as a sanctuary for the shadowy world of gambling.

Within the elevator of the Enchantment Casino, Nigel pressed the button for the second floor.

Brayden furrowed his brow and queried, "Mr. Kelly, aren't we supposed to be attending the banquet? Why are we heading to the second floor?"

He cast a vigilant glance in Nigel's direction.

In contrast, Nigel erupted into hearty laughter.

"Mr. Mitchell is here for the banquet but how could he resist a visit to our casino?"

The legendary God of Gambling has also graced our casino with her presence. Mr. Mitchell, wouldn't you like to meet this renowned God of Gambling?"

Brayden, somewhat taken aback, remarked from the sidelines, "The Magician is actually in Muvrand?!"

Ding Dong!

As the elevator doors gracefully parted, the resonant buzz from the second floor immediately flooded the senses.

Two rows of impeccably attired bodyguards, standing sentinel at the entrance, offered a deep bow to Nigel and addressed him with utmost deference.

"Mr. Kelly!"

Nigel, a genial demeanor gracing his countenance, emerged first from the elevator, turned around, and smiled at Bryson, gesturing toward the casino.

"Mr. Mitchell, if you would be so kind as to follow me."

Bryson, a man of few words, exited without a sound.

Upon crossing the threshold into the casino's exuberant domain, the ceaseless tumult enveloped them.

"Step right up! Place your wagers, ladies and gentlemen!"

In the distance, a commotion erupted around a group engaged in a spirited dice game, swiftly seizing their attention.

Nigel, with a graceful gesture, presented the intriguing spectacle before them.

“This, my friend, is the renowned ‘Magician,’ the God of Gambling. Would you care to test your fortune alongside me, Mr. Mitchell?”

Bryson, a portrait of stoic indifference, regarded the veiled woman in the vicinity, choosing silence over affirmation.

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The lady concealed behind a silver mask was shaking a dice cup in her delicate hand.

With a resounding flourish, the dice cup descended upon the table’s surface!

“How much are you willing to wager this time?” inquired the veiled lady.

“I shall double the stakes.”

A throng of onlookers encircled the gaming table, raucously exhorting the participants.

Amidst the fevered cacophony of gambling, the man seated opposite the masked woman resolutely set down his dice cup.

“I don’t believe you’ll always emerge victorious!”

The man affectionately caressed the woman at his side before confidently resting his hand on his dice cup and tauntingly suggested, “If I win this time, will you unveil your mask?”

The masked woman, her countenance tranquil beneath the veil, smiled enigmatically at her adversary.

“Very well, but what if you lose?”

In a bold and decisive move, the man shoved all his remaining chips to the center of the table!

“Let’s go all in, two million! Let the wager commence! I find it hard to believe that Luck shall favor you in this game!”

“Very well, I accept your wager.”

With a flourish, the man forcefully unveiled the contents of his dice cup.

A pair of fives and a six were revealed and a triumphant chuckle danced on the man’s lips as he cast an impertinent gaze at the veiled woman.

“It appears that your mask must come off, my dear.”

Exuding confidence, the woman elegantly dispersed her chips and made her own dice cup known.

“Three sixes. My apologies, but this round is mine.”

In a fit of rage, the man’s expletives erupted.

“You devious woman!

Bitch!”

Furiously, he slammed his palm against the table and rose to his feet.

“You’re cheating, aren’t you?”

The woman, unfazed by his outburst, simply chuckled and retorted, “If you cannot afford to lose, you are free to depart. It’s only two million, after all. Is it beyond your means?”