

The Unshackled Queen: Never Say Never Online Free

– Chapter: 191

A piercing scream erupted from the man.

His knife clattered to the floor as he writhed in excruciating pain.

Hannah's vision clouded, and she mentally chastised herself.

Dodging around Bryson, she headed for the shattered table.

After neutralizing the remaining threats, Hannah took shallow breaths and squatted. She snatched a shard of broken glass from the floor and, without a second thought, slashed her own arm.

Blood spurted from the wound instantaneously!

Bryson grabbed Hannah's injured arm, his eyes flashing with a touch of anger.

"You're gambling with your life!"

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The pain in her arm jolted Hannah back to reality.

"A scratch like this is nothing." Her thoughts crystallized as she clutched her bleeding arm, eyeing the entrance of the banquet hall.

"I've got a few rounds left. I'll take point. Stick close, both of you."

Noticing the blood oozing through Hannah's fingers, Bryson lifted her to her feet, casting an icy glare at the intruders who stormed the hall.

"Don't worry. I've got your back."

Hannah softened her gaze as she turned to face the frosty aura emanating from Bryson.

“Alright.”

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Three shots rang out, and the first wave of assailants collapsed instantly.

Her own blood coated Hannah’s hand, making it tacky. The texture of the blood and her dwindling strength evoked memories of her younger years.

Her gaze turned steely, her moves unyielding.

Click!

The magazine was empty.

One assailant, seeing Hannah’s emptied gun, lunged at her with a knife.

With swift agility, she turned around, using the gun’s butt to strike the man’s temple.

Taking advantage on his agony, she gripped and twisted his hand, snapping the wrist.

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She scooped up the fallen knife and sliced it towards another attacker coming from behind.

Hannah’s moves surprised Brayden, who had never seen her fight before.

In this tense situation, he couldn’t help but look at Bryson in amazement and say, “I never knew, Miss Moore... incredibly skilled.”

With a stoic countenance, Bryson dispatched his own foes and turned to Hannah.

“Help her hold the front.”

“On it!” Brayden rolled up his sleeves and charged, subduing another assailant.

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Blood loss was draining the color from Hannah’s face, but it sharpened her senses.

The three of them cleared the entrance, then proceeded toward the hidden rooftop passage.

As anticipated, the rooftop was unguarded. Hannah, clutching her arm tightly, guided Bryson and Brayden up to the open space above.

The instant Hannah’s feet touched the rooftop, her vision plunged into total darkness. She stumbled backward, falling into Bryson’s waiting arms.

Clutching her securely, Bryson shot Brayden an icy look.

“Are they here yet?”

“They’re on their way. The helicopter’s been readied. It’ll be here any minute.”

Just then, the door to the rooftop was violently kicked open!

Striding in with his crew, Nigel cast a mocking glance at Hannah, now ensconced in Bryson’s arms, and broke into a laugh.

“Mr. Mitchell, even at this crucial point, you’ve chosen not to part ways with this lady. I have to say, I’m rather taken aback!”

“Having found refuge here, it’s evident that you possess quite extraordinary talents,” Nigel remarked as his gaze took on a deeper intensity.

“I regret to inform you, Mr. Mitchell, that this is not a personal vendetta but rather a matter of someone else’s intentions.

Today, I’m afraid you all find yourselves facing an inescapable fate.”

With a commanding gesture, Nigel directed his cohorts.

“Eliminate them.”

Hannah made a move, yet Bryson shielded her with resolve.

“Leave this to me.”

Nigel’s laughter resonated with an air of malevolence.

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“My suggestion, gentlemen, would be to take a leap off this edifice together, sparing yourselves the agony of a gruesome demise beneath a frenetic storm of lethal blows.”

Suddenly, the reverberation of gunfire pierced the atmosphere!

The individuals standing closest to Bryson crumpled into lifeless masses!

Panic gripped Nigel and his gaze shot upwards, revealing a menacing helicopter hovering above, its occupants unleashing a barrage of gunfire upon the scene below!

His countenance drained of color as terror overwhelmed him. In an attempt to flee, he was fatally shot in the back of the head, collapsing soundlessly at the threshold of the rooftop stairwell.

As the rooftop was purged of adversaries, the helicopter descended marginally, extending a ladder.

“Mr. Mitchell, up the ladder, quickly!”

Bryson, holding Hannah closely, began the ascent, with Brayden following suit into the awaiting aircraft.

Within the cabin, Bryson, cradling a nearly unconscious Hannah, provided words of solace.

“Rest assured, Hannah, we are out of harm’s way now. Please, don’t sleep.”

“Fetch the medical kit!”

Hannah’s vision blurred as she listened to Bryson’s soothing voice.

Her heart raced as though it sought to break free from her chest...

Subconsciously, Hannah raised her hand, and in a heartbeat, Bryson tenderly clasped her blood-stained hand.

“We’ll be at the hospital soon, my dear; you must remain conscious.”

Exhaustion was overwhelming; Hannah yearned to heed Bryson’s counsel, but darkness claimed her consciousness.

“Hannah!”

Clutching Hannah tenderly, Bryson’s voice took on a commanding tone.

“Hurry !”

“Mr. Mitchell, we’re making haste; the hospital is only five minutes away.”

Observing the blood staining Bryson’s shoulder, Brayden couldn’t hide his unease.

“Bryson, you’re injured as well, maybe...”

“My injury is of no consequence.”

Bryson’s unwavering focus remained fixed on Hannah, his concern palpable.

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Brayden cast a troubled glance in Hannah’s direction, his brow slightly furrowed.

“I know it may not be the right moment but something feels amiss with Miss Moore. Something’s not right. Enchantment Casino is heavily fortified; how did Miss Moore infiltrate it? She seems unnaturally

familiar with the layout and she was just a homemaker before. How does she possess such skills, handling firearms even? I suspect..."

"Brayden, you talk too much."

Bryson's gaze towards Brayden grew chilly.

Sensing he had struck a sensitive chord with Bryson, Brayden fell into a contemplative silence.

The moment the helicopter touched down, Hannah was swiftly conveyed to the emergency room!

Bryson, his shirt marred by blood, sat outside the emergency room, his head bowed in solemn silence.

Nurses approached him repeatedly, urging him to seek medical attention but he steadfastly declined.

Only when the crimson light of the emergency room extinguished, and Hannah was wheeled out, did Bryson rise to his feet.

"She's stable, though she lost a substantial amount of blood and was weakened due to the effects of spiked red wine," the doctor stated, removing his mask as he delivered the welcome news.

Upon receiving the reassuring news of Hannah's well-being, Bryson's somber gaze softened ever so slightly. He turned to Brayden, requesting him to keep her company in the hospital room as he tended to his own injuries.

When Bryson eventually returned to the hospital room, he found Brayden outside, taking a smoke break.

Upon spotting Bryson's approach, Brayden swiftly extinguished his cigarette and relayed the situation.

"All of Mr. Kelly's associates have been accounted for but the puppeteer orchestrating it all remains shrouded in mystery. The Enchantment's overseer has extended apologies and offers of compensation."

Bryson's eyes remained icy and unwavering as he declared, "Five percent ownership of Enchantment Casino, or there will be no room for negotiation."

"I understand; I'll ensure he gets the message."

As Bryson began to turn away, Brayden intercepted him with a sense of duty.

"We've been like brothers for countless years, and I must voice my concerns, even if you'd rather not hear them. Hannah is truly enigmatic and I fear she may be..."

Bryson spoke dispassionately.

"Regardless of her affiliations, she poses no threat to me."

Brayden took a deep breath, finding himself unable to argue further, and nodded in acquiescence.

"Very well, I won't bring up the matter again."

Entering the sickroom, the scent of disinfectant lingered in Bryson's nostrils. He took a seat by Hannah's bedside, close to the window, quietly observing her peaceful countenance in slumber.

In that moment, a pang of regret coursed through him; had he not extended that invitation, Hannah might never have been entangled in this web of danger and suffering.

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When Hannah finally awoke, she found her hand cradled within another's grip.

She raised her eyes to meet Bryson's form, his face buried in his arms, which were resting on her bed, his well-defined hand clasping hers with unwavering support.

His disheveled hair obscured one of his eyes, rendering him a stark departure from the usual image of a CEO, appearing more like a recent college graduate, vulnerable and sincere.

With a delicate and barely perceptible movement of her finger, Hannah roused Bryson from his light slumber.

"You're awake."

Bryson stirred and hastened to assess Hannah's condition.

"How are you feeling?"

As he leaned in closer, his handsome countenance filling her vision, Hannah's words faltered.

"I... I..."

“What’s the matter?”

Concerned that Hannah might be unwell, Bryson drew nearer, extending a hand to feel her forehead.

“Do you have a fever?”

His warm breath caressed Hannah’s eyelashes, eliciting a tingling sensation that prompted an involuntary blink.

Bryson regarded her, his gaze falling upon her freshly moistened Lips that she had just lightly licked. He lowered his head slightly, his voice deepening.

“Would you like some water?”

A resounding bang shattered the moment as Grace forcefully pushed the door open.

“Bryson, Brayden informed me about Hannah’s accident, so I rushed here to...”

The young girl’s eyes widened as she took in the ambiguous tableau at the hospital bed and she fell silent abruptly.

Swiftly, she concealed her eyes with her hands and stepped back, stuttering, “I didn’t see anything, absolutely nothing!! I’ll leave now!”

The door shut with haste, dispersing the lingering tension in the room.

Hannah's cheeks bore a somewhat unnatural flush as she turned her head away.

"Water."

Bryson, a gleam of amusement in his eyes, turned to pour a cup of warm water for her, guiding it gently to her lips.

"Take care."