

# The Unshackled Queen: Never Say Never Online Free

## Chapter: 211

“Days in detention didn’t make you any smarter, did they? How can the Edwards family tolerate someone as dim as you?”

“Ah, my apologies.” Hannah smirked at Sadie.

“I forgot. The Edwards family is naturally full of dimwits who enjoy public humiliation.”

Sadie was visibly boiling, about to lose her composure. But considering they were among Valmere’s high society, she held her tongue.

“Hannah, who did you just call a dimwit?” Just then, Eliana walked over, wine glass in hand, gracing Hannah with a smile.

“Sadie, your mother is looking for you. Miss Moore, we won’t impose on you any further.”

Grudgingly, Sadie walked away with Eliana, muttering under her breath, “Bitch! She’ll get what’s coming to her!”

At that moment, Sadie’s gaze landed on a passing waitress, igniting an idea.

“Hold on, Eliana. I need to blow off some steam! I can’t let this slide!”

No sooner had the waitress served wine to Hannah and her companions than she appeared to stumble, dousing Hannah’s dress with red wine.

“Hannah!” Grace exclaimed.

The waitress looked flustered as she hurriedly offered tissues to wipe Hannah’s dress.

Alas, Hannah was wearing a pristine white satin gown, making the red wine stains all the more conspicuous.

Standing at a distance with her arms folded, Sadie remarked, "Looks like you've ruined that fancy dress you borrowed. Can you afford the compensation?"

"Sadie Edwards, don't you think you're going too far!" Lydia retorted icily.

angelaslibrary.com

"You purposefully caused the waitress to trip, didn't you?"

With an expression of feigned surprise, Sadie replied, "Why bring me into this? I didn't even complain about her stepping on my foot.

Hannah's just unlucky, that's all."

"You..." Lydia fumed.

Hannah restrained her friend, who was ready to go another round with Sadie.

"Don't waste your words on her. Every moment spent talking to her cheapens us."

Witnessing the wine stain grow on Hannah's dress, Grace swiftly grasped her hand.

"There are extra dresses upstairs, Hannah. Let's go change you out of this mess."

"Sounds good." Hannah nodded gently.

C 212

The waitress, who had earlier attempted to clean the dress, eagerly offered, "May I escort Miss Moore upstairs for a wardrobe change?"

Turning to Lydia, Hannah said, "Watch over Grace. I'll be back shortly."

"Don't worry about it."

Hannah went upstairs, followed by the eyes of Eliana, who stood nearby, her expression unreadable.

Reaching the end of a second-floor hallway, the waitress opened a door for Hannah.

"Miss Moore, feel free to pick any dress from our changing room."

"Thank you."

angelaslibrary.com

"Please make yourself comfortable, Miss Moore. If you need anything, just call out. I'll be right outside."

“Alright.”

After the door shut behind her, Hannah quickly selected a tasteful light blue dress and retreated behind a curtain to change.

Meanwhile, outside the changing room, the waitress passed the keys to a man and hurriedly departed.

Hannah had just zipped up her new dress when she heard an unsettling sound. The door’s lock was turning.

Initially, she brushed it off, assuming the waitress had returned to stand guard. However, within seconds, she was on high alert.

The approaching footsteps were deliberately muffled, making it clear this was not the same waitress.

Hannah turned around to yank the curtain aside.

A mysterious man’s face confronted her.

When he realized she was fully clothed, a trace of disappointment crossed his features.

“Ah, Miss Moore. High society’s not exactly welcoming, is it?”

The man fidgeted with his tie, his skin glistening with sweat and emanating a pungent smell.

He sneered as he moved closer.

“Look, the Mitchell family is way out of your league. With Bryson, you’d always be a hidden affair. But with me, things could be different. Serve me well, and I can elevate your status.”

His smirk turned flirty.

“I don’t care about your past marriage. Just be obedient and I can give you anything you desire.”

Hannah shot him an icy glare.

C 213

“You dare to behave like this on Mitchell property? Planning on being exiled from Valmere?”

Laughing as though he’d heard an absurd joke, his eyes shone with lechery.

“Who do you think you are to them? Just another woman. Do you think Bryson cares for a divorcee? You’re just a plaything for men. You pretend to be pure, but behind closed doors, you’re quite the flirt.”

At his words, Hannah’s eyes turned glacial, her hand at her side tightening into a fist.

“The Wood family has a long history with the Mitchell family. You think you could possibly come between that?”

Suddenly, the man lunged, reaching for Hannah with his sweaty hand.

“Even if I take you right now, the Mitchell family, especially Bryson, won’t object.”

His grip on her was revolting, making Hannah’s gaze toward him chillingly hostile.

“I suggest you release me now, if you want to keep that arm.”

Disregarding her warning as an act of desperation, he leaned in, attempting to steal a kiss.

Crack!

The sound of breaking bone filled the room as Hannah expertly fractured his arm.

His shrieks reverberated around the changing room.

angelaslibrary.com

“Ah ah ah!! My arm, my hand!! You bitch!!!”

Despite his fractured arm, the man exuded an aura of menace.

“You bitch! How dare you! Reject my goodwill, and now you’ll pay the price!”

Retreating slightly, the man miraculously unsheathed a dining knife from his pocket with his good hand and charged at Hannah!

Caught off guard by the knife, Hannah instinctively lifted her arm to shield herself.

The blade’s sharpness cut through the air!

But Hannah felt no pain. Lowering her arm and raising her gaze, she saw Bryson standing protectively in front of her.

Gripping the knife-wielder’s hand tightly, Bryson’s eyes pierced through the man with intensity. A subtle twist of his wrist elicited ear-piercing screams from the man!

“Ah ah ah ah ah ah ah!”

The man crumpled to the floor, writhing like a worm in agonizing pain.

“Bryson. Mr. Mitchell...”

C 214

Shifting his focus solely to Hannah, Bryson inquired, "Are you okay?"

Did he harm you?"

"You got here just in time. I'm unharmed." Hannah shook her head as she massaged her wrist.

With Bryson standing before her, Hannah found her heart pounding in unexpected excitement.

Newly emerging emotions subtly swept her off her feet as she fixated on the man who had just saved her.

The crowd behind Bryson hesitated to enter, gossiping and murmuring from the doorway instead.

"Who's this woman Bryson brought? Cheating in the changing room?"

Angela's Library

"Stop your foolish talk! Didn't you see? She was cornered by that knife-wielding man!"

"That's Mr. Wood, the manager from Visionary Building Supplies. Maybe she led on Mr. Mitchell and then gave Mr. Wood the cold shoulder, making him lose it!"

"What nonsense are you all spouting!" Grace suddenly emerged from behind the onlookers, her dress held high.

Seeing her, the crowd instantly silenced their idle chatter.

Bryson sternly ordered his accompanying security guards, "Contact the authorities, now."

Hearing that Bryson was summoning the police, the fallen man began to crawl forward in desperation.

"Mr. Mitchell! We can't let years of partnership go to waste over a woman!"

"Companies that lack integrity have no place in business with the Mitchell family."

Upon learning that the Mitchell family intended to cut ties with his own, the man mustered all his might to lift his head and yelled, "This woman summoned me here! She wanted to have a tryst with me here, so don't blame me!"

"Bullshit! Quit defaming Hannah!"

Grace burst into the room, instantly enveloped by Hannah who whispered, "How'd you manage to get in?"

"I couldn't stand by and let him tarnish your reputation!" Grace's voice escalated so that even those outside could hear.

"If we don't set the record straight today, who knows what rumors might circulate tomorrow!"

Still defiant, the man insisted, "She's the one who lured me here!"

As a man, how could I say no!"

"Hannah was drenched in her dress. She was in my changing room! How could she seduce you while being escorted by a waitress?"

Grace moved forward, arm in arm with Bryson, and looked contemptuously at the man sprawled on the floor.

C 215

"Do you really think Hannah would leave my fantastic brother for you, a fool and unsightly old man?"

Hannah stood to the side, her eyes widening in surprise at Grace's sudden intensity.

Speechless and humiliated, the man grew pale and shaky, pleading with Bryson, "Mr. Mitchell, I was... ensnared, I suppose..."

With a gaze as icy as a frozen lake, Bryson sent shivers down the man's spine.

Bryson announced, "Effective immediately, the Wood family will have no business in Valmere."

The man's face contorted, his eyes wide with disbelief.

"Mr. Mitchell!

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

I see the error of my ways. I swear, it won't happen again! I implore you, Mr. Mitchell, give me another chance!"

As if suddenly recalling something, the man turned to Hannah and begged, "Miss Moore, could you please convince Mr. Mitchell to let me off the hook? I swear I'll never do it again!"

Hannah stood aloof, observing the pitiful man on the floor but offering no words.

Bryson made a subtle hand gesture, and the security personnel immediately escorted the man out.

The crowd outside slowly dispersed, their eyes following the unfolding drama.

Grace sensed her brother Bryson wanted a private word with Hannah, so she quietly stepped away.

"Let me see your wrist."

The usually stoic Bryson seemed to soften in Hannah's presence.

Hannah lifted her hand, glimpsed the discolored spot from the earlier grab, and tried to pull away.

“It’s nothing, really.”

Catching her hand as she retreated, Bryson’s brow furrowed.

“You’re bruised.”

“It’s no big deal, just a minor bruise. I’m alright. Mr. Mitchell, there’s something strange about that man. I didn’t see him follow me up.”

Though engrossed in Hannah’s injured wrist, Bryson acknowledged her concern with a nod.

“We’ll review the security footage soon and find out what’s going on.”

For Bryson, Hannah’s well-being was the top priority, above all else.

“Let’s first get that bruise treated.”