

The Unshackled Queen: Never Say Never Online Free

Chapter: 226

A few feet away, Hannah lounged on a sofa, eyes twinkling with delight as she watched the floor-level fiasco unfold. This public humiliation of Eliana was surprisingly entertaining.

“Seeing Eliana get smacked around is oddly amusing,” Lydia observed, a note of disbelief coloring her voice.

“Never thought I’d see her so degraded. How thrilling!”

Hannah met Bryson’s eyes, her own eyes glinting with mischief. She leaned in and whispered, “Thanks, Mr. Mitchell. You’ve earned another favor from me.”

“It’s really my bad for not looking out for you. I appreciate you not holding it against me, Miss Moore,” Bryson responded.

Lydia broke in, rolling her eyes, “Enough with the sweet talk, you two. It’s nauseating!”

On the other side of the same room, the drama has escalated into a whirlwind of chaos and violence.

Sadie had torn Eliana’s dress to pieces.

She’d also ravaged Eliana’s hair, smeared her makeup and lipstick, reducing her to a disheveled and pitiful sight.

“What’s the commotion? We heard noises from below. Don’t tell us a fight broke out,” Brayden began, walking into the room. His words trailed off as he saw Eliana’s humiliated form on the floor.

The shocking scene left Brayden momentarily speechless.

The onlookers trailing behind him inhaled sharply.

angelaslibrary.com

They recognized Sadie as the young daughter of the Edwards family.

And though her opponent's face was obscured, the disarray of hair allowed them to suspect that it was Declan's new wife who was being battered.

"What led to this? Why did they start fighting?"

"I saw them downstairs earlier. They were addressing each other warmly as sisters-in-law. How did things get so out of hand?"

"The quarrel might have something to do with Miss Moore's dressing room incident. Someone was accused of scheming and shamelessness."

"That's right. Eliana must be envious that Miss Moore has someone as influential as Mr. Mitchell in her corner, so she resorted to these low tactics."

"I'd bet on that. With Mr. Mitchell and Miss Moore here, it's got to be connected to this drama somehow!"

Bruised and aching, Eliana heard the chatter at the door, wishing she could simply lose consciousness right on the spot!

"Declan! Come rescue me, Declan!" Her voice tinged with despair, Eliana pleaded.

"Declan, it's excruciating! It's unbearable!"

Fuming with anger at the spectators outside, Declan knelt down to pull his sister to her feet.

"Enough of this! If you're going to cause a scene, do it in private!"

C 227

"Who's the real drama queen here? Me or her, who was slandering me?"

Grabbing Eliana by the hair, Sadie yanked her upright and sneered at the onlookers, "This shameless woman schemed against Hannah, but framed me in the process! What's wrong with me giving her the punishment she deserves?"

Eliana did her best to shield her dignity with her tattered dress, but her humiliation remained palpable as she broke down in tears.

"I've always considered you as a sister. I knew you never liked Miss Moore I even warned you, remember? I cautioned you against spreading that gossip in school, didn't I?"

Wrapping his arms around Eliana, Declan gently covered her with his coat, a pained expression on his face.

No longer resembling dewdrops on a blossom, Eliana's tears flowed freely.

Her face was swollen, her eyes nearly shut, crisscrossed with scratch marks, and her makeup was a smeared disaster.

Sobbing vulnerably, she said, "You could've just apologized this time, but instead, you shifted the blame to me and assaulted me! If not for Declan, I'd be calling the police right now!"

Blinded by rage, Sadie lunged at Eliana, aiming to scratch her face again, but was met with a powerful slap from Declan.

Smack!!!

Sadie's cheek puffed up instantly as she staggered back, incredulous, and shrieked, "Declan, you hit me?!"

Angela's Library

"I did it to teach you a lesson, so you'll think twice before doing something so reckless again!"

Amidst high-society onlookers, Declan and the Edwards family had thoroughly disgraced themselves.

Attracted by the uproar, Franco and Melina made their way over.

"What's happening here?" The elderly man's stern expression intensified as he struck his cane firmly on the ground.

The crowd's whispers abruptly died down.

Confronted by Franco's interference, Declan had no choice but to swallow his pride and offer an apology.

With a face clouded in displeasure, Declan turned around and muttered an apology to Hannah.

"Hannah..."

"Call me Miss Moore," Hannah cut him off sharply.

Exhaling deeply, Declan gritted his teeth and strained, "I apologize, Miss Moore. I didn't keep a close enough eye on my sister. I'll reimburse you for your dress and any emotional pain inflicted. I will also make a public apology. Please, forgive my sister just this once."

"Declan! It wasn't me!" Sadie burst out, desperately trying to defend herself.

"Why trust that wicked woman Eliana over your own sister?"

Ignoring her, Declan continued his apology to Hannah.

C 228

"I hope you can accept my apology. I'm truly sorry."

Hannah looked down, smiling faintly, "Let's move on. I don't want to make your life difficult. Mr. Edwards' apology will suffice to close this matter."

Awkwardly, Declan ushered Eliana and Sadie, along with his mother, toward the exit.

"But make sure the compensation is in my account by tomorrow," Hannah added.

"I trust Mr. Edwards will keep his word."

"Absolutely," Declan responded through clenched teeth, steering his group through the gathered crowd and exiting the estate in a disgraceful manner.

"How unfortunate, the Mitchell family's banquet has become quite the spectacle," Melina said, her eyes narrowing subtly as she studied Hannah.

AngelasLibrary

"If only Miss Moore hadn't needed to change her dress, all of this could have been avoided. It should be called.."

Melina paused, then chuckled, "Ah, the butterfly effect, wouldn't you say?"

Her words implied that if Hannah hadn't attended, the evening might have proceeded more smoothly.

Flashing a teasing smile at Hannah, Melina said, "I'm only kidding. You must be shaken up. Make sure to rest well tonight, or both Bryson and I will be concerned."

"I really put Mr. Mitchell in a tight spot today. Miss Glyn was on point. Had I not shown up, none of this fuss would have happened, and she wouldn't be upset."

Melina's face shifted. Hannah grinned at her and continued, "Don't worry, I was only kidding. I know you're not upset."

"This is a Mitchell family gathering. Don't concern yourself with what others think," Bryson interjected.

"Actually, the blame falls on me for not looking out for you better."

Hearing this exchange, Melina found it hard to keep her smile intact.

She chuckled and latched onto Franco's arm, whispering, "Franco, look at Bryson, He actually took my joke to heart."

Franco cleared his throat and advised, "Everything's fine now. Why are we still lingering?"

Franco's words instantly silenced the room and the onlookers retreated.

Everyone was wary that Franco might lash out.

Even though Franco wasn't fond of Hannah, he said gravely, "Bryson, it's getting late. Have someone take Miss Moore home."

"I'll drive Hannah back." Bryson began to rise, intending to escort Hannah out.

Melina intervened, "This is the Mitchell family's event, Bryson. You should focus on bidding our guests farewell. I can drive Miss Moore.

I was just told by my father that there's a matter to attend to at home. I can drop off Miss Moore on my way. Would that be acceptable to you, Miss Moore?"

C 229

Melina glanced at Hannah warmly.

"It's fine by me if it works for you, Miss Glyn," Hannah replied with a composed smile.

Turning to Bryson, Hannah announced, "Mr. Mitchell, I'll take my leave now."

While displeased, Bryson conceded, "Let me know once you're home."

"Will do."

Melina's car was a customized silver Lamborghini. She tossed her bag onto the back seat and gestured for Hannah to hop in.

Hannah gracefully slid into the passenger seat and buckled up.

The car quietly rolled out of the Mitchell estate. Darkness had already settled in, and the roadside lights offered only a faint glow, creating a serene atmosphere.

"Miss Moore, I'm aware you're the doctor Bryson has enlisted for Grace's care. I sincerely hope Grace recovers soon. I've known Bryson since we were kids and consider Grace like a sister. If you need anything, don't hesitate to ask me. The Glyn and Mitchell families have been tight-knit for generations. I also share a close bond with Bryson. So don't worry, you're not bothering me."

Hannah tightened her fist and stared into the distance, a subtle sadness clouding her mood.

She remained quiet, unsure of what to say.

Gripping the wheel, Melina glanced over at Hannah, who had her eyes cast down. With a cheerful expression, Melina inquired, "Miss Moore, do you think I'm overly chatty? My apologies. I tend to ramble when the topic is Bryson."

"No worries." Lifting her gaze, Hannah offered Melina a smile.

"I'm not familiar with Mr. Mitchell. How about sharing some stories from your childhood?"

Angela's Library

Caught off guard by Hannah's suggestion, Melina hesitated before answering, "Sure, Bryson had his fair share of amusing childhood antics."

As they drove, Melina regaled Hannah with tales of Bryson's youth.

Eager to steer the conversation, Hannah subtly brought up Golden Bay, where she'd had a near-drowning experience a decade ago.

"Golden Bay?" Melina pondered for a moment and shook her head.

"I doubt Bryson would frequent such a place."

Just as she finished speaking, Melina sensed that Hannah had a specific reason for mentioning Golden Bay. She halted the car at a red light and looked intently at Hannah, who was seated beside her.

"Miss Moore, did you cross paths with Bryson ten years ago?"

"No." Hannah shook her head, dispelling the idea.

"Students often go to Golden Bay for recreation, so I was just curious."

"Bryson was far from your average student back then. He wouldn't have gone to such a place for leisure."

C 230

As Melina spoke, a faint air of arrogance tinged her words.

"You might find it hard to understand, Miss Moore, but the Mitchell family had a tight rein on him. Going to such a place was out of the question."

"Is that so?" Hannah averted her gaze. Perhaps it really wasn't him.

Upon reaching the outskirts of the community, Melina turned off the engine and announced, "I apologize, Miss Moore. I won't be going any further. I've got some matters to attend to. Your place isn't too far from here, right?"

“Quite close.” Hannah grabbed her purse and stepped out of the car.

Out of the blue, Melina said, “Miss Moore, if you ever run into trouble, feel free to reach out to me. You don’t need to involve Bryson in everything.”

Pausing, her hand hovering over the car door, Hannah offered a smile.

She shut the door and leaned in to flash another smile at Melina.

“Will do. Take care, Miss Glyn.”

ANGELA’S LIBRARY

Once Melina drove away, the smile vanished from Hannah’s face. She hoisted her purse onto her shoulder and wearily made her way into the residential area.

Upon arriving home, she didn’t even switch on the lights. She kicked off her heels and tossed her purse to the side.

Reclining on the plush sofa in the dimly lit room, Hannah gazed out the window, clutching a pillow to her chest.

For an instant, she felt as though she might be falling for Bryson.

But clarity washed over her. What Bryson couldn’t escape was an arranged marriage, creating an insurmountable distance between them.

ALL of a sudden...

Ding!

Drowsy, Hannah was startled awake by the sound of the doorbell.

Rubbing her eyes, she checked her phone for the time. It was already 11 PM. Had she imagined the doorbell ringing?

As she sat there, puzzled, the doorbell chimed again.

So it wasn’t a dream?

Barefoot, Hannah dashed to the door, only to freeze in disbelief at the sight of the man on her doorstep.

Before her brain could catch up, her hands instinctively unlocked the door. She gazed at the suited man and murmured, “Mr. Mitchell?”

Not long after leaving the banquet, there stood Bryson, still in his formal attire.

Surveying Hannah, who stood barefoot in her living room, Bryson seemed to relax a bit.