

The Unshackled Queen: Never Say Never Online Free - Chapter: 231

“I’m glad to see you’re alright.”

“What?” Hannah was baffled.

“I texted you and called you multiple times and you didn’t reply.

Concerned something had happened, I had the chauffeur bring me here.”

Lowering her gaze to her phone, Hannah noticed it was on silent mode.

She had missed two calls from Bryson.

“My phone was on silent. I apologize for worrying you,” she said.

“I’m glad you’re okay.”

Bryson carried a subtle scent of mint mixed with alcohol. As he stood in the moonlight just outside the door, he appeared unusually lonely.

Once he was sure that Hannah was unharmed, Bryson wished her a restful night and began to walk away.

Hannah called out, “Mr. Mitchell! Would you Like to come inside for a bit? I can cook some soup to help you sober up.”

The moment the words left her mouth, Hannah felt a wave of regret wash over her. Her fist tightened.

If Bryson said no, she'd feel humiliated.

Bryson pivoted, the glint in his typically impassive eyes visible.

"If you're fine with it, then I'd be glad to accept your hospitality, Miss Moore."

He stepped into the doorway.

Hannah switched on the living room lights and fetched a pair of slippers from beside the cabinet.

Announcing she needed to change, Hannah dashed into the bedroom and shut the door behind her.

With a knowing smile, Bryson moved toward the kitchen.

When she reappeared, now in casual attire, Hannah found Bryson in the kitchen.

His coat was draped over a dining chair, his shirt sleeves rolled up.

He was gently stirring a pot of aromatic soup.

"Let me handle that, Mr. Mitchell!"

Hannah's cheeks flushed.

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She was the one who had invited him to stay, yet here he was, taking the lead in her kitchen.

“The soup will be ready in a moment. Please, take a seat.”

With a thoughtful expression, Bryson focused his attention on the pot of soup, his long eyelashes veiling his intent gaze.

Hannah nodded awkwardly and retreated to the living room, her fingers fidgeting as she wondered what to do next.

“Try the tomato soup.”

At the sound of his voice, Hannah looked up just in time to see Bryson, now in an apron, setting a steaming bowl of soup before her.

Her heart skipped a beat. Lately, Bryson seemed to have a mysterious influence on her emotions, leaving her puzzled.

Turning slightly, she nodded and reached for the spoon to taste the soup.

Bryson caught her wrist, cautioning, “Easy now. It’s still quite hot.

Sip it slowly.”

He removed his apron and took a seat across from Hannah, gazing at her with a gentle smile.

“Aren’t you having any, Mr. Mitchell?” Hannah bowed her head, avoiding Bryson’s gaze.

“Go ahead, take a sip,” Bryson suggested casually.

The living room was steeped in an odd tension.

As Hannah sipped her soup, Bryson observed her in silence. Neither of them spoke.

Finishing her soup, Hannah hurried into the kitchen, clutching her bowl.

“I’ll... I’ll do the dishes!” she announced.

Watching her, Bryson, seated at the dining table, couldn’t help but smile. She reminded him of a mimosa plant, shrinking at the slightest touch.

After cleaning up, Hannah returned to the Living room to find the TV on and Bryson engrossed in a show.

She wanted to usher him out, but words failed to form on her lips.

Taking a seat at the opposite end of the sofa, she ventured, “There’s still some soup left in the pot. Don’t you want any, Mr. Mitchell?”

Bryson turned to her.

“Feeling tired? I can leave.”

“It’s fine. I can stay and watch TV with you, Hannah offered, rather formally.

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After contemplating for a moment, Bryson smiled, “Sure.”

What?

She’d only been trying to be courteous. Why did he take her literally?

Hannah was at a loss for words. This was all her fault!

As the TV played on, she fell into a trance, feeling more and more sleepy.

Eventually, Hannah dozed off, slumping against the sofa.

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

Someone answered the phone in hushed tones.

She tried to open her eyes, but her eyelids felt like lead. She rolled over and remained asleep.

“What is it?”

Bryson grabbed the phone, noticing Hannah was about to topple off the sofa. Swiftly, he steadied her.

On the other end of the line, Brayden sounded as if he was outside.

“Someone from Muvrand visited tonight. They said... they’d offer us a five percent share of the profits. All negotiable, of course. They also warned that if either side made things complex, doing business would become challenging. Especially if we planned on entering Muvrand’s market.”

Bryson smirked, lowering his tone.

“If intimidation were effective, the Mitchell family wouldn’t be where they are now.”

Grinning, Brayden replied over the phone, “I anticipated that, so I assured them we’re legitimate business partners. They owe us a 10 percent cut of the profits. They’re on board, but they have a condition. They want a 30% stake in the eastern Valmere Land. What do you think?”

That eastern Valmere plot was earmarked for future urban development.

It was speculated that key governmental offices might relocate there.

The Mitchell family had acquired that land, and they were in talks with other potential stakeholders for its development.

“The Muvrand folks are trying to stick their noses in. They’re Likely up to no good. Tell them they can have a 20% stake, max. If we’re on the same page, the contract gets signed tomorrow.”

Brayden didn’t question Bryson’s judgment and simply agreed.

“And what’s the plan for dealing with the Edwards family?”

Hannah, resting her head on Bryson’s lap, shifted uncomfortably.

Gazing down at Hannah’s slumbering face, Bryson said icily, “Teach them a lesson.”

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“Understood,” Brayden replied.

Ending the call, Bryson gently lifted Hannah’s head and carried her to the bedroom.

Once on the plush bed, Hannah continued to sleep peacefully, her head against the pillow.

Bryson dimmed the bedside light, leaned in to lightly caress her cheek in the dark, and covered her before exiting the room.

The next morning, Hannah slept through her alarm. She stirred, eyes half-open.

The daylight was bright, and the trees outside were still. It appeared that the temperature outside was soaring.

Wait!

With her hair in disarray, Hannah sat bolt upright.

Was she... was she in the living room before?

How had she ended up in her bed?

Tossing the covers aside, Hannah dashed barefoot into the empty living room. Bryson was gone.

She smacked her forehead, struggling to recall how she had ended up back in her bedroom the previous night.

Rushing back into her bedroom, Hannah flopped onto her bed, her face a rosy hue from the warmth of her covers. She grabbed her phone and called her friend.

After several rings, a sleepy voice answered, "Hannah, what's going on?"

"Uh... well..."

Hannah hesitated, finally finding her words.

"It's summer break and there's a car race happening at Rochgan Hill. I got the invite a couple days back. The last day to sign up is tomorrow, and I want to join."

"Ah?"

Lydia's voice held a note of caution.

"Rochgan's terrains are treacherous, filled with steep slopes and sharp turns. It's a risky endeavor. Don't you remember the accident your mentor had there five years ago? It's the reason you stopped racing. I can't let you put yourself in that kind of danger again."

Holding her head as if images of her former mentor flooded her thoughts, Hannah's voice wavered.

"I haven't forgotten him. But Cyril Holmes is racing too. I have to be there."

From the other end came a surprising clatter, as if something had toppled over with a loud crash.

"Even more reason to steer clear! That guy's notorious for his dirty tricks. He's put multiple racers out of commission! I'm aware..."

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Cyril was involved in my mentor's death, but he was only a small part of it. Beating him won't change the past."

Lydia sensed the stillness in Hannah's end of the call, and alarm bells went off in her head.

"Hannah, hear me out! Since you got married... I did some digging on Cyril. Every race he's in, someone ends up injured! He's ruined careers! He's been on a tear these past years, monopolizing every significant race and making it impossible for anyone else to win! He's raking in cash for whoever's behind him.

I couldn't determine who it is, but you absolutely must avoid getting tangled up with this guy!"

Lydia's voice grew increasingly urgent.

"I know you've never stopped obsessing over this, even after your marriage. So I didn't dare share it with you. Hannah, for once, please take my advice!"

Hannah pressed the phone against her ear, quietly absorbing her best friend Lydia's endless talk.

"If I erase this from my memory, who else will bear witness to the true cause of my mentor's death?"

This statement, tranquil in its delivery, abruptly stilled Lydia on the opposite end.

After a moment, Lydia's voice quivered.

"We couldn't even find your mentor's body back then... The conclusion was it was a racing accident. Everyone had already agreed to the terms before the event.

It was deemed unavoidable. Listen, Hannah. Your mentor wouldn't want you to endanger yourself for his sake. So many years have gone by, can't you..."

Mid-sentence, Lydia stopped, aware that one reason Hannah had married was to flee from her past.

Armed with her new knowledge about Cyril, Lydia knew Hannah wouldn't stay put.

"I'm coming with you as your co-driver!"

Hannah broke into a smile, lifting the somber mood.

"Sorry, but I can't have you as my co-driver."

Hannah continued, her voice tinged with humor, "If you were in the seat next to me, I'm not so sure we'd cross the finish line first."

"Damn it, Hannah!"

Lydia gripped her phone, unable to muster a grin.

"I get it. you're scared I'll be endangered if something happens to you! Let's keep things serious. No need for joking."

The corners of Hannah's smiling mouth drooped.

"Lydia, it's too risky to bring you along on this adventure. I know it's selfish. When the registration text hit my phone, I faltered... It took me until today to summon the courage to tell you. I was afraid you'd hold it against me if I didn't."

Lydia paused, then asked, "Then... Have you told Bryson about this?"