

The Unshackled Queen: Never Say Never Online Free –

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On her first day in the new residence, Hannah relished a warm bath before settling into the soft, large bed and moving around.

The house boasted an unobstructed panoramic view of the ocean from the bedroom window.

By night, the shore was aglow with the lights of myriad ships, and a far-off signal tower blinked intermittently.

The property was clearly designed for its views, with the vistas being nothing short of breathtaking.

Leisurely, Hannah grabbed her phone and navigated to Brayden's WhatsApp, sending a quick message.

"Now tell me the truth, Mr. Landlord, how much is the rent? It definitely shouldn't be a mere 3000 dollars."

A response popped up after a short pause.

"You're a friend, and I won't overcharge you. I'll offer a 50% discount. 10, @0@ dollars will suffice."

Without a second thought, Hannah wired 30, 000 dollars.

"Fair enough. No need for formalities then."

A whimsical emoji came through, accompanied by another text.

"Exactly.

Any friend of Bryson's is a friend of mine."

Hannah smirked and typed out another message.

"Great. How about a thank-you dinner at my place in three days?"

After hitting send, Hannah exhaled deeply, flipped over, and drifted to sleep.

With only a few personal items, Hannah found it easy to get comfortable in the fully furnished home.

“Are you busy tomorrow?” She dialed Lydia, settling into the sofa.

On the other end, Lydia was applying a facial mask.

“For you? Never. I’m free.”

“How about dinner at my place tomorrow? A good chance to thank a friend.”

Peeling off her face mask, Lydia sounded skeptical.

“This friend wouldn’t happen to have a hidden agenda, would he?”

With a playful rebuke, Hannah retorted, “Could you not joke for once?”

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“We’re just normal friends.”

Lydia shot back teasingly, “Does a normal friend let you rent a fabulous place in Autumngami Cove for so cheap?”

As she lay back on her couch, Hannah’s dark tresses fell freely. She grinned.

“Quit it or no spicy dish for you tomorrow.”

“You’re cooking? Really?” Lydia perked up immediately.

“It’s been ages since I’ve had your cooking! How did I survive?”

“You were invited for dinner before, but you never showed up.”

“Right, because I wanted to avoid anyone related to the Edwards family.” After a pause, Lydia apologized in regret.

“Sorry to bring up that bastard. Are you doing okay?”

“Yeah,” Hannah sighed, thinking of Declan with exasperation.

“I’m about to sue him for dragging his feet on the divorce.”

“Sue him, for goodness’ sake! You’ve been too soft, and they’ve taken you for granted! Declan is incredibly annoying! Even though his sweetheart is back, he won’t release you. It’s just disgusting!”

Hearing Lydia's furious voice over the phone, Hannah felt a touch of relief.

"From here on out, he'll be dealing with my attorney. I don't want to lay eyes on him ever again."

The following morning, Lydia arrived at Hannah's apartment with a bottle of fine wine.

Standing before the towering window, Lydia exclaimed, "Wow, the view from here is unparalleled!"

Just then, the doorbell chimed.

Busy in the kitchen, Hannah heard it and called out, "Lydia, could you get the door for me?"

"on my way!"

Lydia hurried to answer the door, locking eyes with Brayden in an awkward standoff.

Recognizing Lydia as Hannah's friend, Brayden broke the ice.

"Hi, I'm a friend of Miss Moore's."

When Hannah finally set the table, she was mildly surprised.

Apart from Brayden, two other individuals occupied her couch.

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Grace rose politely and greeted her.

"Hello, Hannah."

"I ran into Grace while I was at Bryson's office signing a contract today. I thought we could all have dinner, so I brought them along.

Is that okay?" Brayden elaborated.

Glancing at Hannah, Bryson said in a hushed yet captivating tone, "Apologies. Grace heard you'd moved and wanted to visit. I hope we're not intruding."

"Not at all, the more the merrier," Hannah replied, placing dishes on the table.

"Two more dishes are coming up, so please make yourselves comfortable."

Within half an hour, Hannah had cooked up a delightful meal. Lydia assisted in setting the dishes on the table.

The meal was a feast for the eyes and smelled heavenly, instantly arousing everyone's appetite.

Nevertheless, Brayden hesitated and turned to Hannah.

"Miss Moore, do you have anything that's not spicy?"

Removing her apron, Hannah asked, "You can't handle spicy food?"

"It's actually Bryson who..

"Once in a while is okay." Bryson cut Brayden off, smiling warmly at Hannah.

Brayden was in disbelief.

Bryson had avoided spicy foods for over a decade. Was he breaking his own rule tonight?

Hannah's culinary efforts were met with resounding praise from everyone at the table.

"Hannah, you've outdone yourself this time!" Lydia exclaimed, her face glowing from the spicy flavors.

Brayden, a spice aficionado, was equally impressed.

"Miss Moore, your dishes could put a professional chef to shame. They're incredible!"

"Even better than Bryson's cooking," Grace added, her face tinged red from the spice. She then playfully asked, "Hannah, mind if I drop by next time for a meal?"

"You're welcome anytime. I'll cook whatever you like," Hannah warmly replied.

Grace's charming personality had a way of melting hearts, and Hannah found herself quite fond of her.

"Really?" Grace clung to Bryson's arm.

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"Can my brother join us too?"

Bryson looked at Hannah, his eyes brimming with emotion.

"Of course, I'll make sure to include some non-spicy options next time," Hannah assured him.

Bryson held his gaze on Hannah, nodding approvingly.

Lydia, watching the two of them, sensed that something was brewing between them.

After dinner, Hannah offered fruits to everyone. Lydia had already struck up lively conversations with Brayden and Grace.

Hannah noticed Bryson, seated on the far end of the sofa, appeared pensive. She excused herself and headed for the kitchen.

Suddenly, an elegant, slender hand appeared in front of Bryson.

“Having trouble with the spicy foods?” Hannah offered him a glass of warm water.

“Thank you.”

Grasping the water glass, Bryson emptied it in one go, a sense of relief settling over his tense stomach. His knitted brows smoothed out.

“I don’t often indulge in spicy food, but what you made was so good I overindulged a little.”

As Hannah was about to respond, her eyes caught the three people on the distant sofa. They were no longer engaged in their chit-chat but were casting knowing glances at Hannah and Bryson.

Noticing Hannah’s attention, they hastily redirected their gaze and dove back into their discussion.

Once the guests had departed, Lydia couldn’t resist grilling Hannah.

“Out with it, Hannah Moore! When did you become friends with Bryson?”

“The last time we were at the racetrack. After you left, his friend offered me a ride home.”

Hannah hesitated, opting to keep the full story under wraps to spare Lydia any concern.

“But that’s Bryson Mitchell! A man who’s practically a god! His family’s business empire remains stable in a volatile market, all due to his sharp decision-making. My father tells me he’s generally aloof.

For years, aside from his sister, there hasn’t been a woman in his life. He’s a subject of much speculation but nobody dares to challenge him!”

Lydia exhaled deeply and continued, “I never expected him to be at your home, enjoying your food, and being so gentle with you. Who would have believed it?!”

Hannah blinked, perplexed. Her experiences with Bryson didn’t align with Lydia’s portrayal.

Catching the look on Hannah’s face, Lydia narrowed her eyes and leaned back on the sofa.

“Well... Could it be he behaves differently around you?”

“Let’s not jump to conclusions,” Hannah said, lobbing a pillow at Lydia.

“Are you staying over tonight or not?”

Ever since that initial dinner, Brayden had felt bold enough to frequent Hannah’s home, often accompanied by Bryson and Grace.

Hannah relished the buzz their visits brought and routinely cooked new recipes for them to sample.

Currently, Bryson was in the kitchen, doing the dishes.

The sight left Brayden and Grace stunned, both harboring the same incredulous thought.

Bryson was washing dishes?! The sun definitely rose in the west today!

Grace, holding a warm cup of coffee, fixed her eyes on Hannah.

“You and my brother really do seem perfect for each other.”

Caught off guard, Hannah nearly choked on her apple juice, her cheeks flushing. She managed to suppress her cough.

“And what’s your take on my brother?” Grace pressed, maintaining her serious demeanor as she sipped her coffee.

“Your brother…”

Hannah was about to speak when Bryson emerged from the kitchen, still adorned in her cartoon apron.

She cleared her throat and averted her gaze as he removed it.

“Our group is hosting a charity event soon. Would you be interested, Miss Moore? Feel free to bring along some friends,” Bryson announced.

“Absolutely!” Grace tugged on Hannah’s arm excitedly.

“You can make it, can’t you?”

Caught in Grace’s enthusiasm, Hannah relented with a warm smile.

“If I’m available, I won’t miss it.”

Hearing her consent, Bryson nodded.

“I’ll have a pair of invitations sent to you tomorrow.”

“Sounds good.”

Inside a bustling nightclub, the sound of music was overwhelming.

In a private VIP room, a friend of Declan’s slung his arm over Declan’s shoulders.