

The Unshackled Queen: Never Say Never Online Free

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“Don’t linger there, hasten your way to Mr. Mitchell’s side!”

Hannah acquiesced obediently, moving cautiously to occupy the seat beside Bryson.

The man did not appear to have drunk much; a subtle hint of mint lingered upon his person.

For the time being, Hannah feigned the role of an inexperienced server, perching beside Bryson, gracefully pouring wine and presenting the courses.

Brayden, engrossed in contractual discussions on the periphery, caught sight of Nigel raising his glass, proclaiming, “We’ve almost reached our drinking limit today; I’ll certainly sign the contract!”

“Will you not raise a toast to Mr. Mitchell?”

Nigel’s inquisitive gaze shifted toward Hannah.

Hannah carefully poured herself a glass and, using both hands, tenderly offered it to Bryson’s lips. Her melodious voice washed over him like a gentle zephyr.

“To your health, Mr. Mitchell.”

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Bryson extended his hand, delicately grasping Hannah’s, allowing her to guide the glass to his lips for a sip, all the while offering a subtle compliment.

“This is exceptional wine.”

“The presence of a lovely lady truly enhances the drinking experience.

We’ve been urging Mr. Mitchell to indulge all evening, but he’s been rather reserved. Yet now, in the company of such beauty, it seems he’s genuinely moved!”

Extending his arm, Bryson drew Hannah into a warm embrace and, with a grin directed at Nigel, declared, "When in the presence of such grace, it's only fitting to partake more liberally."

"Agreed!"

Nigel clapped his hands.

"As long as Mr. Mitchell is content, you may choose whomever you like and we'll seal the contract at the end!"

Following three rounds of spirited toasts, Nigel, citing the call of nature, departed in the company of a few of his security personnel.

Brayden remained absorbed in conversation on the sofa, while Bryson, still half-enfolding Hannah, guided her to the opposite end of the seating.

Shielded from prying eyes, Bryson's brow subtly creased as he inquired, "What brings you here?"

It was a coincidence.

Hannah chose not to divulge her covert identity as the enigmatic Magician to Bryson.

With her palm resting gently on Bryson's shoulder, their proximity intimate, she lowered her voice.

"I came out of concern for your well-being and seized an opportunity to blend in."

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Drawing nearer to Bryson's ear, her voice exuded an air of warmth laced with genuine worry.

"I overheard talk of ill intentions toward you tonight."

Bryson extended his hand, gently tucking a stray strand of hair behind Hannah's ear, his words a soft cadence.

"We have outside support. You, on the other hand, should find a pretext to depart. Do not fret for my safety."

"But."

Before Hannah could articulate her concerns, a sudden burst of applause erupted nearby, prompting them to turn their heads.

Nigel's gaze remained unabashedly fixed upon Hannah.

"It appears Mr. Mitchell is quite pleased with my employee."

Bryson's countenance brightened and he held Hannah in a partial embrace, opting to convey his response through silence.

Observing this, Nigel signaled to an attendant behind him.

"Mr. Mitchell, we have a special offering for you today-a fine vintage, brought forth expressly for your discerning palate."

The server emerged with an obsidian bottle, deftly pouring a glass for Bryson.

"Mr. Mitchell, do indulge in this, for it is truly exceptional. It would be a great pity to let it go to waste."

Upon noting Nigel's unwavering fixation on the wine, Hannah furrowed her brow, an unsettling suspicion gnawing at her.

Bryson held the glass, his gaze fixed upon the deep crimson contents, yet displaying no intention of imbibing.

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Nigel gestured toward Bryson, his voice tinged with insistence.

"Mr. Mitchell, you wouldn't deny me this courtesy, would you?"

A palpable tension hung in the air!

Brayden, who had initially been partaking in a sideline conversation, sensed an undercurrent of unease. Feeling a mild dizziness, he attempted to wrest the glass from Bryson's hand.

"Bryson doesn't hold his liquor well; let me take this drink for him!"

"Hey, hey, hey!"

Nigel extended his hand in a commanding gesture, forestalling Brayden.

"Since when do men intervene in libations on behalf of other men? If Mr. Mitchell chooses not to partake tonight, it implies a lack of regard for my company..."

Before Nigel could conclude his remark, an elegant hand swiftly claimed the glass from Bryson's grasp, tilting her head back and boldly imbibing its contents in a single, audacious gulp!

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"Han..."

Bryson's fingers abruptly clamped around Hannah's hand with an intensity that defied subtlety!

Though he endeavored to modulate his tone to a hushed register, the coldness therein remained undisguised.

“Have you lost your senses?”

Hannah raised the corners of her mouth, her gaze directed in Nigel’s direction.

“Mr. Kelly, it shouldn’t matter whether I partake on Mr. Mitchell’s behalf; after all, I am a woman, not a man.”

“Humph |”

Nigel emitted a chilly, disdainful snort, deliberately complicating the matter for her.

“Drinking is permissible but should you drink in lieu of others, you must accept a penalty of three. Keep the wine flowing!”

Bryson’s eyes resembled unfathomable abysses, poised for action, yet Hannah restrained his wrist.

“Very well, three glasses it is!”

Holding the brimming glass of ruby-hued wine, Hannah raised her graceful neck, downing its contents in a swallow that traced the contours of her throat!

In that moment, all competitive imbibing came to a halt as every gaze in the vicinity fixated upon Hannah’s audacious display.

Nigel observed her consumption, his lascivious eyes unabashedly fixed upon her, his Adam’s apple involuntarily rising and falling!

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Bryson, his countenance a mask of frost, subdued her hand gripping the glass.

“That’s enough!”

“Mr. Kelly, must we subject a woman to such challenges in the realm of business negotiations?”

Bryson exuded an aura as chilling as Arctic winds, his eyes tinged with a semblance of impending retribution!

Not wanting to further rile him, Nigel swiftly donned a placating smile.

“Considering Mr. Mitchell’s preference, let’s settle for two glasses.”

“You were aware of what the wine contained...”

Bryson hushed his tone, his brows knitted with concern.

“Why, then, did you partake?”

Hannah poised the glass near her lips, her words intended for his ears alone, her voice a mere whisper.

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“Mr. Mitchell, please do not worry. I grew up acclimated to potent elixirs; I can withstand it.

Our focus should remain on the bigger picture.”

The minor incident appeared to pass without fanfare, yet beneath the surface, Hannah sensed a subtle surge of warmth.

Seated next to Bryson, Hannah gripped the wine glass with a semblance of composure, her facade serene, though her trembling fingers betrayed her facade.

A surge of warmth radiated from her lower belly and Hannah raised her hand, biting her own finger with a fierce determination!

Hannah’s grip on her wine glass wavered, causing a few drops to spill. She steadied her hand by grabbing her wrist with the other hand.

Fortunately, no one caught the moment. She shifted to find support against the couch for a bit.

The couch’s cool leather touched her bare skin but did nothing to cool her internal heat. On the contrary, it intensified her feeling of discomfort!

Even she wasn’t immune to whatever had been mixed into the wine.

Nigel was truly loathsome!

Nigel, busy making toasts, threw a lascivious glance her way.

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“It looks like you’re already tipsy, judging by that flushed face of yours. Don’t worry, I won’t make it hard for you. Guys, take her to sober up.”

Nodding to two nearby bodyguards, Nigel indicated they should escort Hannah out.

However, Bryson draped his arm protectively around Hannah and met the gaze of the bodyguards with an icy stare.

“She’s with me now. I haven’t given permission for her to leave.”

Nigel’s scheme crumbled, and a fleeting look of disappointment flashed across his face before he forced a smile.

“Mr. Mitchell, you make a good point. I’ve got plenty of staff here.

If you want her, she’s yours.”

Nigel’s eyes drifted away from Hannah. After all, the world was full of beautiful women!

Yet, this one could not make it out of here alive.

The room darkened as the night wore on and a private call pulled Nigel away. The party had mostly dispersed.

Despite her disoriented state, Hannah felt something was wrong.

Even though she felt weakened, she locked eyes with Bryson and warned, “Mr. Mitchell, something’s not right!”

From his waistband, Bryson pulled out a gun and handed it to Hannah.

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His demeanor turned icy as he stared intently at the hall’s entrance.

“Trouble’s coming.” Brayden shifted from his relaxed posture, placing his hand on his waist, ready for action.

Hannah rose and peered through the window at the ring of bodyguards below, then back at Bryson and Brayden.

“Those are all their men down there.”

Bryson said icily to Brayden, “Take Miss Moore and get out.”

“No!” Hannah cut him off immediately.

“Even if you have outside help, escaping alone will be tough. Listen, I have a plan.”

Inhaling deeply, Hannah fought back the surge of drug-induced sexual desire within her. She glanced at the two men and declared, “The roof is their weak point. I know the way up. Come with me!”

Bryson lifted his eyes to meet Hannah’s, curiosity gnawing at him about her familiarity with the place.

But he held his tongue, sensing now was not the moment for questions.

“Understood.

Just as Bryson got to his feet, bodyguards, armed with knives and axes, flooded into the banquet hall from the second floor.

Catching sight of Bryson, they lunged at him!

Although Hannah was a beat slower in her reaction, she promptly aimed her gun and took down an advancing man.

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

Firing a quick succession of bullets, Bryson positioned himself in front of Hannah.

“You go ahead! They won’t dare shoot right now.

Brayden and I can hold them off.”

The hand Hannah had around her gun slackened, trembling ever so slightly.

Splash!

The sound of shattering glass echoed as Brayden smashed a man’s head into a glass table and efficiently shot the next assailant.

“Get Miss Moore out of here, Bryson!”

Bryson’s gun clicked empty.

He shielded Hannah just as a knife-wielding attacker closed in.

With swift precision, Bryson tossed his coat over the man’s face. His icy eyes filled with deadly resolve as he seized the man’s knife- wielding arm and brutally twisted it.