

# The Unshackled Queen: Never Say Never Online Free

## Chapter: 206

Concealing her envy, Eliana forced a smile for Sadie.

“Even though Miss Moore came with Mr. Mitchell, I don’t automatically assume the worst. Maybe she’s dealing with her own struggles. As Mr. Mitchell’s companion, Miss Moore must have made certain sacrifices; let’s not jump to conclusions. She had plenty of male friends even before she was married. It’s just how she socializes.”

Sadie bit her lip, choosing not to respond, though her heart swelled with lingering resentment. How could Hannah, of all people, be fit to stand beside the CEO of Mitchell Group?

Meanwhile, Hannah stepped away, immersing herself in dessert.

Shortly after, a housekeeper descended from upstairs, extending an invitation to Hannah.

“Miss Moore, our Chairman, Mr. Franco Mitchell, would like to speak with you. Would you please follow me?”

Setting down her dessert, Hannah nodded to the housekeeper.

“Lead on, please.”

Giggles from Melina floated down from the upstairs private room.

“Franco, you’re such a joker, especially with Bryson right here. Oh, Miss Moore has just arrived.”

The delight that had lit up Franco’s face at Melina’s jest instantly dimmed as his eyes settled on Hannah, who had just walked in.

Melina cozied up to the older man, offering Hannah a warm smile.

“Miss Moore, please have a seat. Franco was just mentioning how eager he was to meet you.”

Hannah saw Bryson sitting stiffly with a cold expression on his face.

Had something transpired before she got there?

“Hannah!” Grace was the only one to greet Hannah with unrestrained joy, hurrying over for a hug.

“Hannah, it was so boring without you!”

“Grace! Mind your manners!”

Franco’s words made Grace draw back a bit, her lips pursed in a sulk.

“Grandpa, you’re such a \_ killjoy! Always picking on your own granddaughter!”

Alexandra Mitchell, wife of Franco, observed from the sidelines, her eyes settling warmly on Hannah.

“Miss Moore, you truly are a beauty.

I’ve heard so much about you. You’ve done wonders for Grace’s health.

If you need anything, don’t hesitate to ask. We’ll do our best to accommodate you.”

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Hannah responded with poise, “There’s no need for any reward.

Fulfilling my promise to Mr. Mitchell is its own compensation. I’ll do everything in my power to heal Miss Mitchell.”

“I understand you are Mr. Campbell’s youngest apprentice.” Franco’s tone was somewhat icy when he addressed Hannah, as if displeased by her unexpected presence.

“Word has it that you’ve surpassed your mentor? Is that true?”

“That’s merely gossip. My teacher devoted his life to medicine, and I aim to follow in his footsteps.”

Upon hearing this, Franco’s expression softened. The sincerity behind Hannah’s words struck a chord with him.

Though he’d heard rumors, his impression of Hannah took a turn for the better after meeting her face-to-face.

“Franco, Miss Moore is exceptional. She took down assailants in Muvrand, averting disaster.” Melina related the incident to Franco as if sharing an amusing tale.

“When Dad found out, he summoned me back to Valmere that very night and forbade me to venture to Muvrand on business for a while. On that note, I owe Miss Moore my gratitude.”

Melina tilted her head, offering a smile towards Bryson.

“Bryson, think you can help me pick a thoughtful gift for Miss Moore?”

Hannah smiled, gracefully declining, “Miss Mitchell was in the vehicle then. I should apologize to Miss Glyn for the extreme actions I took to protect us.”

“That’s awesome!” Upon hearing Hannah, Grace hugged her tightly, exclaiming, “Grandpa, you have no idea! Hannah was so incredible that fear never crossed my mind! It was Hannah who shielded us. She owes no apologies!”

Melina planned to shift the conversation to Hannah’s skill with firearms, but Grace diverted it.

However, Franco abruptly delved into Hannah’s history, asking, “Miss Moore, you recently went through a divorce, right?”

Seizing the opportunity, Melina fanned the flames, echoing Franco’s sentiments.

Standing firmly, Bryson approached Hannah, his gaze intense yet devoid of emotion, asserting, “Her personal affairs are not for you to question.”

As years passed since that particular event, Bryson’s disposition had starkly contrasted with his grandfather’s.

Franco often engaged in heated confrontation with Bryson. Yet, deep within, he held immense pride for his eldest grandson.

But now, Bryson’s words had reignited his fury.

Before the situation could escalate, Hannah’s clear voice intervened.

“Mr. Mitchell, I sense that Mr. Franco Mitchell holds me in high regard, leading to his personal inquiries.”

With her eyes downcast and a radiant smile, Hannah continued, “Yes, I recently ended an ill-fated marriage. Persisting with it would have been the real mistake.”

“Hmm.” Alexandra chimed in from the sidelines, “That’s true. You’re very sensible, Miss Moore. It’s clear why Grace adores you.”

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Franco’s unexplainable irritation faded with Hannah’s soothing words, though he remained distant. He dismissively gestured with his hand, proclaiming, “Time for you youngsters to have a chat. As an elder, I won’t meddle any longer. Take your group and leave.”

Bryson took Hannah's hand and guided her out of the private room.

"Bryson, hold on!" Grace quickly lifted the hem of her dress and scurried after them.

Only after they were out of sight did Melina shift her eyes, which had been trailing Bryson and Hannah, and said with a cheerful expression, "Franco, it looks like our families, the Glyn and Mitchell families will have several joint ventures this year. My father is particularly interested in entrusting the upcoming Eastern project to Mitchell Group."

As she gracefully poured tea for Franco, she continued, "However, other board members seem inclined to award the project to the Moore Group in Crakholis..."

The implication was clear: choosing the Mitchell Group could lead to unrest among the other board members. Yet, if Bryson became a son-in-law to the Glyn family, the dynamics could change.

Accepting the tea, Franco took a cautious sip before responding with deliberate ambiguity, "Our families have been allies for generations."

Under Bryson's leadership, the Mitchell Group is thriving. There's no reason to sever ties between our families. I've had a longstanding friendship with your grandfather. Bryson sees you as a sister, just as he does his own. Business is fickle. Should this deal fall through, it won't affect the bond between the Glyn and Mitchell families. Bryson knows his way around. Don't worry."

With these words, Franco deftly deflected Melina's veiled suggestion.

Whether the business deal succeeded or not, the friendship between the two families remained intact. Marriage wasn't part of the equation.

Although slightly annoyed, Melina kept her smile and replied softly, "You're absolutely correct, Franco. No matter the business turns, the bond Bryson and I share for over two decades won't falter."

Back in the corridor, on the staircase...

Hannah released her hand from Bryson's grasp, nervously tucking her hair behind her ear.

"The way you spoke with your grandfather earlier seemed a bit off."

Bryson had initially returned to the Mitchell family gathering mainly for the sake of his grandmother, though he kept this from Hannah.

Suppressing his jumbled thoughts, he offered her a slight smile.

"Did I bother you?"

Hannah was on the verge of mentioning her concerns about leaving a negative impression on his grandfather, Franco.

But when her eyes met Bryson's, she thought better of it.

Why should she care what Franco thought of her? What right did she have to even consider it?

"Never mind." In the end, Hannah held back the words she'd intended to say, gently shaking her head at Bryson.

"I don't want to be the cause of any distress for you or your grandfather."

Before Bryson could respond, Grace's face appeared between them.

"Hey, you two, why are you still up here? I'm getting hungry!"

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"I'm hungry too. Let's all go downstairs," Hannah said.

Seizing the opportunity, Hannah took Grace's hand and descended the stairs with her.

As he observed Hannah's seemingly evasive behavior, Bryson hid his feelings. Had he been too forward?

Grace, acting like a little princess, guided Hannah through a variety of gourmet offerings.

Holding a tiny cake, Hannah glanced in Bryson's direction.

Today marked the Mitchell family's grand celebration. Since Bryson had come downstairs, he had been swarmed by guests from various families, constantly engaged in toasts and conversations. Yet, his face remained impassive, showing little interest in the proceedings.

"Hannah! You made it! I was starting to worry you'd skip out today.

I was about to shoot you a text to scold you!" Lydia approached Hannah, holding a glass of red wine and donning a black velvet off-the-shoulder gown.

"Thank goodness for Brayden. He helped me dodge a tricky situation."

"Were the Phillips and Shaw families giving you grief again?" Hannah asked, concern filling her eyes.

"Do you want me to intervene?"

"No need!" Lydia winked.

"I've already taken care of it, and managed to annoy my parents in the process!"

Intrigued, Grace leaned in closer, her eyes twinkling with curiosity.

“What made them so mad?”

“They were trying to orchestrate my marriage. When Brayden happened to walk by, I just grabbed him to act as my fake boyfriend! They want to make my life difficult? Well, two can play that game.”

Clutching her wine glass, Lydia’s face hardened with anger as she recalled the recent events.

“My brother’s business just collapsed again. Now the company is six million in debt. They thought they could exploit me to rescue them. Not in a million years!”

“So…” Hannah paused momentarily before inquiring, “What’s the Shaw family’s take on this?”

“Ugh.” Lydia gave an eye-roll of contempt.

“Alick would be thrilled if I rejected the marriage proposal. If our Phillips family is the one to break off the engagement, we’d be the talk of the town, in a bad way. He’d love that.”

“Oh.” Grace, who was busy savoring some pastries, looked up at Lydia with a naive expression.

“Did Brayden actually agree to be your boyfriend?”

Lydia couldn’t resist grinning at Grace’s adorable questioning.

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“Absolutely not. I merely got him on board to be my fake boyfriend. That’s the deal.”

Grace scratched her head in mild confusion.

“Brayden agreed to that?”

Lydia sighed deeply at this point, emptied her glass of red wine, and exchanged a wordless glance with Hannah, shaking her head.

Hannah chuckled, “Brayden usually enjoys a bit of drama. He wouldn’t pass up the chance to play your pretend boyfriend. What’s the catch?”

Lydia tilted her head upwards as if seeking divine intervention.

“I have to be his actual girlfriend for a month. That was his condition.”

That stipulation fit right in with Brayden’s whimsical and cheeky personality.

Hannah quirked an eyebrow and nodded.

"I'm not concerned about that, but I do worry that your parents, the Phillips family, may not treat you well."

"Don't bother. When have they ever been good to me? They only have eyes for my good-for-nothing brother."

As they were engrossed in conversation, a piercing voice interrupted, "Well, well, well, look who it is! My brother's ex-wife, with a criminal record, no less."

Sadie glanced at Hannah disdainfully.

"You must've moved heaven and earth to be at a Mitchell family event, especially someone as lowly as you."

The word 'lowly' came out as a snarl from Sadie, laced with malice.

"Sadie Edwards, are you begging for a smack? Your breath reeks.

Forget to brush your teeth?" Lydia, already in a sour mood, turned around and shot back defensively, standing up for Hannah.

Sadie wore an expression of distinct irritation as she remarked, "What's the matter? Not happy with how I described your master?"

Considering the Phillips family's recent financial woes, you and her make a perfect pair. You're Like garbage sticking with trash in a polluted canal!"

Hannah opened her mouth to respond, but was cut off by Grace's gentle yet firm voice.

"Watch your Language!"

With a glint of anger in her gentle eyes, Grace shot back, "By your reasoning, am I also garbage or trash? Hannah is here as my brother's guest, does that make him trash in your eyes, too?"

Sadie's expression tensed. She couldn't afford to upset the Mitchell family. She fumbled for an explanation.

However, just then, Hannah stepped forward, shielding Grace, and gave Sadie an icy glare.