

# **The Unshackled Queen: Never Say Never Online Free –**

## **Chapter: 26**

Indeed, with his chiseled features, Bryson could have easily passed for a movie star.

It was evident his mother must have been a woman of extraordinary beauty.

Bryson caught Hannah's gaze fixed on him, yet he felt neither uncomfortable nor shy.

Instead, he calmly met her eyes while holding a glass of red wine.

"I appreciate your warm welcome, Mr. Mitchell."

Setting her utensils down, Hannah averted her gaze from Bryson.

People often said Bryson was a heartless, wicked man. But why did she feel differently?

By the time they left the Sapphire Treasure event, night had settled in. Due to some unforeseen issues, Lydia couldn't accompany Hannah.

Despite Lydia's protests, Hannah sent her away early.

Hannah bowed her head and rummaged through her purse for her phone, intending to call a taxi.

Just as she was about to open the app, a suave yet chilly voice broke the silence.

"Miss Moore, no ride for you? We've got room.

Care to join us?"

Turning, Hannah saw Eliana, arm-in-arm with Declan, smiling at her.

Why were these two always on her tail? And why did they always seem to be wherever she was?

Suppressing an eye roll, Hannah waved her phone at them.

"I've got my phone. I can call a taxi, No need to burden yourselves, Mr. Edwards and Miss Patel."

"It's rather late and no one else is around. It could be risky for you to go home alone." Looking up at Declan pitifully, Eliana said, "We're heading the same way. Why not take Miss Moore with us?"

Declan's gaze was icy as he wrapped an arm around Eliana, his eyes scrutinizing Hannah.

"If you're asking, how could I refuse?"

"Declan, you're so generous." Wearing a joyful smile, Eliana turned to Hannah.

"Miss Moore, please join us in the car."

Their behavior felt like phony benevolence, making Hannah feel nauseated.

Hannah's eyebrows furrowed.

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"Did you not hear me? I said I can take a taxi. Are you deaf?"

"Miss Moore... I... I didn't intend anything by it." Eliana appeared rattled by Hannah's biting words. Her eyes began to glisten.

"I was just worried it's getting late. I didn't want you to be unsafe alone..."

Declan's brow tightened as he stepped in front of Eliana.

"Eliana meant well. Don't be ungrateful!"

"Declan, don't." Eliana tugged at his sleeve.

"If your anger is about the divorce, don't take it out on Eliana.

She means well, truly," continued Declan.

Meant well?

Declan's comments felt ludicrous. Was he out of his mind?

"If there's something wrong with your brain, go seek medical help.

But don't stop me from hailing a taxi!"

Chided by Hannah, Declan remained motionless, his expression sour.

Eliana seemed concerned as she clutched Declan's arm.

"It looks Like Miss Moore really doesn't care for me..."

Wanting no more interaction with the pair, Hannah lowered her gaze to her phone, planning to hail a taxi via the app.

Just then, Declan snatched her phone away. Hannah was livid.

“What exactly is your problem?”

Out of the blue, a flashy red sports car pulled up next to her.

A grin unfolded on Brayden’s face as he leaned out the car window.

“Ah, seems like my timing’s off. Are we having a dispute here?”

Leaning his arm on the window and resting his chin on his wrist, Brayden turned to Hannah and inquired, “Why are you by yourself, Miss Moore? Need a ride?”

Seated in his red sports car, the night breeze tousled his hair, making his good looks even more striking.

Declan, however, narrowed his eyes involuntarily.

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Brayden Davies, heir to the Davies Jewelry empire and notorious ladies’ man. His affluence and influence made switching girlfriends as casual as swapping designer outfits.

How had he crossed paths with Hannah?

Initially, Hannah had been reluctant to mingle with Bryson and his circle. Her gut told her that Bryson’s invitation at the contest wasn’t straightforward, but right now she had no desire to deal with Declan.

“Much appreciated, Mr. Davies.”

Hannah turned around and extended her hand towards Declan.

“Could I have my phone back, please?”

Wearing a grim expression, Declan still held her phone.

Before Declan could utter a word, Eliana, standing beside him, chimed in, “You sure get around, Miss Moore. First the Phillips heiress and now the Davies scion. How do you do it?” Her tone dripped with clear spite.

Sadie then added, “She must frequent all kinds of questionable events to get the attention of men like these.”

Eliana cut her off, “Don’t be so harsh, Sadie. Maybe she has her reasons.”

The pair's coordination was flawless. Catching a glimpse of Brayden, Hannah roughly deduced their intentions.

They were trying to paint her as morally loose in Brayden's eyes.

Before Hannah could retort, Brayden erupted into laughter.

"Ah, Miss Edwards, isn't it? Been a while since I saw you dance on stage. Last I remember, you were at some club." Arching an eyebrow, Brayden appeared genuinely intrigued.

"Speaking of which, where's the guy who was clinging to you? Figured he was your boyfriend."

At this, Sadie blanched.

Declan looked puzzled.

"What boyfriend? When did you hit the clubs?"

Why wasn't I informed?"

Panicked, Sadie stammered, "Wait, Declan, hear me out. Don't tell our parents, please!"

Hannah, uninterested in the unfolding drama, gestured impatiently at Declan.

"My phone, if you please."

Declan looked stern but ultimately handed back the phone without further comment.

Snatching her phone, Hannah opened the car door and slid in.

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"Thanks again, Mr. Davies."

As the car sped along, the world outside blurred, yet Hannah's expression remained steady.

She was grateful for Brayden's aid, but she knew nothing came without a price.

"No problem," Brayden said, driving at about 130 km/h and casually resting one arm on the window.

"Bryson got held up. It was something about a last-minute video conference in Europe."

It was Bryson's idea.

A frown creased Hannah's forehead. She knew better than to expect something for nothing.

After pondering for a moment, she asked, "What does Mr. Mitchell really want? You can tell me."

Peering at her through the rearview mirror, Brayden noted her composed demeanor that rendered her beauty even more striking.

"Bryson's never been good at articulating his feelings. He doesn't aim to complicate things for you. But me, I have no hesitations.

We've been friends for over a decade, so I'm asking you as a favor."

Hannah tilted her head, as though straining to catch every word.

"Did you ever meet Grace, Miss Moore?" Brayden paused before adding, "A few years back, Sadie wronged Grace. Bryson set her straight. You were the one who escorted Sadie from the top tower, weren't you?"

"Grace Mitchell, the youngest daughter of the Mitchell family?"

It seemed Hannah was piecing things together in her mind.

"Exactly. Bryson's involvement with East Coast Racing is because of her." Brayden clarified, attempting to frame his words carefully.

Yet Hannah beat him to it.

"She's the one with the untreatable illness, correct?"

Caught off guard, Brayden almost lost control of the sports car, the steering wheel veering dangerously. He quickly steadied it with both hands and wiped away any trace of a smile.

Fixing a serious expression, Brayden questioned, "How did you figure it out?"

"I just did," Hannah replied casually.

Once she grasped Bryson's intentions, she eased into the back seat and spoke deliberately.

"I saw her once when I was at the tower.

Does she often cough up blood, struggle to swallow, have heart palpitations at night, and find it hard

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Impressed by Hannah's medical acumen, Brayden exhaled in relief.

"Absolutely, Miss Moore. You're right," he said, his voice tinged with sorrow.

“Grace was poisoned once, and it took too long to get her the help she needed. She survived but with Lingerinɡ complications.”

“Despite seeking the best medical minds, we’ve had no luck. Mr. Campbell recently stated that without a cure, she has at most a year to live.”

Hannah’s eyes narrowed as she recalled Saul mentioning someone was secretly looking for her.

So it was Bryson.

“Miss Moore, the Mitchell family can offer you anything you desire in exchange for your help,” Brayden proposed.

Resting one hand on the armrest and rhythmically tapping the window with her fingers, Hannah finally said, “It’s not that I’m unwilling.”

Had her ill-fated four-year marriage never happened, she might not need Bryson to do anything to please her, and she’d be open to helping a child like this.

But four years had elapsed, and she couldn’t even bring herself to confidently walk into an operating room. How could she assure the survival of a critically ill patient?

“I’m aware you’ve uncovered my background. You probably reviewed my history before you located me. So you should know that I’ve been out of the medical field for quite some time,” Hannah said slowly.

“I’m sorry, but it’s unlikely I can treat such a complex case on short notice. Please consult another doctor.”

“Miss Moore, don’t dismiss the possibility so quickly. Take some time to consider it,” Brayden replied, seemingly indifferent to her decision.

“Bryson can wait.”

Catching Brayden’s steadfast gaze in the rearview mirror, Hannah’s brow furrowed involuntarily.

As he observed Hannah climb into Brayden’s car and drive off, Declan’s expression remained stony and displeased.

Eliana sidled up to him, her familiar scent filling the air.

She whispered, “Declan, my parents are returning in a few days. Can we find time to talk about our wedding plans?”

Gazing at Eliana’s face, radiant with unguarded anticipation for love, Declan felt momentarily lost in thought.

Hadn't he dreamt of this very moment?

Years ago, he had become the talk of the town in Valmere just to win her over. He'd journeyed abroad for Eliana, only to be turned away.

Disheartened, he returned. Had it not been for his subsequent marriage to Hannah, Edwards Group would've been the butt of many jokes.

The woman who filled his thoughts day and night was right before him, meticulously planning their imminent wedding.

What more could he want?