

## The Unshackled Queen: Never Say Never Online Free - Chapter: 271

“Oh my gosh! Is this a love confession? A dashing guy and a stunning lady. I’ve got to root for them!”

“He has faith in her! Those words carry weight. Even as a casual follower, I’m tempted to cheer them on!”

“Tequila initially chose to race alone, embracing the risk, and she didn’t clarify on Twitter either. She’s incredible... I’m getting emotional...”

“How does one even form a connection that deep, to willingly trust another with their life? It’s heartwarming! Why aren’t they in showbiz yet? I want to ship them!”

“Hold on, let’s remember who they are. One’s Mr. Mitchell, and the other is Mr. Campbell’s youngest pupil, an academic clinician. Better they stay clear of the entertainment world.”

“True, diving into the entertainment sphere could just end in scandal.”

Conflicted, Hannah silently read Bryson’s tweet. Just as she was grappling with her emotions, a new WhatsApp message flashed onto her screen!

[Hannah, it looks like Bryson is going above and beyond to have your back. What’s on your mind?]

Hannah gazed at the WhatsApp messages, taking her time before her fingers finally started to move.

[I’m unsure.]

Confused about her own feelings, she was even more reluctant to guess what Bryson might be thinking.

Bryson’s chat was right there, yet she lacked the guts to open it.

What should she inquire? And how should she express her gratitude?

Opting to set it aside for now, Hannah flung her phone away and lay on her bed.

Sitting in his office, Bryson’s eyes were fixed on his inactive phone, devoid of any new messages from her all day.

Sensing Bryson's gloom, Yosef promptly commented, "Public opinion has shifted. No one's talking about Miss Moore anymore. Sir, maybe you should make a phone call to her and inform her of the situation?"

"No, step out for now."

"Alright."

As Yosef moved to exit, Bryson added, "Dig deeper into that dealer in Valmere."

"No worries, sir, those guys won't be making a comeback."

Twitter buzz had been waning for days now.

And still, Hannah hadn't reached out to Bryson, who also seemed to be maintaining his distance, not reaching out to her either.

One week before school resumed, Declan contacted her, suggesting she visit Allison at the ancestral home.

Even though her thesis wasn't complete, Hannah consented to Declan's suggestion and planned to head to the villa that evening.

C 272

As the sky outside began to dim, Hannah glanced at her computer clock. It was nearing 7 p.m.

She shut her laptop, switched her outfit, and got ready to leave her apartment to hail a taxi to the villa.

"Hannah!"

Exiting her community gate, she noticed Declan's car parked nearby.

He approached her briskly as he saw her.

"What brings you here?" Hannah raised her eyebrows slightly.

"I knew you were headed to the villa tonight. I was passing by, so I figured I'd offer you a ride to Grandma's."

Hannah wasn't keen on riding with Declan and dismissed the offer.

"I can just catch a taxi."

"It's convenient for me to give you a ride. No need to bother with a taxi," Declan countered, opening the passenger door for her.

“Come on.”

Hannah looked at the passenger seat, then announced, “I’ll sit in the back.”

“The backseat’s cluttered with gifts for Grandma. You’ll have to sit up front.”

Peering through the car window, Hannah noticed the array of presents in the back. After a brief hesitation, she climbed into the front seat.

Declan shut the car door, returned to his driving position, and set the car in motion.

As they drove off, a Porsche Cayenne became visible, parked on the opposite side of the community.

“Sir, she’s gone. Should we tail them?”

Observing Hannah get into Declan’s car, a chill seemed to settle in Bryson’s eyes, making his voice equally icy.

“Follow them.”

On the way, Declan attempted to reminisce about old times with Hannah, but she remained aloof and unresponsive.

Upon reaching the villa, Declan stopped the car. Hannah promptly got out.

Donna, the housekeeper, welcomed Hannah with a beaming face.

“Miss Moore, it’s wonderful to see you. The madam mentions you all the time. She’s been so excited for your visit.”

“Donna.” Hannah returned the smile.

C 273

“How’s she doing these days?”

Donna let out a sigh.

“Madam’s health is not great. Seasonal changes have been hard on her. She’s been coughing a lot.

Hearing this, concern etched onto Hannah’s face.

“I’ll go and see her right away.”

Entering the villa, Allison sat in the Living room, her face Lighting up upon seeing Hannah.

“Hannah, you’re here! Come, sit down, cough, cough. How long has it been? Forgot about me since you left my no-good grandson?”

“That’s not the case, Allison. I’ve just been tied up with some stuff, so I couldn’t visit. Please don’t be upset.”

Allison affectionately pinched Hannah’s nose.

“I’m not upset, dear.

I know you’re swamped, so I haven’t... Cough, cough... bothered you.”

“Allison, you’re coughing a lot. I’ll examine you later. I worry that this chronic cough could be hard on your lungs.”

“Very well.” Allison nodded, her face wreathed in smiles.

Declan entered, his arms laden with gift boxes.

“Grandma.”

Allison shot him a disapproving look and scoffed, “Ah, so you finally remembered your grandmother. I assumed you’d forget me after the divorce.”

“Grandma.”

With a hint of resignation, Declan set the gifts down and glanced toward Hannah.

“Work’s been hectic, but I never miss a chance to visit you. I even brought Hannah to lift your spirits this time.”

Unimpressed, Allison brushed him off.

“Hannah, I’ve been working on a landscape painting featuring a mountain and some birds, but my creative flow stalled halfway. Donna, would you bring it here? Hannah, could you give me your opinion?”

“Of course.” Hannah grinned.

“LL be happy to, Allison, provided you don’t find my art skills too ordinary.”

Allison’s smile widened with pride.

C 274

“Nonsense, you’re the most gifted young woman I’ve ever met. Who could outdo you?”

Declan chimed in, "I'll leave you two to your discussion. I'll go prepare some fruit." Rolling up his sleeves, he made his way to the kitchen.

Donna then carried in Allison's unfinished mountain-and-bird painting, along with a set of brushes and paints, and set them up in the living room.

Upon examining the half-done artwork, Hannah offered, "Allison, it looks like you're blending two different styles here. That might make the piece feel disjointed. I'd suggest opting for a more detailed style to better capture both the majesty of the mountains and the subtlety of the birds."

Overhearing the conversation as he returned with a fruit platter, Declan looked at Hannah in surprise.

"I had no idea you were into art."

Allison scowled at her grandson.

"You'd been married for years and didn't know your own wife enjoyed painting? What had you been doing all that time?"

His posture stiffened at his grandmother's pointed words.

Throughout their marriage, Declan had rarely been home due to his stubborn nature, and had always viewed Hannah as a homemaker. He had never really understood her or gotten close.

As Declan looked on, he was captivated by Hannah's graceful brushstrokes and the elegant lines of her neck and profile.

Just then, outside the villa

Eliana parked her car and made her way into the house, bag in hand.

The butler's expression shifted as he saw her.

"Miss Patel, what brings you here?"

Eliana offered a mild smile.

"I stopped by Declan's office and was told he was visiting Allison. I thought I'd come and pay her a visit, too."

As Eliana was about to take a step in, the butler intercepted, exclaiming, "Hold on a moment, Miss Patel! Madam must be informed first."

Racing towards the hall, the butler had his sights set on Allison, but was abruptly halted by Declan's presence.

Spotting an unusual look on the butler's face, Declan motioned him closer, inquiring, "What's the matter?"

"Sir, Miss Patel has arrived, and she wishes to converse with Madam."

A hint of a frown creased Declan's forehead as he directed the butler, "Got it. Ask her to remain outside; I'll join her soon."

Having given his instructions, Declan cast a brief, loaded glance toward Hannah before making his exit from the hall.

"Why have you come?"

C 275

There was a pressing urgency in Declan's voice, mixed with a touch of annoyance.

Oblivious to his annoyance, Eliana playfully latched onto his arm, chiming, "I stopped by your office, and they mentioned you were here with Allison. I figured, being her soon-to-be granddaughter-in-law, I ought to pay a visit too. I've also heard about Allison's troubling cough. So, I took the initiative to obtain some potent medicine for her."

A touch of concern played on Declan's features; he was keen to avoid a meeting between Hannah and Eliana.

"Hand them over. I'll ensure Grandma gets them."

Catching Declan's distant expression, Eliana felt a pang of unease, questioning, "Is something amiss, Declan? I'm here, and wouldn't it be a tad rude not to meet Allison? And, think about our impending nuptials. We'll surely want Allison's blessings. It's only right for me to bond with her now."

Gripping Declan's arm, Eliana confidently reassured, "Trust me, I'll surely win Allison's heart."

With that, clutching Declan's arm, she breezily strolled into the hall, announcing cheerfully, "Allison, it's me, Eliana!"

Why on earth was Hannah present?!

Eliana's gaze landed on Hannah, engrossed in her painting, sending a cold shiver down her spine. Her faltering smile betrayed her surprise.

"Oh, so Miss Moore graces us with her presence today."

Completing her enhancements, Hannah set her brush aside, met Eliana's gaze, and then displayed the painting to Allison.

"How do you feel about my enhancements, Allison?"

“Splendid work! The modifications are top-notch! I must say, there’s a hint of the legendary Master Moke in your strokes.”

Allison beamed with pride, proclaiming, “The painting is truly in the right hands with you; it eases my heart immensely!”

Sensing she was sidelined, Eliana’s smile strained. Determined, she approached, extracting the sought-after medicine from her purse.

“Dear Allison, I’ve heard about your persistent cough. I procured this renowned overseas medicine for you. It’s said to work wonders!”

Feeling the weight of both Hannah’s and Allison’s gazes, Declan discreetly slipped his arm away from Eliana’s hold.

Hannah briefly examined the medicine, shaking her head in disapproval.

“This isn’t the precise medicine for Allison’s ailment. It’s not going to help; you’ve procured the incorrect version.”

Feeling undermined by Hannah’s words, tears pooled in Eliana’s eyes, leading her to break down.

“Miss Moore, this medication was recommended by a distinguished overseas doctor. It wouldn’t be fair to dismiss its potential purely out of spite for me, would it?”

Once more, that woeful demeanor, so aptly crafted to pull at one’s heartstrings.

Hannah, reluctant to indulge Eliana further, retorted, “While this medicine might address general coughs, Allison’s is rooted in a Lung issue. What you’ve brought merely masks the symptoms; it doesn’t offer a genuine solution.”

“I had no idea. I only aimed to ease Allison’s pain.”