

The Unshackled Queen: Never Say Never Novel - Chapter: 293

Once he was sure the threat was neutralized, Bryson turned his attention to Hannah.

Hannah swiftly covered her wrist, shaking her head.

“I’m unharmed.

But how did you know I was bound here?”

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“I went along when we handed over the ransom. Quickly noticing their amateurish ways, I had them detained and extracted your location from them. Here I am, money in tow and under a guise.”

Grasping Hannah’s hand gently, Bryson proposed “We shouldn’t Linger here. We’ll discuss everything once we’re safe.”

At the police headquarters, Hannah provided her account.

A flustered Declan, with Eliana in tow, entered. Catching sight of a seemingly unharmed Hannah, he exclaimed, “Hannah, are you alright?

Did they lay a finger on you?”

With a frosty gaze, Hannah responded, "What might they have done? Had they truly harmed me, I wouldn't be here narrating the tale."

"Thank heavens I alerted the authorities! Who knows what might have befallen you otherwise!"

With a smirk, Hannah retorted, "Mr. Mitchell was my savior. Your role in this is close to nothing."

"You mustn't be so harsh, Miss Moore. Declan genuinely fretted over you upon hearing from those kidnappers..."

"His concern was perhaps that I'm not dying any time soon, right?"

Hannah, far from grateful, countered.

"Mr. Mitchell braved the odds for me today. So spare me the theatrics. Those culprits? They're singing like canaries now. And I've heard a puppet master is pulling their strings and influencing their actions..."

Eliana's demeanor shifted abruptly, a mix of discomfort and apprehension. Her eyes darted, and her lower lip found itself caught between her teeth!

Observing Eliana in such a state, a knowing grin painted Hannah's face, sensing the unfolding drama.

"Miss Patel, there's a hint of panic in your eyes. What's amiss?"

"You're the one who ordered them to whisk me away, didn't you?"

Eliana's eyes opened wide, shimmering pools of tears.

"Miss Moore, how can you tarnish my reputation like this? The moment news of your rescue reached me, Declan and I hastened to find you. How can you even think.

"

"Hannah, Eliana has good intentions. Why this standoff?"

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With her brows furrowed, Hannah gave Declan the cold shoulder, deliberately ignoring him.

"Mr. Mitchell!"

"Mr. Mitchell has arrived!"

As the dual chorus heralded from the entrance, Hannah was momentarily captivated, her gaze darting towards the doorway.

As Bryson made his grand entrance, Brayden and the awaiting attorneys rose in respect.

Upon spotting Bryson, Declan retreated, holding his peace.

Approaching Hannah, Bryson began, "I've settled the company affairs.

Are the statements done? I'm here to escort you home."

"Nearly there. If there's pressing business, don't let me keep you."

Casting a quick look at his wristwatch, Bryson said, "There are some unresolved issues back at the company. I'll have Brayden stay with you. Give me a ring once you're home."

"Understood." Hannah nodded, showing her agreement.

Bryson shifted his attention to Brayden.

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With a confident thump on his chest, Brayden declared, "You have my word, Miss Moore will reach home under my watch!"

Once Bryson was gone, Declan's expression darkened.

“Is it all about his deep pockets and the ransom? Let’s not forget the gravity back then. Had I not rung the cops, would the abductors be behind bars this swiftly? It seems it’s all about the greenbacks for you! Hannah Moore, you’re not the same! This wasn’t you. When did you become so obsessed with wealth?”

In response to Declan’s pointed remarks, Hannah chuckled, “When one’s vision is tainted, all they perceive is tainted too. Believe what you wish; your views about me hold no weight.”

The officer seated opposite gestured towards the record.

“Simply put your signature here, and you’re free to go.”

Hannah bent down to append her signature.

An officer darted out from the interrogation room, murmuring to a colleague.

The officer before Hannah abruptly pressed down on the document.

“Apologies, Miss Moore. The culprits we nabbed claim to be moneylenders. They allege you owe them a debt, which led them to you.

You need to stay put and cooperate until this is sorted out.”

“Hold on!”

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Brayden intervened with a scowl.

“Miss Moore isn’t one to fall into such a debt trap. Are those men spewing tales?”

“Further inquiry is necessary to unearth the real story.”

Eliana’s hand flew to her mouth in shock.

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“Miss Moore, did you really get entangled with these loan sharks?”

Seemingly catching herself misspeaking, Eliana quickly added with a twinge of guilt, “In truth, if Miss Moore finds herself strapped for cash, we’re here to extend a helping hand. Why ever might you need to..”

Declan’s eyebrows knitted together.

“If money was the issue, why keep it from me? What’s the sum you borrowed? Let me settle it for you.”

In a wave of shock, Eliana’s teeth found her lip, a tremor racing through her as she stood next to Declan, utterly flabbergasted!

Declan’s proposal to clear Hannah’s dues was unexpected! This woman surely knew how to stir the pot!

With an impatient side-eye, Hannah snapped at Declan, “I didn’t get tangled in any predatory loans, and your financial assistance isn’t required.”

Gripping Declan’s arm reassuringly, Eliana soothed, “Miss Moore, let’s drop the pretense. Cash hiccups in business are as regular as rain in monsoons.”

She swiveled her head, directing her question to the officer.

“To whom does Miss Moore owe this sum? Perhaps we could lend a hand.”

The officer sifted through the paperwork, noting, “This lady’s debts are the outcome of her gamble escapade.”

Eliana’s hand flew to her mouth, eyes darting to Hannah in sheer disbelief as she subtly pulled at Declan’s attire, seeking some semblance of grounding.

“You never cease to amaze. So, after our paths diverged, gambling became your new hobby?”

Declan exhaled slowly, then turned his gaze to the officer, his voice steady yet laced with concern.

“What’s the damage? I’ll cover the cost.”

The officer responded, “From the records here, the tally stands at a whopping 100 million.”

“100 million? You’re joking!”

Declan’s eyes bulged in shock, and as he swiveled to face Hannah, there was a hint of hysteria.

“How on earth did you rack up a debt of 100 million? What were you even betting on?”

With a smirk playing on her lips, Hannah met Declan’s gaze and chuckled, “You were so eager to foot the bill earlier. Time to put your money where your mouth is.”