

The Unshackled Queen: Never Say Never Online Free –

Chapter: 71-75

“You think an extravagant dress makes you one of us? Quit fooling yourself. You’ll never escape your lowly status, no matter who you sleep with.”

His words demeaned Hannah, completely stripping her of her dignity.

The crowd cast pointed glances her way.

Some men eyed her with undisguised Lechery.

Before anyone could react, Hannah’s hand flew up, landing a slap squarely on Declan’s face.

“Miss Moore, have you lost your mind?” Eliana grasped Declan, looking concerned.

“Even if you became angry from shame, there’s no call for violence. We’re all civilized here...”

“I’m not civilized. Speak again, and you’re next,” Hannah cut her off, her gaze icy.

She flicked her wrist dismissively and turned back to Declan.

“Just because you’re a certain way, why assume everyone else is the same?”

Hannah shot Declan with a frosty gaze, stating, “I assume I don’t need to remind you that we’re in the midst of divorce negotiations, do I? Who gave you the right to comment on my personal life? You parade around with your mistress as if having an affair is something to be proud of. What, is that your idea of being an honorable man?”

Eliana’s eyes filled with tears as she clung to Declan, whispering softly, “There’s got to be some kind of mix-up... Declan...”

The sound of the slap still reverberated in Declan’s mind.

Swamped with shame and indignation, Declan seethed at Hannah, “An affair, you say? You’re one to talk. Planning on jumping to the next guy as soon as our divorce is finalized, like you’re hooking up to the young heir of the Davies family? Think you’re being subtle? Do you take pride in latching onto him? You believe a notorious playboy like that could truly care for you?”

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Sarcasm dripped from Declan’s words.

“He’s just toying with you.

Offer you a few perks and you're all in."

Just as Hannah was about to slap him once more, she felt a sudden warmth envelop her. A heavy coat was draped over her shoulders.

She caught a lingering scent from the coat and turned around, surprised to find Bryson.

"Why are you here?"

"I've settled the matter inside and came to see you off," Bryson replied, casting a meaningful look at Declan.

That one look left Declan anxious, cold sweat forming on his hands and feet, and he found himself speechless.

"I hadn't anticipated witnessing someone tarnishing your reputation."

Though anxious, Declan feigned composure.

C 72

"Everything I said is true.

Mr. Mitchell, you need to understand who you're dealing with."

"As for Miss Mitchell, she's blameless," Eliana chimed in, brushing her hair back as if to speak on behalf of Grace.

Brayden appeared, arms crossed, his expression unreadable as he observed Eliana and Declan.

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"My reputation isn't the best. Being associated with me comes at a risk. But Miss Moore is here as an honored guest invited by Grace. The idea of Miss Moore hooking up with me is absurd."

Bryson began, "Mr. Edwards got one thing right. A few perks from the Mitchell family, and the Edwards family is all too happy to play along."

Then, with a hint of indifference in his eyes, he declared, "Effective immediately, any business dealings between the Mitchell and Edwards groups are hereby cancelled."

Upon hearing the news, the crowd around them buzzed in hushed conversations.

"What a competent woman! To think she'd have the Mitchell family patriarch in her corner!"

"She's close to Mr. Mitchell's youngest sister whom he's incredibly fond of."

Elsewhere, outside the venue, voices whispered.

"In my eyes, the Edwards family's young master had it coming.

Parading his mistress around and stirring up chaos, especially in front of his wife. He asked for it."

"True love, you say?"

"True love? In this social circle?" someone scoffed.

"Would you let true love be your mistress?"

His words were loud enough for even Eliana to hear.

Already looking a bit ashen, Eliana's face paled further.

"Declan..

Oblivious to Eliana's emotional state, Declan's mind was a blank slate, reeling from what Bryson had declared.

In Valmere, the Edwards group held considerable influence.

Their business alliance with the Mitchell family spanned multiple sectors.

If Bryson were to suddenly sever this partnership, the stock market would undoubtedly erupt into chaos.

The weight of the situation wasn't lost on Declan. His animosity towards Hannah intensified. If she hadn't been involved, things wouldn't have escalated to this point.

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C 73

"Mr. Mitchell, the issue between Hannah and me is a private affair.

Are you willing to jeopardize the partnership between our families over it?"

Trying to contain his irritation, Declan reasoned with Bryson, "Our conglomerates wield significant influence in Valmere. If we halt our collaboration, stock prices will plummet, resulting in losses exceeding ten million."

Just pausing the collaboration would still mean a significant loss!

He glanced away, guilt written across his face.

Brayden draped his coat over his shoulder.

"Don't get ahead of yourself, will you? Miss Moore has mentioned you're still to sort out divorce papers. Yet you defamed her in front of everyone. You made it impossible for her not to sue you now."

Sensing that events were not unfolding in their favor and aware of the growing crowd, Eliana discreetly tugged at Declan's sleeve.

Then she addressed Bryson.

"This is all a big misunderstanding. Mr. Mitchell, please let cooler heads prevail. On behalf of Declan, I apologize to Miss Moore. He's not a terrible person; he can just be brutally honest, often disregarding others' feelings."

Eliana turned to Hannah and bowed.

"Miss Moore, it's all my fault.

Please don't blame Declan. I shouldn't have come back into your lives.

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I shouldn't have ruined your once-happy marriage." Tears brimmed in Eliana's eyes.

Guilty, Declan wrapped his arms around Eliana's waist.

"This isn't on you. I chose this path, so the fault is mine!"

The couple's melodrama made Hannah nauseous.

Brayden chuckled, "What soap opera are you two starring in? Aren't you ashamed or at least embarrassed?"

Annoyed, Declan turned to Bryson.

"Mr. Mitchell, you might want to reconsider our business..."

Bryson cut him off, "Why should I invest in dying industries?"

Declan's complexion suddenly went ashen.

Hannah had some insights into the world of finance. If her actions had put Bryson in such a predicament, she'd feel forever indebted to him.

"Mr. Mitchell, I realize you decided to exact revenge on the Edwards family on Grace's behalf. However, mixing personal vendettas with business collaborations isn't something she'd approve of."

C 74

Declan was taken aback. Hannah's defense of him indicated she still had feelings for him.

With an icy gaze, Hannah turned to Declan.

"What if the Edwards family publicly apologized to Grace?"

Forced to bite back his rising fury, Declan's face twisted.

"This is all a misunderstanding, but rest assured, the Edwards family will offer a formal explanation to the Mitchell family."

Bryson cast a sidelong glance at Hannah, who stood beside him. She didn't seem keen on escalating matters, and he was okay with letting it slide.

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"Fine," Bryson murmured.

Brayden blinked, astonished. Since when had Bryson become so open-minded?

Just as Declan let out a sigh of relief, Hannah said, "Every responsible party must apologize."

Eliana rested lightly against Declan.

“Declan...”

Declan didn't dare to favor Eliana in Bryson's presence.

“We do owe an apology. Eliana, you'll have to join me in this.”

Stunned, Eliana clenched her hand to maintain her composure.

Forcing a smile, she said, “Absolutely, apologies are in order. I'll also talk Sadie into apologizing with us.”

Now that she had to apologize, roping in Sadie was her next move.

At that moment, a black Maybach pulled into view, halting gracefully at the venue's entrance.

The driver stepped out, opened the passenger door, and nodded at Bryson.

“Sir, your car is ready.”

Without even glancing at Declan, Bryson gestured toward Hannah.

“It's getting late. I'll have the driver take you home.”

After leading Hannah to the car, Bryson briefly caught her eye and offered a faint smile.

Hannah rolled down the car window and returned his smile.

“Thanks for today, Mr. Mitchell. I'll give you back your coat another time.”

C 75

“I failed to look after you well. I'll make it up with a dinner,”

Bryson said, his eyes twinkling as he inclined his head.

Hannah then reclined in her seat, yawning before drifting into Light sleep.

Startled awake, she noticed the car pulling into her community.

Expressing her gratitude to the driver, Hannah finally relaxed only when she was safely inside her apartment.

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Kicking off her heels, she went barefoot to her living room sofa and reclined. She then unlocked her phone and pulled up her chat.

"I've reached home. Thanks for arranging the ride."

After sending the text, Hannah hesitated, biting her lip.

No response came, so she sent another message.

"I apologize for the day's events."

Having sent her text, Hannah retreated to the bathroom, phone in hand.

She had just switched from her dress to her pajamas and secured her hair in a bun when her phone buzzed.

The caller was Lydia.

Picking up the phone, Hannah was met with Lydia's lazy voice.

"Are you back home, Hannah? I heard some jerk was hassling you earlier. Had I known, I would've stayed back to give him a piece of my mind!"

Laughing softly, Hannah responded, "What's done is done."

Lydia teased, "Heard that Mr. Mitchell came to your rescue?"

"Was it Brayden who told you? Since when are you two so chummy?"

Detecting the shift in focus to her, Lydia lowered her voice.

"Hurry up. Tell me everything!"

"Cut the chatter. Mr. Mitchell was angry for his sister's sake. This had nothing to do with me."

Just then, Hannah's phone buzzed again as another call came in.

"Lydia, I've got another call. We'll catch up later!"

Ending the call with Lydia, she picked up Bryson's incoming one.