

# The Unshackled Queen: Never Say Never

## 1. Chapter: 511

Edwin's eyes widened in disbelief.

"Don't call the police! I..."

Before he could finish, Hannah's hand met his face with a resounding slap.

Slap!

The sound reverberated, leaving Edwin and the crowd momentarily stunned.

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Another step back was what a frightened Elin managed to take.

With a stoic face, Hannah said, "Didn't I tell you to keep good company and focus on your studies?"

What day is today?"

Edwin, hand on his slapped cheek, stuttered, "It's... Wednesday."

Slap!

Another slap struck Edwin.

"You skipped classes on Tuesday and partied into the night. You think being a student absolves you of legal consequences?"

The second slap ensured the silence of those who remained.

Hannah sternly inquired, "Why weren't you in class? What had you promised me?"

Humiliated but defiant, Edwin responded, "I did go to class yesterday.

I came here afterwards to say that I wouldn't hang out like this anymore. Then I drank more than I should have... Call the police.

I'll face the consequences. I'm willing to go to jail."

Elin hadn't anticipated that Edwin would be willing to face jail time.

Anxiety washed over her.

"No... I never wanted Edwin to end up behind bars!"

Hannah turned towards Omar and asked, "Is this room under surveillance?"

"This is a private space, and everyone who comes here is a respected guest. There are no cameras installed." Even if there had been cameras, Omar had no intention of sharing the footage.

Hannah appeared unsurprised. She nodded indifferently, saying, "Then let's leave it to the police to sort out. If you claim he assaulted you, this is an opportunity to inform the authorities and gather evidence. Ensure everyone stays put. It'll make the investigation smoother with witnesses."

Pretending to dial the police, Hannah elicited another panicked response from Elin.

"Hold on!"

Grimacing, Elin glanced at Omar before admitting, "Edwin is innocent!

It's me who's at fault. I plotted this to secure a marriage into the White family."

Edwin, who had been shielding his face, looked up in disbelief.

"Haven't I treated you well?"

"You never promised to marry me!" Elin retorted.

Biting her lip, she added, "I have to secure my future... Ever since she came into your life, you've barely even come to meet me! I... I felt cornered!"

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Hannah, uninterested in their melodrama, waved her phone dismissively.

"Anyone else still willing to corroborate her claim that Edwin abused her?"

Edwin's friends fell silent, their heads drooping.

"Very well, I'll take him with me," Hannah said, glancing at Edwin and gesturing for him to follow.

"And we'll split last night's bill.

I won't make an issue of your deceit this time, but if you try anything like this again, there will be consequences."

As they exited the room, Omar hurried after them.

"Miss Moore, you're quite adept. Managing such a tricky situation flawlessly. It's clear why you're the new biggest shareholder of the White Group."

Hannah remained silent, continuing to walk alongside Edwin.

"Truth be told, if you hadn't resolved the issue, I would've stepped in."

Hannah paused and turned around to face Omar, her expression dripping with disdain.

"You would've stepped in? What would you want in exchange? Mr. Morrison, you are quite well-off. Can you stop being against me? I have no desire to have a conflict with your precious Miss Bailey. Let's just put the past behind us and stay out of each other's lives."

Omar's brows furrowed upon hearing Hannah's lack of concern for Winona and his relationship.

"It's true that our family has been tied to Winona's family for generations. But I consider her just an acquaintance."

Hannah shook her head.

“Mr. Morrison, you’ve got me all wrong.

Whether you two are close is irrelevant to me. I’m out of here.”

513

With that, she slid into the car alongside Edwin.

The ride was permeated with silence.

Edwin, despite having been slapped twice, harbored no ill feelings toward Hannah. His fear of her silenced him.

Midway, Edwin realized they were headed toward the White family mansion. A surge of anxiety washed over him.

“Why are we going to the mansion?”

Hannah remained mute, continuing to drive in silence.

Upon arriving at the ancient estate, Hannah’s voice was icy as she turned to Edwin.

“Get out.”

The butler, who had been waiting outside the door, saw them and immediately offered a bow.

“A pleasure to see you.”

A N G E L A ‘s L I B R A R Y

“Is my grandma around?”

“She’s in the garden, tending to the flowers. Please make yourself comfortable in the living room. I’ll fetch her for you.”

“Alright.”

Upon reentering the living room with Edwin, they encountered Bainbridge and Jalen.

Jalen’s eyes widened, then raked over Edwin.

“Why aren’t you in school, Edwin? And your face. What happened?”

Noticing Edwin’s puffy cheeks and realizing he was in Hannah’s company, Bainbridge’s brow furrowed. He jumped to a malicious conclusion.

“Did she do this to you?”

Trapped between honesty and deceit, Edwin simply nodded and muttered, “Yes.”

Enraged, Bainbridge shot to his feet, pointing an accusing finger at Hannah.

“Why would you lay a hand on him? Have you no manners? Is this the kind of upbringing your mother gave you?”

“It’s my fault. I’m the one who misjudged someone. She trapped me without me even realizing it.”

Ignoring Edwin, Bainbridge shot back, “You call this taking care of him, as Grandma instructed? You take his money and confine him, leaving him looking pitiful!”

“Edwin!” Frustrated, Bainbridge turned toward Edwin.

514

“If you’re begging her for cash, at least maintain some dignity! You’re barely recognizable as a White family member!”

At this, Hannah chuckled but held her tongue. She had no interest in engaging with someone as idiotic as Bainbridge.

Jalen tried to reason with Bainbridge, “You’re overthinking things.

Hannah isn’t like that.”

“Overthinking?” Bainbridge retorted, “I believe she’s manipulated both of you into madness!”

“You’re the insane one here,” Hannah countered calmly.

“You lost your mind the moment I returned. What’s wrong? What triggered you? Why not question him about his actions and the company he keeps, instead of blaming me?”

Narrowing her striking eyes, Hannah continued, “I wonder if any of you ‘family’ truly care for him. You claim it’s for his well-being, yet he’s been brawling and skipping school for years, hanging out with rich wastrels, and you turn a blind eye. Is that your idea of his ‘good’?”

Caught off guard, Bainbridge stammered, “Well, that’s men’s business, you see... You...”

“Don’t use men as excuses,” Hannah scoffed.

“If I were as weak as you, I’d be long gone by now. Losers have no right to exist.”

Bainbridge paled and said, “Hannah, how could you say such things?

It’s so offensive!”

Hannah flashed a sly grin.

“Offensive? Didn’t you start this by saying something even more insulting?”

Angela’s Library

“Why are you even arguing?”

Tinsley and the White family’s butler entered to find the pair arguing in the living room.

“Why can’t you keep it down whenever you’re here!”

“Grandma, it’s her fault! Just look at what she’s done to Edwin.”

Tinsley’s gaze shifted to Edwin, her expression turning grave.

“Explain yourself.”

Fearing his grandmother more than anyone else in the White family, Edwin went over the day’s events in thorough detail.

“If it weren’t for her, I’d probably be at the police station right now.”

Irritated yet amused, Tinsley pointed at Edwin and shook her head.

515

“You! I really don’t know what to say! How many times have I warned you about keeping bad company? You never listen!”

Chastened, Edwin stood silently beside her, absorbing her tirade.

Turning to Bainbridge, Tinsley continued, “And you, falsely accusing Hannah? You’re clearly prejudiced against her. I think she’s in the right here.”

Knowing he was in the wrong, Bainbridge stayed silent.

Dismissing them, Tinsley gestured.

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“Enough. You two stay down here and think about what you’ve done. Jalen, Hannah, come upstairs with me.

Grasping Tinsley’s arm, Hannah offered, “Grandma, let me assist you.”

“Very well.”

Upon reaching the upstairs, Tinsley handed over Byrum's will to Hannah and Jalen.

"I can't predict when your grandfathers will regain consciousness.

This is Byrum's will. He wanted half of the estate to go to your mother, meaning you, Hannah. He even had it privately notarized, anticipating controversy. Take these documents."

Tinsley then looked at Jalen.

"You're good-hearted and clever, but you're too soft. That won't do for running the company."

Acknowledging his grandma's words, Jalen offered a sheepish smile.

"Grandma, I've always known business isn't for me. Hannah is more capable of leading the White family enterprises. I'd rather focus on my art exhibitions."

Tinsley wasn't shocked by Jalen's admission. She finally relented.

"If your grandfather wakes up, you can talk it over with him. But the White Group is in dire straits. You both need to work on turning things around."

Wrapping up, Tinsley turned to Hannah.

"I've heard Brewster from the Perry family is interested in partnering with us. Is that correct?"

"That's right. The Perry Group is open to buying the flawed machines the White Group had initially gotten. It's a cost-effective and eco-friendly solution."

Tinsley nodded in agreement.

"That's a brilliant plan, Hannah. You remind me of your grandfather when you handle business matters."

Hannah considered refuting the comparison but held back to keep Tinsley content. She merely offered a quiet smile.

"Hannah's knack for business shone at the board meeting. Despite the pushback, she won everyone over."