

# The Unshackled Queen: Never Say Never Online Free –

## Chapter: 56

Sadie squinted her eyes and moved toward Hannah.

“What a shameless whore! Really, you’re that desperate for companionship? Who do you think you are, showing up in a place like this? Everyone knows what you’re after.”

Hannah lifted her head, locking eyes with Sadie. Just then, Declan and Eliana joined them.

Hannah shot Sadie a fleeting look, choosing not to engage.

With a delicate smile, still clutching Declan’s arm, Eliana offered, “You know, they sometimes bring in renowned artists and models for performances at charity events.”

“Oh!” She quickly covered her mouth with her fingers, adding, “That just came to mind, Miss Moore. I didn’t mean to imply anything else.”

Unimpressed, Hannah looked at Eliana squarely and said, “If you’re insinuating that I’m here to catch a wealthy man, just say it. No need for beating around the bush.”

Eliana feigned a hurt expression.

“I truly didn’t mean it that way, Miss Moore.”

Sadie interjected, raising her chin proudly, “Don’t think Eliana’s as malicious as you. And even if she did mean it, so what? She’s just stating the obvious!”

Puffed up with self-righteousness, she continued, “You must realize by now that your days of luxury are over. Is that why you’re here?

To trap another wealthy man? Especially with so many high-profile attendees today?”

As he glanced at Hannah’s opulent attire and processed Sadie’s remarks, Declan’s expression grew colder.

In a low voice, he said, “I’ve given you enough money to live comfortably for the rest of your life. Why are you here? What more do you want?”

Hannah retorted, her voice icy, “You were the one who betrayed me first. The settlement from our divorce is mine to use as I please.

It's none of your business."

Sadie scoffed, her eyes scanning Hannah's outfit before sneering at her, "Some people are never satisfied. Claiming marital assets? Don't make me laugh. That money is all Declan's."

Increasingly audacious, Sadie's voice climbed, attracting the attention of the newly arrived guests.

"Some women are so pathetic, they couldn't live without a man and continue to prowl for men immediately after a divorce." Sadie's eyes narrowed into slits as she glared at Hannah.

"Not everyone is as fortunate as Eliana, boasting a top-tier education and influential international standing, let alone her well-educated family. Or even me. I may not be overly talented, but I was born into the Edwards family. A class apart from people like you."

Her voice dripping with disdain, Sadie added, "You appear to count on your looks and body to gain favor and request even an ounce of respect."

"You're not wrong," Hannah said, a sly smile forming on her lips.

"You're quite aware of your lack of talent, aren't you?"

"Excuse me?" Sadie's face flushed with anger.

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"Besides being empty-headed, you also lack basic decorum, picking fights in public like this," Hannah added, provoking Sadie to the point where the latter almost lunged at her.

Just then, the event manager emerged, greeted by the staff at the entrance.

Recognizing the manager from previous encounters, Declan immediately pulled Sadie back and extended his hand, smiling, "It's been a while, Mr. Navarro."

But his hand grasped only air.

Ignoring everyone else, the manager headed straight for Hannah and greeted her warmly.

"Miss Moore, at last, I've found you!"

Declan's expression shifted abruptly. He hastily pulled back his hand and stared at Hannah, incredulous.

This was the man who had been overseeing the Mitchell Group's charity event and also reported to Bryson. How could he extend such courtesy to Hannah?

Irritation surged within Declan.

Just then, Sadie's piercing voice broke the silence.

“So you found an escort for show? You think you would look like a VIP with this charade?”

“Sadie, enough!” Declan cut her off.

Eliana said softly, “Everyone here this evening is, in fact, a VIP.

Miss Moore, if it suits you, Declan could escort you inside.

Regaining his poise, Declan said frostily, “Join us. Don’t make a scene out here.”

Without meeting Declan’s eyes, Hannah nodded at the manager.

She reached into her purse, pulled out her invitation card, and handed it to the door attendant.

The attendant scrutinized the card, then promptly returned it with a bow.

“Miss Moore, our boss considers you a VIP. Please, proceed through the VIP entrance.”

“What? What are you talking about? She’s a VIP?” Staring at Hannah, Sadie blurted out, “Is this some sort of error? She’s an ex-convict.

How does that make her a VIP?”

The manager, emerging to greet Hannah, was well aware of her importance to his boss.

Upon hearing Sadie’s disparaging words, his face turned stormy.

“Young lady, you may hail from Valmere’s high society, but your comments are nothing but reckless slander. You’re seriously lacking in manners.”

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His words about Sadie’s lack of manners not only embarrassed her but also shamed Declan and his family.

Hannah grinned, casting a quick glance at Declan.

“Mr. Navarro, can guests be accompanied as long as they have an invitation card?”

“If you possess an invitation to tonight’s charity event, you’re allowed to bring a family member,” the manager answered candidly.

“Really?” Hannah’s eyebrows arched, and she glanced towards Eliana.

“Do mistresses count as family members?”

Color drained from Eliana's face. She wobbled and leaned weakly into Declan, as if on the verge of tears.

The manager grasped Hannah's implication and turned to Declan.

"Mr. Edwards, according to the invitation, you may bring only one guest.

Please don't put us in an awkward position."

Declan's face clouded over, his gaze towards Hannah inscrutable.

"Declan! You promised to bring me to the event! You can't go back on your word!" Sadie commanded.

Eliana wept, gripping Declan's sleeve, and didn't say anything.

Casting a glance at Eliana, Declan said to Sadie, "There will be other times. For tonight, Eliana will accompany me."

Upon hearing this, Sadie lost her composure entirely, making a scene at the entrance.

"Eliana can go with you at other events. But why does she have to be your plus-one tonight?"

She glanced at Eliana, asking, "You're not planning to compete with me, are you?"

Eliana, her eyes tinged with red, responded softly, "I was interested in checking it out, given how rare this opportunity is. But since you want to go in, Declan, please take her."

Rubbing his forehead in frustration, Declan felt torn. Eliana was so thoughtful, he hated to leave her behind.

"You should come in with " he said.

"Declan! I am your sister!" Sadie interjected, pulling Eliana away from him before turning to confront her brother.

"How could you favor an outsider over me?"

Sadie's rash actions drew a crowd outside the venue, turning the entrance into an unexpected scene.

Standing alone by the entrance, Hannah suddenly felt her eagerness to enter wane.

“Anyone who knows the situation understands there’s a charity event happening inside. Those who don’t might think it’s a farmers market with all the noise,” she muttered.

Hearing the irritation in her voice, the manager grew anxious.

His boss had high expectations for her attendance.

“Miss Moore, I apologize for the oversight. I’ll handle this at once.

My boss is awaiting you.”

Slightly frowning, Hannah didn’t want to make life difficult for the manager. Nodding silently upon hearing that Bryson was waiting for her, she decided to stay.

Relieved, the manager turned and issued a stern warning to Sadie and Eliana.

“If you two persist in causing disturbances, you’ll be barred from entering!”

His statement left no room for negotiation.

The manager then guided Hannah through the VIP passage into the venue.

Declan’s face flushed with embarrassment, casting a dark and intimidating aura. Eliana felt a surge of anxiety and swiftly grasped his arm.

The tension on her face eased as she softly told Declan, “Maybe it’s best if I leave. I don’t want this to come between us. I’ll head out now.”

As she turned around to make her exit, Declan seized her wrist and shot a chilling glare at his sister.

“Go home,” he commanded.

Sadie’s eyes bulged in shock, poised to cause a fuss, but Declan cut her off sternly.

“This crowd is filled with reputable individuals. Do you really think you can stay after stirring trouble? If you don’t leave now, don’t expect me to smooth things over if Grandma hears about today’s mess.”

Haunted by her lifelong fear of Allison, Sadie retracted her neck and dashed off, sobs trailing behind her elegant gown.

“Declan, was that really necessary?” Eliana cast a concerned gaze in the direction Sadie had vanished.

“She looked devastated.”

Declan shrugged nonchalantly.

“We’ll pacify her with a gift later.

Her presence here could make things worse. It’s best she leaves.”

Inside the venue, the stage glowed, a sea of opulent attire and champagne flutes swirling around it.

Hannah recognized many faces from TV and the financial papers.

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The manager escorted her to a VIP seat in the front row.

“Miss Moore, my boss saved this seat just for you. Feel free to mingle before the event officially starts.”

“Thank you.”

“No need for thanks, Miss Moore. It’s part of my job.”

The manager left Hannah to herself and moved on to greet other guests.

Sitting up straight, Hannah texted Lydia, directing her to the front row upon arrival.

“Hannah!”

Hannah shifted her gaze towards the call.

Dressed like royalty, Grace scurried over, her eyes twinkling.

“You made it, Hannah! Please follow me, I’ll take you to my brother!”

“A moment ago, Mr. Mitchell messaged me that he was tied up, so I chose to wait for him here,” Hannah said.

“Alright.” Grace’s smile was warm as she grasped Hannah’s arm and took a seat.

“I’ll keep you entertained.”

As they chatted, Hannah discovered that Mitchell Group hosted a charity gala annually.

They donated a substantial eighty percent of the proceeds to charitable causes.

Numerous high-profile celebrities graced the events, contributing donations to boost their public image.

“Look, Bryson’s there! Hannah, let’s go say hello!”

Noticing Bryson walking towards the garden, Grace’s eyes lit up as she led Hannah in his direction.

“Bryson!”

Arriving in the garden hand in hand, Grace and Hannah found that Bryson was missing. Instead, several of Grace’s relatives were present.

Sensing Grace’s tension in her tightened grip, Hannah instinctively moved to protect her.

Conflicted, Grace hesitated, torn between advancing or retreating.

Upon spotting Grace, a middle-aged woman in the garden blurted, “Ah, the distinguished princess graces us.”

Grace looked visibly uncomfortable, avoiding eye contact and murmuring, “Hello, Aunt Makenna.”