

The Unshackled Queen: Never Say Never Online Free - Chapter: 276

With watery eyes, Eliana gently pulled at Declan's arm.

"Declan, my only aim was to assist. You do believe my heart was in the right place, don't you?"

Observing Eliana's forlorn look, Declan's heart pinched with sympathy.

"Yes, Eliana isn't well-versed in medical affairs. She scoured places to fetch this medicine. Grandma, her intentions are pure."

Allison kept her gaze fixed on the amended painting.

"If it's from the heart, then place the medicine down here."

"Alright, Allison." Eliana approached, laying the medicine down, her movements laced with subtle hurt.

She glanced up, catching sight of the artwork cradled in Allison's grasp. Recollecting Hannah's recent handiwork, she exclaimed, "This art piece..."

As Eliana's voice reached Allison's ears, she sought Eliana's eyes.

A N G E L A 's L I B R A R Y

"What's your thought on this painting?"

Eliana placed a gentle hand over her mouth, as if treading on delicate territory. She faltered, "I... perhaps I'm not in a position to critique. This masterpiece belongs to Miss Moore; I shouldn't overstep."

Allison met her gaze.

"Speak your mind, Eliana. Don't hold back on your thoughts."

"It's a minor observation."

Eliana assessed the painting with a slight tilt of her head.

"This artwork seems to juggle numerous styles, missing a centered theme and equilibrium. Introducing more avian figures in the voids might enhance its overall harmony."

As Eliana voiced her thoughts, Hannah silently took a sip from her coffee cup, letting the silence fill the air.

Sensing her critique might have struck a chord, Eliana remarked with a tinge of pride, "Yet, I must commend Miss Moore. Her artistic prowess is commendable. With persistent honing, it can reach certain heights."

The hall echoed with Eliana's words, leaving even Allison wrapped in silence.

Eliana's confidence wavered as she gripped Declan's arm tighter, seeking his eyes.

"Declan, did I unintentionally upset Miss Moore with my words?"

Declan's gaze settled on Hannah. Refraining from critiquing the artwork, he offered gently, "What truly matters is if Grandma cherishes it. The technicalities of the painting take a backseat."

With a soft laugh, Hannah met Eliana's eyes.

"It seems Miss Patel possesses a profound appreciation for art, doesn't she?"

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"Perhaps not deep, but during my overseas ventures, I've been quite captivated by global artistic maestros. Their works enlightened me a bit about the art world."

"I see," Hannah responded, casting her gaze down and choosing to remain silent.

Eliana remarked with a playful chuckle, "Miss Moore, don't let your spirits dwindle. Gaining a foothold in international art showcases is tough, but I could potentially make arrangements for you if desired."

Out of the blue, a cold derisive sound emanated from Allison.

"Feigning the knowledge that you lack? Is this how Miss Patel was raised?"

Eliana's cheerful facade shattered as she found herself tongue-tied, staring at Allison.

"I..."

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"Can't you see? This is a distinct artistic style, unlike the international ones. Art demands the right utilization of emptiness.

Such a basic principle, yet it eludes you? And you continue this charade here?"

Reprimanded by Allison's words, Eliana's face blanched, and with her cheeks flushed in mortification, she stuttered, "Allison, I was only..."

“Are you acquainted with the art of painting? Do you grasp its essence? I was under the impression you had valuable insights, but it appears you’re merely putting on a show!”

With a frosty gaze, Allison said to Declan, “Tell her to stay under the radar. Don’t let her tarnish your name out there!”

As Allison’s words hit her, Eliana stumbled backward, shock evident in her posture. She glared at Hannah, who was sipping her coffee serenely, resentment bubbling up within her.

Hannah was surely in on this! The wench probably relished her embarrassment. What was Hannah doing here, anyway?

And why was Allison so soft on Hannah?

Why was Allison acting so cruelly towards her?!

Eliana lifted her gaze to meet Declan’s. He looked lost, especially after laying eyes on Hannah today!

While Allison berated her, Declan didn’t utter a word in her defense.

Struggling to keep her poise, Eliana burst out, “Why are you attacking me for someone who’s no longer relevant? I’m the one engaged to Declan! I’ll be in your family soon. She’s his ex, and I’m his present!”

A frown formed on Declan’s face. Seizing Eliana’s arm, he admonished, “Eliana! You can’t speak to my grandma in such a tone!”

“Declan!” Eliana clung to his arm, her voice desperate.

“I care about our Edwards family too. We should stand united. I chose to marry you, and we’ll be family! Her words... they just shattered my heart.”

Allison’s disdain for Eliana’s pitiful expression was palpable. She motioned for someone to put away the painting and icily retorted, “Did I invite you here? You barge in, bossing people around. Honestly, you’re the last face I hoped to see!”

Allison’s gaze shifted to Declan, her annoyance growing.

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“Didn’t you mention having a business to attend to? Get her out of here. I’ve had enough of both of you for one day!”

Declan yearned to defend Eliana, but one look at his grandmother’s livid expression told him it was best to hold his tongue.

His gaze involuntarily drifted towards Hannah, finding her untouched by the drama, calmly sipping her coffee.

For a moment, Declan looked lost. Then, without a word, he pivoted and exited.

Watching Declan's retreating figure, Eliana quickly gave chase, pleading, "Wait, Declan!"

Together, they disappeared from the villa.

A touch of anger crept into Declan's voice.

"Why did you come? I didn't invite you to the villa."

Tears welled up in Eliana's eyes.

"I only wanted to show I care about your grandma. I hoped she might warm up to me, especially with the medicine. But today just spiraled out of control. I got carried away... Declan, I just... I love you so deeply. I'm truly sorry for messing up."

As he watched Eliana, her tears tugging at his heartstrings, his irritation ebbed. He recalled the poised and tender woman she usually was, understanding that today's outburst was just a momentary lapse.

He whispered to Eliana, "Remember, I was swamped with work the past few years. Hannah was the one who was there for Grandma, and that's why she has a special place in Grandma's heart. We're not together anymore. Now, you're my soon-to-be wife. Trust me, Grandma will warm up to you in time. Just give it a little patience."

Nestling into Declan, Eliana expressed, "Declan, it's clear to see.

My heart beats loudest for you. Whatever troubles me fades when I think of always being with you. I fear nothing then!"

Declan gently caressed Eliana's hair, reassuring her.

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"Fear not, love.

I won't keep you waiting for eternity."

Within the grand villa

As Hannah and Allison were still sipping on their coffees, the melodic ring of Hannah's phone broke the silence.

Hannah's eyes widened in shock as she caught sight of the caller ID on her screen.

Bryson? It had been a fortnight since their last interaction.

"Is that you, Mr. Mitchell?"

“Where might you be?”

Detecting a chill in his tone, Hannah softly replied, “I’m at Allison’s place. Is everything alright with Miss Mitchell?”

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“ALL’s well.”

From within his car, Bryson rhythmically drummed his fingers on his knee, his gaze fixed on Allison’s majestic villa.

“There’s something pressing I need to discuss.”

Glancing at the time, Hannah realized it was getting late.

“Alright, just tell me where you are, and I’ll come by shortly.”

“I’m right here, waiting outside.”

“You’re kidding, right?”

In disbelief, Hannah blinked rapidly. Could Bryson really be outside Allison’s villa?

Still, in a haze, she mumbled an acknowledgment. After ending the call, she swiftly grabbed her bag.

“Allison, don’t forget your medications. A friend’s here for me. Promise, I’ll visit you again soon.”

Noticing Hannah’s perturbed expression, Allison gave a comforting nod.

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“Alright. Swing by whenever. And don’t fret over that young fool.

Remember, my doors are always open for you.”

“I appreciate that.” Bag in tow, Hannah gave a fleeting wave to Allison and made her hurried exit.

Allison’s eyes lingered on the paint stains on the table as she let out a melancholic sigh to Donna.

“She’s a gem. Declan really missed out...”

Clutching her bag, Hannah hastened out of the villa. She soon noticed Declan and Eliana, who were yet to depart, watching her approach.

As Hannah emerged, a concerned Declan inquired, “Are you heading out?

Let me offer you a lift home.”

“Indeed, hailing a cab around here is quite the task. Allow Declan to be your chauffeur for the evening,” Eliana said, gracing Hannah with a poised smile.

“I’ll pass, but thanks.”

Hannah scanned the vicinity but Bryson’s car was nowhere in sight. As she prepared to text him, like a scene from a movie, his car slid into position right in front of the villa.

Bryson swung open the car door and stepped out, calling out, “Hannah.”

Meeting Bryson’s gaze, Hannah sidestepped Declan and Eliana, querying, “Why the urgency?”

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Ignoring her question, Bryson motioned to the car’s open door.

“Step inside; we’ll chat there.”

Watching Hannah poised to enter Bryson’s vehicle, an uneasy sensation overtook Declan. He blurted out, “Hannah! Why are you getting in his car? What’s the nature of your bond with him? Why this continual dance of closeness?”

With an amused, almost incredulous look, Hannah retorted to Declan, “Last I checked, we parted ways ages ago! Whoever’s car I choose to enter, who I associate with, is no concern of yours!”

Eliana, with a hint of mischief, advised, “Miss Moore, perhaps Limit your visits here? We wouldn’t want Mr. Mitchell to misconstrue and think you’re still pining for Declan.”

Hannah shot a frosty glance towards Eliana.

Bryson chimed in, “She’s not in Declan’s league. She isn’t one for playing both sides. Avoid gauging others by your own grand gestures and actions. Not everyone dances to the same tune as you.”

Eliana, feeling like a mouse caught under the unrelenting gaze of an eagle, darted behind Declan, unwilling to face Bryson’s intense eyes.

Bryson’s icy gaze fixed on Declan, a meticulous assessment preceding his gentle command to Hannah, “Hop into the car.”

“Okay.”

Bryson shifted his focus and joined Hannah as they got into the car.

A N G E L A ’ s L I B R A R Y

As the sports car roared away, Declan, damp with nervous perspiration, stared after it, his heart pounding like wild drums, taking moments to catch his breath.

Eliana nibbled her lip, pivoting toward Declan.

“Declan, do you still harbor emotions for Miss Moore?”

“How could that be possible?! That’s absolutely absurd!” Declan vehemently rejected the notion.

“I’m simply disgusted that she abandoned me to latch onto a wealthy man!”

Eliana elaborated, “Maybe Miss Moore has grown accustomed to a life of luxury and is reluctant to revert to her previous existence. It’s somewhat comprehensible.”

Accustomed to a luxurious life?

Declan’s fist clenched in frustration. Hadn’t he offered her 20% of the company shares? What more did she desire?! Couldn’t she be content!

Inside the racing car, Hannah swiveled her head to face Bryson.

“What’s so urgent that you had to find me?”

“Am I not allowed to seek you out even when it’s not an emergency?”

Hannah gazed at Bryson with a faint furrow in her brow.

“You can, However. Didn’t you mention you were searching for me due to an urgency? Wait.”