

# The Unshackled Queen: Never Say Never Online Free - Chapter: 286

Hannah took a brief moment, then cautiously inquired, "He didn't dip into the company's coffers for this gambling spree, did he?"

Grace sighed, her face contorted in disbelief.

"Exactly. And then, my uncle shamelessly sought my brother's mercy. He pleaded with me to intervene, trivializing the 5 million by comparing it to my brother's vast earnings."

What audacity!

A smirk slid across Hannah's face as she pondered, "That explains Bryson's recent change in demeanor. It was such a tumultuous event, and he kept mum about it."

"In that race, only my brother and some enigmatic individual had faith in your win. The rest faced hefty losses. With so many eyes now set on the Mitchell Group, it's clear why my brother's spirits are dampened."

Grace gave a pleading look, gently tugging at Hannah's arm.

"Hannah, would you consider joining us for dinner this weekend? My brother would be over the moon to see you."

"Of course," Hannah replied with a radiant smile.

"So, this weekend too?"

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"I'll swing by to get you then!" Grace chimed in enthusiastically.

"It's a date! I've got to dash to class now!"

As she saw Grace disappear into the distance, Hannah pulled out her phone, contemplating a message to Bryson on WhatsApp.

She had drafted the message, yet hesitated to hit send.

Given that Bryson had kept silent on the issue, he likely preferred her in the dark. She decided to let it be and act as if this conversation never happened.

Meanwhile, in a secluded room of the Summer Vista Restaurant

Eliana's anxiety was palpable as she faced the group of men before her.

"Where on earth would I find 10 million? Our initial bet only set us back 2 million!"

"2 million?" the man opposite her scoffed.

"Wasn't that sum settled by your dear boyfriend? And didn't you sneakily wager another 4 million? Miss Patel, are you having a memory lapse? You don't have any cash? No problem."

The man, his yellowed teeth on full display, laughed, "Isn't your lover the big-shot CEO of the Edwards Group? A mere 10 million should be pocket change for him! If he can't cough it up, maybe you could compensate in other ways."

Fear drained the color from Eliana's face. She cursed her decision to borrow 4 million for that doomed bet on Cyril. Now, she had nothing left!

Every bit of this mess, in Eliana's mind, was Hannah's fault! If not for Hannah, she wouldn't be at the mercy of these loan sharks!

With vengeance simmering inside, Eliana's gaze grew icy.

C 287

"You're after the cash, aren't you? I know just the person who's swimming in it."

The man aggressively gnashed his teeth, shooting Eliana a menacing look.

"Cross your heart; you're not feeding us lies, or Declan will hear your darkest tales!"

"I swear on my word, I'm not deceiving you!" Eliana's hands tightened into balls of rage.

"Back then, when Declan left Hannah; he handed her a fifth of the Edwards Group's shares! Imagine, she's swimming in an ocean of gold! Take her, and you'll be drowning in riches."

The man disdainfully spat, "Blast it! We're money lenders, not mobsters. Kidnapping? That's betting our lives on a dice roll! You think we're thirsty for a prison cell?"

"Heavens, no!" Eliana's hands danced in desperation as she rattled off, "She's with the head honcho of Mitchell Group now. Snatch her, click a few compromising shots, and you can demand mountains of gold.

She'll be too terrified to go to the police. And if you're worried about the Mitchell family, they won't make a peep either. Bryson treasures Hannah like a gem. Trust me, you'll strike it rich!"

The leader gazed at Eliana, his eyes tracing her silhouette, before chuckling, "Why not switch the game? We grab you, snap a few spicy shots, and shake down Declan for some change."

Eliana's face lost its color. A past memory flashed in her mind, and she sobbed out, "Truth be told, Declan's heart still beats for Hannah.

After their split, she haunted his dreams. Snatch me, and Declan won't toss a dime. Take Hannah, and you'll have both the Mitchell and Edwards family throwing fortunes at you!"

This revelation sure perked up the ears of the men lurking in the shadows.

The leader waved her off with a flick.

"Scuttle off now. And don't forget to clear your tab!"

Sensing her fleeting safety, Eliana nodded hastily, flung open the door, and dashed out like a scared deer. Every heartbeat screamed she'd be dragged back!

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She raced to the cashier's desk, winded, settled her dues, and spun to exit, but something made her pivot.

Eliana pulled out a thick bundle of bills, offering it with a flourish to the receptionist.

"A Little something for your pocket."

The receptionist's eyes sparkled like stars.

"You're too kind, Miss!"

"Mind erasing a slice of the tape from your cameras?"

Even with Grace's clever tricks, Hannah's signature graced papers from Monday to Friday.

Post classes, Grace nudged Hannah.

"Remember our dinner date at my house tomorrow, okay?"

## C 288

Hannah nodded in agreement. Post thesis writing, she sank into her bed, the weight of the world off her shoulders.

Dawn's call, Hannah's alarm clock, roused her, pushing her to prepare for the day.

Just as she slipped into her cozy wear, the doorbell chimed its tune.

Peeping through the spyhole, Hannah glimpsed a trio of dapper gents awaiting her.

"Who might you be?"

One gentleman, flashing a polished grin, said, "Mr. Mitchell's car awaits below. We're your escort."

Already?

The thought whizzed through Hannah's mind, but suspicion didn't linger. She slid into her kicks, shouldered her bag, and headed out.

She descended to the community's exit with the trio in tow.

Spotting the Mercedes, her feet froze. Bryson never mentioned owning such a car, and that license plate was something she had never seen.

The gents shadowing her noticed her hesitation their hands sneaking to their sides.

"Miss Moore, your ride awaits Sensing the air thickening with tension, Hannah clutched her bag closer.

"I should give Miss Mitchell a quick ring."

Her muscles tensed, poised for flight! But two new players emerged, barricading her way!

The trio's facade crumbled. Closing in on Hannah, cold steel pricked her waist.

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"If you fancy breathing a tad longer... Into the car you go. Hand over the phone."

Hannah exhaled, surrendering her phone. She slid into the car, flanked by her captors.

Once the gang was all aboard, the vehicle roared, gunning for the city outskirts!

Nestled in the car, Hannah posed, voice steady, "What's the game here?"

The occupants of the vehicle were eerily quiet.

Hannah repeated, "You're after cash, right? I can provide."

The guy in the shotgun seat exclaimed, "We don't need a pittance of tens of millions. We're aiming higher! Play nice, and you won't get hurt. But any games, and you might just lose more than you bargained for!"

Hannah was dragged to a desolate auto repair shop in the vicinity.

The moment they entered the shop, they promptly bound Hannah to a chair.

C 289

Next, they accessed Hannah's phone and rang up Bryson.

“Hello?”

Hannah’s brow furrowed with concern as she recognized Bryson’s unmistakable voice on the line.

“Speak up,” demanded the kidnapper.

Bryson’s senses heightened when he realized it wasn’t Hannah’s voice.

“Identify yourself!”

Annoyed, the kidnapper grasped Hannah’s face.

“I said, TALK!”

With a slow, reluctant tone, Hannah managed, “Mr. Mitchell...”

Grabbing the phone, the kidnapper interjected, “Apologies, Mr. Mitchell. It’s simple, really. We want cash. As long as we get 200 million in the next hour, Miss Moore will be unharmed. If not, well...

Let’s just say you wouldn’t want her secrets spilled online or on the streets.”

Bryson’s grip on his phone tightened, eyes chilling to ice, veins standing out, but maintaining an eerie calm in his tone.

“Fine, one hour. Name the rendezvous point.”

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“The exchange point, you ask? East River Shipyard. Have your people drop the money on Ship No. 588. Once we have the cash, Miss Moore is yours.”

“Understood.”

As Bryson disconnected the call, his thoughts whirled in turmoil, logic teetering on the edge.

Being away from his office, Bryson dialed Brayden without hesitation.

“I need 200 million in cash, pronto. Get it to Ship No. 588 at the East River Shipyard.”

Brayden, taken aback, responded, “200 million? What’s the emergency?”

“I need that money there. One hour!”

Brayden, sensing Bryson’s icy tone, acquiesced.

“Alright, I’m on it.”

Observing the kidnapper’s intent to call Declan, Hannah couldn’t help but chuckle.

“He won’t pay. Dialing him would prove futile.”

C 290

The kidnapper retorted with a smirk, “You think so? We’ve been tipped off. Despite the divorce, you’re still his weak spot. Why wouldn’t he pay?”

Piecing the words together, Hannah surmised a familiar face was orchestrating this kidnapping.

The kidnapper initiated a call to Declan, while Hannah remained silent, observing.

Sticking to his rehearsed lines, the kidnapper set the ransom to a cool hundred million.

News of Hannah’s kidnapping rattled Declan, but the staggering ransom sum made him waver.

Met with silence, the kidnapper seethed internally.

Losing patience, he snapped, “Make a choice! Cash or the Lady? Decide and get the money to Ship No. 559 at the East River Shipyard. The clock’s ticking!”

The call abruptly ended.

Declan’s instinct was to assemble the ransom, but Eliana, gripping his hand in concern, chimed in, “The Edwards Group’s funds aren’t that liquid, right? Should we involve the police?”

A N G E L A ‘ s L I B R A R Y

“However... Declan paused, his voice quivering.

“If I don’t follow his demands, I fear...”

Eliana squeezed Declan’s hand gently.

“I share your concern for Miss Moore, but what if they don’t release her even after the payment? We should notify the authorities first.”

After all, one hundred million was an astronomical figure.

After a moment of internal debate, Declan conceded, “You have a point.

Alerting the police is our best move!”

Barely thirty minutes later, the kidnapper’s phone rang with Bryson on the other end.

“I’ve dispatched what you demanded to the shipyard. Now, when will she be freed?”

The man smirked, his eyebrows arching.

“Mr. Mitchell, you never cease to surprise. Once the money’s in our hands, she’s free to go.”

Swiftly ending the call, the kidnapper flaunted his phone to Hannah.

“Your assistance is once again appreciated.”

With an unflinching gaze, Hannah told the man, “Capture is inevitable, and when it happens, you’ll face a lengthy prison sentence for kidnapping and extortion.”

In a burst of rage, the man shattered Hannah’s phone on the spot!