

# The Unshackled Queen: Never Say Never Online Free –

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Fed up, Hannah reached for her phone and dialed Declan, activating the speaker function.

“Let’s hear it from him.”

Before Declan could get a word in, Leah and Layla began hastily offering their own narratives.

“Declan, did you actually gift this lakeside villa to her?”

“Declan, this is Layla, Eliana’s mother. Listen, you wanted us to pick a house, right? Eliana’s father and I have our eyes set on this lakeside villa. But now your ex-wife has commandeered the place and made a spectacle of Eliana. You wouldn’t stand for that, would you?”

A few seconds of awkward silence passed before Declan finally said, “Pick whatever you like. I’ll sort out the rest.”

Sadie glanced at Hannah with smug satisfaction.

“Listen, my brother already made it clear. This house has nothing to do with you. Leave, now.”

On the other end of the phone line, Declan felt an urge to intervene, but held back. He didn’t want to cause any discomfort for Eliana or the Patel family.

Softening his tone, he said to Hannah, “Hannah, I’ll have my assistant reserve a room for you at the Hilton. You can stay there for a bit. Eliana’s parents are here for a while, especially for the wedding. Afterwards, they’ll decide if they’re moving in. For now, let’s give them the space.”

Upon hearing this, Hannah’s irritation escalated, her feelings a mix of helplessness and anger.

“Rushing to marry her, but couldn’t spare a minute for our divorce proceedings at the courthouse yesterday?” Her voice dripped with disdain.

“You act so high and mighty, like you’re waiting for me to beg you for a divorce. I wonder who’s been unfaithful and is desperate to marry another.”

“Divorce? Were you trying to reach me about that yesterday?”

Declan was genuinely puzzled. He had no clue what Hannah was referring to.

Eliana's heart sank. So Hannah had reached out to Declan for a divorce the day before? Had she missed an opportunity?

But then again, she pondered, could she really trust that Hannah wanted a divorce for the right reasons?

Just as Hannah geared up to unleash her frustrations on Declan, Eliana intervened, "No need to argue, Declan. My family and Miss Moore can share this house. There's plenty of room for everyone. And she's your former wife. Evicting her wouldn't look good, would it?"

As Eliana finished, Leah chimed in, disdain coloring her voice, "Who cares about appearances? Eliana, you're too soft-hearted. That's why people like her walk all over you."

Declan's silence over the phone seemed to extinguish Hannah's last shred of hope.

She hung up abruptly.

"Where are the security guards?" Leah snapped, dialing the property management office with an air of arrogance.

"There's an intruder in my home. Deal with it now or face a formal complaint!"

Hannah chuckled at Leah's theatrics, then took a couple of steps back and dramatically slammed the door shut, leaving the crowd puzzled.

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Leah felt her face redden, humiliated in front of Eliana's family.

Rage surged within her, and she bellowed at the door, "Who gave you the right to slam that door? This is my son's house! You've freeloaded long enough. Cross me again and you'll find yourself in jail!"

Layla, standing beside Leah, tried to contain her anger.

"Good thing the divorce was timely. Had she stuck around, Declan would've been in even deeper trouble."

Arion Patel, Eliana's father, sighed, "A troublesome spouse is a plague unto the family."

Clutching Eliana's arm, Sadie expressed her contempt.

"Thank God Eliana saved my brother from this mess. Otherwise, with this woman's hostility, she'd certainly make my life miserable in the days to come!"

Eliana masked a sly smile, pretending to be empathetic as she patted Sadie's hand.

"Perhaps we're all misunderstanding Miss Moore. I can't believe she's as thankless and disgraceful as she's being made out to be."

The Property Management Division didn't disappoint. Quickly, a team of security personnel arrived. Mopping their brows, they inclined their heads toward Leah.

"What's with the sloppy work? She's locked herself in. You've got five minutes to bust that door open!"

The guards conferred briefly, then readied themselves for a concerted assault on the door.

Retreating a few paces, they surged forward in unison.

Bang!

The abrupt burst of the door sent several guards tumbling to the floor.

Clutching a modest suitcase, Hannah surveyed the fallen guards, then turned to the astonished faces outside.

"Is this a stage play?"

Fury washed over Leah. She commanded the security guards to escort Hannah out.

Ignoring Leah, Hannah wheeled her suitcase toward the exit.

As she walked past Leah, she paused and said, "You do realize, under existing law, I'm entitled to half of Declan's assets, owing to matrimonial shared property rights?"

Leah and Eliana instantly turned their attention to Hannah.

"Did you know that the contract your son crafted is null and void, even if I put my signature on it?"

Leah's tone turned piercing.

"What are you implying? Enough with the scare tactics!"

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"If you doubt me, feel free to consult a few lawyers with your legally uninformed son," Hannah suggested.

She took a few strides forward, pulling her suitcase behind her, and remarked scornfully, "The only reason I ever agreed to that contract wasn't because I thought I deserved only that meager sum. It's because I was willing to invest four years of emotional labor into your miserly son."

With a mocking smile, she turned back to look at them.

"It seems, now, that was unnecessary."

Having said this, Hannah continued her walk toward the gate, dragging her luggage behind her.

Eliana felt her heart racing. She turned to Leah and questioned cautiously, "What did she mean by that? Half the property? Didn't Declan give her a substantial amount? It's not about Declan's assets for me. I'd love him whether he's rich or not. I'm just concerned he's too trusting and might get swindled."

Leah's eyes flickered briefly before she regained her composure.

"You're not actually buying into her nonsense, are you? I've lived with her for four years. She's no match for the Edwards family."

With that, she warmly invited Eliana's parents to relax inside the house.

Eliana paused, her mind drifting to the day she witnessed Bryson's attentive behavior towards Hannah on the East Coast. It felt like something was amiss.

She quickly dismissed the thought. Influential people like Bryson bestowed minor acts of kindness as if tossing a bone to a stray dog.

Why would he care about an ordinary person like Hannah?

As Hannah stepped out of the villa, her head began to swim. She tried to hail a taxi using her phone, but her vision blurred, making it difficult.

The emotional turmoil of the evening worsened her existing cold, pushing her closer to a feverish state.

She felt herself faltering, about to collapse, when suddenly a pair of strong hands caught her around the waist.

Blinking, Hannah whispered, "Mr. Mitchell..."

Hannah wasn't sure how much time had passed in sleep. She stirred, nestling further into the soft big bed, and blinked her eyes open.

As her vision adjusted, she noticed a figure perched on a nearby sofa.

Startled, she sat up immediately.

"Mr. Mitchell!"

"Mr. Mitchell?"

A voice echoed from Bryson's laptop.

"We'll conclude today's meeting here."

Unplugging his Bluetooth earpiece, Bryson shut his laptop and rose to his feet, approaching Hannah.

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He leaned over, picked up a glass of water from the nightstand with elegant fingers, and offered it to her.

“Feeling better?”

Gratefully, Hannah accepted the glass from him.

“Drink this. It’s your medicine.”

The warm Liquid slid down her throat, invigorating her.

“I apologize for the inconvenience.”

“Well, you have been somewhat of a hassle.”

She looked up to find Bryson’s eyes twinkling.

“You do realize you’ve caught a bad cold, don’t you? Wandering in the pouring rain with a suitcase isn’t the best idea Although Bryson’s tone was teasing, Hannah merely pursed her Lips, remaining silent.

She couldn’t bring herself to tell him she had been kicked out of her home.

Bryson laid a warm hand on Hannah’s forehead, making her instinctively look up.

“You’re no longer feverish. Our family doctor confirmed it’s just a cold from getting drenched. You’ll be fine in a few days.”

Slightly uncomfortable, Hannah pulled back and touched her own forehead.

“It’s just a cold. No big deal.”

Then she locked eyes with Bryson.

“By the way. Isn’t it true that the Mitchell family Lawyers are known for never losing a case?”

“True,” Bryson said, sensing where this was headed.

“Gerry Brown specializes in corporate law. But his expertise is actually in divorce cases.”

A laugh escaped Hannah. She rubbed her still-aching forehead and teased, “You must have spies on me, Mr. Mitchell. You figured out exactly what I was thinking.”

“It wasn’t hard,” Bryson replied with a soft smile.

“In that case, may I borrow Mr. Brown for my divorce proceedings?”

“I’ll cover the fees, of course.”

“Certainly, I’ll have him get in touch with you.”

“Thanks, I owe you one.”

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“Hannah.”

Hearing her name, she looked up.

Bryson studied her for a moment before asking, “We’re friends now, aren’t we?”

Considering all he'd done for her, Hannah nodded.

“Absolutely.”

“In that case, you owe me nothing.”

Hannah looked down, nervously fiddling with her fingers.

“Rest up. You're safe here, so focus on getting better.”

As Bryson began to leave, Hannah quickly said, “I'll find a way to help your sister, I promise.”

Pausing, Bryson turned back, his gaze heavy with meaning.

Watching the man who stood at a distance, Hannah asserted, “I can't guarantee it, but I'll do my best to save her.”

With a tender smile, Bryson responded, “Thank you.”

After Bryson departed, Hannah sprawled out on the bed and rolled onto her side, relishing the comfort.

The exhaustion from the previous days lifted at that instant. Due to the cold medicine she had taken, she drifted back to sleep in no time.

It was likely because her sleep had been so deep that when she finally woke up, the sky outside her window was already shrouded in twilight.

Hannah climbed out of bed, her feet sinking into the plush carpet.

She made her way to the door, slipped into her shoes, and exited the room.

Only then did it dawn on her that she was on the second floor of a villa.

“Hannah!”

Descending the staircase, she bumped into Grace in the living room.

“You might not recognize me. I’m Grace, Bryson’s sister.”

Grace radiated an air of cultured grace. Donned in a pink dress, she looked even more cute.

Despite being chronically ill, Grace’s face bore a kind of poignant beauty. Yet, her spirit was indomitable, full of life and cheer.

Smiling softly, Hannah responded, “It’s a pleasure. I’m Hannah Moore.”

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