

The Unshackled Queen: Never Say Never Online Free

Chapter: 126

Gazing the fragrant porridge, Hannah picked up the spoon again, took a spoonful of the porridge and tasted it. Then she clicked on the top comment below the controversial video.

"It's only a matter of time before she denies it. She'll claim it's not her in the video, and her fans will jump to her defense. Just watch," the comment read.

Hannah typed her response.

"You're mistaken. That's me in the video.

For a clearer picture, check out my Facebook page. Come on!"

Within half an hour, Hannah's comment rose to the top, drawing a crowd to the discussion beneath it.

"Damn it! Is that really Hannah replying in person??"

"Is she out of her mind? Why is she still so brazen after supposedly assaulting someone? Why?"

"Go check her Facebook for the real story. This video doesn't show everything!"

Hannah had uploaded the unedited video from last night's bar incident to her Facebook page.

Within thirty minutes, the video had been shared extensively, attracting over 100, 020 comments.

"You're incredible! A true hero! You are so awesome! !"

"Hannah easily defeated those thugs. So badass!"

"She's definitely trained in combat. Amazing!"

Soon after, the police released their official findings on the prior night's events.

Myrtle and her gang had failed to intoxicate Hannah and Lydia, became enraged, and tried to attack them. Hannah had acted in self-defense.

Myrtle and her crew were sentenced to 7-15 days in detention and fined 20 thousand.

Shortly afterward, people discovered that the police's statement corroborated Hannah's story, and several witnesses from the bar that night also vouched for her.

The real events in the bar diverged from what the edited video showed, with Hannah being the true victim.

Within a matter of days, Hannah found herself having faced two onslaughts of online harassment, and skepticism continued to flood social media. Public doubt remained high, with many accusing her of seeking attention.

An hour had barely passed since Hannah uploaded the video when her phone buzzed. It was a call from Bryson.

"I've just wrapped up my meeting. I've asked Mr. Brown to help clear your name online. Rest easy," he assured her.

"A lot of people caught the incident at the bar on video. I uploaded the full surveillance footage to Facebook, and yet it didn't go viral.

So I could really use Mr. Brown's help."

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"I've already spoken to him. If you need anything, give him a ring."

Hannah heard Bryson's voice and grinned.

"I appreciate your involvement in my affairs, Mr. Mitchell."

Sitting back in his office chair, Bryson exuded an air of easygoing calm.

"Well, you're Grace's attending doctor. It's only natural I take an interest in your well-being."

"Should you really be prying into your attending doctor's personal life, though?" Hannah's Laughter echoed from the other side of the call.

Noting her joy, Bryson smiled, "You're taking care of Grace, so as your employer, I ought to keep tabs on your overall well-being too."

Hannah laughed again, unable to contain herself.

Bryson was surprisingly charming. The more she interacted with him, the clearer it became that the rumors about his aloofness were unfounded.

“Rest easy, boss. I’m in peak condition, mentally and physically.

Your sister’s treatment won’t suffer.”

Just as her smile lingered after hanging up, another perplexing call came through.

The moment she picked up, a recognizable voice filled her ear.

“Hannah, how could you be so cold-hearted? You’re really going to let Sadie go to jail? Really?”

Upon hearing Declan’s voice, Hannah’s cheerful demeanor evaporated.

Her voice turned icy.

“She tried to defame me first. Why shouldn’t I involve the police?”

Declan exhaled deeply, softening his voice.

“Hannah, what will it take for you to drop the charges against Sadie? She’s still a student. A criminal record would ruin her.”

Feigning indifference, Hannah retorted, “Why are you begging me?

You’re the capable one. Figure it out yourself.”

“Don’t hang up!”

Anticipating Hannah’s next move, Declan interrupted, “Tomorrow we finalize the divorce. After the assets are legally divided, you’ll get twenty percent of Edwards Group shares and two properties in Lee Bay.”

After a brief silence, Declan’s tone gentled.

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“My sister is still young. For the love of our grandmother, please let this go. I apologize on her behalf.”

With a snort, Hannah replied, “So, you can apologize. That’s odd.”

Barely containing his frustration, Declan forced down his anger.

“Sadie is in the wrong, no doubt. If you have further conditions, lay them out. I’ll agree to anything if it means making amends.”

“Alright then,” Hannah said calmly.

“Meet me at the courthouse tomorrow at 8:30. If you bail on me, you can forget about me signing the letter of forgiveness.”

With that, she ended the call, not allowing Declan any room to reply.

Declan’s eyes took on a menacing glare, his hand gripping the phone so tightly that his veins protruded.

Beside him, Leah questioned nervously, “Well? Did that bitch agree to release your sister?”

“Yes,” Declan replied, his face growing stormy.

“She wants to meet at the courthouse tomorrow to finalize our divorce and complete the 20% share transfer agreement for Edwards Group.”

Eliana, overhearing that Hannah was planning to divorce Declan, discreetly rejoiced and clung to Declan’s arm.

“Wow, she’s really putting your sister’s reputation on the line. I never thought Miss Moore would use that as leverage.”

Fuming, Leah blurted out, “That audacious woman! Demanding 20% of the company shares? Let me give her a piece of my mind!”

Declan snapped, “Mom, if you want Sadie to end up in prison, go ahead and call her!”

Taken aback by Declan’s outburst, Leah was rendered speechless for a moment.

“Declan, I understand you’re upset, but you can’t speak to your mother like that.” Eliana softly reassured Leah.

“He’s been under a lot of stress lately because of Sadie’s situation and the business.

Please don’t be too harsh on him.”

She playfully nudged Declan’s arm.

“Don’t worry, Declan. I’m with you all the way.”

Easing up a bit, Declan looked at Eliana.

"I'll marry you soon, right after the divorce is final."

Eliana smiled warmly and said, "I believe you."

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Leah's face relaxed. Turning to Eliana, she said, "Please, marry soon so that I can have a grandchild sooner rather than later."

The following morning, Declan entered the hall of the courthouse and saw Hannah sitting there, wearing a black dress.

"Here's the agreement you requested." Declan approached Hannah and presented her with the contract.

"It's clearly written. Take a Look."

Hannah scrutinized the document, then nodded.

"I've got our number.

We're up next."

Observing Hannah's expression, Declan took a seat beside her.

"I get it. You got involved with Sadie to get my attention. I don't hold it against you. I'm truly grateful for all you've done for me over the years." With sincerity, Declan continued, "Love can't be forced, Hannah. It's not that I don't have feelings for you. It's just that Eliana means too much to me. You must know that."

Had he lost his mind?

Confused, Hannah shot Declan a sideways glance. What was he doing here, trying to upset her right before their divorce?

Meeting her gaze, Declan exhaled deeply, then said with a semblance of tenderness, "I realize you don't want this divorce and you never thought I'd actually give you 20% of the company shares and proceed with it. But the truth is, we're at a dead end..."

"If you can waste time spouting nonsense, why not focus on how you'll maintain your success without the 20%?" Hannah rose and made her way to the divorce counter. She wanted to distance herself from the foolishness surrounding her as quickly as possible.

Within twenty minutes, the paperwork was finalized.

Hannah clutched the divorce certificate, exhaling a sigh of relief.

The nagging anxiety that had been haunting her had finally lifted.

Stepping outside the courthouse, Hannah thought the sun seemed exceptionally bright today.

Yet, as she descended the steps, Declan intercepted her.

“Hannah, about the letter of forgiveness...”

Without emotion, Hannah turned.

“I’ll have my lawyer forward it to you tomorrow.”

“Declan!” Eliana emerged from the car and approached him.

“I was getting restless in the car, so I decided to come find you.”

Grasping Declan’s arm, Eliana offered Hannah a smile.

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“Miss Moore, congratulations. You’re single once again.”

Hannah shot Eliana a brief look before turning away. She bent her head, intending to hail a taxi through her phone.

“Miss Moore, didn’t you come by car? Why not let Declan drive you home? We’re not busy at the moment, are we?”

Declan gave Hannah a confirming glance.

“Where would you like to go?”

I can take you.”

Abruptly, Hannah scoffed, sizing them up.

“You’re in the mood to offer me a ride? You might want to save on gas; you’ve just lost 20% of the stock, after all.”

Eliana’s expression turned somber instantly. She feigned a smile and said, “You know, Miss Moore, I think we could be friends. Besides, you’ve been such a help with Declan during my absence. By the way...”

She added, her smile widening, “Declan and I are getting engaged. Our engagement party is set for early next month, and we’d love for you to come. I hope any tension between you and Declan won’t persist because of me.”

“I’m tied up then. But for his next engagement to another woman, I’ll make sure to attend.”

With that, Hannah climbed into a waiting taxi, indifferent to Eliana's discolored face.

The online gossip that had been circulating lately ceased when those responsible for spreading the rumors got legal notices.

Interest in the issue waned, but Hannah's Twitter followers multiplied, growing from fifty thousand to over two hundred thousand.

Hannah shook her head, amused yet not surprised. People just loved drama.

Just as she was scrolling through Facebook, her phone buzzed. It was a call from Grace, which she picked up reflexively.

Through the phone, Grace's playful voice could be heard.

"Hey Hannah, can you make that Mexican dish of yours? I've lost my appetite lately. My allergic reaction has long gone, but my brother keeps pushing bland food on me. Can you help?"

Hannah could almost visualize Grace's pleading eyes.

"Listen to your brother. You just got better. No spicy food for you."

Grace responded in a gentle voice, "I promise, it's okay. Just a bit, please?"

"Alright, fine," Hannah sighed, amused by Grace's antics.

"I don't have classes tomorrow afternoon. I'll pick up some ingredients and cook for you."

"Awesome!" Grace's voice was cheerful.