

The Unshackled Queen: Never Say Never Online Free –

Chapter: 31

“Declan?”

Realizing he’d been distracted, Eliana softly said, “If you’re busy, it’s okay. Focus on your work.”

Squeezing her nervous hand, Declan reassured her.

“No career is as vital as you are, especially considering we’re planning our wedding.

I’ll make time to meet your parents soon.”

Instantly, Eliana nestled into Declan’s embrace.

“My parents plan to be here for a bit; Dad has some work. So I was thinking, rather than booking a hotel, maybe we could rent a house for them.”

Furrowing his brows, Declan retorted, “Why rent when I own multiple properties? Your parents can pick one.”

Eliana’s eyes sparkled, but she feigned shyness.

“Wouldn’t that inconvenience you?”

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Declan affectionately touched her forehead, “Inconvenience? You’re about to become my wife. Stop being so formal.”

Eliana rested her head on his shoulder, her face aglow with unmistakable joy.

“Miss Moore, maybe reconsider?”

Exiting the car, Hannah received a business card from Brayden.

Hannah glanced at it and inquired, “Bryson Mitchell?”

“The Valmere Pass.”

Brayden raised his brows and relayed, “Bryson assured that you can call upon his name whenever you need assistance, regardless of the circumstances.”

Hannah examined the card and smirked.

Brayden gestured his farewell.

“Till next time!”

The roar of engines punctuated the dark night as Hannah returned to her room, grinning.

Living in Lydia’s home wasn’t a long-term option for her. Recalling the house Declan had once offered her, she declined Lydia’s warm invitation and decided to move to Springridge Villa.

She owned multiple properties, but they were all in holiday destinations across the globe. Ironically, she hadn’t thought she’d return and settle down here, leaving her without a residence.

Yet Springridge Villa was conveniently located near the university where she worked, cutting down her commute time.

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Hannah’s reason for meeting Saul was Bryson.

“Yes, I recall treating Grace,” Saul sighed.

“Her condition is baffling. In all my years in medicine, I’ve never encountered anything like it. We’ve tried everything we can think of, but all we’re doing is buying time.”

After a pause, he queried, “Has he been in touch with you?”

Hannah shrugged.

“I’m not sure how he found out who I am.

Saul quickly defended himself.

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"I've kept my Lips sealed. You told me not to say anything, and I didn't."

His eyes narrowed as he stared at Hannah.

"Have you been treating patients behind my back?"

Hannah was at a loss for words.

"I knew it! Four years and you've never treated anyone? I don't believe it." Saul's eyes were full of distrust.

"You're out there healing people while keeping all these medical skills from me, aren't you?"

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Swearing to vindicate herself, Hannah began, "I promise, for these last four years, I have never... I've tried my best... Maybe I haven't... treated anyone else..."

As she spoke, her conviction wavered. She saw the mixture of shock, sadness, and suspicion on Saul's face, as though she were some kind of villain.

Feeling compelled to reassure him, she said, "Fine. Once the university semester starts, I'll pick up some extra classes to Lighten your load."

“Deal!” Saul exclaimed, practically skipping away to brew some coffee for her.

Despite being a renowned medical expert and a respected guest at top -tier universities, even commanding respect from the influential Mitchell family, Saul was like a playful child around her. Hannah felt a touch overwhelmed by it all.

As she left the hospital, her thoughts drifted back to her recent clash with Declan. She wanted to minimize their interactions.

She texted him, “Free this afternoon? Have you given any thought to what we discussed?” No reply came.

Growing frustrated, she sent more messages.

“It’s you who proposed it. So why hesitate now?”

“I don’t have the luxury of pestering you endlessly. Can you be direct?”

“You’re not the world’s only busy person, you know.”

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As time ticked away without a response, her patience finally broke.

Just as she was about to head to the Edwards Group office to confront him, her phone buzzed with a new message.

Declan texted, “Alright. I give you my word.”

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Exhaling in relief, Hannah promptly typed out a message.

"Be there at 3 PM. No excuses."

Eliana's face hadn't yet resumed its normal composure when she heard footsteps behind her.

"Eliana, have you seen my phone?"

Instinctively, Eliana hid the phone behind her back and feigned ignorance.

"Oh, your phone's missing?"

A frown marred Declan's face. He looked somewhat irritated.

"I was on a call and put it down on the table. I stepped into the tea room, and now it's gone."

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Holding back her anxiety, Eliana cautiously suggested, "Maybe you left it in the tea room. You should go check."

Declan, sensing something amiss but not wanting to question Eliana's intentions, walked back to the tea room.

As he retreated, Eliana swiftly retrieved the phone and deleted all the recent texts.

Noticing that the chat history reverted to a few days prior, Eliana sighed in relief, her eyes filled with smug satisfaction.

Her eyes fixated on the name "Hannah" at the top of the chat. Her resentment intensified.

How dared this woman try to ensnare Declan? She must be delusional!

Declan was Eliana's and hers alone!

Hannah had been waiting at the courthouse for a while. Glancing at her phone, she saw it was already 3:20, and still, no sign of Declan.

Growing impatient, she took out her phone and dialed Declan's number.

Silence. No one picked up.

Annoyed, she texted him, "Where are you?"

"Don't waste my time."

“How much Longer will you be? I need a straight answer. I can’t wait around forever.”

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She waited but received no reply. As she gazed at the sky through the window, a sense of melancholy engulfed her.

Seeing Declan’s name in her chat history only fueled her anger. Four years of lingering emotions couldn’t quell her anger at this moment.

“If you’re going to be this stubborn, don’t even think about begging for my forgiveness later.”

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Resolute, she stood up and made her way out, planning to head straight home.

However, she hadn’t driven today for the sake of convenience, and it just so happened to start raining.

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She considered messaging Lydia but hesitated and closed the chat. She knew Lydia would drop everything at her company, where a press conference was underway, to come and find her. She didn’t want to be a burden.

She tried using a taxi app, but given the courthouse’s remote location, no drivers accepted her request.

Left with no choice, she bravely endured the rain and moved forward.

After a challenging 10-minute walk, she reached a busy intersection and finally called a taxi.

Once home, she felt a wave of dizziness wash over her. She towed off the rainwater and, fearing illness, took a hot bath, downed some cold medicine, and drifted into a deep slumber.

Knock, knock, knock!

The loud knocking jolted her awake, her head still throbbing.

She rubbed her temples and blinked, momentarily confused about who might be calling on her at such an hour. Slipping on her slippers, she made her way downstairs to answer the door.

“Please, make yourself at home. Once Eliana and Declan get married, you’ll practically be family. Declan has enough property. You can pick any house to live in.”

“How fortunate Eliana is to find her way back to Declan. Their accidental separation only paved the way for villains.”

“Absolutely. Eliana is leagues above that bitch Hannah. It’s a blessing that she’ll be Declan’s wife.”

The congenial chatter outside halted abruptly as Hannah opened the door.

Leah’s face soured upon seeing Hannah in her pajamas, her hair tousled and her eyes still clouded with sleep.

“What are you doing here? What gives you the right to be in my son’s home?” Leah surveyed the interior and raised her voice.

“Where’s Jessie? I told her to clean up, and she left this trash untouched!”

Leah’s abrasive tone left no doubt that she was directing her spite at Hannah, instantly clearing any remnants of Hannah’s grogginess.

Her eyes grew icy as she regarded the visitors.

“The house is actually quite clean. The only trash seems to be lingering at the doorstep.”

The expressions of those standing outside instantly soured. Eliana approached, attempting to diffuse the tension.

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“What a surprise to see you here, Miss Moore.”

Suppressing a yawn, Hannah retorted, “It’s no surprise. This is my home. You must’ve known that already, didn’t you?”

Flustered, Eliana was cut off by an infuriated Leah.

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very supportive to us

“Your home? What do you actually own? Everything you have is because of Declan. How dare you claim this house?”

Stung by Leah’s unmasked scorn, Hannah felt an emotional chill.

While it was true that Declan had promised her the house, the paperwork hadn’t been finalized.

What really annoyed her was Declan’s absolute disregard for her, allowing people to confront her as if she had no stake in the home.

As if she were some mistress, and Eliana the legitimate wife, all under the endorsement of their parents.

Although she had come to terms with Declan’s indifference, she had expected some semblance of respect, especially given their four-year history and his status as a successful entrepreneur.

Instead, she felt demeaned and mistreated.

“What a disgrace! Her being here must have tainted the air. I can hardly bear it!” Sadie sneered, gripping Eliana’s arm while sizing Hannah up.

“You’ll need to clean the place later, Eliana. We don’t need her bad luck.”

Patting Sadie’s hand, Eliana smiled softly, “Don’t worry. You’re always looking out for me.”

Turning her attention to Hannah, Eliana said in a slightly apologetic tone, "Miss Moore, if you're struggling to find a place to stay, perhaps I can reserve a hotel room for you? In the meantime, you can look for a permanent residence. My parents have already set their hearts on this house."

For a moment, Hannah remained silent, studying the faces before her while nursing a throbbing headache.

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"Didn't Declan mention he gave me this house?"

"Don't be absurd! Do you really expect us to believe that Declan would gift a house to someone like you?" Both Sadie and Leah interrupted Hannah, incredulous at the thought that Declan could be so kind toward her.

"You were there when your brother gave me the sports car, right? You even picked a fight with me over it. So why wouldn't he give me this house?" Hannah remarked, her tone nonchalant.

Leah's eyes darted to Sadie, her skepticism palpable.

"Is she being honest?"

"That's different!" Sadie's voice rose, her eyes locked onto Hannah.

"A sports car is one thing, but a lakefront villa in a prime location worth at least ten million? You're clearly not the sort who deserves to be here."

Upon hearing this, even Layla, Eliana's mother, couldn't suppress a derisive snort.

“To see such a materialistic woman is truly enlightening. The lengths she’ll go to have no bounds. She really has no self-respect.”