

# The Unshackled Queen: Never Say Never Online Free

## Chapter 91

The moment Hannah picked up, an agitated voice rang out.

“Hannah! How dare you! How could you drench my mother with coffee?”

Recognizing Declan’s voice, Hannah promptly ended the call. As she was about to store her phone, it rang again with Declan’s persistence.

Answering once more, she responded icily, “Is the Edwards Group going bankrupt? Have you resorted to scam calls now?”

Caught off guard by her sharp remark, Declan stuttered momentarily.

Hearing his silence, Hannah bluntly said, “I’m ending this call.”

“Wait!”

Declan hesitated, then added, “We need to discuss our divorce terms.”

With a mocking edge, Hannah retorted, “Why bother? Your family made their stance clear today. Go ahead and sue.”

“Yes, she was wrong today. But she’s still my mother. Why did you..

Declan’s chastising tone was abruptly cut off by Hannah. She promptly blocked his new number.

From that point on, Declan tried reaching out from different numbers, but Hannah consistently blocked him without hesitation.

It became clear to Declan that Hannah was avoiding him, and he ceased his attempts over the next few days.

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On a Friday evening, after taking a shower, Hannah planned to text and check on Grace’s health. However, Bryson beat her to it.

Bryson’s soothing voice greeted her.

“Miss Moore, do you have a moment?”

“I was just about to inquire about Grace’s well-being, and then you called.”

There was a hint of amusement in Bryson’s response.

“Grace is getting better, thanks to Miss Moore’s magic hand.”

His voice seemed to lift the weight off Hannah’s shoulders, and she chuckled, “That’s great news. It looks like she can proceed with her physical therapy session tomorrow.”

“Earlier today, Grace mentioned she spotted you at school. She wished she’d chosen clinical medicine so she might’ve been your student.”

Recalling the shimmer in Grace’s eyes and her playful yet adorable demeanor, Hannah broke into a smile.

“Maybe if I give her a few more shots, she’d start fearing me.”

“No, Grace is eagerly waiting for you to visit the family house tomorrow and keep her company.”

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Perhaps it was Grace’s improved health that had Bryson talking more than he usually did that day. Hannah, listening intently, occasionally chimed in.

Bryson rose and approached the French window in his room. Clutching his phone, he gazed out into the night, the smile in his eyes growing more profound as he listened to the steady breathing on the other end.

The sound of her ringtone woke Hannah from her sleep. Groggy, she reached for her phone and mumbled, “Hello?”

“Hannah, come shopping with me today. Gucci’s releasing some exclusive bags, and I’ve got my eye on a few. Need your advice on picking.”

The excitement in Lydia’s voice was palpable. Hannah rolled over, forcing her eyes open.

“Can’t make it this morning. I’ve a visit scheduled at the Mitchell residence for Mr. Mitchell’s sister.”

“I’ll tag along! Once you’re done, we can head to the store directly!”

Hannah was left without words.

Ending the call, Hannah skimmed through last night’s call records.

She jolted upright in realization.

In the midst of her conversation with Bryson, she fell asleep!

Checking the duration of the call with Bryson, it showed 40 minutes.

Holding her head in her hands, her hair cascading down her shoulders, a blush crept up her face. When had she fallen asleep? Had she mumbled anything? Why hadn't Bryson ended the call? The feeling of shame deepened upon seeing Bryson at his house. She was so red-faced she couldn't even muster the courage to glance at him.

Grace, sensing Hannah's discomfort, whispered, "Did you and my brother have a disagreement?"

"No." While checking Grace's blood pressure, Hannah's hand twitched, betraying her unease.

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"My brother's clueless, Hannah," Grace murmured, tugging at her sleeve.

"If he upset you, just let me know. I'll set him straight!"

Observing Grace's expression, Hannah playfully pinched her cheek. The embarrassment waned a bit.

"I'm not upset, really."

"Why would you be?" Holding a warm glass of water, Bryson placed it before Hannah and continued, glancing into her eyes, "Is everything okay?"

Caught off guard, Hannah's gaze locked with Bryson's, feeling a twinge of unease. She blinked, trying to dispel the awkwardness.

"It's nothing. Just Grace being playful."

Lifting his hand to pat Grace's head, Bryson gave Hannah a reassuring smile.

"Grace dislikes pain. Kindly look after her."

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This genuine gesture eased Hannah's anxiety. She remembered their call from the previous night and hoped she hadn't acted too out of character.

After completing two hours of physical therapy, Hannah said her goodbyes to Bryson and Grace. Exiting, she spotted Lydia's crimson Porsche awaiting her.

Wearing a seductive black dress and impeccable makeup, Lydia beckoned as she caught sight of Hannah.

"Come on, Hannah!"

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Once Hannah was seated, Lydia accelerated, reaching the downtown Gucci store in mere minutes.

Stepping inside, Lydia wasted no time, instructing the attendant to bring over a special edition bucket bag. Turning to Hannah, she inquired, "What do you think?"

“The bag’s aesthetics are quite pleasing.”

Hannah’s gaze settled on a butterfly-patterned bag with grid markings.

Addressing the salesperson, she said, “May I see that bag?”

But before she could proceed, a soft voice interjected from behind, “I’d like to purchase that bag.”

Hannah turned around, noticing Eliana in a flowing white silk gown, standing next to Declan, her smile gentle.

“Miss Moore?” Eliana raised an eyebrow in surprise, then grinned.

“Fancy meeting you here. Are you shopping for bags too?”

Declan hadn’t anticipated seeing Hannah in this place. Remembering how she’d ignored his calls days prior, a hint of annoyance flickered in his eyes. He simply stared at Hannah without uttering a word.

The previously indifferent saleswoman shifted to a warm and welcoming demeanor upon seeing Declan and his group.

“Mr. Edwards, Miss Edwards, welcome. I’ll have the VIP room prepared immediately. Please follow me.”

“Hold on!” With her arms crossed, Sadie strode over to Hannah, sizing her up with a scornful look. Her distaste was clear upon seeing Hannah’s laid-back attire.

Facing Hannah directly, Sadie remarked with a mocking tone, “Eliana, you give her too much credit. How can she afford bags from here?”

Eliana approached Sadie and, glancing at Hannah, offered kindly, “Miss Moore, if there’s a bag you fancy, I can have Declan gift it to you.”

“Sounds good,” Hannah responded, her smile undiminished.

Eliana was taken aback by Hannah’s response. Just as she was about to comment, Hannah turned and pointed to a bag displayed at the back.

“I’ll take that one. Wrap it up.”

The saleswoman stepped forward, retrieving the bag.

“You’ve got an eye, Miss. This is a new, limited edition piece for our store this season. After applying the discount...”

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As the saleswoman tapped on her phone, calculating the total, she finally looked up, offering a genuine smile to Declan.

“That comes to 2 million 50 thousand. Will that be on a card?”

Sadie gasped, “2 million 5@ thousand for a bag? Are you out of your mind?”

The saleswoman maintained her pleasant expression, clarifying for Sadie.

“This is a unique, limited-edition piece for the season. Only twenty exist globally, and this is our store’s only piece, Miss Edwards.”

With a raised brow, Hannah interjected, “You can process the payment now.”

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“And why should we cover your expense?” Sadie regarded Hannah with an air of superiority.

“Eliana, your generosity sometimes backfires.

Some might exploit it to push their boundaries!”

“Let’s not jump to conclusions, Sadie. Miss Moore might not even want to use the limited edition. She could always sell it later.”

“She’s clearly looking to get a bag from you and make a quick buck.

How despicable!” Sadie scoffed.

ALL the while, Declan merely observed, making no move to defend Hannah, permitting Sadie’s derisive comments.

“And who exactly are you calling despicable?”

Lydia’s sharp voice cut through from the sidelines. Earlier, while Hannah browsed, Lydia had ventured into the VIP area, selecting a few newly-released outfits. Emerging to witness her friend being belittled, fury flared in her eyes.

“Sadie, mind your words! Whatever Hannah desires, I’ll get for her.

Do you honestly believe we value your cheap gifts?”

The Phillips and Edwards families were equally influential in Valmere.

Due to her familial ties, Sadie didn’t fear Lydia and retorted with a sneer, “For a daughter of the Phillips family, you sure stoop low to associate with such commoners.”

“You!”

Hannah halted her friend and retrieved a black card from her purse.

“Today, I’m buying every bag in this store.”

Eliana, seeing the black card, blinked in surprise and then voiced her concerns.

“Miss Moore, this is going to be incredibly pricey. Are you sure the cardholder knows about this? I’m concerned...”

## C 95

Without hesitating, Hannah handed the SVIP card to the nearby sales associate and announced, “I’ll settle the bill now.”

Realizing the importance of the card, the saleswoman grasped it carefully and responded, “One moment, please.”

Sadie sneered, “Is that even real? I didn’t even know such a card existed here. Still trying to impress, Hannah?”

Before Sadie could continue, the cashier had already processed the payment and inquired politely, “Pardon me, are you Miss Moore?”

### A N G E L A ‘s L I B R A R Y

“Yes.”

“Understood, Miss Moore.” The cashier relayed, “Currently, your card holds 3.2 million points. Your total today is 14 million. I’ll tally up the points for you.”

“Selena, Linda, assist Miss Moore with her purchases!”

The once serene store ambiance shifted dramatically as the staff hustled about.

Sadie, in disbelief, accused, “This can’t be happening! Did you hire someone to play along, Hannah?”

Hannah met Sadie’s gaze indifferently, remarking, “Sometimes, Sadie, I genuinely question your intelligence.”

“Enough is enough, Hannah,” Declan chimed in with a scowl.

Flashing a smile, Hannah stated, “I’d rather not encounter these individuals here again. Could they be blacklisted?”

“Certainly not an issue,” the saleswoman confirmed, showing utmost respect to Hannah.

“We’ll remove these VIP memberships from our database and blacklist them permanently, Miss Moore.”

Fuming, Sadie retorted, “What do you mean? How dare you stand against the Edwards family for her? I demand to speak to your manager!”

The saleswoman calmly replied, “Miss Edwards, no need for the manager.

Miss Moore holds a significant status here. Even our highest executives respect her wishes.”

Declan appeared taken aback, gazing at Hannah as if seeing her for the first time.

While Sadie readied another tirade, Declan gestured for her to stay silent. Softening, he suggested to Hannah, “Can we discuss this? Why the hostility the moment we cross paths?”

Hannah replied coldly, “You initiated the hostility. If there’s an issue, contact my lawyer. I’m busy. Lydia, we’re leaving.”

“I’ll offer you one percent of Edwards Group’s shares. Can we please talk?” Declan proposed.

“Why would you offer her one percent of the stock?” Sadie’s shout pierced the room. She owned just five percent. Why this bitch?!!

Hannah glanced back at Declan with a smirk.

“Only one percent? If my memory serves me right, once the assets are assessed, I stand to gain twenty percent, correct?”