

The Unshackled Queen: Never Say Never Online Free

Chapter: 141

When questioned by the police, Hannah maintained her composure.

“I was awarded this house in the divorce. They’ve been Living here against my wishes. I had the property management begin removing their belongings when they turned confrontational.”

“Don’t listen to her, officer! She’s a con artist who stole our home,”

Layla retorted defiantly.

Hannah showed the officers her legal documents and property certificate.

After verification with property management, the police were ready to escort the Patel family away.

Layla was still not done.

“The police are in cahoots with her!

They’re using force!”

Eliana, mortified by her mother’s theatrics, approached Hannah and whispered, “Miss Moore, I’ll get my mother to leave. Can we settle this without involving the police?”

Only then did Hannah look up and smile at Eliana.

“No.”

Eliana’s tear-filled eyes widened in surprise, and not a single drop fell. She stared at Hannah, dumbfounded.

“Your mother seemed very pleased when she humiliated me in front of everyone earlier. Why are you trying to make peace with me now?”

The crowd had stuck around, and they were able to watch as Layla and Arion were carted into the police car.

Eliana's heart twisted with anxiety.

"Please, Miss Moore," she pleaded.

"My parents were in the wrong this time, and I'm sure that they know it. I'm begging you, please don't send them to the police station!"

She then dropped to her knees and looked up at Hannah with a pitiful expression.

"Please! They are old and frail. This situation might prove to be too much for them. I beg of you, Miss Moore! Please show us some mercy!"

Hannah leaned over slightly, her lips curled into a mocking smile.

"Are you trying to hold my sense of morality hostage now? Do you really expect me to let this matter go so easily?"

"I... That's not what I meant at all, Miss Moore. I-I am being sincere. Please-"

"I'm sorry, Miss Patel." Hannah straightened and looked down her nose at the kneeling woman.

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"But I'm afraid you've grossly overestimated my morals. You can't leverage them against me."

She turned to leave, only to glance back again and add, "I'll give you a day to pack up and leave. Otherwise, you will be served with a lawyer's letter, and we shall see each other in court. You'd do well to take everything I say to heart."

When Hannah arrived home later that evening, she found several missed calls from Declan.

Already knowing what he wanted to talk about, she tossed her phone on the bathroom counter without returning any of his calls, then proceeded to take a long, relaxing bath.

She had just finished blow-drying her hair when her phone rang again.

Hannah picked it up and answered without looking at the caller ID.

"If you're calling about Eliana, Declan, I suggest that you spend your time moving your things out of the villa instead of pestering me like this!"

"Oh, he was pestering you, then?"

Hannah paused, That voice sounded different from what she was expecting. She pulled her phone back and glanced at the screen.

Bryson Mitchell.

She cleared her throat and put the device back to against her ear.

“It’s nothing, really. Just a minor issue.”

Hannah grabbed a towel and padded out of the bathroom.

“Are you done with your meeting?”

“Yes. I’ll be taking a business trip to Muvrand for a few days, though.”

Hannah merely hummed in response.

“Take care on your way.”

“Grace’s condition has significantly improved. I was thinking of taking her with me this time.”

“That’s a great idea. A change of scenery would do Miss Mitchell a lot of good.”

A brief moment of silence followed. When Bryson spoke again, his voice was soft, his tone measured.

“I really want to take Grace with me, but I’m still worried about her health. May I invite you to accompany us to Muvrand?”

Hannah let out a light chuckle.

“So, this is what you were getting at, Mr. Mitchell. The school will be on summer break soon, so I think I’d have some time to spare.”

“Thank you.”

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“You’re welcome.” Hanna stretched her arm and crawled under the covers.

“You’ve always looked after me, Mr. Mitchell. The least I can do to return the favor is to take care of Miss Mitchell. Well, it’s getting late. I’m off to bed. Good night, Mr. Mitchell.”

Hannah had barely finished speaking when Bryson’s voice came again, sounding a little urgent this time.

“I’m not inviting you solely for Grace’s sake, Miss Moore. I just want you to know that.”

Hannah's brows furrowed slightly, but before she could ask what he meant, Bryson spoke again.

"Have a good night, Miss Moore."

The call ended, and Hannah was left staring at her phone screen. She shook her head helplessly, Lydia's words from earlier echoing in her mind.

How could she possibly get involved with someone like Bryson Mitchell?

Early the next morning, Hannah found her face and name plastered all over the news.

A video of Eliana kneeling in front of her, pleading and crying, was making its rounds online. Needless to say, netizens were cursing Hannah, saying that she was so starved for fame that she was deliberately causing such scenes.

People were criticizing her for being cruel and unreasonable. How could she make someone kneel and beg in front of so many people?

Hannah ate it all up despite herself. She was so engrossed in the drama that she kept clicking on article after article. And then, the next thing she knew, they were all gone.

She went back to the home page, but the posts were no longer there.

Even the video clip had disappeared from the trending section.

Hannah knew of only one person who could, and would, do this for her-Bryson.

She opened their WhatsApp conversation, only to hesitate at the last second.

In the end, she typed one simple line and hit send. [Thank you.]

In a certain office in the city's business district, Bryson's phone vibrated on his desk. He tapped on his WhatsApp notification, read Hannah's message, and smiled.

Yosef Reed, Bryson's executive assistant, who had been waiting on standby, gaped at his boss as if he had just seen a phantom.

Bryson Mitchell was actually smiling? And at a text message, no less!

This was the same ruthless boss, who was notoriously known as a demon lord in the business circles, whose every decision rocked the entire landscape of Valmere... And he was smiling at a text?!

Bryson looked up just in time to catch his assistant staring and trembling ever so slightly.

"What's the matter?"

I think “Boss.” Yosef bowed his head and took a deep breath.

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“

I’m a little cold…”

“Hmm.” In the blink of an eye, Bryson reverted to his usual aloof demeanor.

Yosef was oddly relieved to see it.

“Boss, all the news regarding yesterday’s incident have been wiped out. No one is currently discussing the matter, at least not online. We have also secured the business cooperation the Edwards family had been working on. Do you have any other instructions?”

Bryson narrowed his eyes, his voice icy.

“I heard that the Patel Group is planning a resurgence in the business scene.”

“That is correct. The Patels are looking to enter into a marriage alliance with the Edwards family. The merger would certainly benefit both parties’ ventures in Valmere, but nothing that would be of consequence to us.”

Bryson drummed his fingers on the table, a sinister glint flashing in his eyes.

“We’re taking all the orders that have been made to the Patel Group this month.”

“Uh… I understand, Boss.”

After exiting the CEO’s office, Yosef paused and allowed himself a long sigh of relief.

Then, he took out his phone and hurriedly sent a message to a small group chat. [Explosive news! It looks like Mr. Mitchell is into someone!]

A barrage of replies immediately came, ranging from strings of question marks to bouncing avatars. Some replies were questioning him if he was telling the truth or not, but overall, everyone was eager to get more details.

[I’m pretty sure I’m right! You weren’t there to see it, but the boss was smiling at his phone just now! It was right after he received a message!]

[No way, the boss was smiling?! Quit playing with us! I’ve never seen such a phenomenon before!]

[Please, everyone knows that the big boss never smiles. His natural face doesn’t come with a smile, end of story.]

[Are you having fun with your jokes, Yosef? Fine, I'll play along for now. So, who is this mystery woman that our boss apparently fancies, anyway?]

Yosef huffed and typed furiously at his phone. He was still right next to the door to Bryson's office. [I'm not sure, I haven't seen her yet. But she can't be an ordinary person.]

[I agree! Whoever catches our boss' attention must be a goddess descended from the heavens.]

[Quit blabbering like an idiot! The boss isn't in the group, so there's no point to your cringey flattery!]

While Bryson's subordinates busied themselves with guessing what kind of person Hannah was, she was walking out into the hall after finishing her afternoon classes. She was accosted by Declan outside of her office.

He looked miserable and utterly worn out, with dark circles under his eyes. He had been swamped with company matters recently, and he also had to bail Mr. and Mrs. Patel out last night.

Declan stepped directly into Hannah's path, his face glum and morose.

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"We've already divorced, so why are you still making things difficult for Eliana? Are you still not satisfied with the compensation that I gave you? Until when are you going to keep harassing me?!"

"Are you paranoid or something, Declan?"

Setting her book aside, Hannah shot Declan a frigid glance.

"Maybe you should invest in some mental health care."

"Hannah!" Annoyed and humiliated, Declan retorted, "You're the reason Eliana's parents were hauled off to the police station last night.

Don't act like you're blameless!"

"I did call the cops, yes," Hannah scoffed.

"They trespassed into my home and insulted me. Why shouldn't I involve the authorities?"

"They were only staying a few days. Can't you show some compassion?"

"We're divorced," Hannah responded calmly but sharply, catching Declan off guard. She narrowed her eyes at him.

"Anyone connected to you should keep their distance from me."

Taken aback, Declan felt a pang of sadness. She had once pursued him relentlessly, but now she acted as if she couldn't care less.

With a dismissive snort, Declan shot Hannah a contemptuous Look.

"Don't kid yourself. You won't win me back."

Declan turned at the doorway and exited.

"Crazy man," Hannah muttered under her breath.

After Declan left, Zayn inquired, "Should we tell the principal, Miss Moore?"

"I doubt he'll be back," Hannah assured, before turning to Zayn.

"I apologize for the scare."

Zayn waved it off.

"Don't worry. I'm more concerned that he might bother you again. By the way, Miss Moore, any plans for the summer?"

"Our school offers a summer course. Not many attend, but it pays well, \$100, 020 a month. Would you consider it?"

"Thanks, but no." Hannah declined promptly.

"I have other commitments this summer."