

The Unshackled Queen: Never Say Never Online Free –

Chapter: 66

“Oh, isn’t that Miss Moore? I didn’t expect her to be so close with Miss Mitchell.”

Playfully nudging Declan, Eliana said, “You once mentioned that Miss Moore keeps to herself, right?”

Declan snorted in response.

“She’s just social climbing, by any means necessary.”

Eliana bit her lip and hesitated.

“What is it?” Declan asked, noting her expression.

“It’s not a big deal.” With a slow shake of her head, Eliana shared, “I’ve just realized that nobody in this crowd knows about your breakup with Miss Moore.”

Declan’s eyes narrowed as he looked towards Hannah, filled with icy resolve.

He thought to himself, “You won’t get far using my family’s name, Hannah!”

Eliana laid her delicate hand over Declan’s.

“Don’t stress. Clear things up with Miss Moore later. She’s reasonable.”

Grasping Eliana’s hand, Declan felt his tension dissolve.

“Soon, Eliana, you’ll stand beside me as Mrs. Edwards.”

Oblivious to being the topic of conversation, Hannah’s attention was fixed on an antique porcelain vase being auctioned.

The opening bid was two million dollars.

Thinking of the antique enthusiast back home, she lifted her paddle for the first time that evening.

“Three million,” she announced.

Gavel in hand, the auctioneer pointed to Hannah.

“We have three million. Going once...”

“Bid at three and a half million!”

“Three point eight million!”

Competing bids echoed throughout the hall.

“This vase is truly exquisite,” Eliana commented genuinely.

“My mom has a fondness for these. She’ll be thrilled to hear I got to see one tonight.”

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“If she’s a fan, let’s get it.”

Declan casually raised his paddle from the back.

“Five million.”

“Going once at five million, going twice at five million...”

Hannah lifted her paddle.

“Six million.”

Declan’s eyes narrowed as he looked toward Hannah, clearly not wanting to lose. He hoisted his own paddle, announcing, “Six and a half million.”

“Is that jerk deliberately driving up the price because he saw you bid?”

Lydia’s tone was laced with irritation. Hannah glanced her way, offering reassurance.

“He’s not even worth competing with me.”

Hannah held up her paddle again, declaring, “Ten million.”

A wave of murmurs washed over the room.

The host grinned ear to ear. The more the price soared, the fatter his commission.

“First item tonight to hit ten million, folks, courtesy of this young lady!”

Declan’s expression soured.

Eliana leaned in, her voice tinged with concern.

“Declan, ten million is no small amount. What if Miss Moore can’t cover it? Could that tarnish your reputation? Don’t forget that she’s still riding on the Edwards family name. Will she even...”

Declan cut her off, “Ten million and a half.”

He knew Hannah couldn’t cover it. After their divorce, he’d left Hannah with only five million. She couldn’t possibly afford this.

But Hannah wasn’t willing to back down.

Why should she keep yielding to Declan?

Undeterred, she raised her paddle.

“Thirteen million.”

In his mind, Declan scoffed. He couldn’t believe she had the audacity to bid.

C 69

Kicked out of the Edwards family and homeless, and yet she dared to make such an extravagant offer just to irritate him!

The murmurs around them amplified.

“Who is that woman upfront? She seems fearless. Have you ever seen her?”

“She’s bold enough to compete with the young master of the Edwards family. She’s got to be someone of status.”

“You’re right. That’s the daughter of the Mitchell family beside her.”

Then, a man nearby lowered his voice but couldn’t contain his excitement.

“I know her! She’s Mr. Edwards’s wife!”

“What?” another person interjected, puzzled.

“His wife? Then who’s the woman next to Mr. Edwards?”

“Who do you think?” The man hushed his voice again.

“His mistress.”

Realization dawned on someone.

“Ah, so it’s a wife-versus-mistress scenario. Makes sense now.”

“Calling her a mistress? I heard he actually loves the woman beside him. His marriage was the forced one.”

“What a worthless wife, coming from nothing and snagging Mr. Edwards.

She’s not in the same league as the woman he really wants.”

Eliana overheard and a satisfied smile formed on her lips.

She leaned in to Declan, whispering, “Let it go, Declan. That vase must mean a lot to her.”

Declan grasped her hand, declaring, “I’ll deliver on my promise to you.”

With his paddle in the air, he shouted, “Twenty million!”

Intentionally, Declan hiked up the bid to twenty million, aiming to humiliate Hannah.

His goal was to show her she was out of his league, to teach her a lesson she wouldn’t forget.

Even Declan’s friend seemed taken aback.

“Mr. Edwards, isn’t twenty million a bit steep for an old vase?”

C 69

Unfazed, Declan fixed his gaze on Hannah, gauging her discomfort.

“If it brings Eliana joy, it’s worth every penny.”

The host was on the cusp of making the final call.

The room was silent. Everyone was holding their breath, eager to hear the conclusion.

Whispers and speculations about the two had already filled the hall.

Some were so tense that they were sweating, keen to witness the spectacle of Mr. Edwards’s ex-wife making a fool of herself.

The hammer hovered in the air. The room’s collective heartbeat seemed to pause.

“Thirty million.”

From the front row, Hannah slowly rose to her feet, announcing, "Whoever bids next, I'll exceed it by a million."

"Miss, that's not permitted. We can't..."

The flustered host was about to object when an assistant tugged at his sleeve, whispering into his ear.

Regaining his composure, the host turned to Hannah with newfound respect.

"Per the seller's conditions, the piece goes to this lady for thirty million!"

The room erupted in chatter. It turned out that Hannah, Mr. Edwards's ex-wife, wasn't as useless as people thought.

Seated at the back, Declan observed, cold and calculating, curious about how Hannah would handle the payment.

Charity auctions had their own set of rules.

A retraction after a winning bid meant a twenty percent penalty on the final price.

For items over ten million, the penalty doubled.

If Hannah couldn't cover the thirty million, she'd owe twelve million as a penalty.

Declan narrowed his eyes, intrigued to see how Hannah would ultimately grovel.

Following the auction, Hannah retreated backstage to post the security deposit. Emerging with her friend Lydia, they found the manager awaiting them.

"Miss Moore, our boss had some personal matters to attend to. He's sent the car for you."

"There's no need. Taxis are plentiful here."

"It's no inconvenience. The car will be here shortly. If you and your friend could please wait."

C 70

Hannah gave a nod.

"Fine, extend my thanks to Mr. Mitchell."

As they awaited the car, Hannah and Lydia stepped outside for some air.

There, they spotted Declan and Eliana, seemingly waiting for them. As they made eye contact, the couple approached.

“Miss Moore,” Eliana called out cheerfully.

Hannah chose to ignore her.

With a tinge of bitterness, Declan locked eyes with Hannah.

“Think you can really afford thirty million?”

“That’s really not your concern,” Hannah shot back, arching an eyebrow.

“Miss Moore, Declan was only looking out for you,” Eliana interjected, clutching Declan’s arm.

“If you can’t afford it, you’re looking at a twelve million penalty.”

Declan chimed in, his tone sarcastic, “That’s no small change. It could lead to a lawsuit, which wouldn’t be new for you, would it.”

Declan’s gaze turned stormy.

“Hannah, what are you doing here, using your real name at this auction? You’re fully aware of the deceitful tactics you employed to get that invitation!”

Eliana interjected softly, “Ease up, Declan. Hannah’s situation might be more complicated than you think.”

“Complicated?” Chuckling as if he’d heard a great joke, Declan scoffed, “She could make millions simply by lying in bed. Don’t tell me her life is hard.”

Hannah found herself cornered outside the hall by the pair, their voices raised enough for the crowd to overhear.

Every car parked nearby was a luxury model, and the guests were all people of influence.

As folks passed by, several paused at a distance, eager to catch a bit of the spectacle.

In high society, gossip spread like wildfire.

“I knew his first wife must have messed up somehow! Seems like she’s gold-digging now.”

“Yeah, I see that. Just look at her gown. That’s a Chilli design. No one here has even had the chance to wear one yet. The Edwards family could never afford that.”

Declan observed Hannah’s dress, recalling her earlier closeness to Grace.

Hearing the whispers, he shot Hannah a frigid look.

