

The Unshackled Queen: Never Say Never Online Free –

Chapter: 21

On the racetrack, as Hannah's hands met the familiar steering wheel, exhilaration surged through her. She hadn't felt this thrilled in ages and yearned to shout.

With the sound of a gunshot, Hannah's eyes narrowed, and her scarlet sports car rocketed forward like a finely honed blade.

The scarlet and black race cars vied for supremacy on the track, captivating the entire crowd.

Throughout the race, the two vehicles remained neck and neck. In the final curve, however, the black car sped up and crossed the finish line first, clinching the win.

"Moonshadow takes the victory!"

A roar of applause erupted from the crowd.

Hannah gripped her steering wheel and peered through her car window at the man exiting the vehicle ahead of her. Her eyes narrowed gradually.

"You've lost."

Hannah could barely make out the man's muffled voice through his helmet.

"You're incredible," Hannah declared candidly.

With both hands, she removed her helmet. Her long locks caught the wind, captivating everyone around.

"Oh my God! Tequila is a woman!"

"Unbelievable! A woman with such driving skills?"

"Who knew the top-ranked driver for years was a woman?"

"Good thing Moonshadow won. It keeps the male ego intact."

"Who's to say? Tequila could take the win next round."

Hannah's hand hovered over her mask. Through its filter, she noticed the man nearby had also removed his helmet.

"I'll honor my word," she began.

She was about to reveal her face when the man interrupted, "Hold on."

With a hand signal, he proposed, "How about we make a deal?"

Hannah's brow furrowed.

"What are you suggesting?"

"Grant me a favor," he said, stepping closer.

"And the mask stays on."

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Their enigmatic exchange baffled the onlookers, sparking chatter.

"What are they discussing? Can't catch a single word."

"Why'd she stop? Can't Tequila handle defeat?"

"Didn't you see? Moonshadow signaled her not to unmask."

The murmurs flew past Declan's ears, unnoticed. He was fixated on the enigmatic figures at center stage, his mind awash with questions.

Out of nowhere, a hand touched his wrist.

"What's on your mind, Declan?"

Roused from his reverie, Declan glanced at Eliana next to him, masking any trace of emotion.

"Usually, racers would have left the track by now, not stand there chatting."

Savoring a sip of freshly-served champagne, Declan continued, "Mr. Mitchell would be furious if he knew about this blunder."

Eliana inquired, "Is Mr. Mitchell really that influential? Never heard of him before I went overseas."

Taking the last gulp of his champagne, Declan replied dispassionately, "He's a recent addition to Mitchell Group but quickly became an uncontested leader."

His gaze returned to the intriguing drama unfolding in the arena, as if seeking a distraction from the unease settling within him.

The pre-race interaction between Hannah and Bryson had been a lingering irritant for Declan.

As he was about to refill his glass, his hand froze, eyes widening in disbelief.

“No deal,” Hannah declared, her tone unyielding.

“I detest being manipulated.”

The man looked like he was going to say something, but Hannah had already snatched up her mask.

Her face, radiant despite a light sheen of sweat, beamed with unapologetic confidence.

This was Hannah, who’d leaned casually against the railing just a while ago.

She tossed the mask aside, gripped her helmet, and extended her hand toward the man.

“Your skills aren’t bad, though. Maybe we’ll have a rematch someday.”

The man stayed quiet, eyeing her open palm, and then burst into laughter.

Hannah’s brow furrowed. She had braced herself for an insult, but instead, he took off his mask.

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Beneath the mask, his features were still strikingly handsome. His magnetic personality and innate nobility made him unforgettable at first sight.

Bryson ran his fingers through his sweat-dampened hair and grinned at Hannah.

“Tequila, you live up to the hype.”

Hannah was stunned. She had never thought Moonshadow would turn out to be Bryson.

Rumor had it that the Mitchell family’s fortune originated in real estate and had lasted through five affluent generations. However, in Bryson’s father’s era, family wealth became a fierce battlefield due to numerous offspring.

Bryson’s father was an useless womanizer whose only legacy was fathering illegitimate children who never made it onto the family tree. Eventually, Bryson, the lone son of the mysteriously vanished Mrs. Mitchell, reclaimed his place in the family.

He ousted all those vying for the family's assets and became the Mitchell patriarch. In the last couple of years, he had shifted the family business toward finance while also excelling in emerging sectors.

Contrary to expectations, Bryson was unapproachable, ruling with a style that was as decisive as it was ruthless.

Curiosity filled Hannah. She had never guessed that a man so stiff and distant in professional life would enjoy such daring, untamed private pursuits.

She looked down, her shadow merging with the ground, her emotions a tangled web.

"Miss Moore... and your friend, care to join me for lunch?" Bryson suddenly asked. Seeing her puzzled expression, he clarified, "I'd like to apologize for my earlier rashness."

Hannah responded with candid warmth, nodding and smiling at him.

"Your hospitality is much appreciated."

Afterward, they headed to the observation deck before changing their outfits. As Hannah emerged from the changing room, Lydia was still fuming.

"You threw the race intentionally, didn't you?"

Exasperated, Hannah replied, "I don't even know him well. Why would I lose on purpose? No one's paying me off."

Confused, Lydia countered, "Your drifting used to be lightning-fast; you never lagged even after five laps. How could you mess up?"

Hannah glanced down at her callused hands, hardened from years of domestic labor.

"These hands are the reason. The feeling of holding the steering wheel is different now." She displayed them to Lydia, shrugging.

"It's been four years since I last touched a racing car."

At this, Lydia's frustration escalated.

"If not for that jerk, you would never have..."

"Who are you badmouthing?"

Sadie, Eliana and Declan appeared just as Lydia was speaking.

C 24

Glaring at Hannah, Sadie sneered, "Never knew you were so versatile."

Barely divorced my brother, and you're already man-hunting?"

Lydia bristled, retorting, "You make it sound like it's easy. Some dummies might take a lifetime just to learn how to wash a car!"

"Who are you insulting?"

"I'm talking to whoever thinks this is about them," Lydia shot back, rolling her eyes at Sadie.

Sadie was about to retaliate but was halted by Declan.

Declan's cold eyes met Hannah's.

"When did you take up racing? How did you become Tequila?"

Hannah shot him a detached glance.

"Why would I owe you an explanation, my ex-husband?"

Declan stared at Hannah, his expression icy.

"Let's not forget, we're still technically married."

Hannah scoffed, "Ah, Mr. Edwards, you suddenly remember our marriage status? Since you despise me so much, why didn't you go to the courthouse with me? Do you need me to repeatedly push you to do it?"

Just as Declan was about to respond, Eliana approached and took his arm.

"Miss Moore, I think you've misunderstood Declan. He was merely surprised you had secrets he wasn't aware of."

She glanced at Declan, adding, "You both were a couple once, and Declan is a man of integrity. He's concerned about the faithfulness in your marriage."

Hannah chuckled, "Faithfulness? He's so concerned about it that it didn't stop him from engaging in an affair?"

Eliana was taken aback by Hannah's blunt remark.

"I believe you're misreading the situation between Declan and me."

Declan's eyes darkened further.

"Eliana, there's no need to explain yourself to a convict. It's beneath you."

Smirking at Declan, Hannah replied, "Well, let's quicken our meeting at the courthouse, Mr. Edwards. I'd hate for my marriage status to further tarnish my so-called criminal record."

She began to walk away, then paused and looked back.

"Oh, by the way.

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A word of advice. Act fast. Otherwise, Miss Patel might suffer from undue criticism for being seen with you."

Hannah and her friend Lydia left, their departure marked by the distant sounds of Eliana's sobs and Declan's placating words.

Lydia exclaimed, "Fantastic! That's great! You put him in his place.

The man's a cheater who thought you'd be just as deceitful!"

Hannah flipped her hair dismissively.

"As long as he stays out of my way, he's irrelevant to me."

The venue had arranged a lunch at Sapphire Treasure, a sky-high restaurant requiring a month's notice for reservations.

Hannah and Lydia took their seats, conveniently Located with a scenic view.

The restaurant manager, dressed immaculately, approached Hannah.

"Miss Moore, the host would like to invite you and your guest to lunch on floor A."

The host? The floor A?

Floor A was a destination not all wealthy individuals could access.

Intrigued glances followed Hannah. How did she know the owner?

From afar, Declan's eyes turned stormy.

Eliana feigned surprise.

"It appears that Miss Moore is even more appealing after divorce."

Realizing this must be Bryson's doing, Hannah rose and followed the manager to floor A, Lydia in tow.

Arriving at the outdoor circular platform, they found Bryson lounging with wine and an array of gourmet dishes.

Unhesitatingly, Hannah and Lydia chose their seats.

Nodding toward the feast, Hannah said, "Mr. Mitchell, your hospitality is much appreciated."

Brayden, sitting beside Bryson, scrutinized Hannah.

"I'd heard of Tequila long before today. Seeing her now, she truly is one-of-a-kind."

Hannah delicately cut her steak.

"And Mr. Mitchell is equally captivating."