

The Unshackled Queen: Never Say Never Online Free - Chapter: 246

Once they left, turmoil erupted within the venue.

People noticed Hannah sitting solo; her co-driver's seat was empty.

"Is she asking for trouble? Driving on Rochgan Hill's winding roads at night without a co-driver? That's like asking to crash! What's going through her mind?"

"Who is she anyway? A female driver? Ever heard of a well-known one?"

"You out of the loop or what? Weren't you at the Valmere race? She's the ex-wife of the Edwards family's young master, also known as the elusive Tequila!"

The infield was buzzing with excitement!

"Tequila? The faceless racing goddess?"

"How did that guy from the Edwards family manage to marry her, only to cheat on her?"

"Guess the grass really is greener, huh? Everyone here has some escapades, except the saintly Bryson Mitchell, of course, hahaha."

Several young elites joined in the mockery. Upon hearing this, Declan's fists tightened, filled with a pang of regret as he focused on the remarkable woman displayed on the screen.

Eliana tugged on Declan's arm.

"Declan, what do those numbers above mean?"

Glancing upward, Declan noted the fluctuating, multicolored numbers on the screen and clarified for Eliana in a more tender tone.

"Those are betting odds for the big race. The best odds are on the green one, Cyril Holmes. He's been practically unbeatable in recent years."

"Then let's put our money on him, seems like a guaranteed win. What do you think, Declan?"

Declan stared at Hannah's name on the distant screen, saying nothing.

Eliana glanced at the electronic display and her smile vanished as she spotted Hannah's name.

"Declan, it's not that I don't want to back Miss Moore. It's that the odds are really stacked against her.

I don't want you to throw away money. After all, the minimum bet will be a million.

"Declan, what's on your mind? You should be betting on that other guy. Who in their right mind would bet on Hannah, the jinx?" Upon seeing Hannah's name on the screen, Sadie couldn't help but roll her eyes.

"I wonder who the high roller is that bet a hundred million on her. Aren't they scared of losing big?"

Suddenly, fireworks erupted on the screen, and only Hannah's name appeared in bold. The bettor was anonymous, but the wager was a staggering five hundred million dollars!

Hannah's name also rocketed to the top of the display.

Five hundred million was no small sum!

C 247

The bets from the attendees, and even the hidden VIP schemer, paled in comparison.

Many speculated that Tequila's sudden rise had something to do with her sugar daddy.

"Someone actually bet half a billion on Hannah? Is that even possible?"

Sadie shouted.

"Who's insane enough to bet that much on a sure loser?"

Her point seemed valid.

The crowd echoed her sentiment.

"Exactly. Who's the big spender behind Tequila? Seems like they're here to grab attention."

"It's half a billion dollars. Whoever's backing her must be wealthy enough to capture plenty of attention."

"Let's not forget, if she loses, that bet doubles to a billion. Who would gamble with that kind of money?"

As the chatter buzzed, the camera, along with Cyril, shifted focus toward Hannah.

After exiting his race car, Cyril approached Hannah's vehicle, lifted his arm, and tapped on her car's roof.

"Tequila, it's been ages.

Last time we crossed paths was what? Years ago, right?"

With a sly smile curling his lips, Cyril glanced at Hannah.

"I assumed you'd been avoiding me all these years because you were scared."

He sneered at her, "I can't believe you haven't improved at all over the years. You can't even afford a co-driver now?"

Just as Lydia was about to sprint onto the track, Brayden caught up and halted her.

"Calm down!"

"My friend's getting picked on in there! You want me to calm down?"

"Are you joking?" Lydia attempted to shake off Brayden's grip.

Realizing he couldn't restrain her, Brayden swiftly hoisted her onto his shoulder.

"Brayden!! What are you doing?! Put me down!"

The moment she was lifted, Lydia let out a shriek.

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"Don't stress. Miss Moore is fine. She won't be pushed around,"

Brayden assured her as he carried her back.

"Brayden! Put me down!!! Do you hear me!"

Meanwhile, Cyril also caught wind of the commotion outside. He glared menacingly at Hannah.

"If you're eager to meet your maker, I won't stand in your way. Your co-driver's already a casualty. I'd hate for you to join him."

Cyril then broke into a derisive laugh.

"Let's be real. That was all on you, wasn't it? You'd be the one six feet under if he hadn't stepped in last-minute. So, in a way, you killed him, didn't you?"

Memories of the past washed over Hannah, making her grip her fists tightly. She felt chilled to the bone, her breaths coming more rapidly.

Summoning her calm, she looked Cyril evenly.

“You broke into my garage to sabotage my car, didn’t you?”

“Huh?” Cyril raised an eyebrow, grinning.

“Prove it. Otherwise, I’ll have my lawyers slap you with a defamation suit.”

“You’re sabotaging me because you’re not confident you can beat me, right?” Hannah retorted, her eyes piercing.

Cyril’s grin vanished, replaced by a sinister look.

“What was that?”

You think I can’t beat you?”

Just then, a track official approached the two racers.

“Miss Moore, per committee regulations, you can’t race without a co- driver.”

At that instant, Cyril gave a sarcastic whistle.

“Tough break, Tequila. Guess you’re benched this round.”

Hannah frowned at the official.

“Your contract never stipulated that I had to have a co-driver.”

“I apologize, Miss Moore. Given the hazardous mountain terrain, especially at night, we’ve prioritized driver safety,” the official explained.

The news reverberated throughout the venue via live broadcast, leaving the crowd in a state of disbelief.

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Tequila was on the brink of disqualification for lacking a co-driver?

The news sent shockwaves through the crowd.

Sadie crossed her arms and scoffed, “She’s just here for the spotlight. Showing up without a co-driver? She’s played herself. She had it coming!”

“Declan, do you think it’s a problem if Miss Moore can’t compete?”

Eliana appeared somewhat disappointed.

“Miss Moore doesn’t need to gamble her life on a race. It’s probably for the best that she didn’t bring a co-driver, so she can exit the competition.”

“Humph!” Sadie huffed.

“I bet she intentionally skipped on bringing a co-driver, just to have an easy out after her little show!”

Declan’s gaze was locked onto Hannah’s image on the screen.

Witnessing the determination in her expression, he sensed that Hannah wasn’t what others claimed her to be. If she could, she would race alone.

As this thought crossed his mind, an inexplicable sense of sadness enveloped him.

The audience burst into a chorus of jeers and mockery, amused by Hannah’s audacity.

“I thought she was a dark horse, but it turns out she’s just a clown.

She’s out before the race even starts. How boring!”

“Whoever bet half a billion on her must be devastated. She didn’t even kick off the race, and now they’re down a billion!”

“What a waste! Had that person bet on a promising rookie, there might be a chance that they could rake it in. Now they’re not only broke but also look like a complete idiot.”

“Exactly. I’d love to find out who was foolish enough to stake 500 million on her.”

At that moment, tension permeated the atmosphere of the race.

Simultaneously, Cyril smacked his lips and sneered at Hannah, “Getting disqualified might be a blessing in disguise for you. At least you’ll live to see another day!”

“After years of being away, your sudden return delighted me, only to learn you might bow out before the race even begins.”

Cyril knocked his knuckles on the roof of Hannah’s car and quipped, “So, you chickened out and decided not to bring a co-driver, did you?”

Hannah glanced at the official beside her.

“Is there no alternative?”

Can I pick someone who's only signed up for doubles to be my co- driver?"

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"I'm afraid not, Miss Moore," the official replied courteously.

"You can't have another contestant as your co-driver. Sorry, but you have only twenty minutes before the race starts. If you can't find someone, you'll be disqualified."

"Too bad, Miss Moore," Cyril scoffed, relishing her dilemma.

"Looks like there's no one here fit to be your co-driver. Maybe you shouldn't overextend yourself."

"Who says there isn't anyone qualified?"

A spotlight lit up the distance, revealing Bryson in a sleek black- and-white racing outfit, helmet in hand.

The evening wind ruffled his hair as he strode into the racetrack, silhouetted by the moonlight.

The gusts momentarily blurred Hannah's vision; she blinked to focus on the man walking toward her, momentarily paralyzed.

Why was he here?

In a split second, the previously subdued racetrack and crowd came to life!

When Bryson's face flashed on the screen, recognition spread; his presence was the last thing anyone had expected.

"Bryson Mitchell?! What's he doing here, stepping in as Hannah Moore's co-driver?"

“Oh my God! Why didn’t anyone tell me Bryson would be here tonight?”

“Bryson, serving as a co-driver for a woman? Just how remarkable is she? Is he the one backing her?”

Eliana’s eyes were glued to the screen, watching Bryson stand next to Hannah. Her fingers tensed up without her realizing it.

Why does Hannah always get assistance, and why would someone as remarkable as Bryson give her the time of day?

If only a man of Bryson’s caliber were by her side..

Her eyes sparkled with unspoken ambition as she gazed resentfully at the screen.

“What’s so special about this bitch that Mr. Mitchell keeps helping her?”

Sadie slammed her hand on the chair in frustration, staring at Bryson’s suave appearance and feeling a twinge of jealousy.

“She’s just using Mr. Mitchell as her support!”

Meanwhile, Declan, seeing Bryson next to Hannah and how well they seemed to fit together, felt his fists tighten involuntarily; his expression darkened gradually.

On the racetrack, murmurs erupted among the racers.

“Bryson Mitchell! A man of many awards, both nationally and internationally! I thought he wasn’t racing this time since he wasn’t on the list. Is he co-driving?”