

The Unshackled Queen: Never Say Never Online Free - Chapter: 251

"I don't think he's ever co-driven before. It must be Hannah's influence. She actually got a top racer as her co-driver!"

"This race is full of surprises. It's anyone's guess who will lose!"

Cyril's face had already soured at the sight of Bryson. When he heard the murmurs around him, his expression turned even darker as he glared at Hannah.

How did she pull this off? How did she manage to get Bryson in her corner?

"Mr. Mitchell, there's really no need for you to take part in this race just for her," Cyril said, his tone unusually submissive.

"If you race, I'll simply forfeit. How could I possibly compete with you?"

Cyril was fully aware that upsetting the man before him might put him in trouble, even with his own boss backing him.

"Isn't this just a small competition? Wouldn't it look bad if I beat you, Mr. Mitchell? If you're so keen on winning, I'll just withdraw."

Bryson looked at Cyril impassively.

"I'm confident I'll win, because I have believe in Hannah."

Hannah looked up at Bryson, taken aback for a moment.

"She's a jinx that could endanger her team, maybe even put Mr. Mitchell at risk!" Cyril scoffed at Hannah, "You haven't raced in ages, probably because of that old incident..."

Hannah shot back with an icy grin, "If you're scared to race, Cyril, just admit it. Are you dredging up history because you're actually afraid to lose?"

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The taunt Cyril had just made was promptly thrown back at him.

Just as Cyril was about to respond, a voice crackled through his headphones.

“Proceed with the race. Use either of the two upcoming events to eliminate them. Ensure Bryson doesn’t make it.”

Cyril’s expression shifted. He didn’t want to cross Bryson, but neither could he afford to offend the person giving orders, someone who could squash him like a bug.

Teeth clenched and eyes glaring at Hannah, he declared, “Fine, let’s race. And if you lose, don’t claim I had an unfair advantage!”

He swung around and climbed into his car, followed by the other racers getting into their vehicles.

Sitting in her car, Hannah felt her heart race.

Next to her in the passenger seat was Bryson, and a soft scent of mint filled the air, doing little to ease her already frazzled nerves.

“Bryson Mitchell!”

Hannah gripped the steering wheel tightly, her gaze electric as she turned toward him.

“You knew I’d race today. You also knew I’d come alone, so you finalized the agreement ahead of time, didn’t you?”

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Amidst the shadowy interior, Bryson met her eyes and simply said, “Yes.”

“hy?” Hannah’s eyes grew moist, her voice wavering.

“Before I answer, I have a question for you,” Bryson replied, his voice icy in the enclosed space.

“You left Grace’s situation to Mr. Campbell, you declined Lydia as your co-driver, and you entered this race alone. Are you ready for the worst-case scenario, intending to handle this on your own?”

Hannah’s hands trembled subtly as she averted her gaze from Bryson’s.

“This is my fight. I didn’t want to drag anyone else into it.”

“I believe you’ll win,” Bryson said.

Those words again.

Unable to contain herself, Hannah turned to find Bryson softly smiling in the darkness.

“I’ve staked my life on you winning. It’s the biggest gamble I’ve ever taken. You won’t disappoint me, will you?”

After a moment of silence, Hannah's lips curled into a faint smile, her eyes locking onto the mountains in the distance as her grip tightened on the wheel.

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"With stakes this high, I have no choice but to win."

With just five minutes to go, tension in the venue was at an all-time high!

Bryson's unexpected arrival had left everyone stunned!

Though he was only serving as a co-driver, Hannah was quite competent.

Their alliance had the potential to shake up the whole race.

Those who had put money on Cyril were visibly annoyed. They grumbled loudly, "Didn't they say no more partnerships after the race begins?"

Is Bryson getting special treatment now because of his reputation?"

As skepticism rippled through the crowd, more people started to question the situation!

Brayden, who was there with Lydia, heard the discontent and sneered, "You think Bryson is as short-sighted as you? Always waiting for last-minute miracles? The agreement was signed well before the race. If you have issues, take them up with the organizers, instead of whining here!"

Sensing the crowd quiet down, Brayden escorted Lydia to their seats.

Lydia sat, still puzzled, and said, "How did Bryson know to sign a partnership ahead of time? How did he know Hannah would be here today..."

In the middle of her thought, she caught a somewhat sheepish expression on Brayden's face. It suddenly dawned on her that he was the insider!

"Brayden! I thought I could trust you! You were the informant?"

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Brayden let her land a playful punch on him, quickly soothing her.

"Reconsider it. This could actually be a good thing. Without it, Miss Moore might not have even been in the race today."

"Humph!" Lydia turned her face away, uninterested in further discussion.

The screen started the race countdown!

Seizing the moment, Brayden said, "Don't rush into anger too quickly."

The race is starting!”

Lydia’s eyes shifted to the big screen, and immediately, all her focus turned to her friend. Though the cars hadn’t moved yet, her palms were already tightly clenched in anticipation!

Inside the racetrack...

The roar of the engines was relentless!

Only when the race queen at the front swung the yellow flags in a cross motion and leaned over did the cars take off, like arrows shot from their bows!

The landscape near the mountain’s base was relatively flat, allowing several cars to jockey for position, nearly side-by-side at the front.

Yet, it was Hannah’s car that truly stole the show.

While the lead cars seemed neck and neck, hers was just a notch behind, hot on the heels of the frontrunners.

“Damn it! I really thought she’d be the dark horse. Had me scared for a second! Guess this is all she’s got!”

Within a box, tension gave way to relief among several spectators as they watched Hannah’s performance.

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“Good thing I didn’t change my bet to her, or I would have been out a lot of money!”

Eliana noticed Hannah lagging and felt a sense of relief wash over her.

“Looks like we backed the right horse. The winner will Likely still be the racer who led last time.”

Onscreen, as the cars navigated the curving mountain roads, some clearly struggled, falling increasingly behind.

But Hannah’s car began to reveal its strengths.

Although she started slow, she remained undeterred and stuck close to the leader.

Bryson, consulting the road ahead, coordinated flawlessly with her.

“Ease up on the gas at the upcoming mini S-curve, then pass the lead car on the outer lane at the next major S-curve. Keep it steady. If you can’t make the pass here, there’s another opportunity at the third S-curve during the second stage. If we miss both, it’s going to be tough.”

With composure, Bryson glanced at the tablet displaying the race map.

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“Watch out. The other driver is playing hardball.”

Acknowledging Bryson’s advice, Hannah eased her speed at the minor S\$
-curve.

This move immediately widened the gap between hers and Cyril’s vehicles.

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The trailing cars opted to accelerate, aiming to overtake Hannah.

Miscalculating the tricky curve, they bumped and swerved towards the mountain’s edge.

With no options, they had to decelerate.

In contrast, Hannah, having negotiated the minor S-curve with finesse, hit the gas.

She surged ahead, substantially widening her lead over the pack.

The distance she needed to close was vanishing fast.

Taking a daring move, Hannah swung left, passing at blazing speed.

The left side was a steep, treacherous mountain path. Yet, she managed to skim alongside Cyril’s car.

A collective gasp reverberated throughout the venue.

Spotting Hannah’s audacious move, Cyril quickly veered his wheel to the left.

He closed in on Hannah, aiming to force her to slow down through spatial intimidation.

The cars were dangerously close. A collision seemed inevitable if Hannah didn’t relent.

Everyone anticipated her retreat, but astonishingly, her speed didn’t drop, it doubled!

Hannah coldly lifted the spoiler of her car.

As she neared the riskiest curve on the track, she floored the accelerator, effortlessly passing Cyril and sliding into the lead.

“Unbelievable!”

An astonished cry rippled through the crowd; nobody had expected Hannah to attempt a drift on such a perilous curve.

To them, it looked as if her car was moments away from flying off the cliffside.

"I couldn't even breathe! She's relentless!"

"Don't be foolish. That's Tequila, a champion in international events.

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You think she came here for fun?"

"I'm done for. I bet 2 million on Cyril! Am I going to lose it all?"

As Hannah seized the lead, Eliana's complexion drained of color while she watched the screen. How could Hannah be so skilled? It had to be Mr. Mitchell's doing!

Gripping her skirt's hem tightly, Eliana remembered the rumors that Cyril was a sure win for the day's race. She had staked 5 million on it!

The loss of that 5 million...

She couldn't bear to contemplate the repercussions, her eyes glued to Hannah on the screen.

She thought to herself, "Why won't you just die, Hannah? Why are you still alive?"

Hannah's audacious pass on the S-turn had certainly ignited chatter.

Back in his car, Cyril slammed his foot down on the accelerator, his eyes tinged with a fierce red, fixated on the vehicle in front of him, determined to overtake it immediately.

His co-driver, clutching a tablet, warned him, "The upcoming turns are unpredictable. Your only chance to pass is at the third S-curve during the second stage."

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"Not fast enough!"

Cyril, almost frenzied, shouted, eyes locked on the road ahead, "If we delay, she'll widen the gap and we won't catch her! Think you can outdo me, Tequila?"

With that, Cyril hit the gas, closing in on Hannah's car.

Bryson glanced at the car's rearview mirror.

"Pull in the spoiler first. If it takes a hit, it'll mess up the car's handling later in the race."

Quick as a flash, Hannah retracted the spoiler but maintained her speed.

"The curve up ahead is a wildcard. Slowing down might be wise."

His eyes shifted from the screen to the road in front of them.

“You’re a seasoned racer. The call on whether to slow down is yours.”

Though the world outside raced by, Hannah had no plans to decelerate.

She flicked her icy eyes to the rearview mirror. Cyril was right on her tail. If she let up even for a moment, he’d pass her.

In the end, she charged through the upcoming S-curve without slowing down, straight into the second leg of the race!

The two cars were practically side by side.

It made the other competitors seem almost irrelevant. The lead pair had already surged nearly 500 meters ahead, leaving little hope for the rest unless something unforeseen occurred.