

# The Unshackled Queen: Never Say Never Online Free - Chapter: 261

Cyril's shout echoed in the car.

"Hannah Moore, go to hell!! All of you, straight to hell!"

Quick on his feet, Bryson enveloped Hannah in his arms and veered to the side, safeguarding her as they tumbled away.

A cacophony of enraged yells and terrified screams filled the air.

Lifting his head while still shielding Hannah, Bryson caught sight of Cyril's car as it soared off the cliff.

The car sketched an arc in the air before plummeting down the mountainside.

The scene was chaotic! The staff hastily cut the live feed and dialed the police. The other competitors were ushered down the mountain first.

Bryson shielded Hannah's eyes, making sure she didn't witness the car's descent.

As they made their way down, they found Lydia already waiting. Seeing her friend, she hurried over.

"Are you alright? Let me see!"

"I'm okay. Thanks to Mr. Mitchell here, I'm unharmed."

Lydia still trembled.

"When I saw that car coming at you, my heart nearly leapt out of my chest! Mr. Mitchell, thank you for keeping Hannah safe."

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Bryson's gaze was soft as it settled on Hannah, his tone mellow.

"It was my responsibility."

Due to the unfortunate event, no one was permitted to leave the venue. They all stayed put.

Those in the VIP room had remained there since the start.

Upon seeing Bryson, Brayden muttered, "We've checked. The guy in the VIP room isn't the one. He was most likely a useless proxy. Still, he's down 6 hundred million tonight. He'll definitely come after you.

Watch your back."

Bryson's eyes turned icy.

"He's concerned about troubling me when I haven't even begun to cause him trouble?"

Brayden lowered his voice further.

"They don't realize you're doing this for Hannah. Given their lost shares and the money, they won't just walk away. They might target Hannah next."

"Let them try if they dare."

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Bryson's dark eyes settled on Hannah, who was conversing with Lydia a short distance away.

"If they think they can lay a hand on her, they'd better reassess their own capabilities."

"Got it. Yosef will keep tabs on Valmere, and I'll take care of the Muvrand talks. No need to worry," Brayden assured.

As they conversed, law enforcement promptly descended on the location to collect evidence.

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After viewing the live footage and the ensuing drama at the racetrack, Hannah quickly became the focal point of their investigation.

Twitter was ablaze with trending hashtags!

#Tequila Clinches First In Epic Race

#Renowned Racer Cyril Holmes Falls To His Death

#Is Tequila Actually Her?!

In the meantime, Hannah's previously uneventful tweets were suddenly inundated with comments.

"Do you have even more secrets? You're the elusive Tequila? I can't believe this!"

"You return and claim victory? Unbelievable and amazing! You're definitely my hero!"

But then, the narrative flipped unexpectedly!

A scandalous hashtag began to lead the trending charts.

“Shameful! Tequila will do anything for the win, even if it leads to another racer’s horrific cliff fall.  
#JusticeForTheRacer #FoulPlay”

Beneath this hashtag, wild conspiracy theories erupted.

“Why the sudden reemergence after years away? Doesn’t it seem odd?”

“I had heard the rumors. She’s the reason her friend died on this mountain, forcing her to exit racing. You all were in the dark?”

This post garnered numerous responses and Likes.

“I heard that too. It was big news back in the day, but it faded.

How dare she return?”

“Wait, she’s responsible for her friend’s death? This is absolutely horrifying.

The mood online started to shift in an unsettling direction, with many users lashing out at Hannah, berating her without restraint.

Unaware that her online reputation had taken a nosedive, Hannah was in the midst of answering police questions at the event location.

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Lydia, alarmed by what she saw on social media, quickly told Brayden, “The internet’s buzzing with fake news. Someone’s posted edited clips from the livestream. People are accusing Hannah of deliberate murder!”

Upon checking his phone, Brayden found that the web was indeed awash with skewed conspiracy theories, suggesting Hannah had sabotaged her fellow competitors.

Clearly, someone was pulling strings from the shadows.

“Should we remove this trending topic?”

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Presenting Bryson with the online chatter and biased public opinion, Brayden said, “It seems like there’s an instigator fanning the flames here.”

After scrolling through his phone, Bryson responded, “No, let’s not kill the trending topic. We should have the event organizers release the full livestream. That should be sufficient.”

“Got it! I’ll make sure it’s done.”

Bryson handed his phone back to Brayden and walked over to Hannah.

The investigator on the scene recognized Bryson and courteously asked, “Mr. Mitchell, you were also a witness. Any insights?”

Without a word, Bryson subtly positioned Hannah behind him, protecting her.

Bryson then briefly recounted the incident to the investigators.

Upon cross-referencing the eyewitness accounts with the Livestream, the investigators found no anomalies and simply took down Hannah’s contact details for possible future inquiries.

Watching a few people exit the VIP room, Bryson’s eyes narrowed.

These weren’t the people from Muvrand.

After taking statements, the police left with the individuals.

The venue manager came up to Bryson.

“Sir, you have an internal call from Muvrand.”

Knowing who was on the other end, Bryson instructed Brayden to look after Hannah while he took the call.

Having been through the interrogation, Hannah stayed silent, uttering no words.

“Come, let’s sit down for a bit,” Lydia suggested, concern etched on her face as she supported Hannah’s shoulder.

Hannah nodded softly and followed her friend to a nearby sofa.

Out of nowhere, a hand appeared, offering Hannah a bottle of water.

Looking up, she saw it was Declan. Her face turned frosty, and she refused the water.

“Declan, why even bother with her? She’s clearly ungrateful!”

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Sadie shot Hannah a disdainful glance.

“Just because she won some game, she’s acting all high and mighty.”

Standing off to the side, Eliana softly said, “Miss Moore, Declan’s only concerned. The death was mysterious, and there’s a risk you could get dragged into this.”

Hannah shot back, "Didn't you see the livestream? He tried to ram me with his car but ended up driving off the cliff. What's that got to do with me? Besides, is your boyfriend caring for me something to show off about?"

Hannah rolled her eyes as she looked at Eliana.

"Rather than feigning concern here, maybe focus on your own people. Haven't you had enough humiliation, Ms. Patel? What else do you want to be shamed for?"

Eliana, stung by Hannah's cutting words, went ashen-faced and shot a pleading look at Declan.

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However, Declan's attention was solely on Hannah. He didn't even glance Eliana's way, which made her seethe with anger.

Declan's eyes softened a bit.

"Hannah, may we have a private word?"

No."

Hannah met Declan's gaze icily.

"There's nothing left for us to discuss."

"I didn't come to fight or inconvenience you. I simply have some things I'd like to say. Would you give me a moment for Grandma's sake?"

"Stay away from him, Hannah!" Lydia shot Declan a warning look.

"Who knows what he's planning!"

"It's okay, Lydia. Wait for me outside."

Though Lydia felt a twinge of apprehension, she departed, glancing back multiple times.

Declan signaled to the two behind him to leave, then stayed and set a bottle of water next to Hannah.

"I can imagine it must have been unsettling after the contest. If you need anything, just say the word."

Hannah's brow furrowed as she looked up at Declan.

"If that's all you've got, you can go now."

"No!" Declan blurted out, "I truly worry about you. Seeing you almost get hurt filled me with concern."

To Hannah, it sounded like a cruel joke. She sneered, "Declan Edwards, we have no connection now. Stop this charade of caring. Why not turn your concern toward your fiancée instead?"

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Hannah started to rise, intending to leave, but Declan seized her wrist!

"Declan Edwards! What are you trying to do?!" Hannah scowled, struggling to free her wrist from his grasp.

Several onlookers lingered, watching with interest.

Declan caught himself, relaxing his posture.

"I apologize for making you uneasy. Grandma has been feeling lonely in the villa. She'd appreciate your company. Will you go?"

With a detached air, Hannah stepped back.

"Understood. I'll go."

She turned and walked away decisively.

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Declan watched her retreating form, his emotions a tangled mess.

As Hannah approached Lydia, a young man in racing attire hailed her.

"Tequila! I've heard you're an ace on the racetrack. Today's race was eye-opening!"

Realizing he was the one who had come to her aid, Hannah offered a smile.

"Just call me Hannah."

"I'm Pierson Miller!" Pierson beamed, extending his hand for a shake.

Before Hannah could respond, Lydia intercepted Pierson's hand.

"So you're the rising star, Pierson? I've caught a few of your TV roles.

You're quite the actor. And a racing enthusiast too!"

Visibly flustered, Pierson pulled back his hand.

"I joined the race on the down-low, so I'd appreciate your discretion."

“Your secret’s safe! You kept your helmet on during the livestream to avoid recognition, didn’t you?” Lydia said, her eyes shining with admiration.

“Correct.” Pierson looked toward Hannah and brandished his phone.

“Could I get your WhatsApp?”

Noticing Hannah’s hesitation, Lydia nudged her.

“Come on!”