

# The Unshackled Queen: Never Say Never Online Free - Chapter: 256

Cameras clung to them, transforming the group event into a one-on-one showdown.

“Ease into the first S-curve, no need to rush,” Bryson murmured.

Crossing into the second leg, Hannah clutched the steering wheel, her heart pounding faster as they ascended. Her fingertips turned icy.

Her sight grew hazy. The road ahead reminded her of an old mountain route, and ambient sounds wavered in and out.

Her car tore through the track, leaving nearly a streak of after-images on the live broadcast.

As they reached the hill’s midpoint, an unexpected rain began to drizzle, catching everyone off guard.

This rain would make the road a slippery hazard. Event organizers had checked the day’s weather, and rain hadn’t been on the forecast.

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The sudden downpour sent the crew into a flurry, scrambling to reach mountain staff to halt the race.

But a single phone call halted their efforts. The influential backers insisted the race go on.

“Why are we still racing? Who’s going to take the fall if something goes wrong?”

Upon hearing the race would continue, Lydia grew impassioned.

“Rochgan Hill’s roads are already treacherous. Adding rain to the mix?

Are we gambling with lives for the sake of the race?”

Sadie shot back sarcastically, “Miss Phillips, they all signed waivers. The organizers aren’t liable for whatever happens. Would it be fair to halt the race just because of a little rain?”

Lydia shook her head, her gaze fixed on the screen where Hannah, resplendent in her red racing suit against the night sky, was intently focused on the road.

“So, the financial gain trumps human life, does it?”

Brayden softly gripped Lydia’s arm and whispered, “The stakes are too high for the dealers to call it off.”

His gaze shifted to the large screen.

“I have faith that Miss Moore and Bryson will make it through.”

The co-driver beside Cyril began to tremble, sensing that today Cyril was driving like a lunatic! He kept navigating treacherous S-curves while ramping up the speed.

Despite the onset of rain, Cyril remained fiercely competitive with Hannah.

As they approached the third S-curve, Cyril slammed the gas pedal, aiming to pass Hannah at this crucial moment.

However, to his surprise, Hannah strategically took the outer lane under these precarious conditions.

Cyril’s eyes darkened as he hissed, “She has to go down today!”

C 257

Fueled by manic energy, he stomped on the accelerator and veered into the inner lane, charging at Hannah’s vehicle.

In a race of this velocity, a collision would surely send a car hurtling off course.

The crowd collectively held their breath.

“Has Cyril Holmes lost his mind? He’s playing fast and loose with people’s lives!”

“Is he actually aiming to knock Tequila’s car off the cliff?”

What everyone had first assumed was merely an exciting race had turned into a life-threatening ordeal, thanks to Cyril’s murderous intent on screen.

“Someone, tell the officials to halt the race!”

No one could identify the shouter, but chaos erupted among the spectators.

A staff member appeared visibly shaken.

“The drivers have cleared the third stage, and they’re nearing the summit in stage four. We can’t stop the race now!”

An eerie quiet descended upon the crowd, faces taut with apprehension.

No one could peel their eyes away from the big screen. Some even readied their phones to capture the heart-stopping instant.

All of a sudden, Lydia rose to her feet, eyes fixed on the large screen, and muttered, "Something's not right with Hannah..."

Her voice resonated. Those nearby heard and shifted their attention toward her.

A N G E L A 's L I B R A R Y

Brayden also stood, casting a puzzled look at Lydia.

"What's the matter?"

"Hannah hasn't decelerated since stage three. Normally, anyone would ease off the throttle a bit when the road conditions are uncertain..."

Lydia's gaze remained locked on the screen.

"Since a moment ago, even with Cyril tailgating her in such risky circumstances, she opted for the most dangerous route to clear stage three. I fear something bad is going to happen!"

Outside the screen...

The car hurtled through the third stage, its performance already maxed out by Hannah!

Bryson sensed that something was off with Hannah but held off on warning her.

He said calmly, "The rain has let up, and the road ahead seems fine.

You don't have to worry about road conditions. Watch out for Cyril.

C 258

Keep his car at a distance. If you can't, don't fight him for first place. Just yield."

Hannah's eyes grew icy, catching sight of the relentless car behind her as her fingers clenched the steering wheel.

Was this the same tactic he used to cause Jaxton's deadly accident?

Hannah tightened her grip, deployed the car's rear wing, and engaged high-speed mode, propelling her race car to even greater velocities!

A N G E L A 's L I B R A R Y

"Has she lost her mind?"

“We’re nearing the end! Just two more S-curves and it’s the finish line! Right now, she’s darting forward at top speed, vying to secure the lead. Can she even stop if she gets there first?”

“Is she really willing to gamble her life like this? Is the outcome of this race so crucial?”

“If she loses, her sponsor will be out a billion! How can that not matter?”

“Judging by her actions, it looks like she couldn’t care less about the billion. She’s putting her life on the line!”

Cyril was stunned that Hannah would actually risk her life to accelerate in the final stage. His eyes followed the dangerously close car as he clenched his teeth in rage!

He also hastily increased his speed, chasing Hannah’s car!

“What is this, a death wish?” his co-driver shrieked next to him.

“If we can’t brake after crossing the finish line, we’re all doomed!”

In Cyril’s gaze, desperation and cruelty had taken over.

“If we can’t settle this, we should all be dead!”

To the astonishment of the crowd, Hannah appeared unshaken, driving Cyril to greater madness. He stomped on the accelerator of his sports car, pursuing Hannah with unyielding tenacity.

The final S-turn loomed ahead!

Cyril calculated the moment, flooring the gas pedal. Both cars appeared on a collision course!

The air was punctuated with shrieks!

“No, no, no!”

A handful of women shielded their eyes, unwilling to see the cars plummet off the cliff.

Just as Cyril was about to smirk in victory, the car in front swerved unpredictably.

Their cars now facing each other, Hannah locked eyes with Cyril through the glass.

Nonchalantly, she flipped him off, her smile icy.

C 259

Executing a reverse at such high speed uphill was no small feat, especially with both cars racing so recklessly!

Cyril, his face flushed with rage, gunned the accelerator, intending to crash head-on into Hannah's car and send both vehicles spiraling down the mountain.

Everyone held their collective breath.

The atmosphere was so tense, the faintest sound would reverberate.

No one dared to utter a word. Fists clenched, eyes riveted to the screen.

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Just as the fronts of the two cars were inches from impact, Hannah jerked the steering wheel.

Cyril, missing his mark due to momentum, careened towards the mountain's edge. With split-second reflexes, he slammed on the brakes and twisted the steering wheel.

In that heartbeat, a red blur flashed past him, sprinting to the finish Line.

Hannah crossed the finish line and hit the brakes, whipping the steering wheel around.

She halted precariously at the mountain's edge.

The crowd seemed to exhale as one, each person drawing a deep, relieved breath.

"Holy shit."

Some stood agape, voicing their awe, while others were virtually mute, their eyes still fixated on the red race car at the summit.

"What in the world just happened? That was nothing short of miraculous! Snatched from the jaws of death.."

"Is this the prowess that clinched five straight championships? It's spine-chilling.."

"I've got chills! That was out of this world! Tequila is amazing!"

Amidst the venue's electric atmosphere, nobody seemed concerned about any financial losses. Instead, the crowd was alive with cheers and shouts.

Lydia sank into her chair, letting out a sigh of relief.

"Thank goodness. Nothing went wrong. Everything's okay now."

At the finish line

Hannah exited the race car and took off her helmet. Wet strands of hair clung to her forehead, and the night's darkness lent her an enigmatic allure.

Rain fell, but she was unbothered. She made her way to the cliff's edge and stood there, deep in thought.

A black jacket appeared above her head. She glanced up, locking eyes with Bryson, who was staring at the same spot.

He held the jacket over her, standing beside her in silence.

C 260

Hannah looked away, her voice quivering.

"I'm a lousy racer. I let my emotions get the best of me this time. Lost control more than once. I'm thinking of giving up racing."

"Maybe you're not the ideal racer," Bryson said, his voice rich and magnetic.

"But you're an amazing friend. And he will see that."

Years of bottled-up guilt shattered at Bryson's words.

Hannah's eyes welled up, her voice breaking as she said, "He... he won't ever see that again."

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Bryson gazed at her, his eyes softening with compassion.

Finally, he pulled her into a hug.

"This rain... it's his way of saying he's seen it."

Inside the venue

Lydia clutched her face, her tears flowing even more freely than Hannah's.

Brayden hastily dabbed at her eyes.

"Why are you crying?"

"You don't get it!"

Lydia shoved Brayden's hand away, sobbing uncontrollably.

"I'm just so overwhelmed!"

On the track, cars were still crossing the finish line.

Yet, officials hadn't seen Cyril's car come through. Inquiring with other drivers, they learned his car had stalled at the S-curve.

Just as post-race interviews were about to commence, the roar of an engine echoed from afar. All eyes turned toward the track's end.

Cyril gunned the engine, barreling toward Hannah at an alarming speed.

"Look out!"

"Watch yourself!"

"Get out of the way!!"

The crowd erupted in terrified screams!