

# The Unshackled Queen: Never Say Never Online Free - Chapter: 241

“The roster for Rochgan Hill is finalized. Miss Moore has signed up for both the doubles and the group events. I’ve had someone investigate the doubles match-ups.

Miss Moore will be facing Cyril Holmes. Cyril Holmes is someone I’m familiar with. He...”

“Will do whatever it takes to win,” Bryson cut in, his eyes icy and his demeanor stern.

“I’ve encountered him at a few international events but never directly faced off with him.”

“Ah...”

Brayden exhaled, turning to Bryson.

“Why did Miss Moore get grouped with someone like him?”

“Arrange for the groups to be changed.”

“I thought you might say that.” Brayden shook his head, adopting a cryptic tone.

“Someone’s been pulling strings behind the scenes, deliberately shuffling Miss Moore into this group. It’s too late to change it now.”

Bryson’s presence became suddenly intense, as if emanating a chilling energy.

“Have we secured seats for tonight’s event?”

“Anticipating you’d attend, I’ve already reserved a spot for you.”

Brayden’s relaxed air shifted, becoming noticeably more earnest.

“Word has it that the big players from Muvrand will be there tonight, likely folks from Enchantment Casino. We haven’t finalized our contract; best to tread carefully.”

“Understood.”

As Hannah reached the base of Rochgan Hill, twilight was settling in.

[Where's the car?]

She glanced down and texted a quick message.

She got an immediate response.

[Garage five at the venue. All is set, boss. Just give it a test drive when you arrive.]

After reading the reply, Hannah presented her registration details to the adjacent staff member, collected her ID badge, and proceeded into the venue.

Entering the garage, she was momentarily speechless.

The car was a wine-red custom sports car, its body looking almost like red velvet under the Lighting. To put it plainly, it was pretty to look at, useless to use.

C 242

Feeling the onset of a headache, Hannah tapped the car's hood just as a message flashed on her phone.

[What do you think, boss? The car's awesome, isn't it!]

[We'll discuss this when I return!]

Hannah nearly stabbed her phone screen as she rapidly typed her response, then settled into the driver's seat.

The exterior might have been all show, but the interior was genuinely high-end, complete with a retractable spoiler at her fingertips.

After assessing the car's amenities, Hannah exited, and went to change into her racing gear in the garage's changing room.

Her red and white racing attire seemed to perfectly complement her car.

For ease of movement, she had twisted her long hair into a braid, slung over one shoulder, adding to her energetic aura.

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

She tossed her helmet into the car and checked the time. Registration commenced at 8:40, with the race kicking off at 9:00.

Plenty of time remained to survey the track and get her bearings.

Near the bleachers, a digital topographical map of the entire mountain and its key landmarks was displayed, each monitored by high speed cameras to capture every twist and turn of the race.

Just as Hannah was about to pinpoint a location on the map, a piercing voice grabbed her attention.

“Hannah Moore?! What are you doing here? It’s like you’re some kind of curse that keeps finding me!”

A sharp voice drew numerous glances throughout the hall, directing attention to the large display.

“That’s the Edwards family’s daughter, right? I couldn’t attend the Mitchell family’s banquet last time, but I’ve heard she caused quite a commotion there, didn’t she?”

“She clashed with her new sister-in-law at the event. I witnessed it; it was truly an unparalleled spectacle.”

“Seems I missed quite the spectacle the other time.”

Their animated chatter echoed clearly in the venue’s semi-open seating, with only the VIP sections remaining unaffected.

Sadie unmistakably overheard every word.

Her existing animosity towards Hannah was further ignited upon seeing her.

“Why are you even competing in this race? Has the competition dwindled so much that they’re letting anyone join?”

Declan, observing from behind, stared at Hannah donned in her racing attire, his expression unreadable. His realization of her racing prowess after their separation had left him taken aback.

Witnessing Hannah now, radiant and full of life, evoked certain emotions in him.

Eliana’s remark pulled Declan’s attention.

C 243

“Miss Moore is truly impressive. With Mr. Mitchell backing her, it’s no surprise she’s part of such a prestigious event.”

“She’s merely flaunting herself! You got lucky once, but be cautious now, especially in such a serious race. One misstep could cost you!”

Sadie remarked spitefully.

“Hoping to catch a wealthy suitor here?”

Don’t bother. Mr. Mitchell won’t be gracing this event!”

Hannah retorted with a sarcastic laugh, “Why? Did you and your sister -in-law bond over mutual disdain? You didn’t hold back at the banquet.

Have things smoothed over already?"

She then cast a brief look at Eliana.

"Thankfully, Ms. Patel's features appear intact."

Eliana's expression tightened. As Hannah's taunting words washed over her, she looked on the brink of tears and sought refuge behind Declan, murmuring, "Declan."

On this occasion, Declan didn't direct his irritation at Hannah, but rather glared at Sadie.

"Didn't your antics cause enough issues previously? The firm took a hit because of you! Enough with the drama. Let's leave now."

Sadie's eyes blazed with fury.

"Why am I the one who has to go? Last time, she was obviously the culprit! How can you take her side, Declan?"

"Did I?"

Hannah shot Sadie a sly smile.

"Need I remind you how you knocked over the wine at the banquet and stained my dress? It's been barely two days. Are you already struggling to remember, Miss Edwards? Seems like a lot of people are forgetting, just like they're forgetting to invest in Edwards Group."

Hannah's gaze shifted to Declan.

"Remember, I own 20% of Edwards Group. If I decide to sell, you know the fallout."

"Damn it, Hannah!"

The mere mention of company shares immediately soured Declan's face.

"The company is Grandma and Grandpa's effort. Do you really want to upset Grandma?"

Hannah's eyes grew cold.

"I restrain myself solely for Allison. So if you can't rein in Miss Edwards here, don't blame me for losing my manners."

C 244

Having had the final word, she quickly saved her phone's digital map, turned around, and walked away.

As she walked away, Sadie's complaints filled the air, accompanied by Declan's audible impatience.

Exiting the conference room, Hannah headed for the garage, her mood further dampened by the recent encounter.

To her astonishment, the garage door had been forcibly pushed open during her short absence!

A soft glow came from inside. Hannah's eyes narrowed as she hastened inside.

Contrary to her expectations, only a stranger was there, sitting next to her race car, a small scratch marking his cheek.

Stopping short, Hannah looked at him incredulously.

"You.. Who are you?"

The young man leaped to his feet, his face displaying complete innocence upon seeing Hannah in her racing attire.

"This is your car, isn't it?" Pierson Miller ruffled his disheveled hair, appearing somewhat embarrassed.

"I was coming back to my own garage and saw someone trying to break into yours, with plans to vandalize your car. I scared them off!"

Taking a step back, Pierson allowed Hannah to see her untouched car.

"Don't worry! Your car's in perfect condition. They didn't get a chance to touch it."

Hannah cast her eyes over her immaculate car, then offered Pierson a small smile.

"Thanks. If it weren't for you, I might've missed today's race."

"It was no big deal."

Pierson gestured vaguely, as if brushing the matter aside. Before walking away, he paused, offering some advice.

"Look, you appear to be a newcomer. Haven't seen you race lately. That guy who tried to mess with your car earlier? He's bad news in the racing world. Be careful."

Without waiting for a response, he hurried off, leaving Hannah without a chance to ask for his name.

Hannah shook her head at his hasty departure when her phone, nestled in her pocket, began to ring.

It was Bryson.

Grasping the phone, she hesitated to pick up.

While she pondered, the call ended. Just as she let out a sigh, the phone rang once more.

“Hello? Mr. Mitchell.”

C 245

Sitting in a car parked outside the venue, Bryson gazed at the brightly lit building at the base of a nearby mountain.

His voice, steady and inscrutable, conveyed no emotion.

“I learnt that you’ve updated Professor Campbell on Grace’s health status and treatment progress.”

Pausing briefly, Bryson continued, “It seems you’re not honoring our deal.”

Gripping the phone tightly, Hannah stammered, have other priorities right now. Can we discuss this tomorrow?

Silence stretched on the line, long enough for Hannah to think Bryson had disconnected. Just as she was about to put her phone down, she heard him say, “Fine.”

The line went dead, and Hannah’s hand dropped, still clutching the phone. After hesitating multiple times, she finally switched it off.

Racers were expected to arrive thirty minutes before the race to set up, and Hannah was no exception.

She swung open the car door, strapped on her helmet, ensured everything was in place, and navigated her race car from the garage to the track at the mountain’s base.

At another corner of the venue, competitors making their entrance were instantly projected onto the large screen.

Lydia and Brayden arrived a bit late but joined in just as the racers were being introduced.

Spotting Hannah stepping out of her car and removing her helmet beside her vehicle, Lydia excitedly nudged Brayden.

“Hannah! It’s Hannah!”

“Yeah, I see her. What’s got you so worked up?”

Brayden glanced lazily at the screen but then did a double take.

“Wait, aren’t racers supposed to have co-drivers? Why is she alone?”

Lydia’s expression darkened.

“Oh no! Hannah said she’d find a replacement for me, but she hasn’t! Is she going to race alone?”

“Why would she do that?!”

Brayden’s eyes bulged.

“Rochgan Hill is treacherous, and it’s even harder to navigate at night! What is she thinking?”

“Impossible! Lydia sprang to her feet and bolted from the box.

“I need to get some answers from her!”

“Wait up!” Brayden leapt up to chase after Lydia, slyly shooting off a text to Bryson as he did.