

# The Unshackled Queen: Never Say Never Online Free - Chapter: 266

“Well...”

Pierson presented his phone with earnestness.

“Please, input your number.”

“Alright.” Feeling awkward but obliging, Hannah typed her phone number.

Elated, Pierson waved.

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“I should head out before the crowd disperses.

Until next time!”

Pierson wore his hat and darted off.

Lydia shook Hannah vigorously.

“Give me his number! I.. Ah!! What are you doing?”

Before she could finish, her collar was grasped by Brayden.

“We still have a contract. Planning to add another man on WhatsApp?”

“I’m just being proactive!” Lydia gestured enthusiastically, entangled in conversation with Brayden.

Meanwhile, Hannah was somewhat disengaged. The moment she set her phone aside, she noticed Bryson approaching her.

“I’ll take you home,” Bryson offered as he reached her.

Brayden called out, “In that case, I’ll get Lydia home.”

Exiting the hall, they found the Mitchell family’s staff already lined up outside, who promptly opened the car doors for them.

“Sir, ma’am, please enter the car.”

Hannah and Bryson took their seats in the rear, separated from the driver by a lowered partition. A heavy silence settled between them.

Staring out the window, Hannah’s thoughts were a muddle. Every time the events on the mountain crossed her mind, she found herself at a loss for words.

“Take a few days off. I’ll manage everything else,” Bryson unexpectedly broke the silence. Startled, Hannah turned to him.

“What?”

Meeting her gaze, Bryson elaborated, “I’ll arrange some days off for you. You need to recuperate.”

“But I’m fine, I. Hannah began, only for Bryson to cut her off.

C 267

“You need the rest.

Dropping her eyes, Hannah fell into silence.

Bryson, too, shifted his gaze to the window, and an unspoken agreement to discontinue the conversation fell between them.

The car eventually stopped at the entrance of Hannah’s residential area.

As Hannah stepped out, she tapped on Bryson’s window.

A N G E L A ‘s L I B R A R Y

Rolling it down, Bryson locked eyes with her.

“I owe you one for today.”

Raindrops pattered against Hannah’s umbrella. She offered Bryson a faint smile.

“Thanks for believing in me Bryson gave her a subtle nod.

“Go on, it’s going to pour.”

Once he saw Hannah disappear into the community, Bryson rolled up the window and told the driver, “Head to Waden Community.”

“Understood, sir.”

Upon reaching home, Hannah finally found solace in sleep.

Yet, her phone's incessant ringing shattered her peaceful morning.

Disoriented, Hannah answered her phone.

"Is this Miss Moore? We need to discuss yesterday's events."

Confused, Hannah ended the call. Who would prank call her so early?

Before she could drift back to sleep, her phone buzzed again.

"Hello?"

"We have questions about the contestant who fell off the cliff yesterday. You were the first on the scene. Can you tell us..."

She abruptly hung up, sitting up as reality sank in.

This was her second call of the morning, and her phone showed over ten missed calls.

As the calls kept flooding in, Hannah switched off her phone and opened Facebook on her tablet.

When she saw the trending topic, she was taken aback.

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The derogatory headlines from last night were replaced with a new narrative.

"Cyril intended to sabotage his rival but ended up falling off the cliff! The true puppeteer has faced retribution!"

The comments overwhelmingly sided with Hannah.

"Holy shit!! What a turn of events! She showcased her determination and won the contest! And she's absolutely gorgeous as well!"

"He tried to unnerve her before the competition. He intentionally unsettled others' emotions prior to the competition. What a despicable move!"

"Rumor has it that his sponsor had a huge bet on him. Did he face lethal consequences for losing?"

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"I've seen stories like this before; hard to say if they're true.

But the footage makes it pretty clear. He was aiming for her! He's remarkably devious!"

"I learned about that incident years ago. Tequila couldn't compete, so her friend stepped in for her. That same person was responsible for her friend's fatal fall off the mountain!"

Online outrage erupted.

“It’s obvious Tequila aimed to honor her friend by winning the contest. Someone’s clearly manipulating public sentiment. There must be puppet masters pulling the strings of public opinion!”

But some people had taken issue with her aggressive driving, berating her through social media for ignoring all advice from her co-driver.

They labeled her as reckless.

Many insisted her survival was mere luck, claiming anyone else would have met their doom ages ago.

Once word spread that her co-driver was none other than Bryson Mitchell, the criticism intensified. People accused her of endangering Bryson as well.

Bryson, a young, wealthy heartthrob, was frequently in the limelight, even though he barely used Twitter. Still, he had garnered a loyal fanbase whose online critiques of her were not to be taken lightly.

It dawned on her why Bryson had suggested she take a break for a few days.

Hannah looked at her phone, contemplating for a moment before sending out a tweet.

“My decision to race had personal reasons, which I’d rather not delve into here. I owe my co-driver an apology. I was on edge yesterday and too set on winning, compromising our safety. I will no longer compete in official races. Thanks for your concerns.”

Shortly after she tweeted, her mentions were inundated with comments.

“Keep pushing!”

“Why risk others if you want to risk yourself? What if something went wrong? Would you be accountable?”

“So you’re sorry now? Think a tweet will cut it?”

“She won, didn’t she? Why are people so hostile?”

C 269

“She might have orchestrated Cyril’s death. It could all be a scheme!”

The tension and comments on Hannah’s tweet soared to 100, 000!

Suddenly, Pierson chimed in, referencing Hannah’s tweet.

““@Hannah Moore is my idol. I was also in last night’s race and saw her in action. What you see in the video is what happened. Before the race, someone tried to break into her garage; I caught them. If necessary, I’ve got the footage. Let’s not twist the facts.”

Alongside his words, Pierson included a selfie of himself holding a racing helmet from the previous night.

“Pierson!! My god! They’re acquainted! Is this real?”

Pierson’s manager was stunned at his tweet.

“Pierson’s at it again, flaunting things recklessly. Someone catch him!”

“The evidence is there! Pierson’s a racer, and Hannah Moore is talented. It makes sense he looks up to her.”

“Did Pierson got an autograph from his idol? I need to know!”

Remarkably, Pierson even responded to this query.

“I didn’t get her signature, but I got her WhatsApp!” He included a cute emoji for good measure.

“Look at this joyful dude!”

“Where’s his manager?”

“How’d you get her WhatsApp? Share yours! I want to add my idol too!”

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Though Pierson had come to Hannah’s defense, the tide of online hostility receded only slightly. A few stubborn critics still seized on her impulsivity.

They persisted in launching verbal salvos at Hannah under her latest tweet, their words dripping with malice!

Fed up, Hannah tossed her phone to the side, intending to spend her day cocooned in bed.

Yet her phone wouldn’t stop buzzing with WhatsApp messages from Lydia!

[Check Twitter now!! Ah ah ah!]

[Why haven’t you replied? Did you see Twitter??]

[Hurry up and look now!!]

The incessant vibration finally broke Hannah’s resolve. Picking up the phone, she found a barrage of messages from Lydia.

[I get it, I get it. It's about that tweet from your idol. I saw it.]

C 270

[No, it's not Pierson. It's Bryson!! His company sent out a Legal notice! You need to see it, like, right now!]

Confused, Hannah reopened her Twitter feed, only to discover that the spotlight had suddenly shifted to Bryson.

#Mitchell Group Issues Legal Notice

She clicked the first link, a recent post from the official Mitchell Group account.

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It was a legal notice aimed at silencing the online haters, stirring up even more controversy!

"Do they seriously think a legal notice is going to intimidate people?"

"Why would the Mitchell Group even bother sending a legal notice if people are just attacking Hannah?"

"Great question! Is this Bryson's way of grandstanding while shielding his lady? I'm totally shipping them!"

"Count me in on that ship, gotta have some variety to keep my life balanced!"

Confronted with questions, the Mitchell Group promptly responded by posting a police report and court summons.

"Wow, they moved fast!! The case is already filed. There's no running away now..."

"As always, Bryson makes quick, decisive moves!"

"So where are all those keyboard warriors now?! Mind your own business, you bunch of trash!"

Out of nowhere, a comment burst onto the scene.

"Bryson's got a secret Twitter account! He's tweeted something!

Everyone, go check it out!"

Intrigued, Hannah left the current thread to see another message.

"Bryson takes charge, clapping back at internet trolls. All for love!

Now that's a real man!"

Could it be?

Hesitant, Hannah eyed the trending topic that just appeared on Twitter. After much contemplation, she clicked on it. What sort of absurdity is this?

She located Bryson's freshly minted Twitter account and found a single, pinned tweet at the top.

"Miss Moore chose to race alone. I offered to be her co-driver, putting my life in her hands because I trust her."

In no time at all, the tweet had garnered over a million retweets, and the comment section was exploding!