

## Chapter 400 Aline, You Can't Get Away

Aline was left utterly dumbfounded.

She fixed her gaze on Zack, her charming eyes now bloodshot.

How could this be happening? Why had Zack shown up?

According to the plan, he was supposed to be injured and drop out of the competition.

Aline felt herself on the brink of madness. She turned to Ruth and demanded, "What's going on? Find out what happened! Why did Zack come to the competition?"

Ruth's face had turned pale, her hands trembling as she fumbled for her phone and dialed the club owner's number. "Nate, didn't you assure me that Zack wouldn't be racing today? Yes, he's here. Nate, you... You... You bastard!"

With frustration, Ruth tossed her phone away.

Aline raised her hand and slapped Ruth across the face, seething. "You conniving bitch! You set me up."

"No! How could I even set myself in this shit?"

A red palm mark was left on Ruth's delicate face. She

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touched her cheek and retorted with frustration,  
"We've both fell for it, but the competition hasn't  
started yet. We haven't lost anything yet. As long as  
Albert wins, we will still have it our way.

Miss Hanson, you had sex with him, right? Call him  
and tell him to find a way to keep Zack from winning,  
no matter what."

Aline was skeptical, her trust in Ruth greatly  
diminished.

However, she realized that Albert was her last hope.

Aline reluctantly retrieved her phone and called Albert.

Albert answered in a casual tone, "What's up?"

Aline asked, her voice trembling, "Why is Zack here?"

"Isn't it normal for him to be here for the competition?"

Aline was stunned for a moment.

She couldn't think of anything else and directly  
pleaded, "I placed a four-hundred-million-dollar bet on  
this race. That's almost all I have, Albert... For the  
sake of our past affection, you have to win this race  
today."

Albert, chewing the gum lazily, replied casually, "It  
depends."

What? She had put in four hundred million dollars and  
he just said this!

Aline pressed further, and Albert's patience wore thin.

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He retorted, "Can't you hear me? I said it depends. I just had sex several times last night. Oh, what a magical night. I'm somewhat weary. My legs are so weak that I may not be able to drive as fast as I used to be."

Hearing this, Aline's expression darkened, her anger building as she yelled, "Albert, you heartless bastard!"

"Didn't you know that before?"

With that statement, Albert abruptly ended the call.

When Aline tried to call him again, she found that his phone had been switched off. She muttered in a daze, "I'm doomed. Everything's ruined."

Ruth continued to feign concern and asked, "He didn't promise you to win the game?"

Aline's eyes were red. "He's just a jerk who's been playing with women. Where's Rena? I need to find her. I've lost my money, and she's going to lose hers, too."

Ruth sneered.

Aline went to Rena's chamber in an attempt to talk it over, but four bodyguards blocked the door, refusing to let her enter. "Mr. Fowler has instructed that no strangers are allowed in."

Aline began to make a scene.

Her commotion drew Waylen out. Upon seeing Aline, he furrowed his brow.

"Mr. Fowler, I want to see Rena." Aline seemed to see

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a life-saving straw.

Waylen put his hand in his pocket. He stared at the woman in front of him. No one in the world knew how vicious and terrible she was better than he did.

Aline indirectly killed Harold and harmed Rena. Worse still, Aline killed the electric worker when they had sex. Aline had committed a battery of heinous crimes.

Waylen suppressed his disgust and said indifferently, "Rena is pregnant and needs some rest."

After saying that, he turned around, ready to go back inside.

In a desperate attempt, Aline grabbed his sleeve and pleaded, "I heard that Rena also bet on Albert, but now Albert might not win. I want to speak with Rena... After all, she had bet two hundred million dollars, hadn't she?"

Waylen quickly shoved Aline's hand away.

With a gentle yet intimidating smile, he said, "The two hundred million dollars is just for her to kill the time and have some fun. It's not a big deal."

Aline seemed frozen in place upon hearing his statement.

Seizing the opportunity, Waylen opened the door and walked in.

At this time, on the racetrack, the drivers were ready.

A loud roar came from the stands as Zack's fans

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applauded.

His name was continuously being yelled out enthusiastically.

Zack waved his hand calmly to his fans and then blew a kiss to Danna, who was sitting in the auditorium.

Danna blushed slightly.

The starting shot was fired, and the sports cars shot forward like arrows. The wind was filled with the sound of racing cars and overwhelmed by an exhilarating atmosphere.

One lap. Two laps. Three laps...

Zack had been leading the way while Albert was trailing by a hundred meters.

Aline held her breath, still holding on the last bit of hope she had.

She wished that she still held a place in Albert's heart and that he would give it his all for the sake of her.

However, as the laps increased, Albert remained in second place and made no attempt to catch up.

As the final lap approached, Zack reached the finish line first.

Zack opened the car door, removed his helmet, and hugged Danna as she ran toward him.

Zack kissed Danna and whispered in her ear, "This is my last race. From now on, we can focus on

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ourselves. You don't have to worry about me anymore."

Danna's eyes welled up with tears.

Zack was filled with mixed feelings. When he met Danna, he was a reckless man, who was passionate about racing and had no intention of giving it up for any woman. Even after marrying Danna, he continued to participate in several races every year.

Danna had never complained about that.

However, whenever the subject of having a baby was brought up, Danna always suggested having it a few years later.

He knew that she was giving him time to pursue his passion.

He loved racing, but he loved Danna even more.

This loving couple continued to embrace each other, finding solace in their affection. In a chamber, Aline slumped into a chair, utterly defeated.

She was in complete despair. Her entire fortune of 400 million dollars had vanished into thin air.

Aline seethed with anger, but there was no clear target for her rage. She felt as if everyone had schemed against her.

She sat there, muttering inaudible words.

Seeing Aline like this, Ruth, trembling with fear, mustered up her courage to touch Aline gently. "Miss Hanson."

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Suddenly, Aline's eyes turned fierce as they locked onto Ruth. She questioned, "Who dared to do this to me? Is it you? Or Rena? Albert?"

Aline extended her hand, gripping Ruth's neck tightly.

Ruth cried out for help as she desperately fled away.

Several bodyguards saved her and then informed Aline, "Miss Hanson, Mrs. Fowler wishes to see you."

Aline looked disheveled, but she clung to what remained of her pride, adjusting her green fur.

In contrast to other chambers, Rena's room resembled a luxurious hotel suite. It exuded warmth and sophistication.

Rena sat gracefully on a sofa, a precious necklace in her hand.

Aline recognized it. It was a gift sent to Rena from her.

Everything became clear to Aline in an instant. Rena had orchestrated this whole scheme.

However, Aline couldn't fathom Rena's motives.

"Why?" Aline questioned, her eyes reddened. "I genuinely wanted to befriend you, but you've set me up like this. What's in it for you? You've lost 200 million dollars, haven't you?"

Rena's gaze remained fixed on the necklace, brushing off Aline's inquiry.

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She remarked, "This necklace is truly exquisite. Beautiful and dazzling objects often entice people to fight for them. Aline, you've fought for it relentlessly for so many years. Aren't you exhausted?"

Aline reluctantly lifted her head and retorted, "It's not over yet. Just wait and see, Rena."

Rena smiled, her tone detached. "Do you really believe you have a chance left? I'm telling you, from start to finish, I orchestrated everything. From Ruth's involvement to Albert's, even Kyle's, were parts of my plan. If you weren't so desperate to marry into the Moore family, perhaps you wouldn't have fallen into the trap so easily.

Oh, I almost forgot to mention, I didn't just bet 200 million dollars on Albert. I also bet 300 million dollars on Zack with Waylen."

In essence, Rena and Waylen were the ones who stood to gain the most from the bets.

Aline was filled with rage at Rena's cunning tactics.

At this moment, the door swung open, and Albert walked in.

Aline gazed at Albert's young and handsome face, trembling with fear.

She couldn't believe that the man she'd been intimate with had been plotting against her.

He had never even tried to please her.



It had been her who had willingly placed everything in front of him.

Rena whispered in a low voice, "Aline, do you think Albert resembles someone?"

Aline froze, realizing the implication of Rena's words. She implied Harold.

Rena's eyes fell to the necklace in her hand. She sneered, "The more people ignore you, the more you desire them. Aline, you've lost to yourself. You can't accept that Harold died because of you. You don't like Albert, yet you subconsciously see him as a replacement for Harold."

Aline protested, "I don't!"

She couldn't contain her emotions any longer and shouted, "I didn't kill him! He took the drugs and went to see you. Whom can you blame? Me? He died because of his feelings for you. Rena, you're the one who should feel guilty!"

Rena smiled faintly.

Just then, a mother and daughter entered the room. They were Harold's mother and sister.

Krista's face turned ashen when she heard Aline's words. She approached Aline and grabbed her by the neck, attempting to confront her.

"You wretch! You gave those drugs to Harold! Worse still, you didn't warn him when you knew he had to drive! What a vicious wretch!"

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As Harold's mother, Krista was compelled to strike Aline.

Even though Aline was younger and stronger, she couldn't escape Krista's grasp.

Krista choked Aline and cried out to her daughter, "Addie, slap this wretch's face hard, or your brother couldn't rest in peace."

Addie sobbed and slapped Aline hard across the face.

Her strike was forceful, causing Aline's face to swell.

Addie's sharp nails pierced into Aline's flesh. Aline's face was disfigured.

Aline screamed desperately, "Albert, help me! Help me!"

Albert sneered. "Why should I help you? Who are you to me?"

Aline was utterly shocked.

She looked at Krista, Addie, Ruth, Rena, Wendy, and Waylen, and everyone regarded her with disdainful eyes as if she were something poisonous.

Poisonous? Well, beautiful things could be just as poisonous.

When Aline saw her grotesque face in the mirror, she was in a trance. At that moment, she seemed to have forgotten the pain in her body. She gingerly touched her face and muttered, "It's over."

Rena threw the necklace to Aline.

"Aline, this is your last possession."

Aline picked up the necklace and put it on, dancing clumsily as she muttered, "You're right. I did it all. Harold never loved me. He deserved to die. He deserved to die when he got hit by that car. He slept with me, yet he still thought about you, Rena. He continued to yearn for you even after you got married. Didn't he deserve to die?"

And why are you still alive, Rena? I bought off an electric worker. I asked him to do something... Yet, here you are. Still breathing. Rena, do you have nine lives or something? Harold placed that piece of junk on you, which saved your life. And Harrison, that fool, also admired you. Harold... I can't believe he wanted to help you even on the brink of death. How can I not hate you?"

The room fell silent.

Aline grinned strangely. "But this time, I truly wanted to get along with you, Rena. Why don't you give me a chance?"

Rena placed a recording pen on the table, her expression unwavering.

She stated, "It's over, Aline. Not a single chance would be granted to you."

Aline stared at the recording pen but remained surprisingly composed. At this moment, nothing seemed significant to her.

She had nothing to lose now. Her fortune was gone,

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and she was inferior to everyone. This was more painful than death.

She laughed. It was a laughter more haunting than tears.

She repeated, "I loved Harold the most."

Several police officers entered the room, apprehended Aline, and took the recording pen.

Aline would face murder charges, and she could potentially receive the death penalty for her numerous crimes.

Aline stumbled out of the room.

At the door, she turned around abruptly and looked at Rena, saying softly, "I have one last question. The nursery director mentioned that my daughter was adopted by a foreign couple who are archaeology experts. Is that true?"

Rena remained seated inside the room, her face obscured by the light.

After a moment, she replied, "Yes, it's true. They are decent people."

Aline smiled.

Two tears trickled down her cheeks and soaked into her luxurious fur. Perhaps, this was the last time she'd ever wear fur in her life.

Once Aline had left the room, everything fell silent.

Krista and Addie thanked Rena, then left, supporting each other.

The bodyguards exited discreetly, and everyone else followed suit.

Rena felt profoundly weary. She leaned on Waylen's shoulder and whispered, "Waylen, revenge doesn't bring me much happiness. In fact, it weighs heavily on my heart."

Waylen let Rena rest against his shoulder, gently stroking her hair.

"Even if it's heavy, it's something we had to do, isn't it? Honey, you're intelligent and brave. I hold you in high regard."

His words comforted her.

She wrapped her arms around Waylen's waist and murmured, "I might not have expressed it before, but I truly appreciate you."

She rubbed her head against his chest.

"Waylen, you were truly brave when you went up the mountain on that snowy night."

She appreciated his courage, thanked him for embarking on a journey to recover his lost memories, and appreciated the second chance he'd given them to love each other.

Waylen kissed her forehead and silently consoled her.

Just then, the door to the room swung open, and a

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figure rushed in, seeing Rena and Waylen locked in an embrace.

It was Vera.

Observing their closeness, Vera was taken aback. Then, she exclaimed, "Did that wretch Aline really get caught?"

Rena gently pushed Waylen away. Even though they were a couple, she still felt a bit shy when others saw them like this.

Waylen glanced at Roscoe, who had entered with Vera. Picking up his cup to his mouth, he joked, "Roscoe, tell your wife to knock on the door next time. If Rena and I were having sex here just now, wouldn't she have witnessed us?"

Roscoe scrunched his nose. Having sex in the F1 competition VIP room... Waylen was really something.

Vera was anxious. "Tell me, did that wretch really get caught?"

Rena smiled and replied gently, "Yes, she was apprehended. She has committed serious crimes, and I doubt she'll escape the consequences."

Vera was stunned momentarily. After coming back to her senses, her eyes welled up with tears, and she experienced a myriad of emotions.

Rena smiled again. "Isn't it a good thing? She received her just deserts and won't be able to harm us anymore."

Vera nodded vigorously.

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Before Rena could say more, her phone rang.

It was from Albert's father...



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