

## Extraordinary 591

### [Chapter 591](#)

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“Break up with her or let her die. Choose one!”

Lucas endured the excruciating pain from his open wound as he looked at Franklin. “I will find out who the real killer is. Just give me some time.”

Franklin sneered in a deviously cold manner and his eyes became delirious. “It seems that you have chosen for her to die.”

Livia remained silent as she enjoyed watching men being manipulated.

Reaching out to restrain Franklin’s hand, she had an insidious look on her face. “Franklin, you’re being too heavy-handed. It isn’t a good idea to do this to your son, is it?”

“Livia, don’t you want to avenge our daughter?” Franklin scooped Livia’s waist as he gave her a peck. “Lucas, I’ll give you one day to consider. It’s either you break up with her or she dies!”

With that, Franklin headed to the morgue with Livia in tow.

Claire’s body was kept there.

Meanwhile, Ashlyn felt restless as if something terrible was about to happen.

After returning to Bayview Villa, she could hardly rest the whole night.

Her mind was filled with images of Claire begging her on her knees.

When she woke up feeling distraught, she realized it was already daybreak.

Letting out a long sigh, she still felt disturbed. Was Claire’s heart attack triggered by the shock?

She had the feeling that there was more to the incident. Did I really cause Claire’s death?

After taking a bath while feeling frustrated, Ashlyn headed downstairs and paced around the living hall.

When they heard her, Jared along with Harrison and Anderson came out.

Ashlyn simply felt worse when she saw them looking as if they had something to say. "What's with the look? If you have the time to stare at me, why don't you use it to investigate the incident instead?"

As she sat on the sofa feeling troubled, she started to check her phone.

Jared stood in front of her. "Stop checking it. It will just make you angrier."

"What do you mean?" Ashlyn was puzzled.

"The internet is filled with videos of you," Jared explained gravely. "The brothers and I have been working on it the whole night. No matter how much we tried to suppress them, a large volume of videos would quickly resurface."

Ashlyn's fingers froze when she heard him. Checking her phone, she saw the video show her grabbing her bag to leave while ignoring Claire. Meanwhile, Claire was kneeling with her back facing the entrance, hence her face couldn't be seen.

However, the moment she left the room, Claire collapsed onto the ground.

The video zoomed in to focus on the scene where she left coldly. Her face was clearly shown and it didn't help that she was an internet celebrity.

Therefore, the video had gone viral with many netizens condemning her.

I heard the lady on her knees had died.

My God, she is so pitiful.

Ashlyn has finally been exposed.

Good grief, I'm her fan. I didn't know she was such a cruel person in private.

I'm blacklisting her. I hate Ashlyn now.

How can she be so shameless and cruel.

She is a killer.

It was her who killed the poor lady. She needs to be imprisoned and sent to hell.

My best friend says that the lady is the eldest daughter of the Nolan family.

Ashlyn was devastated at that moment and she felt as if her chest was blown into pieces. They are accusing me of being a murderer. It's really unfair.

"Suppress it. Just continue suppressing it. Are all our subordinates incompetent? Why is it so difficult for them to manage something like that?"

Just as she spoke, a tall man stepped into Bayview Villa.

He became a lot more haggard just over one night.

## [Chapter 592](#)

There was even a stubble on his chin.

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Ashlyn was shocked as she jumped up from the sofa and approached him. "Why are you here?"

Only then she realized there was an unfamiliar man behind Lucas and it wasn't Spencer.

The stranger was expressionless and had an intimidating vibe. So much so that Ashlyn couldn't help but give the man another look.

Meanwhile, Lucas stared at her intently, as if he wanted to hug her tight.

His heart was in immense pain and yet he had no idea what to do.

Franklin was a mad man and was capable of anything. No matter how strong Lucas was, he was no match for Franklin still. Hence, he felt his nose burn at that moment.

All he wanted to do now was to hug Ashlyn and tell her, "Honey, I believe you. I really do."

However, he had no right to do so.

He felt as if someone had punched through a hole in his heart. As it throbbed in pain, every breath he took only hurt him more.

He had seen the outrage on the internet and knew that it was just a warning from Franklin.

The warning felt like a knife that pierced his heart, causing blood to overflow. It hurt so much that every fiber of his body was in excruciating pain, suffocating him at the same time.

He couldn't help but close his eyes and stand there with his pale lips. Finally, he failed to control his emotions as he rushed to hug her.

Hugging her with his trembling hands, his legs were about to buckle as they could no longer support his own weight.

His eyes were bloodshot and looked as if he lost the will to move forward.

He silently hugged her and wished the world would just stop at that very moment.

He was indebted to the Nolan family for taking him in and caring for him. Charles Nolan had brought him up while Franklin and his wife left the Nolan Group to him.

Meanwhile, Grace had died because of him and now the same happened to Claire. He wasn't able to do anything to Franklin but he could still choose to protect his woman.

Before Ashlyn could say anything, Lucas released her and said, "Let's break up."

The moment he said that, his pain was further elevated.

With his heart was already bleeding, his gaze looked as if he was carrying the weight of the world's sadness.

His baby; his precious baby. He had no choice but to push her away now. Keeping her by his side would simply be more dangerous for her.

Nevertheless, he wanted to get to the bottom of how Claire died. The only thing he could do now was to keep Franklin away from Ashlyn for the time being until he could clear her name.

If Franklin were angered, Lucas wouldn't be able to handle the consequences. He didn't mind if anything befell him but he couldn't accept it if anything were to happen to Ashlyn. His priority was to keep Franklin away.

Feeling suffocated, Ashlyn clenched her fists and sneered, "It seems that you believe the videos on the internet?"

"No, I don't."

Ashlyn stared at him with a pale expression as she was unconvinced.

Lucas reached out his hand to stroke her hair. "However, she is still my sister and she was with you before she died. Therefore, you and I... are destined to be separated."

"In the end, you still don't trust me," Ashlyn scoffed. "Out! Get out of my house!"

Lucas then gave her a reluctant look. Regardless of whether she believed in his own words, he definitely believed in her. Honey, I'm sorry.

He was worried if he took another glance at her, he would be reluctant to leave and may end up not doing so.

Closing his eyes, he turned and headed for the door.

Meanwhile, the stranger's eyes seemed to flash with triumph as he followed Lucas out.

"Lucas, what kind of man are you! You're just a big bully!"

At that moment, her three subordinates rushed forward to beat up Lucas but she stopped them. Watching his silhouette disappear into the dawn, she muttered, "Let him go."

The three of them looked at her in sympathy. "Boss..."

"He's just another man." She felt a pang in her heart.

### [Chapter 593](#)

She took a deep breath. "I didn't sleep a wink last night. I'm so tired."

She took a deep breath. "I didn't sleep a wink last night. I'm so tired."

Just as she spoke, she headed back to her room.

Slamming her door close, it was like she had shut out the world.

She forced herself to look at the incident objectively. Claire is his sister, but... everything seems so strange.

She knew this was not the time to be flustered as she needed to prove her innocence. Lucas, I will show you the truth.

At Claire's funeral.

Carmen was wearing a full-length black dress as she stood crying in front of Claire's portrait.

She cried so tragically that her eyes were all puffy and swollen.

"Mr. Nolan, I really don't know what happened. Just before she came back, she met up with me and we chatted happily. She even called to invite me to help out at Nolan Group. She was my best friend for many years. I really didn't expect her to leave me so suddenly."

Carmen was devastated. "You have to avenge her. That lady called Ashlyn is just too cruel. How can she bring herself to hurt Claire?"

As she seemed like she was going to faint anytime, Nathan quickly supported her. "Don't be too hard on yourself as the world championship is in two days. If you are not at your best, how are you going to win?"

"I'm not in the mood to compete..." Carmen shook her head in anguish.

"She is your best friend so I'm sure she definitely wants you to win." Nathan consoled Carmen as he patted her on the back.

"Nathan, thank you." Carmen accepted a tissue given by a maid and gently wiped her tears.

She was a beautiful lady. Even when she cried, she looked especially vulnerable, causing Nathan to have his heartstrings tugged.

He secretly had a crush on Carmen since a long time ago and she was a goddess to him all this while. A woman that could drive faster than him simply caused him to admire and worship her.

"Nathan is right. You have to stay strong." Lucas' stern voice was hoarse. "Nathan, take Ms. Chadwick to rest."

"Alright."

Ashlyn stood alone outside the funeral as she observed Lucas' silhouette from afar and the unfamiliar woman beside him.

He was always surrounded by many different women.

She no longer knew what to think other than the fact that she was hurting really badly.

Why can't I let go... I am so disgusted. If I had known earlier, I shouldn't have let down my guard.

As Ashlyn closed her eyes, she tried her best to suppress the pain she was feeling.

At that moment, a Lincoln Limousine stopped in front of her.

Opening her eyes, she saw a middle-aged couple inside the car.

The man's expression was cold and looked at her with an insidious gaze. As his lips moved into a frightening sneer, his voice sounded like it came from hell itself, "Ashlyn, you killed my daughter. I will make you pay."

At the same time, the lady looked scornfully at her. "How dare a murderer attend my daughter's funeral. Men, chase her away!"

They were Lucas' adopted parents.

As Ashlyn scrutinized the unfamiliar couple, she realized that the vibe they emitted made her feel nauseous.

Lifting her chin up, she exclaimed, "I'll leave by myself."

As Franklin stared at Ashlyn's silhouette, he let out a sneer, "Ha..."

"Dear, let's go in." Livia tugged at his arms.

"Alright."

When Ashlyn returned to Bayview Villa, she saw her subordinates crowding in the living hall excitedly.

"My god! Carmen Chadwick is my goddess! She is now back and will represent the Nolan Group in the world championships."

"I heard she isn't just a professional car racer, but also one of the few who could drive faster than 400km per hour. That's even faster than some of the famous foreign drivers. For a lady to drive race cars at such high speeds, it's really impressive."

#### [Chapter 594](#)

Harrison ran over to Ashlyn and showed her his phone. "Ashlyn, look at my goddess! She's amazing, right?"

Harrison ran over to Ashlyn and showed her his phone. "Ashlyn, look at my goddess! She's amazing, right?"

At the same time, Jared got down from upstairs.

He felt pity for Harrison when he saw the latter flaunting his 'goddess' to Ashlyn.

He scoffed, "You think your goddess is the only person joining the F1 World Championship at Pearlville? Centennial Healthcare is joining the championship too! Why are you not rooting for us instead, huh?"

Harrison grunted, "Well, maybe it's because I know my goddess is definitely going to win? Duh."

Ashlyn was not in the mood to listen to them quibble. Still, she glanced at Harrison's phone out of curiosity. When she saw the female racer dressed in a yellow overall, she froze.

It's her! That woman I saw standing next to Lucas at the funeral! She's a car racer?

"Boss! You haven't replied to me yet! Is my goddess amazing? Tell me!" Harrison nagged at Ashlyn in a childish tone. He knew Ashlyn was downhearted and was trying to distract her from her thoughts.

Jared shook his head with even more pity seeing Harrison in that sorry state, trying so desperately to cheer up Ashlyn with his 'goddess'. Tsk tsk tsk.

Ashlyn nodded perfunctorily and muttered, "Mm."

"Yay! Even Boss approves of my goddess!" Harrison then purposely marched in front of Jared and gloated to him.

On the other hand, Jared was very amused with Harrison's stupidity. He walked to Harrison and gave him a pat on the shoulder. "Bro, don't forget about this moment later on."

"What do you mean?" Harrison responded in confusion.

"You'll soon know." Jared was trying his best not to crack up.

"Jared Quickton, you are to explain yourself to me right now! I don't understand a single thing you just said."

"I told you, you will know what I mean soon enough."

"Yo Jared! Tell us too!" Jared's men flocked to Jared when they overheard the conversation between the latter and Harrison.

"Yeah, as if you can get the legendary S to join our team! If that happens, we might actually stand a chance against my goddess."

"Okay everyone, stop fussing around!" Jared made a cut in the air with one hand to dismiss the crowd around him. "Now that the Centennial Healthcare is in the game, we are not going to dampen our spirits before we even show up at the contest!"

"Tsk! You cannot blame us! Our goddess is just too amazing! She will never lose!"

It was already a bad day for Ashlyn to begin with, and now she found her day even more insufferable with the boys bantering around her.

To save herself from the misery, she left them in silence.

The F1 World Championship took place at Pearlville a few days later.

The venue was the first international race car arena to be sanctioned by H Nation.

Ten years ago, it was built for the first F1 World Championship in H Nation's history.



After it was built, multiple championships had taken place on its ground.

The whole stadium was about 7 kilometers in length and was built in compliance with F1's regulations. Its spectator's zone was divided into two parts; the roofed grandstand could hold around fifty thousand spectators, while the Sunkissed bleachers made up the remaining seating area. Altogether, it could house around two hundred thousand F1 lovers.

There was also a central control room, in which a grand total of thirty monitors were installed to fend against any crimes that might happen during the noisy competition.

As for the media center, not only did it have everything required to broadcast the Championship live, but it was spacious enough to contain a hundred reporters together with their equipment.

It was also worth mentioning that the stadium had its own satellite to relay the live racing scene to the entire globe.

Of course, since car racing was such a dangerous sport, the arena also had its own designated medical bay in case of any emergencies. On the outer fringe of the venue, all sorts of professional facilities were available for the racers, including a helipad for the F1 Helicopters, a maintenance garage for the race cars, a petrol station and many more. Last but not least, there were also VIP booths around the tracks with a holding capacity of 700.

The arena's tracks were built with asphalt of the highest quality to ensure that all racers could reach their top speeds and execute perfect drifts. In 2015, an Audi set the record for the fastest speed to ever be observed in the stadium at 421 kilometers per hour. Everyone at the scene got on their feet for a standing ovation at once.

The sports car arena at Pearlville housed a total of ten perilous race tracks; some of them included dangerous inclines and abrupt turns. All of these were set out to test the limits of the racers.

One of the tracks was known as the Speedway of Death, as it consisted of a rocky zone in which many racers had lost control before.

### [Chapter 595](#)

The Speedway of Death was as deadly as its name had suggested.  
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The commentators were stationed at a vantage point overlooking the tracks. The two of them looked stern as they waited for the event to commence. One of the commentators was a famous host in H Nation, Santiago Hart. He was clad in a black tuxedo and his eyes sparkled.

The other commentator was also someone well-known from Maredania. He was a tall and stocky European that went by the name of Felix Knowles.

The opening ceremony was kickstarted with a torch run, which was a tradition in H Nation to solemnize the commencement of an event. Everyone's heart was thumping as the last torchbearer lit up the cauldron near the starting point.

The F1 World Championship had now officially begun.

The host greeted everyone warmly and continued with a brief introduction of every racing team.

The racing teams were ranked accordingly to the points they had accumulated in the previous championships.

After the current official rankings were announced, the racers moved to the starting point and stood next to their respective vehicles.

All of a sudden, the boisterous noise in the stadium died down.

Everyone in the audience now had their eyes glued onto the racers.

After all, it was a World Championship; an event many had looked forward to.

All of the racers were the cream of the crop from their teams.

Needless to say, each of them was adamant in their pursuit of the grand prize.

The duration of the competition was an hour. It would start at 10 in the morning when the sun was high in the sky.

Meanwhile, at the starting point, the racers were lined up according to their ranking.

The grandstand was filled with spectators from all over the world. Their eyes were twinkling with much anticipation and excitement.

All of them were avid racing enthusiasts, and each of them had a racing team they rooted for.

At the moment, the commentators were on the big screens. The previous host had passed the baton to Santiago.

"Behold everyone! All of the racers are already at the starting line. Right at the very left, we have Thomas Ivanov, our top racer from Russia! He was once regarded in H Nation as..."

"From Maredania, we have our second racer..."

The two commentators took turns to introduce each racer individually and their past feats.

“Next, we have Carmen Chadwick from H Nation’s Nolan Group! A racer well sought-after by foreign companies, she is now under Nolan Group and I’ve got to say, she’s a femme fatale! We shall look forward to her performance later!”

“Oh my God! Is that S, the legendary God of Cars? Since when is he recruited by Centennial Healthcare? Someone, please tell me I am not hallucinating!” Felix’s blue eyes were smoldering in exhilaration. “But how did Centennial Healthcare even get S on their team? We all know how secretive this guy is! He is the underground racer who never shows himself at any regular race car events, but yet any race car fans would have heard how he wrecked all those street circuits around the world!”

“Ladies and gentlemen, according to hearsay, he can go up to 900 kilometers per hour! Is he really as amazing as the legend says? Fear not, people! We shall see him in action very soon!” Santiago took over the mic from Felix and bellowed.

Santiago was truly as excited as he had sounded on the PA system. The God of Cars is a citizen of H Nation!

S was a race car prodigy that had won hundreds of underground races in America but never had he taken part in any championships before. When he showed up at the F1 World Championship, everyone’s jaw instantly dropped to the ground.

He had been dormant for a long time, even in the underground racing community. Everyone thought he had retired.

No one would have expected him to join Centennial Healthcare, and the fact that he’s from H Nation was also as surprising too!

No one could believe their eyes.

Everyone who was spectating the Championship, including those who were watching it on their mobile devices, was in an uproar. Everyone cheered again when the cameraman closed in on S. Unlike the other racers, he did not take off his helmet.

Because of that, no one could see what did the legendary S looked like. Together with his goggles, S had his face completely hidden from the public.

However, that did not stop his fans from going crazy for him.

There wasn’t a single person who was sitting still. Everyone was bouncing off the walls.

#### [Chapter 596](#)

“S? The God of Cars?”

“I have only heard rumors about him. Never have I once witnessed him in action.”

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“I have only heard rumors about him. Never have I once witnessed him in action.”

“That’s right! Oh my god! I never thought I will be lucky enough to see him in real life!”

“I hope he’s a handsome chap. Just like those that appear in Mangas.”

“It’s really S! I think I am going to faint!”

“His figure looks so good! I wonder how much goodness is under those overalls, hehe!”

On the big screen, the live comments from the virtual spectators were pouring in.

In the meantime, almost all of the spectators at the arena itself were on their feet. They wanted to get a better view of the God of Cars.

The deafening cheers from the crowd had the whole stadium trembling.

“Aaaaaah!”

“Aaaaaah! Look at me, S!”

“S!”

“My beloved God of Cars! My dear S! Oh my God, I can’t believe S is in front of me now! I can finally die with no regrets!”

The commotion from the crowd only got stronger as time went by. Those who didn’t come alone were hugging their friends and jumping up and down on the bleachers fervently.

Even the moguls in the VIP room had their eyes peeled in complete bewilderment.

They thought the commentators had blundered when they heard about the God of Cars from the PA system.

“S?” Lucas Nolan scrunched his brow. He was observing the scene in the private lounge of the Nolan Group.

“He’s the God of Cars Nathan was talking about a few days ago.” Even Spencer White, who usually kept to himself, was clearly intrigued.

“I can’t wait for the race to begin! I really want to see the legendary God of Cars in action! As a sports car aficionado, this will be one of the defining moments in my life!”

Lucas, however, was not as excited. He couldn't shake off the fishy feeling in him. He knew something was up with the God of Cars.

Why does S give off such a similar vibe to Kris Harvey? No, no. That's impossible. How could it be her?

Lucas tried to suppress the disquiet in him. As much as he didn't want to think of Ashlyn, his mind was completely occupied by her. Am I crazy to think that she has something to do with S's sudden comeback? Am I thinking this just because I miss her so much?

The bitterness in Lucas' heart was profound.

Yet, all he could do was to think of her. He was not one to express his feelings verbally.

The truth was, he had always missed her madly and deeply.

Other than Lucas and Spencer, the rest of the racing team, who were not competing that day, were also watching the competition in Nolan Group's VIP room. When they heard S's name, all of them squealed in excitement.

They hugged each other elatedly and spun around as if they were on the merry-go-round. "Aaaaaah! It's the God of Cars!"

"Someone please tell me I am not dreaming!"

"The God of Cars has finally decided to join a proper match!"

Suddenly, they could feel someone shooting daggers at them. It was Lucas, and with his face full of apathy, he muttered, "S is with the Centennial Healthcare racing team."

Immediately the racers looked at each other and gulped. One of the men took the lead and stammered, "I-I think... w-we will head outside for a while! See you!"

The man barely finished speaking when all of them bolted for the door. What a joke! Who cares if he is on our team or not! I would rather die than miss God of Cars in action!

S was the one and only racer that all racers looked up to. To become as good as him was all they ever dreamt of. Can anyone even go up to 900 kilometer per hour?

Won't the rubber tire melt on the asphalt at that speed? Won't the engine of the car break down?

These were the questions the racers had in mind.

There was no way they would stay in that room and let Lucas chide them for fangirling over a racer from

another team.

Once the racers under Nolan Group got out of the private lounge, they made a break for the grandstand right away. God of Cars, here we come!

On the arena, Carmen Chadwick was flustered. She initially thought she could win the championship and impress Lucas with it, but S had suddenly appeared out of nowhere.

Doesn't he only take part in underground races? What is he doing here? Damn it!

As flustered as Carmen was, she was not too worried about the outcome of the competition, for she did not believe that any human could reach the insane speed of 900 kilometers per hour.

Out of her subconscious, Carmen's gaze drifted to S who stood next to her. Pfft! What's with all that mystery? Just take off your goddamn helmet!

Nathan was also staring at S in total shock. The God of Car is actually here? He's actually here to compete with us in an official race?

#### [Chapter 597](#)

Nathan's heart was thumping loudly. Much like every racer in this world, he had always dreamt of becoming a racer as skilled as the legendary S.

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The racers from the other countries also had their eyes fixated on S.

Yet, S stood there in his dashing racing overalls as still as a mountain. Even amidst all the clamor, he remained calm and collected.

At the same time, in the Nolan Group's private lounge, Lucas Nolan sat facing the arena, but all he could think of was Ashlyn.

He was not interested in the race at all even though it was important for his company.

He lowered his head to stare at a picture of Ashlyn on his phone's screen. Out of the blue, the commentators announced via the PA system, "The competition is about to begin! All racers please get into position!"

Lucas paused in his movements and glanced outside the lounge distractedly.

The private lounge was placed at a strategic spot in the arena. It provided its users a wide view of the racing scene.

All of a sudden , all of Lucas' attention was focused on one single racer.

Other people might not be able to recognize that racer, but not Lucas.

With just a single glance, Lucas could tell who that person was.

His heart was racing. It thumped against his ribcage like a gorilla at the zoo.

There were so many racers at the arena, but his eyes found her right away.

He was very sure he knew that person. She might be all cocooned up in the loose-fitting overalls of hers, but Lucas' eyes were discerning enough to identify her right away.

No matter how well she covered herself, Lucas was able to see the racer's face clearly in his mind.

Lucas's tingling sixth sense told him that the racer was none other than Ashlyn herself!

Spencer pointed at the car Ashlyn was getting onto and uttered, "Mr. Nolan, don't you think S looks so cool! He is the one with the grey helmet! They are about to fire the gun now!"

Lucas did not catch a single word out of Spencer's mouth. His mind was in a state of mess.

The air around him seemed to be buzzing so loudly, and he simply could not concentrate. Why is she here? Why does she want to participate in the car racing? It's so dangerous. She's literally betting her life with Death itself!

Lucas was right. Car racing might appear all flashy on the front, but the reality was the racers' lives were at risk for almost the entire race.

Just one mistake could send the racer crashing into a wall. In the worst-case scenario, the sports car would explode, and the racer would be incinerated alive.

Why can't she just take her own life seriously?

Lucas had a heart so strong that it was impenetrable by emotions, but he was truly worried this time.

Ashlyn! How could you? Is your life really worthless to you? No, I need to stop her! How can she compete with all those professionals in the race? Is S actually Ashlyn? S is a man, so how can Ashlyn be him?

Although Ashlyn had surprised Lucas a lot of times with her other identities, Lucas was still determined to get her out of the race this time.

He didn't want Ashlyn to be hurt in any way. No matter if she was S or not, Lucas didn't want her to take

that risk. He needed her to be safe from all the perils in the world.

I am going down to stop her now!

In a racing event, safety was almost nonexistent. There was absolutely no way to prevent an accident from happening, and even more so now that Speedway of Death was a part of today's track. If Ashlyn made a mistake, she would plunge to her death.

Moreover, the abyss flanking the Speedway of Death was very deep. There was no guarantee that Ashlyn's corpse could be located if her car drove off the speedway.

By then, nothing would be left of Ashlyn. It wouldn't matter if it were an accident or someone had knocked her off her path.

Once the race began, even if there were any accidents, it would be difficult for the paramedics to reach her in time, given that all of the racers were driving at top speed.

The arena was hell itself.

Lucas simply could not let his beloved Ashlyn step right into hell.

Just at this moment, Ashlyn's eyes darkened.

Even though the two of them were miles away from each other, Ashlyn was able to spot Lucas in the private lounge.

However, she quickly shifted her gaze back to the track in front of her as she tried to suppress the emotions in her.

She needed to be free from all distractions now that the race was almost beginning.

Meanwhile, Carmen Chadwick was full of contempt as she saw S getting onto his car.

Her eyes glared at S in derision.

900 kilometers per hour? Bah! One of his fans must have made that up! If he's really that good, why doesn't he ever partake in championships? He must be a phony!

### [Chapter 598](#)

Now, the so-called God of Car, S, had the nerve to show up at the race.

Now, the so-called God of Car, S, had the nerve to show up at the race.

Carmen could not wait to shove it in S's face, and she wanted everyone to know that she was the only one who deserved to be called the racing champion.



The next instant, Carmen also got into her car. She fixed her eyes on the road ahead with full attention.

Aside from Carmen, even the other races thought it was too much to call S the God of Cars.

Nine hundred kilometers per hour? She must be kidding!

Most of the racers there could go around four hundred kilometers per hour. If one could achieve the same speed as theirs, that person could already be considered a world-class racer.

In fact, there was none who could achieve a speed of four hundred fifty kilometers per hour, let alone five hundred. So nine hundred was certainly unheard of.

The idea of an underground racer competing to become the champion of a professional racer sounded like a joke to them.

They could not help but wonder if the leader of Centennial Healthcare racing team had lost his mind to have sent a racer who only knew how to brag and tell lies.

Needless to say, the team would definitely lose.

The racers could not help but shift their gaze to Ashlyn's racing car.

Some of them were even laughing sarcastically.

The racers clearly did not take Ashlyn seriously at all.

Looking at the woman who had just got into the racing car, Lucas was so nervous that his palms got sweaty.

He left the VIP room and rushed straight to the commentary box, and he wore an exceptionally apathetic expression as though he was going to skin someone alive the next second.

Everyone who passed by him backed away. They dared not approach him at all.

Spencer saw Lucas striding off, so he hurriedly trailed behind too.

"What's wrong, Mr. Nolan?" Spencer asked.

"I need to stop this race. Right now!" Lucas growled as though he had lost his mind.

"That's impossible! This is the F1 World Championship. You can't simply call it off just because you want to! What happened, Mr. Nolan?" Spencer stared at Lucas in shock.

At this very moment, Santiago, who was in the commentary box, announced, “The race has now begun! All the racers have just sped off like bullets!”

Another commentator's voice rang out, paying no heed to other races as he only had his focus on S.

“My goodness! They're like a gust of wind, a phantom! Oh my! I saw S! His car is speeding forward like a wild horse!”

“Oh no! Lionel from Pandera rammed into S's car! Just as S started the engine and sped forward, Lionel and Oliver crashed into S's car at the same time!” the commentator exclaimed.

“My goodness! S's car is heading toward the side of the track!”

As the commentators' voices echoed through the place, the audience stood up and stared at the sight in disbelief.

If S was hit out of the track, that would mean she would be disqualified from the race.

The viewers watching the broadcast could not make it to the racing arena, and they could only express how anxious they felt by leaving comments.

Soon, the broadcasting platform was flooded with comments after comments.

Lucas almost stopped breathing when he saw that scene. He had his dark, deep eyes fixed on Ashlyn, who was on the racing track.

D\*mn it! The nerve of these insane b\*stards to bully my woman!

At that point, he felt a strong urge to rush to the racing track to replace Ashlyn.

Everyone held their breaths as they broke into a cold sweat, worrying about Ashlyn.

Two cars were tailing Ashlyn's car from behind, attempting to brutally crash her car. She had not expected them to be so ruthless.

As she clutched the steering wheel tightly with her fair hands, she controlled the car and drifted before powersliding away in a swift manner.

She went back and forth between gripping and powersliding techniques, challenging the limits of the wheels.

If she failed to keep her car in control, not only would she be eliminated, but she would also suffer severe injuries from the impact of the crash.

There was a sharp, piercing noise made from the friction between the tires and the ground. It was accompanied by a roar of the engine from speeding up the car.

That crowd was incredibly excited looking at that.

Just as everyone thought Ashlyn would be hit out of the track, she pulled off the backward drift in a neat manner, and white smoke from the friction between the tires and the ground filled the air in an instant. She had just saved herself from major trouble by showcasing a brutal yet thrilling move.

Right then, after she managed to escape from getting tailed by that two cars, her car dashed forward in a swift manner like a meteorite crashing toward the earth.

#### [Chapter 599](#)

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The sound of applause and cheers from the audience echoed through the place. It was such an exhilarating scene to watch.

S undoubtedly lived up to the God of Cars title. Everyone was thrilled by how S managed to escape when she got caught in a pincer movement by the other parties under such a difficult circumstance.

The broadcasting platform was once flooded with celebratory comments on S's performance.

S is the God of Cars!

God of Cars! God of Cars! God of Cars!

Despite that, Lucas was still anxious and worried, and he just could not feel at ease.

He fixated his eyes on Ashlyn, who was still on the racing track. All he could do was silently pray for her to arrive at the finishing line safely.

The commentators had finally recovered from the astonishment.

Santiago was so excited that he began stammering, "O-Oh my goodness! I've just witnessed a legendary scene! My God! I-I have no words! S, you're incredible!"

His words were full of respect as though he was a fan expressing his admiration for an expert.

The other commentator was even more so agitated than the former. "Oh, God! Never in my life have I seen someone pulling off such high-standard techniques this delicately! My God! I love you, S! Can I get a hug from you after the race?"

He did not restrain himself from fanboying on the spot.

As she had been surrounded by the two cars just now, there were already numerous cars ahead of Ashlyn, blocking her way.

Surrounded by the blaring noises of the engines, she stared intently at the cars ahead of her.

Ashlyn stepped hard on the accelerator without a single trace of hesitation.

The sound of the engines was deafening, and the black smoke from the back rose in the air.

Ashlyn kept her eyes focused on the road ahead as she skillfully controlled the steering wheel.

With the speed of lightning, Ashlyn took over one car after another that was ahead of her.

Just then, at the Speedway of Death, a white race car lost control and drifted across the racing track before blocking the way right in front of Ashlyn.

The distance between the two cars was so close that everyone broke into a cold sweat watching the scene. It would be over for Ashlyn if she hit the brake, as stopping the car while driving at such an incredibly high speed would only result in losing control of the car just like the white racing car.

Everyone could not help widening their eyes in such a critical situation. They could feel their hearts leaping into their throats.

The weak-hearted ended up closing their eyes, afraid of witnessing the horrifying scene.

They would be utterly devastated if they were to witness the downfall of the God of Cars, S.

Ashlyn was turning the steering wheel vigorously as she stepped on the brake. With that, she finished off with yet another perfect drift and successfully dodged the white racing car in front of her.

After that, she sped ahead.

Behind her, the racers, who were not as skillful as her, crashed their cars into the white racing car one after another.

With a loud boom, the cars burst into flames.

The racers hastily escaped from the cars. One of them was even lit on fire. The rescue team arrived just in time to stop the fire from spreading. Fortunately, there was no car explosion.

However, the racer was injured and had to be sent to the hospital immediately to receive treatment.

Nonetheless, the race went on.

The commentators were still delivering their comments and reports dutifully about the situation in the venue.

“My goodness! S's beyond impressive! S reacted so quickly, and his driving skills are superb!” exclaimed one of the commentators.

“S must've been enlightened! He's driving at the speed of the bullets! It's giving me the adrenaline rush!” another person raved.

On the track, Ashlyn was faced with continuous curves.

Not only were the curves steep and elevated, but there were also three sharp curves ahead to get through.

The cars in front of Ashlyn had all slowed down when they arrived at this challenging part of the racing track in the hope to get through it safely.

Whereas Ashlyn was still driving at the fastest speed as though she could go through these curves and slopes just as she did on flat grounds.

Santiago could not contain his excitement. “Goodness! S is speeding up despite the curved roads! I see no sign of him slowing down. What is S trying to do?”

“Does he have a death wish?” another commentator chimed in worriedly, his eyes red. “Stop! S, No! You're going to die if you don't stop!”

## [Chapter 600](#)

The audience was dumbfounded when they saw how insane S had gone with her moves.  
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At the same time, Lucas could not help holding his breath.

His heart was pounding so fast as though it would leap out through his throat any time soon.

Has she gone mad? Why's she still speeding up?

Lucas clenched his fists tightly, and his darkened eyes filled with concerns and uneasiness.

At the same time, everyone in the Centennial Healthcare's VIP room was staring at Ashlyn in utter shock.

Harrison's face turned pale. He was unsure whether he was worried about Ashlyn. “Jared, why didn't you tell us earlier that you've invited S?”

Anderson, who was also staring at S in shock, mumbled, "How much money have you forked out? Does Boss know about this?"

It was the God of Cars, S, after all.

The God of Cars was putting her life at risk just to get a champion.

Carmen was nothing but a loser compared to S.

Meanwhile, Jared was so worried as he gripped his phone tighter.

Boss, there will be continuous curves and slopes ahead. Are you trying to end your life just because Lucas has broken up with you? If that's so, what should we do without you, Boss? No. Boss isn't someone who'd end her life so easily. That's impossible.

Jared could not help but think of the worst scenarios.

In the meantime, Lucas was in another VIP room. He could feel his heart aching as his mind was flooded with the scene when he was breaking up with Ashlyn.

Honey, if anything awful happens to you, I no longer have the chance to dote on you. If that's to happen, it's best if I could die with you!

Lucas had come to such a decision in the event of Ashlyn losing her life.

Please be safe, Ashlyn. If anything happens to you, I'll not be able to live either.

At that moment, Ashlyn sped up in a wild manner, and all the other racers were taken by surprise.

As expected of an underground racer, S must have never gone through a race of this scale.

That was insane for her to speed up even at such timing.

Meanwhile, Ashlyn fully focused on controlling the steering wheel. Her car was moving in a relatively steady mode as though she was driving on flat ground, and the car did not go out of control.

Sharp, piercing screeches could be heard as sparks ignited from the friction between the tires and the ground.

Everyone was stunned at such a sight, and they could not believe their eyes.

Ashlyn skillfully drove past the steep curves with three consecutive drifts.

The audience was captivated by the flawlessly executed drift.

She had done three consecutive drifts.

Many professional racers could only achieve consecutive sideways drifts at most, and S did not only complete two but three consecutive drifts.

Besides, S had accomplished the three consecutive drifts when her car was moving at an extremely fast speed. Everyone could not help but wonder how thorough she had gone into understanding the functions and performance of her car that allowed her to have such good control of the car. Everyone in the racing arena went into a frenzy as they felt their blood boiling in excitement. The sense of exhilaration was overwhelming, and it led to rounds and rounds of cheers from the crowd.

S's eye-catching techniques on the racing track had driven everyone insane.

It was a thrilling race with incredible control of speed.

However, Carmen was still leading the race. Just a while ago, Ashlyn's progress on the track had been stalled by the two cars that went after her from both sides and the white car that got into the accident.

While Carmen was capable of doing the drift, her skills paled visibly when compared to Ashlyn's.

Carmen widened her eyes as shock crossed her face. Out of anger, she stepped on the accelerator and cursed, "How is that possible? S is nothing but a rat from the underground!"

In the meantime, Ashlyn was following closely behind her. And in the next second, the two were driving alongside each other.

Everyone stood up and they exclaimed non-stop on the viewing deck, "S, you can do this!"

"You're the champion, S!"

"S!" the crowd chanted.

The readings of the speedometer at the track kept increasing.

Six hundred kilometers per hour.

Seven hundred kilometers per hour.

Eight hundred kilometers per hour.

Nine hundred kilometers per hour.

Nine hundred fifty kilometers per hour.

Everyone stared wide-eyed at the screen of the speedometer, afraid to miss out on any changes in the numbers.