

## Formula 1: The GOAT

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"And as Selçuk comes out of the final chicane, he barrels down the main straight, foot planted to the floor... but did he manage to dethrone Fatih? No, he didn't!" Süleyman's voice boomed with finality as the last qualifying times populated the screen. "Despite the significant track evolution, neither Jackson nor Selçuk could find the pace to take pole position. Huzeyfa Taşkin, last round's miracle worker, also falls short of repeating his heroics, qualifying a very respectable fifth overall as Ayşe Yılmaz secures P4."

Süleyman paused as the official qualifying list appeared, confirming the order. "Though it's worth noting," Zakir added, his tone analytical as replays of the session's key moments began to air, "unlike the last three championship rounds where he shattered track records, Fatih didn't manage to do so this weekend. But in the end, it didn't matter. He still holds pole position."

"And with that, we bring the final on-track activity for today to a close," Süleyman concluded, his voice warm and inviting for the new spectators the circuit's city location had attracted. "But the weekend is far from over. Tomorrow, as usual, we begin with three intense qualifying heats, followed by the Pre-Final for those fighting for a second chance, and culminating in the main event. We hope you'll join us then. Thank you, **good evening**, and we'll see you tomorrow."

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Inside the pit lane of the familiar La Conca circuit, Fatih could be seen coming to a stop. His four-hour simulation time was nearly at an end, having spent most of his time doing the final practice on how to deal with aggressive drivers.

"It will be difficult tomorrow," Apollo's voice was a calm, steady presence beside him. "You are currently limited. Your senses are blunted. You cannot rely on the same margins you've grown accustomed to. You must be prepared to deal with Selçuk's aggression without the full, instantaneous feedback of Invictus at its peak."

"I'll do my best to use what I have to its maximum potential," Fatih replied, the words a solemn promise. He was grateful for the training, for the preparation that went far beyond simple lap times.

"Good. Then repay me with a masterful performance," Apollo said. A flicker of anticipation entered his tone. "How you handle your first encounter tomorrow will set the precedent for the rest of your rivalry. He knows his father will shield him from the consequences, no matter what he does, so long as he appears to be 'fighting for the win.' He will come at you with the arrogance of the untouchable."

"I will be ready," Fatih said. His expression was neutral, a carefully constructed mask of calm. But inside, a different feeling was taking root. It wasn't the eager excitement of a competitor looking forward to a fair fight. It was something colder, sharper. It was the quiet, patient fury of a predator whose territory had been challenged, an anger he intended to unleash entirely on the track. After all, that is where drivers settle their grudges.

A moment later, his time expired, and the simulation dissolved into darkness, returning him to a deep and dreamless sleep.

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"Hello, ladies and gentlemen, and welcome back to day two of the fourth round of the championship!" Süleyman's voice heralded the start of Sunday's action. "We are just minutes away from the first of our Qualifying Heats, a battle between the drivers of Group A and Group B that will begin to shape the starting grid for this evening's Final race."

The sun was bright, the sky a brilliant, cloudless blue. On the grid, Fatih sat on pole, with Ayşe Yılmaz beside him. Directly behind them, Huzeyfa, the surprise P2 from the last round.

"The clock hits zero, and we have green flags on this sunny Sunday!" Süleyman announced as the formation lap began. "Fatih leads the pack away, followed by Ayşe. Huzeyfa, currently P3 in the championship standings, slots in behind them. They begin the slow procession to warm their tires and make their final checks."

The two-and-a-half-minute lap felt like an eternity. Karts weaved, engines hummed, and finally, the grid reformed, drivers poised for the start.

"The lights are out, and it's a drag race to Turn 1! Fatih gets the best reaction time of the front row, a perfect launch that sees him keep the lead from the start! He immediately moves to cover Ayşe, taking the inside line and securing his position. He's ahead into the first corner, followed by Ayşe, with Huzeyfa already pressuring her from behind!"

The moment the lights went out, all the external pressures and internal frustrations vanished from Fatih's mind. There was only the race. He felt the lag from his downgraded Invictus, a microsecond of delay between the kart's behavior and his perception of it, a vulnerability he hadn't felt in forever. It forced him to drive with a sliver more caution, a conscious layer of focus that had become instinct before.

Even so, once he secured the lead, he was untouchable. He began to stretch the gap, driving on the clean and optimal lines with his relentless pace. The small advantage he gained at the start became a chasm. By the end of the first lap, he was already over half a second clear of Ayşe, who was now fully occupied with a fierce defense against Huzeyfa.

"From the moment the lights went out, he has been in a class of his own!" Süleyman's voice rose as the checkered flag prepared to wave. "Without a single mistake, without a moment of lost time, Fatih Yıldırım takes the final corner and blasts onto the main straight for the last time. He crosses the line and wins the first qualifying heat of the day! A stunning return to the norm after the chaos of the last round. And with it, he sends a clear message that what happened before was an anomaly, not the new norm."

As Süleyman's voice echoed across the track, Selçuk stood in the pitlane, fully kitted out and waiting for his own heat. His eyes were fixed on the white kart as it completed its cool-down lap. He watched Fatih's calm demeanor, the complete lack of overt celebration, as if winning was simply the expected outcome. A sneer touched Selçuk's lips before he turned away, his focus shifting to his own impending battle. He had to beat Jackson first before he could even think about Fatih.

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"And for the third time today, welcome back, ladies and gentlemen, to the final and most anticipated qualifying heat of the day!" Süleyman announced. "The drivers are on their formation lap, and it's a grid loaded with narrative. Fatih Yıldırım once again leads the pack away from the pole. Beside him, Selçuk Aslan, winner of the previous heat, and for the first time since their race-ending collision last race weekend, they will start on the front row together. And right behind them, the ever-patient Jackson Michael, the 'opportunity waiter,' who through sheer consistency, now leads the championship. He has proven that finishing the race is what earns you points, and he is perfectly positioned to take advantage should the two at the front entangle once again."

As the karts returned to their grid slots. A heavy, palpable tension descended upon the grandstands. Everyone who knew the history between the two drivers on the front row held their breath. The air grew thick with anticipation, and as the red lights began to illuminate, one by one, the collective heartbeat of the crowd seemed to pound in time with them, waiting for the explosion of action.

"IT'S LIGHTS OUT AND AWAY WE GO! Fatih gets a great start, but he's not only going forward on the optimal racing line, but he's also moving sideways and instantly covers Selçuk, pinning him to the right side of the track, giving him absolutely no room to breathe! It's an incredibly aggressive defensive move right off the line!"

There. The lunge. Predictable, Fatih thought, his mind a vortex of cold calculation. He can't divebomb if there's no space, but Jackson can.

"Fatih is deliberately compromising his own line into Turn 1 to squeeze Selçuk!" Süleyman screamed, trying to process the strategy unfolding. "But look at this! He's modulating his throttle! He's letting Jackson come alongside on the inside! He's using Jackson as a wall to contain Selçuk! This is unbelievable!"

The move was a stroke of genius born from pure necessity. By placing Jackson beside himself, Fatih had effectively neutralized his rival's most dangerous weapon, the super-aggressive divebomb, at the cost of his own momentum.

"AND THE TRAP IS SPRUNG!" Zakir roared, taking over. "FATIH OUTBRAKES THEM BOTH INTO THE APEX OF TURN 2! JACKSON, GIVEN THE INSIDE LINE, SECURES SECOND! AND SELÇUK, CAUGHT ON THE OUTSIDE WITH NOWHERE TO GO, IS FORCED TO BRAKE HEAVILY TO AVOID PLOWING INTO THEM BOTH! HE'S RELEGATED TO THIRD! Fatih used his rival's aggression and his other rival's position to orchestrate the perfect defense! AND NOW, WITH THE TWO BEHIND HIM BATTLING FOR POSITION, HE'S ALREADY OPENED UP A ONE-SECOND GAP! WHAT A BRILLIANT, MARVELOUS DISPLAY OF TACTICAL DRIVING! THAT WASN'T JUST A DEFENSE, THAT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WAS A MASTERFUL SHOW OF CONTROL AND A LESSON TO ALL THAT HE CAN FIGHT AGAINST AGGRESSIVE DRIVERS WITHOUT MUCH TROUBLE!"

## **Chapter 62: Race Weekend | Sunday | The Art of War**

"Looks like you racked your brain on that one," Adam, Selçuk's coach, said, his voice a low murmur of grudging respect. He turned to Burak, who was watching the race unfold with an impossibly wide, proud smile plastered across his face.

The smile had been there since the first corner. It had appeared the moment Fatih, faced with a charging Selçuk, had executed a strategic gambit so audacious and mature it defied his age.

"I don't remember teaching him that," Burak said, and it was the honest truth. Their practice sessions had been focused on mastering the new kart and refining fundamentals. This level of tactical warfare was something else entirely. "He's just talented enough to come up with it himself."

To Adam, the words sounded like pure, unadulterated bragging. He gave a curt nod and turned his attention back to the track, not wishing to continue the conversation. On the circuit, Fatih seemed intent on proving Burak's point, not only controlling the race from the front but actively manipulating the karts behind him, ensuring Jackson remained a permanent buffer between himself and Selçuk.

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"Zakir, I have to ask, because I'm sure our viewers are wondering the same thing," Süleyman posed, his voice a mix of curiosity and confusion. "Why has Fatih been

driving such unconventional lines for the past few laps and even in the heats against Selçuk? Compared to his qualifying pace, they are certainly not the most optimal."

"That's because he's not just racing his own race, Süleyman; he's racing Jackson's and Selçuk's as well," Zakir replied, his tone electric with the thrill of discovery. "It's a masterful piece of defensive driving, but it's proactive, not reactive. On the straights, watch closely. He allows Jackson to stay tucked into his slipstream, pulling him along. But as they approach the braking zones, he subtly drifts towards Selçuk's side of the track, momentarily giving him the slipstream."

The camera zoomed in, confirming Zakir's analysis. Fatih's kart would shift just enough to disrupt the air for one driver while cleaning it for another.

"By doing that," Zakir continued, "he forces Selçuk, who is already on the ragged edge, to brake a fraction earlier and adjust his line to avoid understeer. It creates a micro-concertina effect, forcing Selçuk to be more cautious than Jackson, who is then able to gain a few crucial meters on the exit of the corner. Then, on the next straight, Fatih does it all over again. He's effectively weaponizing Jackson's kart to keep Selçuk contained."

"He's using another person to handle the problem for him," Süleyman mused, rephrasing his initial thought. He had been about to say Fatih was bullying Selçuk, but he caught himself. Given their history, this wasn't bullying but a calculated, and frankly elegant, form of retribution.

"And consider this: he is executing this complex, three-kart choreography without ever looking back," Zakir added, his voice dropping with awe. "It seems our speculation from the previous rounds was correct. He must be using sound to pinpoint the other drivers' locations. There is simply no other explanation for how he can orchestrate this entire plan without once turning his head."

"That's a question I will be sure to ask him in the post-race interviews," Süleyman promised. "He constantly shows us something new, something we rarely, if ever, see at this level of competition. And all in his first year."

"I can't help but wonder what he'll show us in the future," Zakir said, his voice full of genuine optimism. "Perhaps he will be one of the few Turkish drivers to truly break out onto the international scene."

"Let's hope so," Süleyman agreed. "A talent like this doesn't deserve to be confined by borders. From the start of the weekend, many wondered if the incidents of the last round would force him to change his style, to drive more cautiously. But he has proven that he doesn't need to. As he comes out of the final right-hand hairpin and enters the main straight for the last time, the checkered flag waves for him! For the second time in his short career, Fatih Yıldırım wins the Final race! That victory catapults him back to P2 in the championship, just six points behind Jackson! With only two rounds remaining, all three are still in contention! Aided by Fatih's strategy, Jackson comes home in second,

with Selçuk, having failed to mount a single successful overtake both in the heats and the final race, finishing a frustrated third! The podium is once again filled with the same three individuals who have dominated this championship!"

Süleyman's voice was a triumphant roar as Fatih raised a single, gloved fist in celebration before beginning his cool-down lap.

"He made sure Selçuk was never close enough to be a threat," Zakir summarized, deep satisfaction in his voice. "Unlike the last round, where he simply built an insurmountable gap, this time he controlled the pace, managed the distance, and used a rival as a shield to keep his primary aggressor in check. It was a truly entertaining race, both for its on-track action and for the political subtext that raised the stakes."

"Then I'd better go prepare for the interviews," Süleyman said. A chair was heard sliding back. "After a race like that, it would be disrespectful to make our podium finishers wait."

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"YEAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!" Fatih shouted, a cry of pure, unadulterated joy as he ran and leaped into Burak's outstretched arms.

Burak caught him, spinning him around in a triumphant hug as they celebrated the win. This victory was different. It was more than just points and a trophy. It was a release valve for the pressure and anger that had been simmering since the last race, the injustice, the betrayal, the weight of his mother spending her own money to defy an academy that had turned its back on them. This win was the first step in repaying her faith, the first proof that her investment would not be in vain.

"That was an incredible drive, Fatih. I was truly impressed," Burak said, setting him down, his face flushed with a smile that mirrored Fatih's own.

After a few more moments of celebration, the professionalism returned. They went through the post-race procedures before Fatih, now out of his helmet, headed to the podium area set up on the main straight.

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"I'm not happy, and it is unfair for him to drive like that," Selçuk said, his answer to Süleyman's question about the race clipped and bitter. He made no effort to hide his fury at Fatih's tactics, which had rendered him powerless to attack both in the Qualifying heats and the final race.

Süleyman struggled to keep a neutral expression. "Unfair? Can you give a specific example of his driving that you believe was against the rules? All he did was position his kart on the track."



"His move at the start of the race and the heats," Selçuk insisted, his face a mask of indignation. "It was against the rules."

"That sounds like a matter for the stewards," Süleyman said, professionally cutting the interview short. He saw no benefit in letting a frustrated child, untrained in media relations, dig himself into a deeper hole. "Unfortunately, we are out of time. Congratulations again on your P3 finish."

He turned, his expression visibly lightening. "Jackson, welcome, and congratulations on another P2 finish. You are the only driver to be on the podium in every round so far. How was the race for you?"

"I'm very happy, and I am thankful to Fatih for his assistance today," Jackson said, his Turkish still broken but his meaning clear. He gave Fatih a small nod. "It helped me contain Selçuk. But next week, I want to compete against him, not just fight Selçuk. I am still leading the championship, and I want to win it for the second time."

"Thank you, Jackson. I look forward to that battle. Good luck," Süleyman said, shaking his hand before turning to the winner. "And ladies and gentlemen, our race winner and driver of the day, please welcome Fatih Yıldırım!"

"Thank you very much," Fatih said, shaking Süleyman's hand as cheers erupted from the grandstand.

"Fatih, you gave us a drive that my co-commentator and I are still trying to fully comprehend. We were curious: how did you manage to distinguish between Jackson and Selçuk behind you to manipulate their slipstream and compromise their corner entry without ever looking back?"

Fatih smiled, unshackled from the need to play the naive child after the conversation with his mother. "All the karts sound the same from a distance," he answered calmly. "But up close, they all have slight, minute differences in their engine notes. I just used that information to determine where they were and what side to take."

Süleyman chuckled, shaking his head in disbelief. "So, it was true. We were just speculating, but... wow. It seems it takes more than just good eyesight to be a great driver."

The interview continued in a relaxed atmosphere, with Süleyman skillfully avoiding any mention of the sponsorship drama. Soon, it was time for the podium. Trophies were presented, and non-alcoholic champagne was sprayed. Selçuk stood stone-faced, spraying his bottle dispassionately towards the crowd. But beside him, Fatih and Jackson laughed, turning their bottles on each other, a shared moment of celebration that marked the end of another hard-fought championship round.

## **Chapter 63: A New Revenue Source**

The quiet hum of the computer fan was the only sound in the room. Fatih stared at the race weekend debrief, his eyes tracing the final calculation.

### [FINAL CALCULATION]

Base Weekend Earnings: **112 SP**

TOTAL SP GAINED: **+112 SP**

[Current System Points: **909** → **1021 SP**]

He closed the system window with a quiet sigh. A victory was a victory, but the haul felt meager, almost hollow, compared to the jackpot from the first round. The path to upgrading his next ability stretched out before him, a long and arduous grind paved with single-digit rewards. This wasn't sustainable. Not if he wanted to accelerate his growth.

His attention shifted to the other screen, the one displaying the fruits of his off-track labor. The numbers were staggering. His Facebook page had swelled to over twenty-five thousand followers, a vibrant community buzzing with discussion. Twitter was a similar story, a slightly smaller but more volatile ecosystem of eighteen thousand.

As he scrolled through the comments and replies, the patterns he'd noticed before had solidified into distinct factions. There were the **Believers**, the true fans who consumed his high-quality infographics and insightful analysis, content that was still a rarity in the officially sanctioned, media-shy world of Formula 1. Then came the **Skeptics**, a vocal minority who seemed to exist solely to poke holes in his predictions, their cynicism a constant, predictable drone.

And finally, there was the third, most crucial group, the **Gamblers**. They were nearly as numerous as the Believers and exponentially louder. Their comments were a chaotic mix of gratitude, greed, and nervous anticipation. They had already moved on from followers and were like clients, using his predictions to place bets and, more often than not, winning. They were a loyal, vocal, and highly motivated segment of his audience due to the earning potential from his posts.

A slow, calculating smile spread across Fatih's face. They're a large enough focus group, he thought. The proof of concept is complete. It's time to move to the next phase.

He opened a new browser window, his fingers flying across the keyboard.

"What new scheme are you concocting this time?" Apollo's voice materialized in the quiet room, laced with a familiar curiosity. "Your machinations off the track are becoming as fascinating as your driving on it."

"I'm planning to turn this following into a steady stream of revenue," Fatih said, his eyes fixed on the WordPress homepage.



"A detailed breakdown of your plan, if you would," Apollo requested, his translucent form shimmering into existence, taking a seat on the edge of the desk. He leaned forward, an eager student ready for the master's lecture. "I am curious."

"Why not," Fatih said with a grin. He opened a blank Word document, the blinking cursor a starting point for his new empire. It would serve as both a visual aid for his mentor and a foundational blueprint for his plan.

"I've spent the last few months building a reputation," Fatih began, his voice taking on a clinical, strategic tone. "I've proven that a significant percentage of my predictions are accurate, and in return, I've accumulated a large, dedicated following, a substantial portion of which uses my information to gamble. I think it is time I benefit from their wagers and take a share of their winnings."

"An ambitious goal for the current social media environment," Apollo countered, playing devil's advocate. "How do you propose to collect a 'share' from anonymous individuals across the globe? You are a child with no access to conventional financial systems and who even wants to share their winnings in the first place."

"That's the beauty of it. I'm going to create an environment where they have no choice but to do so through something that will be commonplace in the future: a subscription service," Fatih declared, pride evident in his voice. "I will offer premium information, a product they can use to win tens, if not hundreds, of times their investment. And they will pay me for it."

"A viable solution," Apollo conceded, nodding slowly. "I have seen their reactions. The gratitude is... fervent. They have already demonstrated a willingness to trust your insights with their own money."

"Exactly. And with the evidence of my accuracy, I can create scarcity and demand. I will launch a service that provides the predictions hours ahead of time. The public predictions will still be posted, but they will be delayed until just ten minutes before each session. It will be too late to place most bets. This will incentivize anyone serious about winning to subscribe."

"A clever manipulation of timelines. But the payment problem remains," Apollo pressed. "How will you process these transactions if you don't have a bank account?"

"I have already found the solution," Fatih said, opening a new tab and navigating to the homepage of an E-gold service. "It's a digital currency that is backed by precious metals and requires no personal identification, no connection to a bank account, and is accessible anywhere in the world. It's nearly anonymous. I will set up a simple tipping jar. They deposit the required amount, and I grant them access to a private, invitation-only forum."

"You've thought this through to a remarkable degree," Apollo mused. "A flat entry fee, I presume?"

"No," Fatih said, a sly smile touching his lips. "A tiered system. The more you pay, the more information you get, and the more money you can potentially make. It's a win-win."

He began typing in the Word document, outlining the structure.

**Tier 1: The Enthusiast** (\$10 USD in E-gold per month)

Access to the password-protected section of the forum.

Predictions for the Top 3 race finishers, posted five hours before the race.

Basic analysis and reasoning for the predictions.

"This is the entry point," Fatih explained. "For people to dip their toes in, to see that the information is legitimate before committing more, and most likely where the majority of subscribers will be."

**Tier 2: The Professional** (\$50 USD in E-gold per month)

Everything from Tier 1.

Expanded predictions for all Top 10 points finishers.

Top 5 qualifying predictions, delivered five hours before the session.

"This one is for the more serious gamblers and dedicated fans who want more actionable information."

**Tier 3: The VIP** (\$250 USD in E-gold per month)

Everything from Tier 2.

Access to an exclusive mailing list for instant updates.

Direct Q&A: Subscribers can email one question per race weekend for a detailed, personalized answer.

The '**Dark Horse**' Prediction: A high-risk, high-reward prediction for both qualifying and the race, identifying a potential upset with long odds.

"This tier is for the high-rollers," Fatih said. "It will have a low volume, but the clients will be those willing to pay a significant premium for the absolute best information, the kind that can lead to massive payouts if it turns out to be correct."

He also added a final category: a **pay-per-race** option, with slightly higher pro-rated fees of \$5, \$20, and \$75 for each tier, respectively.

"This one might look cheap, but it also serves as another entry point for those who want to dip their toes in. If they choose to pay per race for the rest of the season, the amount I'll earn from them will actually exceed what I get from the subscription group, since they're paying a higher rate per race compared to the subscribers."

"Wow," Apollo said, the single word conveying a universe of impressed surprise. "That is... a remarkably comprehensive and viable business model."

"But how will you manage it all?" the mentor asked, his analytical mind kicking back in. "You cannot create an automated subscription system with the tools available to you. The manual labor will be immense."

"That's where spreadsheets come in," Fatih replied without missing a beat. "I'll create an account for every new user and manually track their payments each month. If a payment is missed, I deactivate their account. For the VIP tier, they'll include their email address in the E-gold payment statement, and I'll add them to the mailing list. It will be difficult at the start, yes. But I will consider the money I earn as payment for my own labor. Once the revenue is stable, I can even hire people to make it easier."

"And what will you do with this digital gold?" Apollo asked the final, logical question. "You cannot convert it to fiat currency without a bank account."

"Oh, I have a plan for that already," Fatih said, a triumphant glint in his eye. "And the timing couldn't be more perfect." He opened one last tab, a forum page he had visited many times before. The topic was Bitcoin. "I'm going to use the E-gold to buy Bitcoins through the forums. I will increase my accumulated amount now, for pennies on the dollar, long before any official exchanges open and the price skyrockets."

"Haaa..." Apollo let out a long, slow breath, a sound of pure, unadulterated astonishment. He looked at the six-year-old boy, who was now calmly organizing his Word document, and saw not a child, but an architect. 'It seems the Selçuk situation has made him determined to accumulate as much money as possible, so that neither he nor his family ever ends up in that position again. But is that really a bad direction? The more money he has, the more freedom he'll have to pursue what he loves without having to juggle politics. What an interesting coping mechanism,' Apollo mused, satisfied that Fatih hadn't just accepted the treatment they received, but had now begun implementing a strategy to avoid ever being vulnerable like that again. And all it took was experiencing that kind of situation once.

## **Chapter 64: The Birth of "TheConqueror.com"**

It took him two full days of meticulous, obsessive work before the foundations of his new enterprise were in place. Instead of it all being password-protected, he constructed an

ecosystem by adding a sprawling, open-access section, a library of high-quality articles available to anyone, subscriber or not.

He recognized that the world of online Formula 1 analysis was still in its infancy, dominated by fan communities like PlanetF1 and other general motorsport sites. By providing professional-grade, insightful content for free, he could create a powerful new channel to draw in traffic, capturing an audience that might never have known about his social media presence or his uncanny predictions.

With the forum's scaffolding erected, he resisted the urge to launch it immediately. An empty library was useless. He began to write, populating the digital shelves to ensure the first visitors would find a wealth of information waiting for them. He started with the fundamentals, authoring twenty articles designed to bring a complete novice up to speed on the basics of Formula 1. Once that foundation was laid, he penned another twenty pieces at an intermediate level of content that would reward new fans for their learning while still offering fresh insights for seasoned followers.

Finally, he moved to the advanced articles. The crown jewel was an exhaustive, technically dense breakdown of the Brawn GP BGP 001, complete with diagrams he painstakingly created in Photoshop, illustrating exactly how the team had exploited the double-decker diffuser loophole to achieve their stunning early-season dominance.

"Thank God I didn't have to research all of this," Fatih murmured, stretching his fingers. The Brawn GP article had been the most demanding, requiring him to use his burgeoning Photoshop skills to create technical diagrams that would clarify complex concepts for his readers. He leaned back, a deep sense of satisfaction settling over him. In just two days, he had built something substantial.

"You are not forgetting to thank your primary source, are you?" Apollo materialized in front of the monitor, a translucent, knowing smile on his face.

"How could I forget my biggest benefactor?" Fatih replied with a genuine grin. Apollo's contribution had been invaluable. As a master racing instructor, he possessed an innate ability to distill complex topics into simple, understandable concepts, a skill that proved essential for the beginner and intermediate articles. More surprisingly, Fatih had discovered his mentor had a deep well of technical knowledge, helping him clarify and correct the most intricate parts of his advanced pieces.

"I'm going to list you as the co-author for my articles," Fatih added, beginning the process of uploading the content to the forum, currently hosted at [TheConqueror.wordpress.com](http://TheConqueror.wordpress.com), because a custom domain required money and would have to wait.

"A wise decision," Apollo said, a flicker of pride in his incorporeal form. He was pleased at the thought of leaving a trace of his existence beyond his student.

"So, Mr. Co-author," Fatih asked, once the final article was posted and the paywalled predictions were scheduled to unlock five hours before each session, "any final suggestions?"

"None on the content. It is impeccable," Apollo replied. "But I am curious. When do you plan to unleash this upon the world?"

"Probably now," Fatih mused, glancing at the calendar. "There are only two days until the next Grand Prix." He logged into his social media accounts. The announcement graphic was already prepared; all that remained was the text.

### **[A New Home for The Conqueror's Community!]**

Due to the incredible growth of our community, I'm excited to announce the launch of our new, dedicated Formula 1 forum! This will be a space for in-depth discussion and will feature a library of exclusive technical articles for fans of all levels.

To sustain this project and continue providing high-quality content, a new revenue model is necessary. While our race and qualifying predictions will remain public, they will now be posted just **10 minutes**

before each session begins.

For those of you who have come to rely on these predictions for... other pursuits, we are now offering a premium subscription service. This will allow us to keep the lights on and provide you with even more value.

### **Subscription Tiers:**

**Tier 1 (\$10/month):** Access to the private forum, Top 3 race predictions 5 hours in advance.

**Tier 2 (\$50/month):** All of Tier 1, plus Top 10 predictions, Top 5 qualifying predictions, and detailed analysis.

**Tier 3 (\$250/month):** All of Tier 2, plus access to an exclusive mailing list, a direct Q&A (one question per race weekend), and the coveted '**Dark Horse**' Prediction.

**DISCLAIMER!!!!:** All subscription payments are considered donations to support this platform. All predictions are based on a proprietary analytical model with a historical accuracy rate of approximately 75%. Any use of this information for gambling is done at your own discretion. We are not liable for any potential losses incurred.

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He reread the post several times, refining the language. "This is going to make quite a few people angry," he chuckled, then clicked 'Post.' He screenshotted the announcement and uploaded the image to Twitter, neatly bypassing the character limit.

"The ones who complain the loudest will be the first to pay," Apollo observed wryly. "They have already tasted victory using your information. They will not give that up easily."

"Now, we just wait for the first bite," Fatih said, opening his E-gold account in a separate window.

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Two days later, Fatih watched as Mark Webber crossed the finish line to win his first-ever Grand Prix.

"Yesss," he breathed, a wave of profound relief washing over him. He had been confident, but having paying customers added a new, sharp-edged anxiety to the experience. If his first monetized prediction had been a failure, recovering his credibility would have been a monumental task.

The launch had been a resounding success. The announcement had, as predicted, been met with a wave of complaints, but the grumbling was quickly drowned out by the sound of E-gold transactions. The gamblers, having already profited from his insights, had little trouble justifying the cost.

The real triumph, however, was the VIP tier. His 'Dark Horse' prediction, that Webber would not only win but also take pole position, had been seen as a long shot even by the bookmakers, with betting odds of at least twenty-five to one. For the handful of high-rollers who had subscribed to his most expensive tier, the return on their investment had been astronomical. They were no longer just subscribers, as seeing the results had turned them into loyal and willing to pay customers.

From all the subscribers, he had earned the equivalent of \$5,500 in E-gold. The number would have been higher, but the friction of using the obscure payment service had likely deterred some.

"Now, for the next step," Fatih said to himself, rising from the sofa as Webber listened to the Australian national anthem on TV, heading back to his room, where the desktop computer was still quietly mining Bitcoin in the background.

He opened his IRC client, HexChat, and joined the #bitcoin and #cryptography channels before quickly composing his message.

**[Subject: WTB: Looking to acquire BTC]**



Hi all,

I'm looking to acquire a significant amount of BTC. I believe in the technology and want to support the ecosystem in its early stages. If you are a miner looking to offload some coins, please send me a direct message.

Proof of funds available upon request.

**- Emperor]**

He hit enter, his new handle, `Emperor`, appearing in the chat logs. He knew he could have waited for a more formal exchange to emerge, but he didn't trust E-gold. The service was something he didn't remember at all, a fact that made him deeply suspicious of its long-term viability, and in a world where his second greatest asset was knowing the future, an unknown was a liability. So, he needed to convert his earnings into a more stable, forward-looking asset as quickly as possible.

"Now, we wait for the offers," he murmured.

Although he could be wrong, perhaps his lack of financial interest in his past life was the reason he'd never heard of it, there was no harm in converting it as soon as possible.

He had no other use for the money yet, and even if he did, there was no way to use it as he didn't have a bank account to cash out. At the moment, this was the only logical move, and now, he waited for the first bite.

At first, few people believed in him. But after a reputable individual on the forum sold 10,000 bitcoins for \$100, a transaction he confirmed with a testimonial, many users began reaching out to him. They informed him of the amounts of bitcoin they held and inquired about how much they could exchange them for. He always calculated the exchange rate based on the precedent: 10,000 bitcoins equaling \$100.

Although he could have lowballed them by offering as little as \$30 per 10,000 BTC, he chose not to. He didn't need to. Doing so would have discouraged users with smaller holdings from participating, since the returns would be negligible.

Knowing that storing a large amount of bitcoin in a single wallet would make it difficult to sell discreetly, people might assume he was planning to cash out all at once, triggering a market crash. To avoid that, he created a new wallet for each individual seller. Since most sellers only had small amounts, this allowed him to distribute his holdings across many wallets.

Within three weeks, he had already accumulated more than **70,000 bitcoins** across nearly seventy different wallets, and he planned to continue buying them until the end of the year or until he reached his target amount.

## Chapter 65: Race Weekend | Sunday | The Fifth Round

"How confident are you?" Aron Michael asked, his gaze fixed on his son. They sat under the shade of a large umbrella, the pre-race tension of the paddock a low hum around them. Jackson took a slow sip of his juice, the picture of calm.

"I'm confident that I can win if I get a good start," Jackson replied, his voice even. He momentarily stopped drinking, meeting his father's eyes. "I have to."

"Good. That is the confidence you need," Aron said, a proud smile touching his lips as he reached out to ruffle his son's hair. Jackson instinctively pulled away, a faint blush on his cheeks, now at an age where such public displays of affection were becoming annoying.

Aron's smile was a carefully constructed mask. Inwardly, he held little hope that his son would win. He had watched Fatih all weekend as a silent, dispassionate observer. He had seen the boy's ruthless efficiency in the practice sessions, emerging from the pit lane, setting a blistering, untouchable lap time in just a few attempts, and then immediately withdrawing to conserve his tires, a display of maturity and strategic foresight that was frankly terrifying.

This pattern had continued through qualifying and the heats. Fatih had once again orchestrated his now-infamous gambit, using Jackson as a shield to neutralize Selçuk. He would pull Jackson along in his slipstream, only to subtly disrupt the airflow at the precise moment Selçuk was preparing an attack, a masterful manipulation of aerodynamics and racecraft.

Aron was still struggling to comprehend how a child could not only conceive of such a complex, multi-variable strategy but execute it flawlessly, lap after lap, without a single mistake. It required a level of discipline that defied belief. There were countless moments where Fatih could have given in to the temptation to push, to open a massive gap and prove his outright speed. But he never did. He understood, with a clarity that even some professional drivers lacked, that the moment he abandoned Jackson, Selçuk would use his raw aggression to pounce. Fatih would then be left to face that aggression alone, his strategic options drastically reduced. Knowing something and explaining it to a child was one thing; for that child to understand the long-term implications and resist the allure of short-term gratification was something else entirely.

He had learned of the sponsorship drama, the academy's betrayal, and Rümeyşa's defiant stand. He was not satisfied with Aslan's behavior, but he had remained silent. It was not his fight. A selfish part of him, a part he was not proud of, had even hoped the situation would hinder Fatih, giving his own son a clearer path to a hat-trick of championships in this category. He had rationalized it to himself that Fatih would still have two more years to win, while this was Jackson's final season before aging out.

"We have ten minutes before we need to head back for preparations. Finish up," Aron said, his voice gentle as he took a tissue to wipe a drop of juice from his son's chin.

"Mhh," Jackson acknowledged, quickly finishing his drink. He rinsed his mouth with water, and together, they walked back towards the academy tent to begin the final preparations for a race that could decide the fate of his championship defense.

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"This is your last chance to keep your championship hopes alive. You know that, right?" Aslan's voice was cold, devoid of any paternal warmth. He stared down at Selçuk, who stood before him, his expression a mask of grim seriousness.

"Don't just look at me. Answer my question," Aslan's voice rose, a sharp edge of impatience in his tone as Selçuk's silence stretched.

"Yes, I know," Selçuk answered quickly, his voice tight, not wanting to provoke his father's anger.

"And how will you keep those chances alive?" Aslan pressed, testing him.

"By winning the race. By finishing ahead of Fatih," Selçuk replied, the words sounding like a rehearsed mantra.

"Good," Aslan said, though his expression remained hard. "And this time, I do not want to see you stuck behind him at the start. It has happened three times now. A fourth will prove you are incapable of beating him fair and square. Three times should be enough for you to understand his trick. Avoid it, or better yet, use it to your own benefit." His dissatisfaction with Fatih's new, dominant driving style was palpable. He saw it as a personal affront, a strategy designed specifically to humiliate his son.

"Yes, I will do my best," Selçuk said, a flicker of conviction in his eyes.

The conviction was immediately extinguished. "I don't want your best," Aslan retorted, his voice cutting. "That is always expected. What I want is for you not to fall for the same trick for a fourth time."

"Yes," Selçuk whispered, his head bowing, the brief spark of determination crushed under the weight of his father's disappointment.

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"Do your best, be careful, and don't forget to enjoy yourself," Rûmeysa said, her voice a warm, comforting presence as she made a final adjustment to Fatih's race suit collar.

"Yes, Mom," Fatih replied, giving her and her mother a quick, tight hug before heading back into the academy tent to retrieve his helmet and gloves.

As he ran to the tent, Rûmeysa watched Fatih for a bit longer before the two of them started walking to the paddock to find the best seats to enjoy the race.

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"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, and welcome to the final race of the fifth round here at the Bursa Uludağ Motor Sporları Kulübü (BUMOSK) Karting Track, the fifth and second-to-last race of the championship," Süleyman said as he began his commentary. "Depending on how the top three finish today, the champion could be decided right here, or it could all come down to the final race. And although, as neutral viewers, we'd love to see the championship go the distance, we can't exactly root for that outcome, as these drivers have poured their sweat and tears into the previous four rounds, fighting to outdo one another. So instead of jinxing it, may the best driver win."

"On pole position, we have Fatih Yildirim, who's starting from the front for the fourth time this championship only missing out once due to race-ending damage during the third round's qualifying heat. That incident sent him to the back of the grid for the final race after he was forced to change his kart."

"In P2, we have Selçuk, who benefited from being placed in a different bracket than Fatih and Jackson. Fatih and Jackson were grouped together, which led to Jackson finishing all his heats in P2 behind Fatih. However, Selçuk managed to secure a heat win, giving him the edge due to his higher placement in the initial qualifiers, where he finished second overall. This starting order sets up a very intriguing race, and I'm eager to see how Fatih handles Selçuk and how Selçuk responds to Fatih's pressure. Or will he suffer the same torment once again?"

"In P3 is the current championship leader and defending champion, Jackson..."

Süleyman continued introducing the top ten drivers on the grid, but the further down the list he went, the shorter his commentary about them became. All the drama and excitement were concentrated in the top five.

"I can't help but agree with you about Fatih versus Selçuk being a kind of torture," Zakir chimed in, his voice brimming with excitement. "If you fail to defend against Fatih at the start, your race is basically over, unless you've got a countermeasure for his slipstream-supported attacks. The only clear solution I see is for Selçuk to do everything in his power to stay ahead. We already know he's aggressive enough to take that chance, but will he have the confidence that Fatih will back off? Or will Selçuk stick to his usual style and risk taking both of them out again, ending their championship hopes and handing the title to Jackson? On the flip side, will Fatih play it safe and focus on his own race, or repeat the same aggressive tactics against Selçuk and risk triggering retaliation that

could also knock them both out? I can't wait to see what solutions these two and their coaches have come up with for this dilemma."

"And to answer your prayers and not keep you waiting any longer, the formation lap has begun," Süleyman said as the screen showed Fatih weaving left and right, momentarily inducing wheelspin to scrub his tires as he led the pack around the track for final checks.

It didn't take long for all the drivers to complete their formation lap and take their grid positions. Fatih, following his tradition, pushed his kart backward slightly to unstick his tires. But instead of copying him like he usually did, Selçuk pushed himself to the very edge of his grid box. Due to the kart grid layout placing drivers side by side with equal spacing, this resulted in Selçuk being slightly ahead of Fatih.

BIP... BIP... BIP... BIP... BIP...

The five red lights illuminated, and a universe of possibilities held its breath.

## **Chapter 66: Race Weekend | Sunday | DOUBLE YELLOW FLAGS**

"It's lights out and away we go! Between the two of them, it looks like Selçuk got a better start, and both of them are moving to try and cover and hinder each other. Who will be brave, and who will chicken out? BUT NO ONE LIFTS, AND  
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH! SELÇUK AND JACKSON ARE OUT OF THE RACE! WOW, OH MY GOD! THE RACE HAS NOW BEEN DOUBLE YELLOW-FLAGGED.

Oh my god, that is something I wasn't expecting at all! I'm pretty sure neither of the two in front lifted, but how come Selçuk missed Fatih when none of them pulled back? I'm surprised how he managed to collect Jackson of all people," Süleyman commented, having gone through a roller coaster of emotions in just a single first-sector lap. His voice reflected that.

"I don't think one of them got a better start or something like that, because I think I saw Fatih and Selçuk move nearly at the same time. We'll have to see the replay first before we discover what went wrong or what one of them did that the other didn't, resulting in that difference. Though it might be the difference in the power of the kart engines, since Fatih's is most likely not homologated from the best-performing engine parts to make one engine like his previously sponsored kart. But that much difference in speed is not something that happens even if Selçuk's engine is made from the best-performing parts of many engines. Otherwise, Fatih would have lost his competitive edge, and his slipstream tactic would have failed on its first try," Zakir responded, trying to explain how such a thing might happen. But with so many things happening on the track when there were only two of them to look at, they missed a lot of things.

"I would like to inform you that our two drivers are fine, which is good news. They have already been withdrawn from the track and their karts, and we are going to have green flags by the end of this lap. So let's see the replay of the situation," Süleyman followed as the screen showed the two drivers crossing the track, heading to the pit lane as two marshals collected and moved their karts. Selçuk's head was lowered, and he was walking very slowly as if he didn't want to go to the pit lane. The image was then replaced with the replay logo, and the race start was replayed.

The replay started a few seconds before the lights went out, giving viewers ample time to prepare themselves and focus on what they deemed important.

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The moment the lights went out, Fatih, who was now at his full strength ability-wise, immediately lifted the brakes and pushed as the tires that had been unstuck gave him a near-instant response, pushing him forward as he immediately moved to the left side to start his usual cover game with Selçuk.

However, instead of just trying to avoid him as usual, Selçuk moved toward him, showing that he was intent on being the one to cover him. Having been a bit ahead of the grid box compared to Fatih, he had a slight edge. If things went the way they were and no one compromised, they were going to take themselves out, or so it looked to the viewers.

Inside the helmet, Fatih, who was fully focused and hearing Selçuk's kart heading in his direction, smiled as he changed nothing. But just as they would have crashed, Selçuk went past in front of him, moving to the right side just in time to collect Jackson, who was planning to benefit from the initial attack from Fatih as he always did, but this time planning to take the lead of the race as the two fought. This sent both of them out and into the tire wall moments before Fatih, who had been pushing the accelerator at ninety percent from the start, finally pushed all the way up, allowing him to keep his lead into the first corner before he had to lift due to the race being double yellow-flagged, effectively bringing the session under conditions similar to a safety car.

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"Did you see what I saw?" Süleyman asked Zakir, knowing that if he had seen the same thing, Zakir would be better at explaining the technical parts to the viewers.

"Yes, I think we are talking about the same thing. Fatih was not at any point before the crash pushing at full power. He was pushing just enough to bait the aggressive Selçuk into trying to counter him, which coincided with Jackson, who was rearing to take the P2 position following Fatih's usual style of attempting to stop Selçuk. As Jackson was pushing more than Fatih, he ended up overtaking Fatih just as Selçuk missed him, only to clip Selçuk's rear tire and send both of them out into the tire barrier. Though bad for Jackson, it was a brilliant move from Fatih. Once again, he surprises me," Zakir said. As



he explained and recounted the event for the viewers, he became more excited, realizing he was witnessing such a technical drive from such a young driver in his first year of racing.

"It seems like he deliberately and repeatedly used the slipstream from the last round in every session he was with Selçuk, which in return tricked Selçuk into believing that he was going to do it in the final race today. Even his actions showed similar behavior. Not wanting to be on the receiving end, Selçuk decided to go proactive, only to miss Fatih and be taken out by Jackson instead," Süleyman said, surprised that Fatih's repeated use of the tactic was all but preparation for this moment, where the aggressive Selçuk couldn't handle the pressure.

"If that's true, then it's a masterstroke. That move alone has guaranteed his championship so long as he finishes in the top three, because the gap will be too wide," Zakir said, remembering what Süleyman had said before the final race about the possibility of someone winning the championship in this race should certain things happen.

"But we can only be sure if he finishes on the podium. And as they come out of the final corner in a tight pack, the green flags have been waved and the race has restarted. Fatih, this time going on maximum power and having an early mover's advantage, takes the lead as they pass through the start-finish line and barrel toward T1. With no Jackson and no Selçuk for him to keep his eyes on, he is pushing to the maximum without worry. Following the smooth line, in just three corners, he has already opened a gap of two-tenths from P2 Huzeyfa, who is currently fighting to keep the position from Ayşe, who is fighting for it tooth and nail..." Süleyman finally moved from commentating on the replay and started refocusing on the race that had restarted on the fourth lap, with Fatih continuing to keep his lead.

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"What are you doing here?" Selçuk's teacher asked when he found him crouching and hugging his knees behind the academy tent, not entering it when he went to check on the kart that had been delivered by the track marshals.

"I'm hiding," Selçuk said, his fear from hearing someone talk to him slightly subsiding as he returned to bury his head while still wearing his helmet, on his knees, trying to make himself as small as possible while praying for the earth to open and swallow him.

"From your father?" Adam asked, despite already knowing the answer, having seen how his father's treatment of him changed depending on the results.

Instead of saying anything, Selçuk just nodded.

Adam, playing with his hair, took a deep breath as he contemplated what to do. Should he do what he usually did and turn a blind eye, or should he do something about it?

From the look of it, today was going to be a very bad day for Selçuk, far worse than usual. Adam had seen how ambitious Selçuk's father was, most likely living vicariously through his son. When he realized that Selçuk had a chance of winning the championship a few rounds in, he went so far as to take financial losses to break sponsorship with Fatih and ban him from using his karts, ensuring Selçuk had inferior equipment to increase his own son's chances of winning.

Lowering his hand from his hair to pinch his eyebrows, Adam stayed like that for a moment before removing his phone from his pocket and looking for a contact before making a call.

"Hello, I hope you're doing well," he said, starting the call after it was answered after a few rings.

"I'm doing well, and the race is still going," he answered the question from the other side. His eyes showed the last shreds of hesitation, which disappeared the moment he looked at Selçuk, who was staring at him with fear, wondering if he was talking to his father. Adam then said, "Selçuk is currently out of the race and is hiding from his father..." Adam started explaining everything he had witnessed, bringing Selçuk's mother up to speed. For a few reasons, she had not been present since the third round, which coincided with Aslan increasing the pressure on his son. Without his mother there to shield him, Selçuk had no one to retreat to.

"No, I'm sorry as well. I've turned a blind eye to it and sometimes even enabled it when I thought it would make him better and increase his drive," Adam responded when he heard Selçuk's mother becoming emotional and thanking him for informing her about the situation.

"Yes, and have a good day. Thank you," he said before lowering the phone and ending the call. He looked at Selçuk, who realized that Adam had been talking to his mother.

As Adam looked at Selçuk, he wondered if things would have escalated to this point if he had dealt with Selçuk's arrogance earlier, perhaps during the first championship or even the previous one. But there was no going back in time, only dealing with the current situation to try and change the future. Sighing, he said, "I told your mother. She should talk to your father and be able to calm him down so you can return to the academy tent and wait there," before extending his hand.

Just as Selçuk took Adam's hand, the speakers covering the track and grandstand echoed with Süleyman's commentary: "And having led all the way from the restart and gaining a seven-second gap from the one behind him, FATİH YILDIRIM WINS THE BURSA AND THE FIFTH ROUND OF THE CHAMPIONSHIP, ONCE AGAIN CATAPULTING BACK INTO THE TOP OF THE TABLE! WHAT AN EXCITING RACE!"

Hearing that Fatih had won the race, Selçuk tightened his grip on Adam's hand. Adam turned his head in the direction of the track with a bitter smile, wondering if Selçuk's

reaction was due to anger, jealousy, or fear. But that wasn't important to him. He pulled Selçuk up and started walking with him as if he hadn't heard the commentary.

## **Chapter 67: Race Weekend | Sunday | Weekend Wrap Up**

"Ninety-five points. That is Fatih's current championship total as he leads the championship by eight points over Huzeyfa, with Jackson falling to third overall, nineteen points behind. With today's crash, Selçuk is now mathematically eliminated from the championship, and his chances of winning are over," Süleyman commentated alone, Zakir having left the booth to go and interview the podium finishers.

"With three wins and a second-place finish due to a mistake from the stewards, Fatih has finished in the top two positions in every race he has completed. It's even better in other sessions, as he has led in all the sessions he participated in and completed, which is something I just realized now," Süleyman paused briefly, seemingly realizing the implications of what he had just said for both Fatih and the championship, before continuing.

"Having already broken three track lap records, recovered from last to first twice, but on the second time, he was taken out by Selçuk on the final lap. He has also led more than sixty percent of the laps in the entire championship, and he has done all of this in his first championship. This is a first for someone who had only a few months of training before entering the competition.

I am really looking forward to his future because if he continues showing performances like these, then he has a bright future. He might also be one of the few people to graduate from the country to the international racing scene and deliver results. But let's not put pressure on him this early in his career, or we might end up pushing him to hate the sport. Instead, support needs to be provided to nurture him and ensure he doesn't stagnate. Otherwise, we might have to wait for someone else to rise and show the potential to move to the international stage and bring home good results. And now, let's cut to Zakir interviewing the podium finishers."

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"....." Aslan looked at Selçuk without saying anything for ten minutes after entering the academy tent and finding him sitting in a chair, waiting.

Not wanting to break the silence and escalate the situation, Selçuk remained as still as humanly possible, his right hand on his helmet, always ready to pick it up and put it on as a guard against anything that might be thrown at him.

Having just gotten off a phone call with his wife, who made it clear that she was aware of what he was doing and that she wasn't going to let it slide. She had told him she would wait for him to come home to hear his defense or reasoning for his actions, even going so far as to threaten divorce. This left him unable to even express his feelings

about the race ending early and completely destroying his son's championship chances, as he now had to think of ways to save his marriage.

Raising his head from looking at Selçuk to looking at his coach, Aslan's expression showed that he already suspected Adam of being the one behind the call to his wife. But because he didn't have any evidence, he didn't say anything, ending it with only a look of suspicion.

"We are leaving. Pack your things," Aslan said, releasing a deep sigh, before turning and leaving the tent. This left Selçuk even more scared, as his father wasn't known to hide his feelings in front of others, and he cared about no one when expressing his anger.

"Can you come with me?" Selçuk turned to his coach and asked as he picked up his bag, his eyes begging along with his words.

"Sure," Adam said, agreeing without hesitation. He had already taken sides, and pulling back now would only make things worse.

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"It's fine. You still have a chance to win in the final round," Aron said, carrying his son's bag as they walked to the parking lot. He didn't want to stay and watch the podium ceremony.

Jackson didn't say anything, turning his head upon hearing people cheering. The voice of the P3 finisher giving his interview followed, prompting Jackson to increase his pace, not wanting to hear anything about it.

Aron, seeing his son's reaction, just shook his head and increased his pace to keep up with Jackson, who was on the verge of breaking into a run. Inside, however, Aron was curious to see how his son would grow as a result of this experience in his future endeavors or if he would simply rage quit now that the joy of constantly winning had disappeared, as he always seemed to finish behind Fatih or Selçuk, both of whom had less experience winning than he did.

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"What do you think of your chances of winning in the final round? You need to finish ahead of Fatih, but you also require him to finish at least in P4 for you to have a chance to win the championship," Zakir asked Huzeyfa, the current P2 in the championship, who was eight points behind Fatih.

"My dad told me not to give up, to do my best, and to focus on the parts that fall under my control while not wasting time thinking about things I can't control," Huzeyfa

answered, repeating the advice his father had given him just minutes earlier after congratulating him for finishing in P2.

"That's a good way of thinking, but isn't hindering something you can do, just like Fatih did against Selçuk over the last two rounds of the championship?" Zakir asked, despite knowing it might be a difficult question for a child to answer.

Huzeyfa went silent for a moment, trying to rack his brain for an answer, but he came up blank. After about ten seconds of silence, he said, "I will do my best."

"Hahahahahaha, my mistake for asking such a difficult question. Congratulations on your third podium finish, and good luck in the final round of the championship."

"Thank you," Huzeyfa said, shaking Zakir's hand before leaving as Fatih walked up for his final interview.

"Congratulations on your third race win, Fatih," Zakir said, shaking hands with Fatih, who had just shifted the microphone to his left hand to do so.

"Thank you."

"Now that you are back in the championship lead after not being there for the last few rounds, how does it feel? Is there any pressure or excitement in returning to that position?"

"There is always pressure to perform, no matter how far ahead or behind you are in motorsport. It's just that the reason for the pressure changes depending on where you are. Being in motorsport requires you to be able to deal with it, so I'm very thankful that I can handle it. Instead of demotivating me, it motivates me to perform and overcome the cause of the pressure," Fatih answered in a very detailed manner, surprising Zakir and the viewers. He paused for a moment to enjoy the look on their faces before adding, "Also, it feels very good to be back in the lead."

"Mh..." Zakir coughed to regather himself, recovering from being stunned by the answer, before continuing with the next question. This time, he increased the level of language to see if the previous answer was memorized or if something had changed in Fatih's development. "With an eight-point gap from second place, what are your views on the championship? Do you consider it in the bag, or is it too close for comfort?"

"Unless I have a twenty-five-point gap to second place, nothing is assured. Even in this championship, I've been hit twice, sending me to the back of the pack, and I had to recover to point-earning positions. There's no certainty that it won't happen again in the final round, so there's no chance for leisure until the final race is over. After all, it's the one who finishes that earns the points, not the one who leads the championship going into the final round," Fatih answered, looking at Zakir and enjoying his reaction even more.

"I'm very surprised by your articulate answers, so please let me recollect myself and come up with a better question to fit the change in circumstances," Zakir said, causing the audience to laugh at the situation, as they too were surprised by Fatih's elaborate and clear answers coming from a child's voice.

The laughing crowd gave Zakir time to come up with a new question before he asked, "What is your summary of the season as a first-timer who immediately performed better than those with more years of experience and training?"

Though Zakir had always wanted to ask this question, he had hesitated, thinking it would be too difficult for a child. But now, with the opportunity presenting itself, he took it.

"Though I performed better than those with more experience, I don't see this as evidence of their poor abilities or being incapable of using their experience. It's just the result of many circumstances aligning well. I had an academy behind me at the start, giving me an advantage, a dedicated teacher, and ample practice time, more than any of the experienced drivers had in their three-year period. Though talent is also a factor in my performance, it isn't the only reason," Fatih answered, subtly sending shade toward the academy while maintaining a humble tone.

"That is a very insightful answer, and although I would like to ask more questions, it looks like we are out of time. Congratulations on your win, and good luck in the next round," Zakir said, looking disappointed that the interview had to end. He shook hands with Fatih, who was now being called to the podium.

"Thank you,"

## **Chapter 68: Daily Life**

### **[FINAL CALCULATION]**

Base Weekend Earnings: **117 SP**

TOTAL SP GAINED: **+117 SP**

[Current System Points: **1073 → 1190 SP**

]

Closing the system window, his eyes returned to the desktop screen that displayed his spreadsheet with details about all of his Bitcoin accounts and holdings.

With rumors spreading about him being someone who keeps his promises and pays out the agreed amount, more and more people with large amounts of Bitcoin reached out to



him to sell. This allowed him to reach his goal in just a month, resulting in him ending any additional purchases of Bitcoin.

Looking at the total Bitcoin amount at the bottom of the spreadsheet, it showed that there were 290,243 Bitcoins in one thousand different wallets.

That was more than one percent of the total lifetime Bitcoin that will ever be mined, which was also a limit he had set for himself. He didn't want to risk changing the future of Bitcoin too drastically, something he was determined to avoid. However, even with the current amount he held, he had already influenced Bitcoin's trajectory. His actions had led to more people trying to mine Bitcoin in hopes of gathering enough to cash out, which, thankfully, was a positive change.

"So, how long do you plan to hold onto them?" Apollo, someone who had seen the amount being accumulated, asked, curious if he was going to hold onto it until it reached its highest valuation or not.

"I won't be able to fully cash it out if I wait until it reaches it's highest value because the market size won't be large enough to absorb the saleoff without crushing. So, I'll be cashing out at every peak of each year once it starts being traded, to accumulate cash for future investments or use it as my personal fund. But I'll leave at least fifty thousand of them for future holding, in case the value continues rising beyond what I remember about it."

As he answered, he navigated to OmniPay and finally found an unread notification.

"Looks like we finally have some good news," Fatih said, reading the notification with a smile on his face.

It was a notification informing him that his conversion had gone through and all of the E-gold he had wanted to exchange had been successfully processed. The money was now deposited in his PayPal account.

At this moment, it was still possible to open a PayPal account without needing a bank account for withdrawals or phone number verification.

So, the moment he created an account and it was verified, he immediately started withdrawing and exchanging his E-gold. He also began the process of changing his subscriber payments to PayPal, which led to an increase in the number of subscribers because it was easier for them to join through PayPal rather than E-gold. Following that, he started phasing out E-gold payments, not wanting to risk the platform crashing and his money being locked up. This gave him peace of mind, knowing the money was on a platform that he knew would still exist in later years.

Even with the expenditure of buying two hundred and ninety thousand Bitcoins, he still had twelve thousand dollars, which had now been sent to his PayPal account following the exchange.

The biggest surprise to him was how fast his forum was growing every day. Thanks to the high-quality and technical articles he was writing and posting daily, a fanbase of people coming to read new articles was slowly forming. This created a following for his username, leading to an increase in followers on his two social media accounts.

It had been just over a month since he launched the forum, but it had already reached a point where it was starting to overwhelm him. He had to run the forum, moderate it to ensure it didn't lose its reputation due to bad comments, and deal with various problems, all while trying to keep it hidden from his mother. This left him with a very short window to do all the work if he wanted to continue his daily exercises, drive his used kart, play with his friends, or attend the academy on practice days. It was becoming clear that he needed help, or the forum would deteriorate.

"But first, let's buy the domain before someone else cybersquats," he said, immediately starting the process now that he had a PayPal account with cash in it.

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"Smile for me," chuck! "Good, shift your head slightly to the left. Yes, just like that." Chuck!

Fatih was currently having his biometric photo taken for the paperwork required for the school year that would be starting in September after the final race.

"Okay, we're done here. Please wait for the picture to be ready," the photographer said, letting the camera strap fall to his chest.

"Thanks," Rümeyza said as she waved for Fatih to come to her. She handed him a candy to eat while they waited.

"Do you want a camera like that?" she asked, lifting him onto her lap and pointing at one of the cameras in the photo studio.

"Yes," Fatih said, nodding with a smile.

"Remember the promise, you have to win to get it, so try your best," Rümeyza said with a teasing smile.

"But you told me I didn't have to worry about the camera and that you'd buy it for me even if we withdrew from the competition," Fatih replied, surprised that his mother seemed to be going back on her words.

"No, no, no, I'm not going back on my words. I said, 'If it's because you're worried about not winning and me not buying you the camera I promised, you don't have to worry about that. I will buy it for you no matter what.' But we didn't clarify when I would do that. However, if you win the championship as per the initial agreement, I'll use the championship money to buy it, which would be even faster. Make sure your promises cover everything, or else they can be used against you," she said with a teasing smile, enjoying the look of semi-betrayal on Fatih's face. She added shortly after, "So, make sure you do your best and win the final race and the championship, okay?"

"Yes, I will win it no matter what," Fatih said with a smile, his expression already returning to normal as he finally understood what she was trying to do.

Although he had enough money to buy the camera and other equipment himself, he would have to explain where everything came from, which would be a very difficult task. His mother would find it hard to suspend her disbelief if she were to see the articles her son was writing in a language she had never seen him speak.

Another reason was that, due to the continual increase in the number of new readers, he had recently posted a recruitment notice on his forum to hire moderators. Not stopping there, he was already looking for a professional developer to start building his website. He wanted to shift it from a forum space to its own independent website, which was going to cost an arm and a leg if it included all the features he had in mind.

"Good," Rûmeysa said as she started playing with his hair.

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"Come on, man, this is excessive," Fatih complained as he struggled to move while being upside down in a kart.

"You need to keep in mind that you have no control over what I'm doing, only over what you can do. So there are really no limitations on what I can do," Apollo said as he teleported with his kart next to Fatih.

"This is a black-flag level offense. What benefit does the one doing it even have in a race?" Fatih asked as he got up, thanks to Apollo removing his kart and healing his wounds.

"What's to stop a driver who has nothing to lose from taking out someone like you, who has everything to gain by winning the race?" Apollo said, subtly hinting that there was a chance Selçuk could do this in the next race to end Fatih's championship hopes. "You need to be ready and watch out for things like this. So get in the kart and continue trying to defend and avoid my attacks," he added as he teleported both of them to the start-finish straight.

"Mhhh... Whooooooo," Fatih, knowing he had no counterargument to Apollo's response, took a deep breath before once again getting into the kart and starting to race again.

The moment he got off the line, Apollo immediately swerved in his direction, fully intent on hitting him on the sidepod. This forced Fatih to immediately turn and head toward the same direction to try and keep the distance before correcting his steering back to straight as they gathered speed for the first corner.

Fatih was immediately forced to brake heavily to avoid Apollo spearing him once again with an impossible-to-make divebomb attempt, saving his front from being collected just in the nick of time as Apollo went through, missing his corner, allowing Fatih to keep the lead as he pushed nearly seventy percent of his focus into trying to guess where Apollo was, what he was trying to do, and how to avoid it.

Apollo was driving as if he could only survive by taking Fatih out, forcing Fatih to adapt his driving for his safety while at the same time maintaining a delta lap time he had to keep for each lap.

## **Chapter 69: Driving Fluidity**

"That is not going to happen until you apologize. But since it looks like you are intent on not doing that, and just brushing everything under the rug to save face, you are not going to be able to see him forever then," Rümeyza said over the phone in English, her voice not hiding her displeasure at all.

"Why do you continue trying to make things difficult for both of us? Stubbornness is going to result in you starving your child of a relationship with his relatives," a woman on the other side of the phone said, as if the word "apology" had gone in one ear and out the other.

"This is the tenth time we are having this conversation, and it will be the tenth time I remind you that you are the ones who cut ties with us, removing any chance of a relationship you could have had from our marriage and its results. But now you keep reaching out, trying to see my son, while making it look as if I'm the bad person preventing him from seeing you. You are not even trying to first address and mend the things you did to us, things you said to me, as if they were small matters. If you keep beating around the bush, I'm going to change my number and never give you one," Rümeyza said before ending the call, not wanting to hear the response the woman on the other side had at all.

Sitting at her office desk, she supported her head with her hand as she pinched her brow, feeling the aftereffects of the unpleasant conversation.

The woman was her mother-in-law, an estranged one who had been against her marriage to her son. She had someone else in mind for him to marry and had made

Rümeysa's life before their marriage a living hell in an attempt to sabotage their relationship.

Knowing that Rümeysa was in Germany as a Turkish citizen, unlike her son, who was a German citizen of Turkish descent, her mother-in-law had used that to her advantage, threatening to cause problems with her residency applications by falsely accusing her.

Thankfully, her husband wasn't a doormat. The moment he realized what was happening, he immediately threatened to cut contact with his mother. But in an attempt to hold the upper hand, her mother-in-law threatened to cut ties with him and never see her son again if he went ahead with the relationship and marriage. When they showed no signs of backing down, she followed through on her threat, making the wedding quite a mess. Many people on her husband's side canceled their attendance in support of her mother-in-law's false accusations about Rümeysa's behavior, reducing the number of guests who attended the wedding. At the same time, this marked the cutting of ties with her mother-in-law's side of the family.

This distancing continued and deepened further following the death of her husband. Her mother-in-law accused the pregnant Rümeysa of being the one who killed her son and going so far as to rob her of the final days of his life. Had it not been for the ironclad will he left behind, she would have done everything in her power to try and take the inheritance from her.

But only after Fatih was born and grew older did her mother-in-law start trying to reach out to her, attempting to brush everything under the rug. She urged Rümeysa to send Fatih for a visit, claiming she missed her grandson, the continuation of her son.

Rümeysa immediately reached for a bottle and drank some water, trying to forget these memories. She opened a drawer and removed pamphlets and documents that many academies had sent her after learning about Fatih's situation.

"But do we really need an academy at the moment?" she asked herself.

Since the debacle between them and the academy, which had sided with Aslan, she was now very averse to accepting things like scholarships, as they would only complicate the situation. The only benefits the academies offered were the tracks, trainers, and transportation services for tournaments. However, she wasn't sure how Fatih would adapt to a new teacher, having grown used to Burak's style of training, which was already giving her a headache.

At this current level of karting, it was something she could handle through her own salary without even dipping into her husband's inheritance. That was the direction she was leaning toward, as it would be the best way to cushion Fatih from any further problems with academies during his childhood. She had already asked for advice to see if her idea was feasible, but it would take time to set everything up. Thankfully, she had time, as the championship was coming to an end this weekend.

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Screech! Fatih braked heavily as Apollo once again tried to dive bomb despite being far down the track. But Fatih still had just enough speed to subtly touch the rear side of Apollo's kart just as he passed him, changing his direction and sending him off the track, spinning all the way into the tire walls.

"You are finally getting it," Apollo said as he teleported with his kart next to Fatih, who had a smile on his face for finally managing to take Apollo out with just enough deniability to be considered a racing incident caused by Apollo's overly aggressive driving.

"Okay, now that I have succeeded, can you answer my question then?" Fatih asked, his smile still on his face.

Apollo had made it his mission to always have Fatih first try things he was told to do without being told the reason why, so that he could try to find the answer himself. Sometimes this approach allowed him to find the answer, which made Apollo very satisfied, while other times he didn't, like now, which Apollo was also happy to help with. The whole reason for making him do these things before receiving an answer was to try and have him think about what he was made to do without being told why ahead of time, since that risked building dependency on Apollo and would be a problem in a situation like a race, where he had to think on his feet and adapt.

"Which ones? You have many questions that I have yet to answer, so repeat the one you want answered now," Apollo said as he rubbed his nonexistent beard, acting like a knowledgeable sage.

"Why are you teaching me to attack and end the races of aggressive drivers when you have already trained me to deal with them safely?" Fatih, ignoring Apollo's behavior, asked.

"Because I want it ingrained in you that you have other options. It's good to drive calmly and avoid aggressive drivers, but there comes a point where you have to set an example. If you're always the one avoiding them, aggressive drivers will feel emboldened to keep pulling their moves, knowing you'll back down. Sometimes, you need to show them that their behavior has consequences," Apollo paused for a moment, gauging Fatih's expression before continuing. "The other reason is to prevent you from ingraining a single driving style. What I envision for your future, the future where you hold the title of the greatest of all time, is for you to have fluidity in your driving style depending on the situation. If the situation requires a technical driver, you should be able to become one. If it requires an aggressive driver, you should be able to become one. If it requires a mixture of both, you should be able to adapt. For this to be possible, you need to be knowledgeable about both ends of the driving style spectrum before we fuse them."



Fatih went silent for a moment, remembering the different driving styles of Formula 1 drivers over the years: the calm Max Verstappen who turned aggressive when his car lost competitiveness, the fearless and clean driving of Kimi Räikkönen, Michael Schumacher's infamous championship-deciding crash, and many others. Each driver had situationally dependent styles, but it seemed Apollo was planning for him to go even further, to master every style across the spectrum.

"Let's go a few rounds then," he said, as the 51g crash between Max Verstappen and Lewis Hamilton, caused by both drivers refusing to give up position, came to his mind. He added, "I should at least be able to do this even on straights and not just in corners," with an amused smile on his face.

"That is good thinking," Apollo said, teleporting both of them to the start-finish line in their respective grid positions for the race to start again.

"Let's make it more interesting this time," Apollo said, looking at Fatih before snapping his fingers, changing the weather as raindrops started falling.

"How about we reduce pain just for this session?"

"Nope. Pain is the price you should pay for learning these important things from a better teacher than anyone else for free, or it would be totally unfair if we removed pain."

Sigh. "Okay," Fatih said, giving up as the lights started turning on immediately, changing his demeanor as he became fully focused on the race and all the banter was thrown out the window.

## **Chapter 70: Race Weekend | Sunday | The Final Race**

"From this track, the championship started, and on this track, the championship will come to its end, ladies and gentlemen. We are five minutes away from the final race of the championship, a championship that has borne the rise of a dominant driver, a powerful competitor, and a champion in his title defense, providing us with an exciting three-way battle that led to each of them being taken out of the race at least once," Süleyman began his commentary as the feed showed the drivers in their grid positions, with their coaches doing final preparations before the race.

"Let's go through the things that we have managed to experience during this championship," he said before the feed changed, showing different replays of the previous races in the championship.

"For starters, we have Fatih Yıldırım, who has accomplished the largest number of overtakes in the season, completing over a hundred overtakes across both the heats and races, with in-race overtakes alone exceeding ninety. This number is a record in the history of the championship, with the closest runner-up in this record throughout the

championship's history not even reaching half of that," Süleyman said, his voice revealing his amazement at the stats achieved by the young driver in his first season.

"These abnormal stats are a result of him overtaking the entire grid in two races, with the second one featuring a back-and-forth battle between Selçuk on rain tires and Fatih on dry tires in the wet, where they exchanged positions more than ten times before they crashed, ending their races," Zakir added, explaining how such a large number of overtakes had been accomplished by Fatih.

"Another unbelievable stat now held by Fatih is that, across all the qualifying sessions, he took P1 in every single one, including yesterday's qualifier. He has also won more than ninety percent of the qualifying heats if we include today's heats..."

Süleyman and Zakir continued going through all the records set by the drivers during the season, with Fatih taking the majority of the positive records and Selçuk leading in penalties and crashes.

"On pole position, we have the usual pole holder, Fatih Yıldırım, and his gridmate Selçuk, who comes from a race-ending crash in the fourth round that ended his championship hopes. In P3, we have Huzeyfa, taking a place that is usually occupied by Jackson, who is now in P7 after receiving a five-place grid penalty for his role in the racing incident in the last race. In P4, we have Ayşe, who continues to find herself in the top five in the majority of the finals..."

"Huzeyfa still has a chance to win the championship if he finishes nine points ahead of Fatih or if Fatih doesn't finish the race," Zakir said, taking over once Süleyman was done going through the top twenty in the final race grid. However, even as he said that, his tone made it clear how near-impossible it was going to be. "The same goes for Jackson, who has a chance of winning if a few things go well for him. But unfortunately, it's going to be very difficult for them to do that, as Fatih rarely makes mistakes, even in wet conditions with slick tires. It's to the level where I can say I've never seen or remember him making a mistake on a dry track. Now that I'm saying it, it's something very unusual for someone in their first year of competitive karting, making me look forward to what he's going to show us in the next two seasons in this category, or we might even see him being granted a higher license to race at the next level of karting."

"Though it's unlikely for Fatih to make a mistake, racing is not a scripted play. No matter how small the possibility, it still exists. Until that checkered flag is raised and he wins the race, the chances for the runner-ups are still on the table for them to win. I'm also looking forward to seeing what he's going to continue showing us, but at the same time, I feel sad that we won't be able to see him on the track for a very long time until the next season," Süleyman said as the camera feed changed to the track, showing all the non-drivers moving to the sides as there was less than a minute remaining until the start.

"If even I'm feeling this much tension, I'm wondering how Fatih is feeling, knowing that with Selçuk on his side, the chances of the start being the most dangerous part of his

race have increased," Zakir said, reminding everyone that although Selçuk's chances of winning the championship were nonexistent, there was nothing stopping him from being aggressive if he wanted to win this race.

"Let's hope that it doesn't happen, and the final light is out as we start the final formation lap of the championship, with Fatih leading the pack, something he is very experienced at," Süleyman said as the feed focused on a two-shot between Fatih and Selçuk, both weaving left and right, trying to warm their tires.

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Aron looked from the grandstand at his son in P7 and watched calmly as Fatih and Selçuk led the group across the track, the same track where he had once celebrated his son finishing in a podium position.

In his mind, the only chance for his son to win was for Selçuk to take out Fatih at the start. The rest was something his son could accomplish, as all he needed to do was overtake Huzeyfa and go on to win. When it came to overtaking, if it was anyone other than Fatih or Selçuk, that was something his son could do easily without any problems.

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On Selçuk's side, this time, instead of his father, who had attended all of his races during the championship, it was his mother who was present. She watched with worry on her face, knowing what her son had been put through by his father, but despite all of that, he still wanted to continue karting.

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"And we have a green flag as all drivers push their focus to the maximum! The lights start coming on, and it's lights out, and away we go! Fatih has a very good start, giving him an advantage over Selçuk as they head into the first corner, where they had a crash in the first race of the championship that sent Fatih to P40. But fortunately for Selçuk, this time Fatih has a clear advantage and has covered any opportunity for a dive bomb leading into the corner.

As they enter the straight, Selçuk neatly tucks behind him to slipstream, lowering his head for a mini DRS effect, gaining an additional one to three kph, allowing him to close the distance. He's gaining, gaining, gaining, and HE MOVES TO THE SIDE TRYING TO FINISH AN OVERTAKE! IS HIS SPEED ADVANTAGE ENOUGH FOR HIM TO SUCCEED? NO! FATİH COVERS HIM PERFECTLY, LEADING INTO THE CORNER, FORCING SELÇUK TO BRAKE OR RISK TOUCHING THE TIRE WALLS. THIS TRACK HAS NO RUNOFF, THE MONACO OF TRACKS IN THIS CHAMPIONSHIP THAT DOESN'T FORGIVE ANY MISTAKES.

AS THEY COME OUT OF T2, SELÇUK ONCE AGAIN STAYS BEHIND, THIS TIME TAKING HIS TIME AS THEY GO THROUGH T3 AND ENTER ANOTHER SHORT STRAIGHT. HOWEVER, THIS TIME, ALL OF HIS AGGRESSIVENESS SEEMS TO HAVE DISAPPEARED AS HE IS NOW BIDDING HIS TIME, KNOWING THAT IT'S GOING TO BE DIFFICULT TO GAIN ENOUGH SPEED ADVANTAGE TO COMPLETE AN OVERTAKE IN SUCH A SHORT STRAIGHT.

As they enter the following straight, HE MOVES TO ATTEMPT ANOTHER OVERTAKE BUT HAS TO ONCE AGAIN BACK OFF AND COME OFF THE PEDAL OR RISK GOING FLYING AT THE HIGHEST POINT ON THE TRACK BEFORE THE FOLLOWING DROP IN ELEVATION. For the next few corners, he won't have a chance for an overtake attempt as they are entering the narrowest section of the track. Fatih goes through T5's hairpin, followed by the next hairpin, with Selçuk breathing down his neck, waiting for the perfect moment, which is in the next straight following T7.

Leveraging his better exit, Selçuk once again starts closing the distance between the two of them, benefiting from the slipstream that Fatih is trying to break. But Selçuk follows everywhere Fatih goes, intent on not giving away such an advantage. As they near the end of the straight, HE BRAKES LATE AND DIVE BOMBS! OOOOOOOOH, HE NEARLY COLLECTED FATİH! BUT IT SEEMS FATİH HAD EXPECTED HIM AND TOOK THE TURN VERY LATE AS SELÇUK WENT THROUGH, HIS TIRES LOCKING UP, ALLOWING FATİH TO RETAIN HIS POSITION.

With Selçuk having to correct for his mistake, Fatih now enters the next double hairpin corners with more than a two-second advantage in his hands, taking them with ease of mind. I'm sure his ears are already telling him the distance between him and Selçuk.

Going through the underpass, Fatih increases his advantage even further to a three-second gap, with only two corners left in the opening lap. He takes them without any mistakes before finding himself on the start-finish straight, starting his second lap as the crowd cheers him on for his perfect defense against Selçuk.

"Wow! This has been a magnificent opening lap that allowed us to see the abilities of these two drivers. We saw the Fatih we know, the super calm and capable driver under any conditions. But surprisingly, we've seen a glimpse of evolution from Selçuk, who has now stopped dive bombing everywhere and shows patience, starting to choose his battles. Although his attempt failed, it's still a good direction for him to go.

It looks like evolution is inevitable if you try to avoid your previous mistakes, and all it took for him to consider that was a few crashes during the season, a fair price for the valuable lessons he learned through them. I hope he shows us this continuous improvement in the next season and throughout the rest of his career," Süleyman said, pausing between sentences to take a deep breath, having spent all his energy commentating on the action-packed first lap alone.