

Formula 1: The GOAT

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"TIMING IT PERFECTLY, JACKSON MOVES SIDE TO SIDE AS THEY ENTER THE WIDE CORNER OF TURN EIGHT, CONTINUING THAT BATTLE SIDE BY SIDE THROUGH THE NARROW STRAIGHT, LEAVING A NARROW ROOM FOR ANY MISTAKES. THEY CONTINUE LIKE THIS INTO TURN NINE, AND AS THEY TAKE TURN TEN, JACKSON'S OUTSIDE LINE TURNS INTO AN INSIDE LINE. HE GOES WIDE IN THE SECOND HAIRPIN OF THE SECOND DOUBLE HAIRPINS ON THE TRACK FORCING AYŞE TO SLOW DOWN OR CRASH, AND AS THEY ENTER THE UNDERPASS STRAIGHT, HE MOVES AHEAD OF AYŞE AND TAKES HER P4, SLOWLY RECOVERING FROM HIS PENALTY AS HE STARTS HIS CHASE OF HUZEYFA, WHO IS NOW ONLY TWO SECONDS IN FRONT OF HIM," Süleyman shouted in excitement at the battle unfolding on the track.

"We are seeing a different side of Jackson today, as if he has traded some of his patience with Selçuk in return for some of his aggressiveness. Both drivers are showing traces of the other's forte, as Jackson has already moved from P7 all the way to P4 in just four laps," Zakir said, giving Jackson his due credit for the performance he was showing the attendees.

"Though not as domineering as Fatih's charge, his level of driving at the moment is what is expected of a prodigy in this category, with Fatih being the anomaly," responded Süleyman, his tone calmer now compared to his earlier shouting.

"Oh, we are finally seeing Fatih after he disappeared in front following the first lap. It seems he has dialed his focus to the maximum now that the championship is already within his grasp. Having already opened a gap of six seconds in this time period, I think it's because this is the only track where he had prior experience, other than a practice session," Süleyman added.

"If what you're theorizing is true, then next season is going to be very interesting to see, as we might witness a never-before-seen dominance in this category," Zakir replied.

"Don't jinx it, man. I want to see good racing next year, and you hyping it like this risks him underperforming," Zakir said, causing both of them to chuckle at his words.

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"Come on, you can do it!" Aron shouted, encouraging his son as he passed through the start-finish line while leaning against the rails, making sure his voice was loud enough to overcome the roar of the kart engines.

"Your son really gave mine a run for his money this season," Aron said, turning his head to Rûmeysa, who had her eyes fixed on her son on the track. Fatih was rarely being shown on the TV feed due to the gap he had opened from the second-closest driver, rendering him a boring watch for casual viewers when there were battles happening all over the track.

"I'm surprised as well. I only thought he was above average, but the performance he's shown me has exceeded that," Rûmeysa said with a smile on her face, proud of her son's capabilities despite the mess that had happened amidst the season.

"I think everyone was surprised as well, starting from his first round. From there on, the rest is history," Aron said, turning his head back to the track as his son was getting closer to where he was, already bridging the gap between himself and Huzeyfa even further. "He's super competitive," he added as the large screen showed that Fatih had added another second to his gap over Selçuk.

"When it comes to everything else, he's very rational, but in motorsport, his competitive spirit..." As she humbly bragged, Fatih went through the start-finish line.

"Are you going to leave him in this category for next season?" Aron asked, turning to her again as he took her bragging without trying to counter it.

"Yes. Why? Is there something I'm missing?" Rûmeysa asked, wondering if there was something she needed to do. Due to her lack of in-depth knowledge in this field, she was very curious.

"Not something you're missing specifically, but if you leave him here, you risk having him dominate the category. For a young driver who needs competition to continue growing, that could cause bad habits and complacency to settle in. If possible, you should send him to a place with a very competitive karting scene where he can be pushed and challenged, unlike here in Turkey, where the sport is still in its infancy," Aron suggested.

"And where is that specifically? Europe?"

"Yes. Unlike here, where there's only one nationwide championship a year, there he'll have way more opportunities to race against different drivers all year round, giving him the variety of competition he needs for sustainable growth. Only there will his talent be truly affirmed, or he'll turn out to be just a good driver. The talent pool here is very limited, to the point that only about sixty karts participated in the nationwide championship at this entry level."

Upon hearing Aron's suggestion, she took a moment to think about it before saying, "It's something I've considered, but I don't plan on doing that at this level. He's about to start school, and going there at this moment would be very difficult for him. He doesn't even have the language to make friends. But thank you for the suggestion."

"Oh, no problem. I was just speaking my mind based on the ability I've seen. It would be a shame if his abilities were stifled because of a lack of competition. But your reasoning is also sound. Even I, knowing that, am forced to keep my son here because of work. The same should be true for you, I didn't consider that," Aron said, remembering that she was a single mother who had to work. Sending Fatih overseas would mean being separated from him, leaving him in a country where he knew nothing about the culture or language.

Though some parents made such sacrifices to support their children's hobbies, doing so for a child at such a young age was like forcing them to shoulder a mountain of responsibility. If the family gave up everything to support the child, the child would have no choice but to succeed. Failure would not only shatter their dreams but also the sacrifices their parents made. If the child succeeded, the parents would be seen as dedicated and loving. But if they failed, the parents would be seen as reckless gamblers who bet everything on their child in a field where the chances of success were slim.

"It's not like I'm closing the door forever. But if he shows further development, I'll consider making the sacrifice of losing time together to send him there. He has to show consistent improvement before I seriously consider it and make the logistics worth it. Because no matter how slim the chances, there's always the possibility that he might become a one-season wonder," she said, showing that while she believed in her son, she also considered all possibilities, no matter how unlikely, to prepare for any situation and as a lawyer it was only normal for her to think like that.

"If you make that decision, please reach out to me. I'll see what I can do since I have some connections there. I hope I can help grease the wheels and ease his entry. I'll be returning there sometime after next year," Aron said, leaving the door open for Rümeyza to take over should Fatih meet the benchmarks she had set for him.

"Thank you. I will do so if the opportunity arises, and wh..." Just as she thanked him and was about to finish her thought, she was interrupted by the commentator's excited voice, causing her and Aron to turn back to the track to see what was happening.

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"He started the championship with a super performance, and he finishes it with one! Leading all sessions through the weekend and matching that in the final race, with eight fastest laps in the race, he comes out of the final corner and, with his foot on the pedal as the public cheers him on the last hurdle, THE CHECKERED FLAG RISES FOR HIM JUST IN TIME AS FATİH YILDIRIM WINS THE ISTANBUL KARTING PARK AND THE

FINAL ROUND OF THE TOSFED MINI KART ŞAMPİYONASI, TAKING WITH HIM THE DRIVER TITLE!" Süleyman shouted, commentating excitedly.

"Congratulations to him for winning the championship! He deserved nothing less for the performance he showed us throughout the championship, coming back from adversity after adversity and, at one point, losing the lead of the championship. It was an exciting season, but throughout it, he proved to anyone skeptical of him that he is above the rest. Through his superior performance under dry, wet, from pole, from last, under all conditions, he came out on top, and none rivaled him. What a superb performance from the young driver in his first season, and I can't help but look forward to his future," Zakir added, showering Fatih with praise as the camera showed Fatih pumping his fist with the crowd cheering in the background as he crossed the start-finish line.

The championship had been decided, and the champion was celebrating it deservedly, having earned it.

Chapter 72: Race Weekend | Sunday | CHAMPION

"Thank you for your time, and ladies and gentlemen, let's welcome the race winner and the champion of this year's championship, Fatih Yıldırım," Süleyman said, prompting the crowd to start clapping and cheering as Fatih walked to the interview section, passing by Selçuk, who didn't look at him at all, clearly showing his dissatisfaction at not winning the race.

"How does it feel to win the championship in your first time participating in it?" Süleyman asked after shaking hands with Fatih.

"I'm very happy to win the championship. When the season started, it was just a possibility, but now that I've actually won it, it feels surreal, like a dream come true. Or rather, it is a dream come true for me. When I started karting, this was the goal. But I couldn't have done it alone. I'd like to thank my mother, who worked hard to support me in doing this sport without worry; my grandmother, who sent me to the academy and helped with my practice at home when Mom was at work; and my coaches, who taught me everything I know and supported me during difficult times. They all share a portion of this championship with me, and I'd like to thank them and tell them that I love them."

"That's a very beautiful appreciation for those who helped you. It's a dream come true for anyone to win the championship, and I'm sure they feel the same," Süleyman said, pausing for a moment, surprised by the sincerity of Fatih's appreciation, before continuing with another question. "What were the most difficult parts for you during the championship?"

"I can say the difficulties started in the first race for me, after being sent all the way to the back on the first lap. Other than that, it was the two crashes in the same weekend that weren't my fault but resulted in me losing the lead. The cause of those crashes was let off nearly scot-free, so that didn't feel good. But now, with the championship in my

hands, all of that doesn't really matter. The trophy came to me in the end, though with a slight delay and some additional difficulties. Driving under pressure is something a good driver needs to continue improving, so I welcomed it."

Mphhh. Süleyman coughed at Fatih's blunt mention of the unfairness of the situation with Selçuk, now that the championship was over. It caught him off guard, but he immediately recollected himself and asked the next question. "What do you see for next season? Do you think you're capable of surviving the championship and repeating your title, or is it going to be difficult?"

"There's no such thing as certainty, but as long as a new challenger doesn't arise, then yes. But I hope one does, as a challenge at this level is something I need for my growth. Dominating is not really something good for me at this level."

"I hope you get what you wish for, as it's in the best interest of both drivers and the attendees to have a neck-and-neck battle," Süleyman said, knowing that the possibility of a challenger was slim. However, it wasn't impossible, as Jackson, who had dominated the previous season, met two difficult challengers this year. It was possible, but nearly impossible, for someone of Fatih's level to appear back-to-back, or else Turkey would already be leading in motorsports instead of being a latecomer.

"Let's move on. What's your outlook on the rewards you're going to receive today? What other categories do you think you'll go home with a medal for?" Süleyman asked.

"I don't know about anything else, but 'Overtake of the Year' should go to me, as I have more than a hundred for them to choose from. 'Defensive Driver of the Year' should also go to me, as I'm sure no one defended with their life on the line like I did in the wet race before I was taken out. Other than 'Driver of the Season,' which is already decided, those two are the ones I'm sure I have a high likelihood of receiving. But it's really not a competition, since I have the championship in my hands. The rest are just bonuses if I receive them," Fatih said with a smile, speaking with such confidence that it removed any trace of the humility people usually had for questions like these.

"Ah, thank you. I believe the same, and the same goes for the other categories. You showed us performances capable of catapulting drivers to fame in each round of the year. I'm even wondering if there's anyone else who could receive the rewards instead of you," Süleyman added in a mixture of serious and sarcastic tones as he realized it was true. He started wondering if TOSFED would be fair and give Fatih those rewards or exclude him from consideration to allow others an opportunity for prizes.

"Congratulations on your championship, and I look forward to seeing you on the track again," Süleyman said, ending the interview after the event organizer hinted from behind that they were running out of time.

"Thank you," Fatih said, shaking his hand before walking to the side of the podium, waiting for Süleyman to start working as the MC for the podium celebration and the following Moment of Brilliance awards.

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Burak, watching from the side, couldn't help but shed a tear as he listened to Fatih's answers, which included him in the list of people he thanked and appreciated.

"He said 'coaches,' so am I included in it as well?" Adam asked Burak, who was wiping his tears before returning to clapping and shouting with the public.

"That's just a mistake from a young child, so don't you dare try to take a portion of it from me," Burak said, looking at Adam as if he meant every word he said.

"Jeez, you can't even take a joke. Fine, have all of it to yourself," Adam said, making a face as if Burak's words hurt him, before getting serious and asking, "So, what are you going to do now that he's leaving the academy?"

"I'm still thinking of a solution, but if he's leaving, then I won't stop him. The academy did him pretty dirty. Even now, I'm still dissatisfied with it," Burak said after a moment of contemplation.

"Will you move to the academy he goes to? I'm sure they'll accept you if the academy he joins asks for you to continue being his teacher," Adam said, not letting the topic end there. He knew exactly how pissed Burak was, to the point of barging into the director's room and causing a mess when he heard about the academy's decision.

"If possible, then yes, I'd like to continue teaching him. But what does it matter to you, when you were on the other side the whole time?" Burak asked skeptically, knowing there was a possibility Adam was acting as a spy for the academy or for Aslan.

"Looks like your connections are slow these days. Didn't you hear that Aslan is suspecting me of snitching to his wife about how he was pressuring and treating his son? So, at the moment, I'm not on any side. Since I did something good once, it felt good, and I decided to do more of it from now on. There are no negative intentions from me," Adam explained, not wanting there to be any misunderstanding between the two of them. Their relationship was already strained from Adam siding with Selçuk and trying to downplay his behavior during the meeting that led to all of this mess.

"Doing good doesn't erase the bad you've done in the past without repenting and apologizing. So you should start doing that, or all of your good deeds will be taken with a grain of salt," Burak said before turning back to the podium, clapping and cheering as Fatih was being handed the championship trophy.

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"Usually, you fall asleep immediately after the race, but it looks like you're wide awake today," Rümeyza said with a smile on her face as she looked in the rearview mirror and saw Fatih examining the medals and trophies surrounding him.

TOSFED had gone ahead and included him in all of the **Moment of Brilliance** categories instead of excluding him from consideration. As a result, he won **Driver of the Season, Overtake of the Season, Defense of the Season, Recovery of the Season, Wet Weather Drive of the Season**, and **Rookie of the Year**, earning him a total of six of the ten awards in addition to the championship itself.

"I'm happy that I kept my promise," Fatih said with a smile, proud that his first attempt at karting had ended with such positive results. He felt he hadn't wasted his mother's investment, both monetary and in the time she sacrificed on weekends to support him.

"Next weekend, we'll go shopping for your camera, so start thinking about what you're going to do with it," Rümeyza said, glancing at Fatih's expression. They had already received the monetary reward in an envelope along with the championship trophy. The additional earnings from the **Moment of Brilliance** awards were more than expected, as each award came with a small monetary prize. It was enough for them to buy a good camera and other high-quality equipment.

"Look at who's trying to act calm now, when you were crying earlier when he mentioned and thanked you," Güldane teased, giving her daughter a side-eye for teasing Fatih when she had been just as emotional.

"Do you really have to bring that up now? And why is the pot calling the kettle black when you did the same?" Rümeyza countered.

As the banter between mother and daughter went back and forth, Fatih finally opened his system interface to see the finalization of rewards from his season, now that he was done admiring his trophies.

Chapter 73: Upgrade

[FINAL CALCULATION]

Base Weekend Earnings: 113 SP

TOTAL SP GAINED: +113 SP

[Current System Points: 1244 → 1357 SP]

As usual, Fatih received the standard rewards for his weekend dominance, but this time, once the SP was updated, the screen changed, displaying a single glowing golden line for a moment:

[Congratulations on completing the SEASONAL MISSION: THE FIRST CROWN]

The message remained for a few seconds before dissolving, followed by a new screen appearing:

[SEASONAL MISSION: THE FIRST CROWN (FINAL REWARDS)]

Overview: Having finished the mission, it is now time for you to receive your rewards and achievements for your accomplishments throughout the season.

[HIDDEN MILESTONE ACHIEVEMENTS]

- First Official Race Start
- First Official Race Finish
- First Pole Position
- First Fastest Lap
- First Official Race Win
- First "Perfect Weekend"
- "The Phoenix" Achievement
- "The Grandmaster" Achievement

Total reward: **400 SP**

[CHAMPIONSHIP REWARD]

As a reward for winning the championship, a 1.5X multiplier will be applied to all points earned from the [SEASONAL MISSION: THE FIRST CROWN].

Total earned SP from the mission: 639 SP + 400 SP = **1039 SP**

Applying the **1.5X** multiplier effect: 1039 SP × 1.5 = **1559 SP**

[Current System Points: 1559 → 1981 SP]

[URGENT MISSION: A MOUNTAIN TO CARVE]

OBJECTIVE: Win the championship despite the obstacles.

STATUS: COMPLETE

REWARD ACTIVATED: Doubling of all System Points the user currently possesses.

[Current System Points: 1981 → 3962 SP]

Fatih, who nearly jumped from excitement as he looked at the amount of SP he had gained from completing his two missions, managed to hold himself back by stifling his laughter and converting it into a cough before regaining control.

"Among the hidden milestones, what are the milestones named **The Phoenix** and **The Grandmaster**?" he asked after going through all the information on the screen, but not finding any explanation for those two achievements.

"**The Phoenix** is for winning a race after being sent to the last position, and **The Grandmaster** is for not just driving well but using strategy behind your driving to orchestrate a tactical gambit to neutralize a primary rival," Apollo answered, as the system had already provided him with all relevant information regarding the missions now that Fatih had completed and been rewarded for them.

"Ahaaaa, okay. But why are the final points not making any sense? Based on the calculation, they should be more than the current amount. Also, is the 1.5X multiplier going to be the reward for winning any championship?"

"Do you think the system is dumb enough to give you points that you've already spent?" Apollo asked, looking at Fatih, who was most likely deliberately acting dumb in hopes of gaining more SP.

"The multiplier effect was applied to the total SP you earned from the mission, but for the effect to be applied, even the points you spent in the first round, before their 5X multiplier, were included. However, they were later removed from the final total once the multiplier was applied.

As for the 1.5X multiplier, it will remain the same for all karting categories and will only change once you enter open-cockpit single-seaters. However, the SP points from the races will continue increasing depending on the karting level you are in.

And before you ask, the 5X multiplier was applied for the achievements earned in the first championship round, that's why the final total came out at 400 when it should have been lower than that."

"And here I was hoping they hadn't accounted for that so I could earn more," Fatih said, feigning disappointment. He wasn't truly disappointed, as he had already earned more than enough to upgrade an ability, something he hadn't expected. Earning enough SP to upgrade two abilities in one year in such a short championship at the karting level was not something he had considered possible.

"So, do you have an ability in mind that you want to upgrade, or are you going to delay it?" Apollo asked, moving on and not dwelling on Fatih's disappointed face.

"Yes," Fatih said as he opened his abilities interface and directly went to **Sponge Brain**, clicking on it. "I'm about to start school, so the better my brain is, the easier it's going to be to juggle many things at once without being too overwhelmed."

"I don't think primary school is going to add any significant weight to your current mental capacity. Are you planning to add other tasks to your current workload?"

"Yes. I have very limited time if I want to be good at all the things I need to help my journey in motorsports."

"Like what?"

"Languages. I need to know English, French, German, and Arabic. Since I already know English, that leaves the other three, and I need to reach a level where I can live without any problems using any of the languages. Then there are other things like basic coding, investment, mechanical understanding, aerodynamics, and many things related to motorsports."

"French and German I can understand, but why Arabic? And what's with all the other things, are you planning to build your own car or something?" Apollo asked, though his second question was relayed with a slight look of pride on his face, which he quickly hid before Fatih noticed.

"That's where big sponsorship money comes from. Plus, I'm from Turkey, a majority Muslim country, so are my parents, and by proxy, I. That's another point of connection between me and them, which will make it easier for them to sponsor me than anyone else, even if I had average talent.

As for the other things, those are so I can completely understand the car and what exactly makes it run. This, in turn, should make my debriefing targeted enough that if there's a problem, we can pinpoint it fast and deal with it without having someone first try to deduce what I was talking about. It should also help me accelerate some of our design productions if I understand the principles behind the cars in my memory, why some of their technologies work well, and what else needs to be integrated for them to match the car I'll be driving.

The extent of my knowledge is what's going to determine the limit of how many of my memories I can exploit to the maximum, including the financial ones. Despite being few, I know that depending on how I plan and execute them, the returns could range from ten times to hundreds, if not thousands, of times the initial investment. That's why I need my brain to be ready. As people say, the wider the well, the more water you can fill."

As he finished speaking, he immediately hit the upgrade button.

[SPONGE BRAIN has been UPGRADED (Good → Excellent).]

[System Points: 3962 → 1362 SP]

The moment the notification appeared, Fatih started feeling dizzy before his head fell back against the seat as he drifted into a very deep slumber. His brain was undergoing a systematic overhaul to rewire some parts of how it worked, allowing for more efficient use of short- and long-range neural connections. The frontal cortex became slightly denser for abstract thinking and problem-solving, and the changes spread from the parietal lobe all the way to the corpus callosum.

The whole process took about an hour, just enough time for the upgrade to complete as they entered the complex's underground parking.

"...Wake up, you've gotten too heavy for me to carry you," Rümeysa said as she gently shook Fatih, trying to wake him up.

When he opened his eyes, the dizziness disappeared almost instantly as his brain began absorbing information. However, this time, although everything still felt the same, the way he was experiencing things was noticeably different, more efficient, sharper.

For a brief moment, Fatih felt as though his perception of the world had shifted. The clarity and speed with which he processed his surroundings were unlike anything he had experienced before. But this new feeling disappeared after about five seconds, which he deduced was most likely a deliberate system adjustment delay. It allowed him to feel the difference between his brain's previous state and its upgraded state before the sensation faded, and the enhanced brain became his new normal.

"Are you okay? You were sleeping so deeply that I thought you wouldn't wake up. Are you finally out of energy after all the celebrations?" Rümeysa said, looking at him with an amused *I told you so* expression as she remembered how much Fatih had celebrated his win with his coach and them.

"I'm fine, Mom. I just feel tired when there's nothing to do in the car," Fatih replied with a reassuring smile, though he was still marveling at the changes he could feel in his mind.

"This is why you need to meet someone new and remarry. Someone needs to be able to carry him when he falls asleep, not wake him when he's enjoying it," Güldane, Fatih's grandmother, said as she closed her car door while looking at her daughter.

It had already been more than six years since her son-in-law had passed away, so she felt confident that she could say it without her daughter becoming too emotional.

"I'll do that, but I need to meet someone first for that to happen, and I don't have time because of work," Rümeysa said, feeling no different than a teenager being asked about their relationship status by their parents.

"But you found his father in the same conditions. Who says it can't happen a second time?" Güldane teased back as she extended her hand to take Fatih's hand and walked him to the elevator. After a few steps, she lowered her head, looking at Fatih, and said, "Mom is now 32, you know that, right?"

"Yes," Fatih answered, but didn't connect the topic back to marriage, as it was something his mother would decide on her own. Having zero connection to his father other than DNA, he didn't feel any emotional barrier to his mother remarrying, though he didn't express any of those feelings.

"You see, he says he wants younger brothers and sisters," Güldane said, turning to Rümeyisa, leaving Fatih flabbergasted at how she managed to connect his answer about his mom's age to him wanting younger siblings. It wasn't that he didn't want them; he welcomed the idea. His surprise came from the logic leap his grandmother had made.

Chapter 74: Ending a Relationship

"Welcome," the receptionist said when Rümeyisa entered the academy building, as she had already gotten used to her bringing Fatih on her free days.

"Thank you. How is your day going?" Rümeyisa responded as she extended her hand for a handshake, something she did all the time.

"It has been going well, but where is Fatih? I hadn't seen him during the week to congratulate him for winning his championship," said the receptionist as she looked around Rümeyisa to see if he was hiding behind her or had passed her without her noticing, which she was very sure hadn't happened.

"He is not coming here today. I have a meeting regarding his application," Rümeyisa said, not hiding her intentions for her visit at all.

"Oh," the receptionist said, surprised by her openness but not her decision. If even she, as a receptionist, knew about the situation, it wasn't difficult to deduce that such a decision was coming.

"So, is the process of canceling the same as the one for applying?" Rümeyisa asked, moving ahead with what she planned, remembering that the receptionist was the one they went through during his application period, though it was later escalated all the way to the academy director when his scholarship in the championships entered the equation.

"Ah, yes," the receptionist said, recovering from her surprise. "Since your son's current form is that of a normal student and there are no active contracts anchoring him to the academy, I have the authority to terminate it."

"Then let's go ahead with it."

"Understood. Please have a seat," said the receptionist as she pointed to one of the chairs for her to sit in while she processed the request. "If it's all right with you, can I inform the academy director?"

"No problem."

"Thanks," she said before picking up the phone and calling the academy director.

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"What? Are you sure about that?" the academy director said, shooting up from his chair in surprise, wondering if he was having a nightmare or just hallucinating.

Upon hearing the answer for the second time, he pinched the bridge of his nose as he released a disappointed sigh, knowing that it was something he had seen coming but didn't think would happen this early.

Thanks to Fatih, Selçuk, and Ayşe's performances, the academy had won the constructors' equivalent trophy, adding to their academy trophy tally. But now he was hearing from the other side of the phone that one of the contributors to that success was trying to end their academy membership.

He had been so happy that he even momentarily forgot about the infighting that had happened. The other side had simply taken things and continued as if nothing had happened, and the matter was not brought up by them again at all, which gave him a false sense of security, allowing him to even momentarily forget about it.

"Please take her....." But just as he was about to ask the receptionist to take Rümeyza to the meeting room so he could have a conversation to try and persuade her not to cancel Fatih's membership, he stopped midway. He finally remembered what they had done to her son and how there was no chance in hell she would agree to his request when the cause of all of this still remained, and they had yet to make any amends to her.

"Please go ahead and do what she asks," Mehmet said, deciding not to pursue it and not even bothering to tell the academy owners. He knew the moment he did, they would make him try his best to keep them, which he knew was going to be impossible to accomplish. It would only destroy the little relationship between them that was still possible.

He realized it was better to let them leave when they wanted and as easily as possible. If the owner asked him why he did nothing to stop them, he would say he only learned of it after they had already canceled the membership. After all, it was better to apologize than to try to stop them.

"We missed the forest while trying to please a tree," he said as he put down the phone and leaned back in his chair, not at all enjoying the powerless position he was in at the moment. He had no power to prevent, change the situation at all, or promise that it would never happen again.

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"Thank you for waiting. We can go ahead with the process," the receptionist said, placing down the phone as she tried to mask her surprise. She had expected the academy director to meet with Rümeyisa and try to persuade her to reconsider.

The process, now that it was approved by the director, was very simple and took only ten minutes and a few of Rümeyisa's signatures before it was completed.

"The cancellation will be finalized by the evening. Please wait here as I arrange for the documents and the kart handover." The receptionist said as she went to collect items like Fatih's license and other documents he had accumulated during his time at the academy. She also needed to find someone to inspect the kart and log everything before it was returned, to avoid any liability or problems should the kart have any issues and the academy be accused of damaging it.

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"Tell him I wish him well for his future career," Burak said as he helped Rümeyisa pack the white kart that they had handed to the academy for transportation and services during the remaining half of the championship.

The receptionist had sought out Burak to do the inspection, which he was very happy to handle. The entire process took him only half an hour before the report was completed.

"I will," Rümeyisa said, pausing for a moment before voicing what was on her mind. "Is it possible for you to continue tutoring Fatih, or is it something the academy implicitly forbids?"

With a look of surprise at her question, Burak instantly answered, "If he is an independent driver, I won't have any problem teaching him. But if he applies to another academy, I can't do that. However, if possible, I will try to apply to the same academy, and if I'm accepted, I would be happy to continue teaching him. He is the best of anyone I have trained, and I want to continue teaching him and see where he goes." It was as if he had already thought about this long before she asked and had the answer ready in his mind.

Upon hearing Burak's answer, Rümeyisa's face showed a mixture of surprise, relief, and a few other emotions. She hadn't expected Burak to even hint that he would consider leaving the academy if it meant he could continue teaching Fatih.

"Thank you," she said, holding back some of her emotions. "I'm still thinking about what decision to make. Can I consult with you on things related to Fatih and his karting? You're the only one I know who is better trained and knowledgeable about this situation."

"Yes, I would be happy to help in that area as well. Please don't hesitate to reach out to me for any advice, and I will do my best to be of help," Burak said, sounding excited, perhaps even more so than when he had celebrated Fatih's final race win. Since then, his mind had been preoccupied with the thought that it might have been the last time he would train Fatih, which had prevented him from fully enjoying Fatih's championship victory.

They conversed for about half an hour before parting ways, but promised to meet again tomorrow to talk further about Fatih, who was about to start primary school in one week. Rümeyza needed advice on how to better balance his schoolwork with his karting and motorsports-related activities.

....

Fatih, who was unaware of what his mother was in the middle of doing, was currently editing his weekly advanced in-depth article.

The *TheConqueror.com* forum was becoming increasingly popular, gaining recognition for its in-depth and high-quality articles that catered to people of all levels of understanding in motorsports.

His workload had eased quite a bit after finally managing to hire a few part-time moderators who took on the large responsibility of ensuring the forum remained free from issues like racism and other behaviors that could hinder its maximum growth potential.

As a result of the meteoric rise of the website, the number of premium members continued to increase, which in turn boosted his earnings even further. This allowed him to post work opportunities and begin the process of commissioning a high-quality website. The new site was already in development and would take at least three months to be ready for use due to his strict demands for how it needed to function and look. These demands inadvertently increased the cost, but it wasn't something he couldn't afford with his current earnings.

But with the continuous increase in visitors to his website and the number of premium members, Fatih was now facing another potential problem: taxes.

At the start, due to the small scale of the website, he didn't have to worry about such things. However, now that his monthly earnings were in the tens of thousands of dollars and were expected to continue increasing as word of mouth spread, he was growing concerned about what might happen in the future.

He worried about the consequences if it were revealed that he was the owner of the website and government officials looked into his finances, only to realize that he had been earning money without paying taxes.

To solve that problem, he was already racking his brain for a solution, but none appeared that didn't involve revealing it to his mother, a step he couldn't avoid since he was not yet of legal age to handle things like company registration on his own.

At the moment, however, he was trying to delay that revelation for as long as possible, hoping that enough time would pass by then to allow him to give a reasonable and believable explanation.

Chapter 75: My name is FATİH YILDIRIM

"Formula 1, the pinnacle of motorsport, a place where, if you win, you can say with confidence that you are the best in the world, and no one would argue against that.

It takes years, hundreds of thousands, if not millions of dollars, just to reach it. And even after reaching it, there is no guarantee you will succeed. Only the best of the best reach Formula 1 and perform under the pressure. Yet, at any given time, thousands of people around the world at different levels of motorsport chase this dream, knowing there is less than a one percent chance they will reach it. And I'm among them.

Hi, everyone. My name is Fatih Yıldırım, a future Formula 1 driver, and this is my journey to Formula 1." The audio playing from the speakers stopped as the video in the editor paused, showing a Fatih on it, under what looked like professional lighting.

"What do you think?" Fatih asked, turning to his mom, who was watching behind him.

"It looks perfect. The sound is great, and even the music fits very well. It even makes me question how you managed to achieve that quality with those," she said, pointing to the modest setup in his room: a single camera that looked as if it was finally being put to use, two light sources, one large light covered by a honeycomb grid lighting the chair from the side and a smaller one behind the chair lighting the black backdrop, and a lonely microphone hanging from the ceiling, mounted on a stick extending from the cupboard as a makeshift mic stand. She then looked back at the image on the screen, which looked as if it had been shot with a hundred-thousand-dollar camera setup and edited by professional editors.

"It's something I've been practicing over the three years since you got me the camera," Fatih said, satisfied that his hard work was finally paying dividends. Through sheer practice and repetition, as he challenged himself more and more, he had finally managed to recreate the professional and immersive look of the interview style perfected by **Drive to Survive**.

"So, that's what you were doing. I sometimes wondered if you only asked for the camera because you wanted to brag about it, as I've never seen you post anything from it in the three years you've had it. Looks like your perfectionist tendencies seep into everything you try to do," Rümeyza said as she walked to the camera locked on the tripod, touching it carefully. She remembered going with Fatih to buy it as a reward for his first-ever championship.

She recalled wondering why her son had pestered her to get the better model when a cheaper one would have sufficed. But now, it was clear he wanted the best so he could create something great.

To her surprise, and mild disappointment, Fatih had never uploaded anything to YouTube, despite his initial excitement hinting otherwise. She had seen him recording or practicing, but every time she asked if he had posted anything—despite having already made Fatih promise to show her all the videos he was planning to post first so that she could approve them, and knowing Fatih never broke a promise—the answer she received was always, "Not yet."

"But won't your introduction come out as arrogant?" she asked as she stopped touching the camera and returned to where Fatih was, finally entering her audience mode.

"I think it projects confidence. If I say, 'I hope or pray to be one in the future,' won't that subconsciously hint that I don't trust my driving abilities and can only manage to succeed if hope or prayer is added on top of that?" Fatih answered, explaining his reasoning for phrasing it that way.

"So you thought about that as well," she said, chuckling, surprised that her son had even taken the viewers' subconscious view of him into consideration when making the video. "But when did you learn about all of these things?"

"Videos, lots of videos. They are very helpful if you know what you are looking for and practice repeatedly."

"That is not something a nine-year-old should really be saying," she said as she messed with Fatih's hair, which, unlike others his age, he didn't hate and even enjoyed.

"The average nine-year-old, yes. Me, I hope I have a different image in your mind," he said, looking at her as he touched his chest as if he was hurt by her words, earning a chuckle from his mother.

"I can't argue with that," she said amidst her chuckle, having already gotten used to her son, who seemed to be maturing faster than ever. He was the kind of child other parents envied, as he almost never caused problems, and if he did, he always had a good argument for why he had to do that.

"Thank you," Fatih said with satisfaction.

"Okay, fine. Continue playing it. I want to watch it from the start all the way to the end without interruption this time," Rümeyza said as she dragged a chair over. Fatih moved his chair a few centimeters from the center of the screen so that she could have a better view of the video from the best angle.

TAK! Fatih pressed the space button before he put the video in full screen for her to watch from the start.

"Formula 1, the pinnacle of motorsport, a place where, if you win, you can say with confidence that you are the best in the world, and no one would argue against that.

It takes years, hundreds of thousands, if not millions of dollars, just to reach it. And even after reaching it, there is no guarantee you will succeed. Only the best of the best reach Formula 1 and perform under the pressure. Yet, at any given time, thousands of people around the world at different levels of motorsport chase this dream, knowing there is less than a one percent chance they will reach it. And I'm among them.

Hi, everyone. My name is Fatih Yıldırım, and this is my journey to Formula 1."

The moment he finished his intro, the music picked up as various montages of Formula 1 started appearing, edited in a way that felt premium. The cuts of different scenes seamlessly appeared, match-cut from a zoomed montage of one driver to another taken from the same location.

As it slowly zoomed out, it revealed the liveries that were changing with them, and once they were fully revealed, it instantly transitioned from real-world video into animation. The video of the cars from the side slowly shifted to show the top of the cars in an animation as his voice was once again heard, "However, to reach there, you have to start from the bottom." The moment his voice mentioned "bottom," the paper animation of the Formula 1 car started changing, showing the cars of the lower ladder needed to reach Formula 1 until it reached karting.

It continued until an image of a Bambino Kart appeared, stopping the animation there as the surroundings immediately shifted to reveal that the drawing was a match image of a white kart that drove away from the still camera POV of the video.

The episode followed a Drive to Survive-like presentation, but unlike the artificial drama forced by the show, this one focused on his first-ever race weekend. It was edited in a way that cut between the different sessions, back to him, and to an animation to illustrate something that was not captured on camera or to explain something for those new to the sport. It featured a mixture of a commentator's voice in English, replacing the original Turkish commentary that the session footage existed in.

Starting from the first practice session, it slowly built tension through the qualifying heats and the start of the race. Just as anyone watching would think that since he showed

such a dominant performance during all the previous sessions, he would go on to win, they were surprised by the crash that happened as if out of nowhere.

The crash was then replayed, this time starting in slow motion. Just before the crash, the footage shifted from real-world video to animation as the angle changed, and the animation zoomed in to show it from Fatih's POV in slow motion. His voice was heard in the background, explaining what was going through his mind and what he did to reduce the damage before returning to the original footage, showing karts after karts passing him until he was plum last.

The artificial commentator's sound was heard as if coming from speakers on the track, saying, "Is this the end of his brilliant performance? Will he be disappointed? Will he crumble due to things not going his way, or will he get on and try to fight and recover from this catastrophic situation? That will decide what type of driver he is..." Just as the voice trailed off, the scene cut back to him in the interview room, one side of his face lit, the other covered in slight darkness, his silhouette isolated from the background with a backlight that was not visible.

"I could have given up there after things went wrong for the first time since the first session of the weekend, but that didn't sit right with me, and I decided to try and fight to recover as much as possible." But his appearance didn't last until the end; his voice remained, showing him starting once again to drive.

This time, only the commentator's excited, surprised, and impressed voice and Fatih's voice explaining what was going through his mind during each action he took were heard as the video showed him catching up to the pack and starting to pick them out one by one. The impressive overtakes were replayed with dramatic animations appearing again to show different angles of how close he was pushing, as if it were a fantasy anime about racing and not reality.

Sometimes the animation started from the engine, with the camera moving until it exited the tire, then showing the result of the engine being pushed by Fatih, revealing the four-kart overtake. All of this was accompanied by music perfectly fitting the situation, sometimes heroic, sometimes tense, sometimes calm, playing with the viewers' tension right and left until the final overtake happened, releasing all of the tension or breath that a viewer might have been holding since the start of his recovery drive, allowing them to feel the excitement and happiness as if they were the ones who had won the race.

The video continued, showing him doing his victory lap, then the interviews of the podium finishers, and Fatih taking home his first trophy before it finally ended, showing the credits, which were short. It thanked TOSFED for the footage and things like that before showing a teaser for the next episode.

"Wow," Rümeyşa said involuntarily as she rubbed the tears that had fallen while watching. She had failed to realize that nearly forty minutes had gone by since the start

of the video, as it was so well-edited, engaging, informative, and entertaining that she never noticed the passage of time.

"It's perfect. It really replicated what I felt during that weekend," she said as she turned to one of the cabinets in the room that was full of trophies.

"So then, can you appear in the next episode?" he asked, having finally gotten the confidence to ask now that he had shown his work fully and received her complete admiration for it. Had he done it before, she would have most likely denied or delayed it, but now, after seeing the level of production, it would be difficult to deny, since it didn't look like a child's production at all.

"The next episode isn't done yet?" she asked, surprised. "Why is there a teaser then?"

"I have it in my mind, and it takes a long time to make one, a whole month, to be exact," Fatih said, not revealing that it takes that long because of the animations, the music, commentary recording, and other things the people he hired online needed to make for each episode. But for his mother, who didn't know the real workload needed to make videos of this quality, a month was a believable timeframe for Fatih to make them.

"Sure, but I get to see the video before it's posted and decide if I appear or not," she said as excitement spread across her face.

"Fine," Fatih said, happy that she had even agreed in the first place.

Now that he had received her approval, he immediately started the process of exporting the video.

"Did Grandma watch it already?" she asked when she saw that it would take five hours before the export was complete.

"No, I finished it today and showed it to you first," Fatih answered as, on the inside, he prayed that the program wouldn't crash and delete all of his progress.

"Then let's show it to her when she is back from the market," she said, excited and wondering how her mother was going to react to watching it for the first time.

A few hours later, once the video finished exporting and after doing final checks, he uploaded it to YouTube and posted it on his **Fatih Yıldırım** channel, a new channel he made trying to disconnect himself from The Conqueror brand that was growing even more rapid, under the title: **Road to Formula 1 | S01E01 - My Name is Fatih Yıldırım.**

Chapter 76: Genie Escaping the Bottle

YOUTUBE CREATOR DASHBOARD

CHANNEL: Fatih Yıldırım

SUBSCRIBERS: 5,000

TOTAL VIEWS: 69,000

[LATEST UPLOAD]

TITLE: **Road to Formula 1 | S01E01 - My Name is Fatih Yıldırım.**

PUBLISHED: 1 Day Ago

VIEWS: 68,000

It had been only a day since he uploaded the first episode of his docutainment series, and that amount of views in itself for a new channel with no prior subscribers or audience would be considered a very large success. However, Fatih found it very underwhelming for obvious reasons.

The motorsport scene was currently starved of any high-quality video content, and in 2012, YouTube had yet to experience the rise of emotionally and narratively driven docutainment. It was still graduating from vlogs and other individual-based entertainment avenues, with high production value still associated with TV channels. This was especially true in motorsport, particularly Formula 1, as Bernie Ecclestone was still tightly controlling the sport. His belief in strict TV rights management was still reigning, reducing the amount of Formula 1 content on YouTube, and even teams didn't have permission to post freely.

Under these conditions, his video should have been a cold cup of water to a very thirsty man in a desert. However, he knew it was only temporary and would gain traction over time. But why wait for it to take that long when you can accelerate the progress by delivering it to the audience in the first place?

He leaned back in his chair, rereading the article he'd just finished. It was an opinion piece published on *TheConqueror.com*, disguised as a recommendation from the site's editorial team. The headline read: **"A New Era of Motorsport Storytelling: Why You Should Watch This Docutainment Series"**

Fatih smiled. The article didn't mention him directly, but it praised the video's emotional depth, production quality, and narrative structure. It was the perfect way to promote his personal brand without revealing his ownership of the site.

"Let's see how many of them will trust me and go watch it," he said aloud, clicking "Publish," and within seconds, the article was live.

In just three years, TheConqueror.com had gone from being a forum to what would now be considered the most trusted home for Formula 1-related content. It had already shifted from the forum and moved to a very professional website that had everything anyone interested in Formula 1 would need: articles, guides, videos, technological breakdowns, regulation breakdowns, and all of those were of very high quality compared to anyone else on the motorsports scene. There were even rumors that F1 teams used Fatih's articles to study competitors' advantages.

Fatih had been reinvesting most of the first year's subscription money into bettering the website. Freelancers were hired to appear in and edit videos. The content was then posted both on the website and on *TheConqueror's* YouTube channel.

But with the brand growing rapidly, Fatih realized he needed to separate his personal identity from *TheConqueror*. If the site were ever acquired, he didn't want his personal brand entangled in the deal.

Still, that didn't mean he couldn't advertise himself through them; it only meant he needed to do it as if the TheConqueror site owner had discovered the video and loved it so much that he promoted it for free to its large audience so that they could go and enjoy the video like he did.

Not stopping there, he immediately went to TheConqueror social media accounts before uploading the trailer under the caption: [We have come upon a very interesting, high-quality motorsport docutainment that we believe those interested in motorsports would be interested in. Please go, watch, and show your support to the creator.]

Within minutes, the post was live on Instagram, Twitter, Facebook, and Reddit's r/formula1

"Now we wait," he said before he started opening and double-checking some things unrelated to his promotion for about half an hour. He then left his room, heading to the living room as a Formula 1 race was about to begin, one he'd been looking forward to all week. Italy.

His betting business had already been decoupled from the main site. It still operated within the original forum, capped at a subscriber limit he'd set years ago. After all, betting markets adjust quickly, and too many participants dilute the pot.

By the second year, Fatih had removed the single-race subscription tier, it was too much of a headache. Then he phased out the lower tiers one by one until only the new \$1000 tier remained, capped at 250 participants. That earned him a stable \$250,000 per month, with a long waitlist of hopefuls ready to jump in.

The exclusivity made current members fiercely loyal. Even during off-season months, they paid to retain their spots, knowing they'd earn it back easily once the races resumed.

This financial stability was another reason Fatih couldn't publicly associate himself with *The Conqueror*, not at his age, and not without legal protection.

"Hi, Mom," Fatih said as he jumped onto the sofa, laying his head on his mother's lap. She had already changed the channel to the race.

"Did you finish the questions?" Rûmeysa asked, playing with his hair and enjoying the moment.

"Yes, I'll show you after the race," Fatih answered without even lifting his head before he asked with an amused smile on his face, "Wanna bet?"

"Have some shame. Do you think I'll continue accepting bets when I'm the only one having to pay every time? Even big rats sometimes let small rats win in order to give them the hope that they have a chance of winning, but you seem to have a sense of wanting to squeeze me dry," Rûmeysa answered as she pinched his cheek lightly, venting her emotions.

For the last three years, every time they watched a race together, Fatih proposed a bet. Rûmeysa, initially being naive and thinking it was a fun game, accepted. With her competitiveness, she kept accepting them again and again until she was sure that Fatih had some sort of intuition that was right when it came to racing. She then started only accepting wild bets, like a weak team winning the race or someone recovering from last to P2, and things like that, to reduce Fatih's winning odds. But even that hadn't worked, as he continued to be right, and she had to continue paying money or the promised bets, which ranged from taking him to parks all the way to him sleeping late on the weekend.

"But I always gave you an advantage, Mom. Do you know how much people are paying me for....." Fatih had to stop himself mid-sentence, turning to his mother as he had just realized what he was saying and wondered if she had heard him.

"What?" Rûmeysa looked down at Fatih, her smile disappearing as she asked again, "What do you mean, people are paying you? And what are they paying you for?" She caught and turned Fatih's head, which had subtly returned to watching the TV, to face her, showing that she was serious.

Inside her mind, hundreds of questions began to swirl. A deep worry gripped her. What if he had been mingling with older people who were using him, manipulating him, even abusing him? Every nightmare scenario a child could face started flooding her thoughts. For a moment, she regretted ever buying him a computer.

"People are paying me to post my guesses," Fatih said, with the look of someone smart but unaware of the full implications of his actions, perfectly reminding his mother that, despite how mature he sounded, he was still a child with mature reasoning but limited experience.

"What? No, sit down and tell me everything from the start," Rümeysa said as she pulled him up, bringing him face to face in order to have a serious conversation.

"What are you two talking about?" Güldane asked as she entered the living room, finding mother and son face to face, with her daughter having a serious expression.

"He says people have been paying him to give them his guesses about F1," Rümeysa gave a brief but condensed summary of the situation.

"I can show you," Fatih said, pointing at his room while making a face showing he was starting to get worried and scared at his mother's reaction.

"Stop scaring him and have him explain himself fully first," Güldane said upon seeing Fatih's expression.

'Sorry, Mom, Grandma,' Fatih thought, apologizing internally for lying and manipulating them. But he saw no other way to reduce the number of valid questions that would arise if he simply sat them down and told them he had a website that was now the leader in F1-related news and information, and a group of people paying him for betting insights.

"Yeah, I need to see everything to understand when it started and how it reached this point," Rümeysa said after closing her eyes and taking a deep breath to calm down.

Fatih stood from the chair and started walking to his room as the two followed behind him, worried that he had been doing something wrong.

Chapter 77: Chrono Alchemy

The room was currently in a tense silence, with Rümeysa sitting on the bed as she rubbed her temples, trying to digest the information Fatih had just dumped on them.

"So, let me recap to see if what I understood is the same thing that you have said," Rümeysa said, pausing for a moment as she maintained eye contact with Fatih, who still had a confused and worried face that showed he really didn't understand why she was reacting that way.

She continued, "A few months after I got you the computer, you got on social media to try and find information about F1, and you saw a post asking people to give out their guesses about the upcoming grand prix. So you commented your guesses, which, as usual, came out correct.

This repeated for a few races before people started contacting you privately to ask for your guesses. But since too many of them reached out to you and you were tired of responding to them, you created a forum page and made them pay so that you could reduce the number of people.

You continued increasing the price to reduce the number of people every time they exceeded a certain amount until it now reached a thousand dollars a month, with the group now being capped at 250 people, earning you \$250,000 every month for the last two years. Up to here, I'm correct, right?"

"Yes, correct," Fatih murmured, nervously twiddling his fingers..

"And during that time, since those who paid you continued asking you questions related to F1, you decided to turn the forum into an open-to-everyone section where you posted articles. As you increased your knowledge through reading various sources, the posts got more and more detailed, and millions of people started visiting the site, often crashing it and making it difficult to moderate.

So you used your earned money to commission a dedicated website to be created before you migrated the articles there. You hired freelancers to make the videos you wrote the scripts for, and now you have part-timers doing the small things like posting results, creating graphics, drawings, and other menial tasks, while you only write some of the articles.

It continued growing until it has now become the most famous and well-known Formula 1-related news and information website, and its related social media accounts each have at minimum a hundred thousand followers, with the Facebook page already having more than one million followers. Any mistakes up to here?"

"No mistakes," Fatih said.

"And then," she continued, her voice tightening, "you used a small portion of that money to buy something called Bitcoin. You bought three hundred thousand of them. They're now worth \$13 each, which means they're valued at around \$3 million. So your total assets are sitting at six million dollars."

The moment she said it aloud, the number hit her like a punch to the chest as her stress increased.

"Yes," Fatih replied, glancing toward his grandmother, who stood silently in the doorway, as she was taking longer to digest the information than her daughter was.

He had always known a reckoning would come. That's why, just months after the money started pouring in, he began laying the groundwork.

He started by asking his mother to sign him up for an English academy, which she did happily. Through it, he showed a frightening ability to learn the language at a very fast pace, being able to speak it fluently with her in just six months since he started the academy. He then asked her to sign him up for another language, repeating the process.

Three months after he had shown that he could now speak English fluently, he had the man he had hired to run the website reset the dates of all articles and delete all of the comments, explaining it to the users as updating the backend infrastructure, and they were now required to start from the beginning by recreating their accounts.

He pulled the same stunt with his social media accounts, staging a fake hack to justify launching new profiles under his evolving brand name. After a few days, he deleted the old accounts, sacrificing follower numbers in the process. But the loss was temporary; his rising brand recognition quickly filled the gap, proving that momentum mattered more than metrics.

This slowed operations for a moment, which was exactly what he targeted to paint it as a slow migration of users from the forum, this time matching the new timeframe he had conjured.

The resetting was also done on the forum, but this one happened earlier than the website reset, as he needed it to be the starting point, just like it actually was. He started implementing it right when he began ending support for some of the lower tiers, which he then staggered acceptance for, citing a manual and detailed approval process that could now be translated as a small number of people testing the waters of his services before the increase became gradual.

All the new payments now went into a new PayPal individual account that he had made, creating a fresh, new, and verifiable trail of money that could be used as evidence for when he started, having already drained all of the previous PayPal account on services related to the new website that was then still under construction, for services like leasing server space and other website-related expenses.

The same was done with Bitcoin, but this time he just migrated them from his thousand accounts to new ones in the same delayed and prolonged transfer to simulate a purchase from individuals.

His modified history now showed that he had been doing this for about two and a half years, removing all of the questions he would have been expected to answer had he not done that, like, "Where did you learn English?" As it could now be explained by matching everything else with him having already learned it to a fluent level at the academy she sent him to, and through the language, he watched videos, read articles and technical manuals, and everything that helped him write the articles that he then hired editors and proofreaders to go through before posting them to the website.

Although he could have left the timeline as the real one and explained his English communication as being facilitated by the use of Google Translate, that would be stretching the field of believability even more than he was already pushing with his current modified story.

"How did the ideas of subscriptions and tiers come from?" Rûmeysa asked.

"I saw it on the internet."

"What about creating a forum?"

"Someone suggested it."

"Is it the same about hiring moderators?"

"Yes."

"Freelance workers and part-timers?"

"Yes, but also because it would take a long time for me to learn all of those things, so I paid for their services."

"Why *The Conqueror* as a name for the website?" Gûldane asked next, trying to give Fatih a breathing spell from her daughter's questioning.

"Google Translate said it was my name in English," Fatih answered, passing the credit to Google Translate, which at this moment was still not as accurate as it would be in the future.

Rûmeysa immediately picked up from where she was and continued asking questions. Fatih diligently answered those he could, and for those that would reveal he knew things that his current naive self was acting unaware of, he answered in a manner that would keep that act intact as the interrogation-like conversation went on for ten minutes before the room entered an extended, awkward silence.

"I know it's very surprising, and even I'm having difficulty believing it, but why are you reacting as if it's a bad thing that he made money? It's not like he was the one gambling," Gûldane asked her daughter when she saw the look of distress on her face. Though she too was surprised, she took it as a positive surprise after hearing Fatih's explanation. The most she felt was realizing that he was just a naive child with faster maturity than others, but his innocence was still there, making her wonder if she had missed something.

"That's not why I'm stressed. I'm surprised that his PayPal account has yet to trigger its Anti-Money Laundering protocol when his personal, unverified account now has

millions. I know that digital banks are still lax, as regulation has yet to catch up with the progress, but this is stretching it too far.

Then there is the tax issue; he hasn't paid a single cent in taxes from his earnings for the last two and a half years.

And if any of those two things are triggered, let's say his account is frozen for review due to it being suspected of money laundering, then it is I who is considered to have broken the law as his guardian. Plus, who will believe me if I tell them it was he who made the money behind my back without my knowledge? It's a bomb waiting to explode at any tremor," Rümeysa explained, revealing the reason for her stress.

"I'm sorry, I didn't know it was a bad thing," Fatih apologized with his head lowered in shame, as if he had just realized what he had done through her explanation.

Hearing Fatih apologize, Rümeysa raised her head and looked at her son, feeling a pang of guilt before she said, "Doing it is not a problem, not telling me is." Her voice softened, but the weight of responsibility hadn't lifted. She wasn't angry at what he'd done, she was terrified of what it meant.

"But the bomb has yet to explode, so you can defuse it, right? You specialize in Corporate and Commercial Law, with a focus on... what did you call it?" Güldane snapped her fingers as she tried to remember the words she needed, but they weren't coming to her mind.

"International Contract Law and Intellectual Property," Fatih said, coming in clutch as it was something he had heard a few times from his mother.

"Yes, that," Güldane said, grateful for Fatih mentioning what she was trying to say. "Isn't this situation similar to what you are doing at the company, but just on a smaller scale?"

"Yes. I'm currently thinking of a path of least resistance to untangle this web of problems," Rümeysa said without raising her head, pinching the bridge of her nose as she continued thinking.

"It's fine," Güldane said, walking to Fatih and rubbing his shoulder, trying to console him. "You just didn't know what you were doing, and things escalated to that point. But from now on, you have to tell us about everything you are about to do so that we can prevent situations like these from happening, okay?"

"Yes, I will do that," Fatih said in an apologetic tone as he hugged his grandmother, who continued patting his back as the room once again descended into silence.

Chapter 78: Taking Action

Rümeysa was currently sitting in her room with a notebook in her hand, writing a few things down before going through them for a second time.

It had been two hours since she left Fatih's room after hearing his full story three times, with each time having him present a different set of evidence just to make sure Fatih wasn't misrepresenting or covering for someone else's inclusion in the situation. First time, for her, she always trusted what Fatih said since he had never given her a reason to suspect what he was saying. And although she was sure he was doing the same for this situation, she needed extreme assuredness since it was not just a matter between the two of them; there was a scary third party between them, the government.

Once she was sure everything in the notebook was correct, she took out her phone and called someone.

"Hello, how have you been doing?" she said the moment the call was answered.

"I called to set a meeting. I need your help in dealing with something large and urgent, so it would be good if we could set it for tomorrow if possible."

Although she sounded calm, her tone carried a restlessness, obvious to everyone as she sounded urgent, not even trying to make small talk before getting to the point.

Though as a lawyer she knew the situation was salvageable, as a mother, she was worried that before she could deal with it, something might go wrong and, in return, cause a problem for her son.

"No problem, I can see you then. All I have to do is take time off from work; it works even better for me," she said, feeling a slight sense of relief that she could set the meeting for tomorrow, albeit in the morning, as that was the only window her friend had.

"Sure, then I will see you tomorrow morning," she said before ending the call, remaining in a daze for a while before shaking in surprise as if she had realized something.

She immediately put both the phone and the notebook on the bed before she left her room, heading to Fatih's.

Now that she had already set things in motion, she had come to the realization of how Fatih might have felt when she repeatedly asked him questions as if she didn't trust him.

But when she knocked and opened the door to his room, she found Fatih focused on the computer screen, typing something so intently that he didn't even realize that she was at the door looking at him. For a moment, she wondered if he had gone against her instructions of not using social media until she dealt with the situation.

She walked slowly until she stood behind him, laying her eyes on the screen, which showed he had a Microsoft Word document open as he continuously wrote something on it.

The title was "An Argument For and Against the Move to 1.6L V6 Turbocharged Engines with Energy Recovery Systems (ERS)."

The article went into detail about the benefits of the regulations overhaul, how Formula 1 was a sport of innovation, and how an overhaul would allow for a new avenue for innovation and the benefits it would have on motorsports due to the trickle-down effect of the new systems that are gaining relevance in the real world. It explained how it was a move to retain manufacturer teams like Mercedes, who had considered leaving F1 unless the sport committed to greener tech. It also detailed how it would introduce additional strategic depth, as with fuel limits, ERS deployment, and torque-heavy engines, races would reward those with driving finesse and energy management ability. It argued how it was the best route because it was something that would increase long-term cost efficiency, as although expensive upfront, the switch was expected to reduce long-term costs via shared development with road car divisions. Finally, it discussed how it would allow for a new manufacturer who got the regulations perfectly to replace the current Red Bull dominance and even allow for closer racing opportunities.

It then moved to the arguments against the regulations overhaul, going into details about complexity and reliability, greenwashing concerns, reduced engine sounds dulling the spectacle, and higher development costs being a financial burden for smaller teams in adapting to the new power units.

The article remained neutral, offering balanced arguments from both sides to enable readers to draw their own conclusions.

Rümeysa, who carefully read the article that was being written by her son, had previously read some of the articles on TheConqueror website but had automatically assigned the good writing to the proofreaders and editors that her son hired as freelancers. But now that she actually saw him writing and read it, finding it to be easy to understand despite the topic discussed being complicated and very narratively interesting to read, where it doesn't give you the freedom to leave the reading in the middle and makes you want to continue reading until the end, she had already forgotten what had even brought her to the room in the first place.

When she came to herself, she silently walked out of the room, not wanting to interrupt his focus, but also because she realized he hadn't taken her questioning negatively. Yet seeing him like that had introduced a new factor she now had to consider in the decisions she was about to make.

"What do you think?" Fatih asked Apollo, who had alerted him of her entering the room the moment she opened the door.

"She was very surprised but also had a proud look on her face," Apollo said.

"Good," Fatih responded with an apologetic smile, but promising himself that this was going to be the last time he hid things he was doing from them, other than the system and his reincarnation, not wanting them to go through this experience once again, as it wasn't enjoyable for anyone.

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"Long time no see, Mehmet," Rümeysa said after being sent to his office following her arrival.

"Looks like it is very urgent, seeing as you are here half an hour before the appointment time," Mehmet said, standing as he exchanged handshakes with her before pointing for her to take a seat.

"Yes, it is," Rümeysa said, taking a seat.

"Tea, coffee?" asked Mehmet.

"Tea, please."

Once Mehmet ordered the tea for both of them, they started having small talk, waiting for the tea to come before starting a serious conversation.

"I'm all ears," Mehmet said, getting ready to listen to her request.

She started giving him a derived and summarized version of the situation without going too much into the details, as although there was client-lawyer privilege, he didn't need to know the nitty-gritty unless he agreed to take them as his client.

"So, what I want is for you to conduct a complete forensic audit of all income streams and assets since inception, while I work on untangling the remaining mess."

Mehmet turned his face to look at the calendar to make sure it was not April Fools' Day, since that should have been months ago, before turning back to Rümeysa and saying, "How much money are we speaking here? If it's a few thousand, he could just not declare it." He decided to take her seriously and not question her from the start; after all, if he accepted, he was going to be paid whether it was a joke or not anyway.

"Three million dollars and an equal amount of it in assets," Rümeysa answered, grateful that he went with it instead of asking questions.

"Though it is difficult to believe what I heard, it is interesting enough for me to accept the request, because now I'm curious and I want to see for myself how exactly all of this

happened," Mehmet said, officially accepting to take her request as a tax accountant and lawyer specializing in international income.

The rest of the negotiations were handled very easily, and a contract was signed between the two of them before they and a small group of people left the office, heading back home to understand the situation before they came up with an action plan.

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The team spent about four hours talking with Fatih and going through the computer, mirroring the hard drive, collecting all financial statements from his accounts, his spreadsheet of subscribers, his spreadsheet of payments he made to freelancers and part-time workers on his website, his spreadsheet of bitcoin holdings and everything else in it, before they left to go and start going through all the collected financial records to reconstruct income and expenses, identify tax liabilities, estimate penalties and interest, and prepare for voluntary disclosure and negotiations with the tax authority in Fatih's stead.

While Mehmet and his team conducted the forensic audit, Rûmeysa, drawing on her deep experience as a corporate lawyer, initiated the formation of a trust that would assume ownership of all Fatih's assets once the tax situation was resolved. Simultaneously, she began the process of registering two companies under the trust's name. These entities would serve as the operational arms of Fatih's business, structured to shield his assets from future liabilities. To further insulate Fatih, she selected a jurisdiction renowned for its corporate privacy laws, ensuring that his role as founder of these two businesses and beneficiary would remain obscured from public records.

Chapter 79: Moving Forward

"After going through his records and verifying them through PayPal's transaction records and other additional checks, there are no problems in his story. We have already completed our preparations for the voluntary declaration," Mehmet reported to Rûmeysa just a week after they came and collected the information from his computer.

"That's very fast. I expected it to last two or more weeks at least," Rûmeysa said, having experienced financial audits before.

"It is because we didn't have to start from scratch, plus there were no complicated and mixed income streams, so everything could be verified since we had access to his PayPal account. Additionally, his so-called subscription spreadsheet was very detailed, providing us with the remaining half of the picture. After a few checks and verifications, everything worked out for us," Mehmet said, looking at Fatih, who was sitting silently beside his mother. His face showed the level of disbelief he was experiencing upon realizing that everything was orchestrated by Fatih at such a young age and how

meticulous he had been, but also because the business in which Fatih had earned millions was something unreplicable by anyone else.

"So what are the expected taxes and payments we are going to have to pay following the voluntary disclosure?" Rümeyssa asked, relieved that the situation wasn't as complicated as she had initially worried and was now nearing its final stages.

"Only the three million dollars in his PayPal account will be declared. Due to the amount he earned each year being more than 100,000 Turkish Lira, he will be paying the maximum marginal rate of 35%, which for him falls to about \$1,050,000 USD. If we also estimate the maximum penalties and interest, we will have to pay at most another half a million. So, the maximum possible payment will be half the three million.

But considering we are voluntarily disclosing, we will be able to reduce the penalties and interest to below the half-a-million threshold, to about three hundred thousand..." Mehmet continued, going into details about what they were going to do, how they could lower the penalties, and how she, as a legal guardian, would be participating in all of this in Fatih's stead.

"What about the Bitcoins?" Rümeyssa asked.

"There is no need to declare those, as they are not considered financial assets, just digital tokens, and legally, it is an undefined asset."

Rümeyssa, who was nodding, having already had a basic understanding of the situation, turned to Fatih and asked, "What do you want to do with the crypto? Cash it out?"

"No, I want to keep them for now," Fatih answered so fast, as if answering any later would result in it being liquidated, causing those in the room to be surprised.

"Are you sure? It is three million dollars, and it might lose value in the future. I spent the last week checking it, and its value was very prone to fluctuations," Rümeyssa said, reminding Fatih that its value was very volatile.

"When I bought it, it was worth nothing, so there is nothing to worry about if it loses value. I believe it will continue increasing in value in the future. If we sell now, the value itself will fall," Fatih explained calmly, making sure he made his intention of holding clear.

Though she could force him to sell, she couldn't do it without his cooperation since the private keys needed to initiate the sale were memorized in his mind for all the wallets, together with the required recovery phrases in case he forgot one of them.

"We will talk more about it later," Rümeyssa said, wondering if her son had yet to understand the value of three million dollars. That reasoning made sense to her because Fatih's life was lived through spending Lira, and all the transactions he made

online were not directly tangible to him, like owning a new physical product, making it possible for him to not know its true value.

"Then, if there are no changes, we can start going through the voluntary disclosure process tomorrow. Due to its scale and the verifiable paper trail, we should reach a solution and go ahead with payments within two months at the latest," Mehmet said as he handed over the documents that contained a more detailed breakdown of the financial audit.

"Yes, there are no changes, so please go ahead with the disclosure," Rûmeysa, seeing no reason to delay, approved him to go ahead with it.

"Then I will keep you up to date on the development as every new change happens." Mehmet and his secretary stood, shaking hands with both Fatih and Rûmeysa, bidding them farewell as he left their home. They were his clients, so he was the one who did the visiting, not the other way around.

Now that they were left alone in the living room, Fatih stretched himself and stood, trying to go back to his room when he felt someone holding his hand. "We still have something to talk about before you leave," she said as she pulled Fatih to take a seat.

"Yes," Fatih said, sitting calmly and waiting for her to continue with what she wanted to say.

"Do you plan to continue running the website and the information site?" she asked.

Fatih released a sigh of relief upon hearing the question and not receiving a scolding for what he did. "Yes, I want to continue doing it as it is very enjoyable, and the money can help me with racing when it becomes too expensive. We won't have to worry about sponsors if we have money," he answered, giving his reasoning while making it very clear that his experience with Aslan and the academy was one of the reasons he was hoarding money.

"Haaaaa," Rûmeysa pinched the bridge of her nose as she sighed before saying, "Why are you worried about money at such a young age?" Not feeling the least bit happy that her son was now trying to handle the money situation himself, making her wonder if he thought she didn't have money.

No mother wanted their son to worry or stress about money, but it looked like Fatih worried about it and was now already finding a solution.

"..." Fatih remained silent, knowing that it was not a question meant to be answered, but her just worrying about him.

"Fine, you can continue with it, but this time you will be doing it the right way," she said as she removed a folder with documents on the inside.

She removed one of the documents, giving it to Fatih as she started her explanation of what it was.

"This is the document that shows that I have created a trust named FY Trust with you as the beneficiary. It is a revocable living trust that you will gain more and more control over as you get older, before having total control by the age of eighteen. I will still remain as the trustee even then, with equal authority to advise you on your spending once you gain full control at eighteen. The trust will own and control **Yıldırım Holding Ltd.**, which acts as the main holding entity and will be the legal owner of the shares of the three subsidiaries. This structure provides the primary layer of asset protection and operational control."

She paused for a moment, seeing if Fatih understood what she was saying, knowing it was a bit complicated despite using simple words instead of business jargon, before she continued while handing Fatih three other documents from the folder.

"These are the documents regarding the three companies under the full ownership of Yıldırım Holding.

First, there is **Conqueror Media LLC**, which will take over ownership of everything under TheConqueror brand, from the website, YouTube channel, and all social media accounts, to the associated trademarks.

Then there is **TC Analytics LLC**, registered in the BVI (British Virgin Islands), which will run the betting information-selling forum and manage its entire clientele. All subscription income will be paid to and held by this company.

And lastly, there is **Yıldırım Racing Ltd**, registered in Turkey. This company will manage your public racing brand and handle all contracts related to your racing career and endorsements. However, instead of owning your image and trademarks directly, it will license those rights from Yıldırım Holding under a royalty agreement. This keeps your personal identity separate from commercial use and allows for more flexibility in how your brand is deployed." (Image here)

"The first two companies are already generating income," she added, "and Yıldırım Racing's funding will come from sponsorship agreements with them, supplemented by the YouTube channel and any endorsements you may receive. Do you have any questions?"

She asked once she was done, knowing it was a lot to take in, especially for Fatih, who had no prior exposure to business structures.

"What about Bitcoin?" Fatih asked.

"Since you said you want to hold it, I won't do anything with them. But when you are trying to sell them, don't do it before telling me, since I need to come up with an action

plan for it," Rümeysa answered, figuring that dealing with the money from the two companies was enough and allowing Fatih to be the decision-maker on the Bitcoin assets, though she was still going to veto his decision if he decided to sell at a loss or without good reason.

"Will you hire employees?"

"Do you want to hire them?"

"Yes, if possible."

"Fine, what positions do you want to hire people for?" she asked, taking a moment to think about it and realizing that Fatih really needed permanent help instead of the part-timers he was depending on to run the services, but also to reduce his active participation in the first place.

"Cybersecurity, moderation, proofreading, video editors, article writers..." Fatih went on, mentioning at least twenty positions that he needed to run the now two companies.

Rümeysa, who, while Fatih was on his fifth position, took out a pen and noted them down, asked, "Anything else?" when she was finished writing.

"Better camera equipment, editors, animators, musicians..." he went ahead, listing at least two dozen things, including ten positions for his Fatih Yıldırım YouTube channel to allow for the quality to remain high or go even higher than it was now once he hired professionals, but also to allow for a faster speed of release since he had more than two seasons of racing already in his hand while he had a final race for his current season remaining.

It was no problem having nearly thirty employees if his mother hired all of them for him, as Turkey's average salary was below a thousand dollars, making his planned thousand-dollar salary in his mind above the average.

By the end of their conversation, Fatih sighed internally that this was now on its way to fully passing, and he would now be able to earn and spend the money without having to worry or hold back, since everything would soon be legal.

Now he could fully focus on his upcoming Junior finals, a category that he was allowed to join following a special exemption from TOSFED, allowing him to compete at nine in a competition with a minimum entry age of 12 due to his dominance in his second season, where he led and dominated every single session he participated in.

Chapter 80: The History of the Dominant Fatih Yıldırım

"Hello, ladies and gentlemen, and welcome to the final round of the 2012 CIK-FIA KF-Junior championship, which has brought us many surprises, including a near mid-

season new participant who was given special permission by TOSFED despite his young age to move up after going through all of the relevant approval processes before being given the required Grade C license needed to race in this category," Süleyman said, starting his commentating five minutes before the final race was about to start.

Both Süleyman and Zakir were the de facto TOSFED events commentators, participating in all events, which was made possible due to the events being staggered, allowing for four different championship categories to take place within a month, with each one having a full weekend to itself.

"For those who are new or watching for the first time and have yet to hear the full story, please recap it for us. I will never get tired of hearing it, as it sounds like it came directly from a movie, and I wouldn't have believed it had I not borne witness to it with my own eyes," Zakir said, setting the stage for Süleyman to recap the situation for the new viewers and attendees in order to increase their emotional bond with the race and Karting overall due to the interesting nature of the situation.

"Who am I to deny such an honorable responsibility?" Süleyman said, causing both of them to chuckle before he started recapping the situation.

"Though there were many surprises this season, the wildest one was Fatih Yıldırım, the prodigy that TOSFED is currently providing their full support to ensure he develops in the best environment possible, as it seems they have realized that he is possibly one of the very few people who have the chance of going on the international stage and representing the Turkish flag. It was not favoritism at all, as he has shown results that backed the level of support he is receiving from TOSFED.

After winning his first-ever competitive season, which he started only a few months after driving a kart for the first time, he went on to dominate the second season, not giving anyone an opportunity to challenge him. He went six for six with perfect weekends.

For those who are new to the sport, that means leading every session, qualifying on pole, winning the race, and taking away the fastest lap. But Fatih went beyond that, as he logged zero overtakes to achieve that, meaning he never held any position other than pole position, had no one fight him for it and led every single lap of the season.

Seeing that he had proven himself and risked the mini category he was in becoming uncompetitive due to no one being able to challenge him, and having shown considerable maturity, TOSFED approved his coach's and mother's request to give him special permission to move to the next category. Otherwise, it risked him stagnating due to not having any competition.

After mental, physical, and driving evaluations, he was provided that approval, but not in the KF-Junior category he is currently in, but in its KF-Mini category, just one category above the basic mini(Bambino) category he was in, allowing him to start this season in this new category.

However, in just the first three races, the performance he had shown was enough to prove that even in this category, no one was going to be able to challenge him. He once again dominated as if he had experience in it before, and worrying that he might get bored due to easy competition, TOSFED bit the bullet and called for a private evaluation on a KF-Junior Kart to see if he could handle it over a whole weekend session.

As a result, in an unprecedented decision following the test, they gave Fatih, a nine-year-old, the required Grade C license to compete in a competition with a minimum entry requirement of 12, starting from its third race that took place just a week after his KF-Mini's third race. And from him, we saw a performance that still causes goosebumps on anyone who saw it.

In his first race, where he ended up requiring twenty kilos of ballast to reach the minimum required weight of 145 kg and a week after driving a KF-Junior kart for the first time in his life, he once again dominated the weekend, turning the very competitive KF-Junior championship into a fight for the championship leaders trying to keep their lead by finishing as close to Fatih as possible.

From that first championship weekend, he had shown very clearly that he was the new target. But unfortunately, TOSFED can't continue upgrading him since the next level is KF-Senior or KF2, but that is an international sport, and the age requirements are strict enough that they can't make that decision on their own.

Even if they gave it to him despite the higher risks of faster and heavier karts, the venues hosting these competitions and the sanctioning bodies would not be able to convince insurance coverage and legal protection in case something dangerous happened.

Even in the KF-Junior category he is currently in, it required TOSFED to promise to cover the liabilities and insurance in case something happened to him. But thankfully, nothing has happened, or rather, he hasn't let even an opportunity for something to happen appear in the first place. Also, they need to keep him here to prevent him from falling like Icarus if he flies too close to the sun before he has better glue for his wings," Süleyman paused after speaking for more than two minutes straight, sounding more like a PR person for Fatih than the supposed neutral commentator.

"As someone who has seen his first ever race and had the blessing of seeing him move up in categories and still keep his dominance, I can't help but look forward to what he has and can show us in the future. By the way, have you seen the video he posted last week on his YouTube channel?" Zakir said, changing to a different topic, although still about the same subject.

"It would be a disgrace to say I didn't, and to say I'm surprised would be an understatement. Who would think that I would live to see such a high-quality docutainment, as he calls it, being made about a mini category showing Bambino Karts? There is almost no one in Turkish motorsports sphere who hasn't watched it, and

TOSFED even took notice, as they sent a new memo about providing Fatih with the raw footage of the recorded races he participated in. They have even increased the number of cameras on the track since it is a very positive advertisement for them, now that the video has exceeded two million views in a span of a week and it looks like its momentum is going to continue rising the more people it is recommended to.

Though I was sad that my voice was replaced by an English counterpart, that disappointment disappeared when I found myself in the final credits, thanking me. Plus, since it is in English, it means it will reach an even greater audience. He even went as far as to include subtitles in twenty different languages. I wonder who runs his PR side of things, as they are very smart," Süleyman said, subtly advertising the video to those present today, as that was the memo from TOSFED, who were now all-in on Fatih thanks to the level of talent he had shown.

This change happened starting from his second season, where Rümeysa, having seen Aslan play the politics game, she too started doing so. With her son showing a dominant and unbeaten drive, her influence increased with each dominant performance he delivered, giving her more leverage as she reminded them that Fatih had dual nationality. Should they not accommodate his talent, which he had more than proven, she could just pack their bags and move to Germany or anywhere in Europe where he would have better competition while driving under the German flag.

Though used to talent drain, TOSFED usually didn't have a say in whether those talented drivers remained and drove under the Turkish flag. But now that Rümeysa had approached them and gave them the ability to decide if Fatih drove under another flag depending on how they accommodated his talent, they obviously chose the option that better served their interest and accommodated him, as it was a win-win scenario for both of them so long as Fatih continued delivering.

"Although I would like to continue talking about it and his video, we have to return to the main event of today: the final race. Should Fatih finish first and the championship leader finish in P3, Fatih is going to have accomplished mounting a super championship drive, having started from the third round with zero points yet being able to recover and win the championship in the final round," Zakir said, bringing the attention back to the track as the formation lap was about to start with ten seconds on the clock.

"That would be an interesting outcome, but we now have to put our neutral caps back on. The long wait is over, and the formation lap begins. Fatih, on pole position, takes the lead, leading the drivers around the track to warm up their tires and do final checkups before the race start. I can't imagine the level of pressure both Fatih and the championship leader must be feeling at the moment, but we already know that Fatih delivers under pressure.

The same is not yet known about the championship leader, and I hope he does because although he might have a problem taking the lead from Fatih, he can still fight for the championship if he keeps his P2 position.

But that is only if Fatih doesn't try to repeat what he did to Selçuk in his first season of karting. He was a nightmare to drive against when he wanted you to finish in P3," Süleyman said, his voice reinvigorated with excitement about the upcoming race due to the strategic possibilities available, unlike the last few races where the young Fatih dominated.