

Formula 1: The GOAT

#Chapter 81: Fatih Vs Ömer - Read Formula 1: The GOAT Chapter 81: Fatih Vs Ömer

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Mhhhhhh... Whooooooooo... Mhhhhhhh... Whooooooooo... Mhhhhhhh... Whooooooooo...

Fatih calmly breathed in and out as he led the formation lap, swerving left and right. He would intermittently stop, move in a straight line, and then swerve again, quite the opposite of the constant weaving the drivers behind him were doing. Had it not been for the dominant drive he was showing, many would have interpreted this as inexperience, a sign that he was worried about losing control of the powerful kart. But Burak, who was watching him from the pit lane, had a proud look on his face.

He was one of the few people who knew and realized the greatness of what Fatih was currently doing. It was the optimal tire warmup, which not only brought the tires to the right temperature but did so optimally. He was actively using his senses to feel the grip, in return estimating the tire temperature and adjusting his warmup to fit the live reaction from the tires. This was something he had spent an entire year learning, practicing for an hour every day on different tracks with different layouts to master various tire warmup profiles.

His other three hours of training consisted of an hour of driving karts tuned to a specific driving style. Apollo would change the setup mid-drive, forcing Fatih to adapt and find the fastest driving style for the new configuration. During this training, he was finally using the **KART_KF1_2008_BASILINE_001**, as it was the fastest kart available to him and one that would instill the instincts he needed. He had to react faster, or else he would suffer painful injuries if he failed to adapt quickly enough. The remaining two hours were spent sharpening his other tools, with the focus always dependent on Apollo's decision and not set in stone.

Today, he felt eerily in control, not on the edge as he had in the last four races. Although he could control the karts without a hint of a problem and handle the weekends, he still felt the post-race effects of being in the powerful junior karts. But now, that had disappeared, as he had spent his accumulated SP over the last two seasons to finally upgrade his Sponge Body from **(Good → Excellent)**

, and he was now enjoying its benefits.

Now, all he had to do was focus on the race. Should he win the championship, he would receive a multiplier effect on his earned SP due to the challenge he had been thrown into at the start of the new season.

Mhhhhhh... Whooooooooo... Mhhhhhhh... Whooooooooo... Mhhhhhhh... Whooooooooo... He changed his breathing pattern as he completed the formation lap, entering his grid position. His eyes were now focused on the lights, not unsticking his tires since he had warmed them just above the optimal temperature, which would dissipate and return to the optimal one during the wait for others to enter their grid positions. As his body started producing adrenaline, it heightened his focus, bringing him to the optimal racing atmosphere.

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"The five lights have come on one by one and... IT'S LIGHTS OUT AND AWAY WE GO! Fatih, having a better reaction time, takes the lead of the race and moves to cover Ömer, slowing him down leading into the first corner! This allows Osman in P3 to gain ground, but Ömer sees this and moves to cover Osman, interfering with Fatih's plan of hindering his championship opportunity. He now enters Fatih's slipstream on the second straight out of turn three. He's gaining, gaining, gaining, and he reaches the rear of Fatih, moves to the side as they barrel towards T4! Who will be brave and brake later than the other? **OOOOOH!**

Ömer locks up as Fatih keeps to the racing line, not allowing Ömer to recover by changing his line. He has nowhere to go and now has to go onto the grass as Fatih retains his lead, followed closely by Osman, who inherits the second position! He's followed by Yılmaz, Baran, Kemal, Tarkan, and only then do we see Ömer back on the track, but now in P7, shaking his head in anger as he sees his championship hopes slipping from his hands.

He now has a mountain to carve if he is to recover to where he needs to be in order to win the championship. But it is a twenty-five-lap race, and he has enough time to fully focus and try his best to recover. It is not an insurmountable mountain; it is achievable," Süleyman commentated, his excitement obvious to everyone as the first lap alone had already served up a few interesting narrative arcs that he could now follow and guide viewers during the now very interesting race.

"Though we will have to wait for the replay to be sure, do you think Fatih pushed him outside in order to kill his chances of winning the championship?" Süleyman asked the question that was on everyone's mind, dumping the responsibility on Zakir, who was responsible for the technical aspects of the commentary.

"I don't think he did anything outside the rule book, as all he did was remain on the racing line, which he had earned by being in the lead. It could be considered not good sportsmanlike behavior by others, but that is not something I agree with. This is a competition, and you need to force the other side to make mistakes if it is to your advantage. What Fatih did was less than even that, as he just let Ömer's mistake not go unpunished, a very good decision, as he now leads the race and his chances of winning the championship are higher than when the race started," Zakir said, immediately making his side obvious as he gave his reasoning.

"I couldn't agree more with you. We have just been notified that the stewards have taken notice of the situation and it's under investigation. But Fatih, uncaring of what is going on, is now opening a gap between him and Osman from the rest of the pack. He is repeating his driving style of dragging the driver behind him along, a nightmare that had killed Selçuk's championship hopes. I wouldn't have believed anyone if it was told to me as a story that a nine-year-old is currently on the run and has the chance of winning the KF-Junior championship in his first participation despite missing the first two races. But my eyes are bearing witness to that as Fatih enters his second lap, having already opened a gap of two seconds from the rest of the group starting from P3. Ömer moves to the side and goes side-by-side with Tarkan, and he overtakes him into turn one, moving to P6! He has started his hunt and is now chasing Kemal. The championship is still his to lose, and he looks intent on not doing that."

With Ömer on a charge and Fatih dragging Osman with him to open the gap, the race was exciting lap after lap. Ömer cut down the distance between him and Kemal and finally managed to overtake him in four laps after a valiant fight, moving to P5. But he didn't stay there long, as he moved to P4 in the next lap and started chasing Yılmaz in P3, who was two seconds ahead of him. He pushed himself and the kart to the limit to reduce that distance over a five-lap period before fighting with him for two laps, finally keeping the P3 position after a back-and-forth overtaking battle took place between them.

"Ömer has recovered to P3, but his journey up to there was not easy, and he is now seven seconds behind the front group. It looks like Fatih expected him to recover to some level, and his strategy of bringing Osman with him proves to be correct, as the gap is not something he can recover over a ten-lap period. But he doesn't seem to care and continues pushing, trying to reduce the gap as much as possible as he hopes for a lucky break," Süleyman said as the screen showed Ömer going into a corner, cutting it as short as possible to save even a tenth of a second, as if he was in a qualifying session. The screen showed the gap between him and Fatih was now at eight seconds.

For the next eight laps, no matter how hard he attempted to reduce the gap, he only managed to reduce it by two seconds due to Fatih having to drive in consideration of Osman, whom he was dragging, and not in the fastest way possible. But then...

"Oh, we have a yellow flag on two marshal posts as a kart has gone off the track! Is this the lucky break Ömer needed to reduce the gap, as Fatih, the race leader, is now forced to reduce his speed as he passes the yellow-flagged sector?"

But unfortunately for Ömer, the yellow flag is only momentary, and it has been lifted. The track is back to green flag conditions, having only benefited him slightly by reducing the gap from six seconds to four. It looks like fate enjoys teasing him. What a cruel thing fate can do to some. But for Fatih, he is now breathing a sigh of relief as he enters the final straight to complete his lap and start the final lap of the race.

He looks to the side, reading the board his coach Burak is showing him, and he nods and pushes harder. As he starts his final lap, he no longer has to care about bringing Osman with him, as the gap between Osman and Ömer is wide enough to not be a consideration. He is now gunning for that fastest lap accolade, and he shows the fluidity in his driving, taking the shortest distance possible on the track. As he comes out of the final corner, he gets on the power earlier but keeps it straight, and now he barrels down the final straight.

Having started this championship from the third race, it was nearly impossible to have the opportunity to win, but with the competitiveness of the category playing to his advantage, paired with his dominance, he went into the final race with the opportunity to win the championship, but only if the championship leader finished third or below. He had done his best to make that possible, and as he crosses the finish line, the checkered flag is waved for him, **AND FATİH YILDIRIM WINS THE KF-JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP, CEMENTING HIMSELF IN THE HISTORY OF THE BEST DRIVERS IN THE CATEGORY, TAKING THE FASTEST LAP WITH HIM ON THE FINAL LAP, COMPLETING NOW HIS THIRTEENTH CONSECUTIVE PERFECT GRAND SLAM WEEKEND!"**

Chapter 82: Making a Difficult Decision

"Hehehehehehehehe," Fatih laughed childishly as he moved side to side, enjoying his race win and his championship win. His focus mode had already disappeared the moment he passed through the start-finish line and ended the race.

"And with that, the KF-junior season comes to an end, good morning, good afternoon, and goodnight," he said, showing his feeling and reenacting the future famous end-of-year quote, to edit the final episode of the third season of his "Road to Formula 1" and with it show it show a time-lapse of the season.

Having finally managed to bring the money into his life, he bought many things, from high-quality cameras and other devices to ten GoPro cameras that were already mounted in different areas of the kart, with one of them being mounted under his helmet's chin, benefiting from the large balast he was using to meet minimum weight allowing him to include all of those without taking a weight penalty. As he was about to enter the pit lane, he raised his hand and waved to the DJI drone carrying a DSLR camera that had been stationary in the sky, recording the whole race, trying to replicate the angle that F1 later applied in their broadcasting starting from 2025.

Money really solved many problems, as he was now only required to spend a few hours a day to bring his ideas to reality. His mother had already hired some of the basic staff that he had requested, including a cameraman who was participating in recording the event for the first time since he was hired, while at the same time, two editors were already working on editing the following episodes after he was done writing their scripts and had shot all the extra footage required.

Having entered the pit lane, he immediately waved at Burak, who was already waiting for him to collect the kart.

Getting out of his kart after stopping a few centimeters from Burak, he hugged him as they celebrated his championship. Then the interviews started, and Ömer, who finished third and lost the championship, had some words to say to Fatih.

"He raced unfairly and pushed me off the track, but he was not punished, so I'm not satisfied with the outcome, and I wouldn't congratulate the fake champion," said the not-yet-media-trained Ömer, venting his feelings through the answer, not feeling well at all after having lost the championship in the final race due to what looked to him to be Fatih's driving style.

"What do you mean by unfair?" Zakir asked, wondering what Ömer's point of view of the situation was.

As someone who had watched the incident and the replay of it, he and everyone else who saw it all agreed that it was solely Ömer's mistake, and all Fatih did was not move from the racing line to try and accommodate Ömer's mistake.

"If it were me who did that, I would have been punished. But since he is being backed by the federation that went as far as to even bend the rules to allow him to participate in the championship starting near mid-season, why would they not support him to win the championship?" Ömer said, repeating what he had heard the adults in his vicinity, at the academy, or even during championship weeks, say when they were talking about Fatih. Even his coach was among them, which in turn warped his view of the situation.

Paired with him losing the championship that he had led from the start in the final race, he was not ready to accept that it was his mistake that ended his championship hopes, not Fatih's privileged treatment. It wouldn't have mattered to him, as his mind had already designated Fatih as an enemy, one with powerful backers.

"Ah, looks like our time is over. Thank you for your answers, and good luck in the next season," Zakir, realizing he was on the verge of destroying a kid's career if he continued asking these questions, ended the interview there as he prayed for the kid. If what he said had earned him a negative image, it would make his life in motorsports a bit difficult. But since he was talented, it most likely wouldn't be a problem, though it was a possibility nonetheless.

He then immediately moved to Osman, who had finished P2, not wanting to allow people time to talk about Ömer as he asked his usual opening question.

"Thank you. I know it would have been difficult had it not been in Fatih's interest to set everything up for me and keep dragging me with him to the P2 finish, and he had shown his pace on the last lap. When I heard from my coach about his ability to drag the driver behind him by slipstreaming them and doing other things, I had thought in my mind that

it was because those drivers weren't capable enough to mount an attack when everything was set for them. But having experienced it through the race, you come to realize that he is the one holding back.

He is keeping just enough distance that you receive maximum benefits from the slipstream, but the distance is too much to cover to mount an overtake, just close enough to give you the illusion of hope that you can overtake him. So you end up pushing more and more, but you are never, ever close enough to mount an attack. It's a very weird feeling," Osman answered the question. Having experienced it for the entire race, it was easier than he expected to answer, and he wasn't selfish enough to not thank Fatih, as he had led him to his first podium of the season.

"Thank you for the very elaborate and clear answer, but can you elaborate on the weird feeling you mentioned?" Zakir asked, wanting more details. Although he had theorized a few times, he had yet to hear about it from those who experienced it since the last time Fatih drove like that was in his first season, and the kids in that category couldn't explain it well. But that was different for the fourteen-year-olds in this category.

"How should I explain this..." Osman said as he thought for a moment before as if he had a eureka moment, he started explaining it. "It's like driving while following the ghost car feature in racing games that shows you the best lap time driven in the saved files. The more you try to imitate it, the better results you gain. That's what it feels like to drive behind him when he is pulling you. All you have to do is repeat what he is doing, brake where he does, turn when he turns, and you find yourself improving on your lap times."

"Oohh, thank you very much for your detailed explanation, and congratulations on your P2 finish," Zakir said with a smile of satisfaction on his face, having finally received the final piece of the puzzle that revealed to him what exactly Fatih was doing and how he managed to continuously drag the driver behind him when he needed to.

"I know it is the third time in your career hearing this, but congratulations on winning your championship. It is for the third consecutive season, meaning you have yet to participate in a season and not win the championship in it, other than the KF-Mini category you started this year's season with before you were moved. But still, my statement stands. How do you feel?"

"Thanks for the congratulations, but it is something I will not get tired of hearing even if it happens twenty times, so don't hesitate to congratulate me if I continue winning."

"Will do," Zakir interjected before leaving the space for Fatih to continue speaking.

"And I'm feeling pretty happy about the outcome. Although it is my second time going to the final race where there was someone else who could win it if things went well for them, this time it was the most exciting one since I was the one chasing the leader, not the one being chased," Fatih answered with a smile as he imagined what his SP overhaul was going to be.

"What went through your mind when you saw the yellow flags waved a few laps before the end of the race?"

"My heart sank, and I started thinking of ways to keep the situation as is if the yellow flags persisted and the gap we opened was closed, and the field bunched up. If push came to shove, I could have given the lead to Osman in order to defend against Ömer before overtaking Osman on the final lap. But thankfully, I didn't have to resort to that since it was lifted just as fast as it was waved."

"Ah, thank you very much, and once again, congratulations on your third championship. I look forward to your career in motorsports. I enjoyed your series very much and look forward to the next episode, despite knowing how things turned out," Zakir congratulated Fatih, deciding not to ask about the incident between Fatih and Ömer after having seen how Ömer reacted, not wanting to see what Fatih would say in response to Ömer's accusations or have his hard work of covering for Ömer for his career's sake go down the drain.

"Thank you very much as well," Fatih said, walking back to Burak, who was calmly waiting for him with a smile, to wait for the podium ceremony to take place.

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Rümeysa was standing in the grandstands as she clapped and celebrated Fatih, who was on the podium receiving medal after medal for his many performances, making a repeat of what happened in the last two seasons, where he swept away all of the smaller rewards as well, barring a few.

She turned to her mother, who was with her, and said, "We need to start planning on him going abroad starting next year once he finishes primary school this academic year. He has already reached the ceiling of what he can do here, and he needs more competition, or he will have to remain in this category until he is fifteen."

It was something that had been on her mind since Fatih's first championship, and she had worked hard to provide him with challenges while keeping him close to her and not separating from him, but it looked like he now really needed to go abroad to compete.

"So are we moving together, or are you sending him alone?" Güldane asked her daughter, this topic being something they had discussed a lot over the last three years.

"We can afford to go together, so there is no reason not to," she said, looking as if she had already made up her mind to quit her job and move the family abroad for Fatih's motorsports career.

"What about Burak?" Güldane asked, not probing regarding her quitting work, knowing it was a difficult decision to make, considering her position in the company and how high she would have climbed should she remain in the position for a few more years.

"I'm still thinking about it. Plus, we have a year to make that decision," Rümeysa said as she waved at Fatih, who had just found them and started waving at them as his grandmother did the same as well.

"Don't let the situation stagnate, thinking that a year is long enough and you can take your time," Güldane said as she patted her shoulders before she added, "Looks like I should add a few more utensils and a new chair in the dining room," teasing her daughter before she started walking towards the exit to go and pick up Fatih and Burak, who had just finished the ceremonies and everything that kept them at the venue.

Rümeysa didn't argue with her mother, already tired of her subtle nagging, as she quietly walked behind her. Her mind, which had been made up just a few days ago, started thinking of things she needed to handle before the day of the move arrived. Having made the decision, she wasn't going to dwell on it and regret it, as she knew it was for the best. Plus, she was now the CEO and the leader of all the companies under Fatih's ownership.

Chapter 83: A Conversation with TOSFED

Time passed quickly, and it wasn't long before Fatih returned to school to start his final primary school year. Based on the Turkish educational structure, which is four years of primary school, followed by four years of middle school, and four years of high school before university, he was just at the beginning of his educational journey.

Although Fatih showed exceptional performance in school, having perfect results for the previous three consecutive years, Rümeysa refrained from fast-tracking him as she had with his karting career. She decided to use his now-free time, due to his reduced learning needs, to allow him to increase his practice time for karting and continue his second hobby of learning new languages.

He always managed to complete a language within seven months, having already learned four languages within the last three years: English, German, Italian, and French, with all of them being at an advanced level.

At the moment, he was midst of learning Arabic, which, due to its depth and history, was expected to take him a full year before he reached the same advanced level as the other four.

He continued going to an academy to have conversations with native speakers of those languages, trying to elevate all of his learned languages to a native level of intonation, cultural fluency, rhythm, stress patterns, sarcasm, grasp of tone, slang, and everything else to close the gap between him and someone who lived in those areas as much as possible. Thanks to his Sponge Brain, he was absorbing and digesting everything very easily, aided by consuming content in these languages, which accelerated the process.

With Fatih already notified about their planned move abroad once he finished primary school, Rümeysa had already started making the required preparations. She had resigned and completed the handover from her position and was now ready to fully focus on the preparations for the move.

With Fatih's dual citizenship, his side of preparation was quite easy, but for Rümeysa, it was slightly different. To ease that, she was currently having a meeting with the TOSFED to talk about both this matter and another unknown topic that was included when she requested their help.

"Thank you for accepting the meeting we asked for on such short notice," Mansur, the Karting Sporting Director, said as he took a seat after they finished exchanging greetings with Rümeysa.

"I'm also receiving help from your side, so it is very easy to accept them," Rümeysa said, easing the tension in preparation for the conversation that was about to unfold.

"Then let me get to the point," Mansur said, pausing for a moment to gauge Rümeysa's attention before he continued. "Knowing that Fatih has already reached a limit in Turkish motorsport, we have decided to adhere to your request and provide you with our recommendation letter to ease your visa and residency applications, but we would like the partnership to go a bit further."

Rümeysa, raising an eyebrow, asked slowly, "In what sense?"

"We know that in his international career, it would be very helpful for him if he were to use his German citizenship and process his future certification under the DMSB(Germany's TOSFED), which, frankly, is more influential than us." As he spoke, he focused on Rümeysa, trying to see every expression she was making as a reaction to his words, pausing for a moment before he said, "We would like for Fatih to continue competing under the Turkish flag and have his certification continue to be handled by TOSFED."

When no response came from Rümeysa, who looked to be in deep contemplation, Mansur breathed a sigh of relief. Although it was not an outright acceptance, it was also not an outright rejection, so he continued, starting to tap into the points he had prepared beforehand.

"Although the instant benefits he will receive upon having his certification and nationality connected to Germany are significant, the long-term benefits are very limited compared to if he remains under the Turkish flag and the TOSFED umbrella.

At the moment, Turkey has a very limited number of successful drivers on the international motorsports scene, with only Kenan Sofuoğlu having a very successful career and winning championships in the **FIM Supersport World Championship**.

That is limited to motorcycles, and there is no similar success example level in four wheel, showing exactly how talent-strapped we are. It also means there is a very large bandwidth for us to support our talented drivers, but the same can't be said for the DMSB, who have a large roster of talent for them to support.

If he remains under our jurisdiction, the higher he rises, the higher our influence within the FIA will also rise, and the more support we can provide for him.

The same is true for the support he will receive from the people of his country. If he remains under the Turkish flag, he would also be receiving their nationalistic support, and we are very nationalistic people. Although he would receive the same support in Germany if he were to rise, he unfortunately would still be under Michael Schumacher's shadow.

He will most likely receive the same treatment as national representatives who are of different ethnic origins, where if they win, they are celebrated as their fellow citizens, but if they lose, the support disappears, and a strong call for them to go back to their country would be the majority sentiment. But he won't have to worry about that if he were to fight under the Turkish flag. So long as he does his best, even if he loses, he will still be supported.

But if he wins, he will be the Schumacher, the Senna of Turkey, as no one would have reached that level before him in the pinnacle of motorport, giving him the same level, if not more, of support from what is a near-equal population between the two countries. And I'm sure you know the benefits of being the first of something in this digitally connected world."

Mansur paused for a moment, allowing Rümeyssa a period to digest the information he had just provided her, which he knew was heavy, having invested quite a bit of his team's time to find evidence for the points he provided.

After a long pause, Rümeyssa finally spoke. "I understand and agree with the majority of your points, but there is really no benefit for him in the short term, since many of the points you provided are ones that bear fruit after a very long time. But the short-term difficulties he will be facing for that decision are not things that are easy to deal with," showing that she had taken this thought seriously but saw no short-term benefits, which for a young driver was very important as it was their development phase, and depending on how it went, he might not even be able to reap the long-term benefits.

"If that is the problem, we have a few ways we can provide some short-term benefits so that he is not the only one who is sacrificing something. We will be recommending him to the FIA academy and applying for his inclusion in the official **CIK-FIA list for exceptional talent**.

Should our application be accepted, it will earn him a few benefits, like elevated visibility to top teams and sponsors, priority access to events like elite karting competitions,

preferential placement in FIA-sanctioned training camps and workshops, and development support like coaching from FIA-certified instructors, technical feedback from race engineers and data analysts, and physical and mental performance training.

It will also result in his inclusion in the international karting ranking system, which tracks performance across events and helps determine readiness for category upgrades, even if he doesn't meet the age requirement.

We will also be co-sponsoring his career abroad and pushing for wild-card entries.

These are things that, although other federations can provide, he will have competition under the same federation, but for us, there is no one at the moment to share all of these benefits, so all of our focus will be on him," Mansur added as he slid a dossier containing all the same information he was talking about but going into more detail and providing multiple examples to prove that he was not bluffing and his statements were evidence-backed.

"What benefits will you be getting in return, other than the increase in influence?" Rûmeysa asked as she skimmed through the files, planning to go through them in detail later. For the moment, she wanted to know what the other side was benefiting from because, looking at the situation as it was, Fatih would be the one benefiting heavily, not TOSFED.

"Although our increased national standing could be considered enough return on the investment, it will also increase interest in motorsport in the country, increasing the opportunity for talented drivers to appear. We gain leverage in the FIA circle, an increase in the funds we are receiving from the FIA and sponsors who, with Turkey now having an icon, will be a very desirable area for sponsorship. We also gain soft power in the political circles, which would also be helpful for Fatih in the future as well."

"But why are you speaking with such confidence, as if it is guaranteed that he is going to succeed? All of your plans would only bear fruit if Fatih reaches Formula 1, so isn't it a gamble from your side?"

"Yes, it is a gamble, but one with a very high chance of being a reality, and with our support, we increase those chances even higher. But even if it doesn't pan out as we imagined, the possible results if it actually happens are way too big to avoid just because of the possibility of it failing," Mansur said calmly with a confident smile before he added, "Although I'm the one speaking to you, this matter has approvals from the highest level, so you don't have to worry about it. We will be his strongest backers in his career abroad when it comes to something related to the FIA."

As for additional monetary help, we are also in talks with Turkish companies to sponsor him as well to reduce the remaining monetary burden on you, so please take your time going through the information I provided you before you make your decision."

As he was done saying that, he reached over for his bag, removed another dossier, and handed it to her, saying, "And here is the recommendation letter you requested," making it very clear that they were not planning on using the recommendation letter as leverage to get what they wanted but were looking to form a mutually beneficial agreement.

This showed the level of hype Fatih was carrying in the motorsports circle in Turkey because when anyone with a voice in motorsports saw him in action, found themselves imagining him standing on the podium with a Turkish national anthem playing on the speakers and couldn't help but want to support him, evident by the letters that were being sent to TOSFED on a daily basis. He was already gaining fame, and his YouTube videos were accelerating that even faster, but on an international scale, due to them being entertaining and open to everyone, even those outside the motorsports circles.

Chapter 84: Sponge Brain (Genius)

Skkkkrrrrrrr, Fatih's kart slid as he aquaplaned into the barriers of the very wet track, which left him unable to counter it at all.

"One more time," Apollo shouted as he snapped his finger, bringing Fatih onto the start-finish straight, this time with the track being completely dry and full of grip.

Already used to this, he once again started driving, pushing the kart to its maximum limit while in full focus. The kart setup was randomly changing after every sector, forcing him to adapt fast enough while keeping as much speed as possible in order to complete the lap under an already predetermined delta.

With every lap he completed, that delta time was reduced again and again. By his tenth lap, the delta time was reset, but this time the clouds had arrived, and it started raining lightly. The rain increased in intensity every time he finished a lap while still on slick tires, until he reached the edge of where the slicks were controllable. If he lost focus for even a moment, he would be sent aquaplaning, pushing his concentration to the limit. He also had to keep in mind the constant setup changes that continued from the start.

He pushed so hard that he had even forgotten to blink for a long time until he completed the lap, at which point his tires were instantly changed to rain tires, giving him a moment to catch his breath. But it didn't last long, because the rain continued increasing with each lap before stopping at what was considered the limit of what the wet tires could handle. Fatih was left to drive under those conditions for ten laps while having to maintain the same delta time.

As he came out of the final corner, feathering and adjusting his throttle input to fit the grip situation on the track, he finally managed to finish the lap before he was instantly teleported to the pit lane as fireworks went off in the blue sky that had cleared instantly. A system screen covered his vision.

[Mission accomplished.]

[Aquaman has been upgraded **(Good)** → **(Excellent)**]

A smile appeared on his face as he finally managed to complete the system mission that had appeared when he attempted to upgrade his Aquaman ability, a condition before he could go through with the upgrade.

"Why did this appear now when I previously could purchase them without having to complete missions?" Fatih, having finally gotten what he wanted, asked. He had already spent 1,500 SP of his remaining 1,781 SP following the system reward distribution, which included a 1.5x multiplier for winning the championship and another 1.5x multiplier for winning one in a category that he was not of age to compete in and for having won it despite starting in the third race of the season. This left him with a total of 231 SP in his inventory.

"That is because an ability of yours has already reached the Genius level," Apollo answered as he showed Fatih the ability that had reached that level.

[Sponge Brain (Genius)]

He had upgraded it first using the total SP he had earned from his daily training, which for the last two years had reached a total of five SP every day, allowing him to earn from it a total of nearly four thousand SP. This included the SP earned from previous daily exercises that had peaked at 3 SP per day, and the random missions he was given by Apollo to accomplish. This showed that he had triggered a milestone, which, for Fatih, had unfortunately happened because he wanted to upgrade Sponge Brain first instead of Aquaman.

"So does that mean all future upgrades will require me to go through similar missions?" Fatih asked, not bothering to complain since even with the current situation, he was already benefiting compared to everyone else.

"It depends on when you attempt to upgrade your abilities. These missions will be given when it is deemed that your upgraded ability is beyond what your body can handle, and they act as payment for the overall upgrade your body needs to undergo to accommodate them. That's why I have a very interesting proposal for you, if you are open to hearing it," Apollo added with a smile.

"Go on," Fatih said, leaving the space open for Apollo to state his proposal.

"Your abilities at the moment put you at the top of the top in karting, and any additional upgrades to them will be pretty meaningless and sometimes impossible until your body grows. So, are you open to an ability upgrade ban until you move to single-seaters?" Apollo asked, and with his question, a system mission prompt appeared in front of Fatih.

[Experience Challenge #001]

Your coach has determined that any additional improvement while in Karting is not beneficial to your situation and could be even more detrimental. He has proposed an interesting challenge to allow you time to assimilate and learn to use your current abilities to the maximum in order to prevent you from becoming complacent and only dependent on your system abilities.

Mission Objective: Do not use SP to upgrade any ability during this time. Compete in karting with your current abilities to push your understanding of them to the limit.

Objective Completion Reward: The reward is dependent on the results you deliver with the use of your current abilities, with a potential automatic upgrade in ability should you train them to their breakthrough limit during this period.

Restrictions: Purchasing new abilities will not be allowed during this period; however, they will be at a twenty percent discount should you remain patient until the end of the mission.

Exception: You can gain new abilities should you reach the thresholds for their capabilities to assimilate into an ability, but they, too, will be under the restriction of being non-upgradable using SP during this period, though they can be upgraded through breaking their ceiling limit. You can also continue gaining them should they be a reward for a mission, and you successfully complete the given mission.

[ACCEPT] / [DENY]

Fatih read the system mission carefully, and once he finished, he realized that both the system and Apollo were trying to limit his growth during this karting period in order to allow him to have at least some semblance of competition now that he was going abroad and had the chance to participate in the most competitive karting championships in the world.

According to the system, competition is the fuel for rapid development, and he had been lacking that for the last three years, having been hindered only by freak accidents and things out of his control, which is not a good thing for a driver needing to develop through constant competition. This was a potential solution it had come up with, with the other one being limiting the SP earned through daily missions to the current five forever into the future.

"What happens if I don't accept it?" Fatih asked after a moment of contemplation.

"Nothing really, but you lose the benefit of being able to learn how to push these abilities for all they are worth, making it very easy for you to falter when you meet someone who has the same level of abilities as you. You will only have the experience of the instant increase of ability through an SP upgrade, risking you being highly dependent on it,"

Apollo said. Although he could have gone further into his explanation, and reminded him of the potential complacency that he might develop and the subconscious arrogance that might later be very difficult to deal with should they cement themselves in his mind.

Despite knowing that with Fatih being a reincarnator and someone who took everything related to racing seriously, that mindset risked the possibility of not lasting too long should he be put in a complacent situation for an extended period of time, where he would most likely be hearing those words from everyone in his surroundings, which is enough to plant and grow the seed of arrogance.

"Fine, I will accept it, but under the condition that you give me as many missions that will provide me with new abilities as possible," Fatih said, trying to negotiate and see if he could get more benefits. Since this mission was triggered by Apollo, it meant he was the one setting the parameters, and it had the possibility of being changed.

Apollo, who smiled when he heard what Fatih was saying, said, "There is no need to include that since I have already been doing that all the time. Why do you think I have been forcing you to constantly try and adapt to setup changes for the last few years?"

"But there was no mission regarding it?" Fatih asked. Although he had been wondering if this was the reason, he wasn't sure because no system mission regarding it appeared like it had with Aquaman when he started.

"That is because that was the first time, and it was the easiest quantifiable one. But the one you are currently trying to get requires time, and you are nearing filling the basic crumbs that can be combined into an ability that can be quantified and given a name," Apollo explained, removing all the worry that was in Fatih's mind.

"Why didn't you say so earlier?" Fatih said with a smile as he clicked **accept**, accepting the mission before he teased Apollo by saying, "You enjoy tormenting me without telling me the reason for no reason at all. Are you a masochist or something?" This nearly caused Apollo to jump and strangle him from the look he was giving him at the moment, before a devious smile appeared on his face, causing goosebumps on Fatih as he realized that he had just triggered a nest and a stinging was about to come.

He silently resigned himself to his fate when he opened his eyes, finding himself on what could nearly be called a lake instead of a track due to the amount of water Apollo had flooded on the La Conca track.

"Twenty consecutive clean laps before you continue any other practice, and it doesn't matter how long it takes for you to finish them," Apollo's voice was heard by Fatih. Had he seen his face, he would have realized Apollo was enjoying this moment, which Fatih had already guessed but didn't cause trouble as he started driving, knowing it was to his benefit after all.

Chapter 85: Ricky Flynn Motorsport (RFM)

With the planning for their move ongoing, Rûmeysa spent a large portion of that year traveling abroad to finish some of the required preparations face-to-face to have peace of mind. Meanwhile, Fatih continued his daily routine with no major changes: going to school, returning home, writing an article, practicing on a rented karting track in preparation for the weekend, writing his guesses if it was a race weekend, and participating in the karting championship if it was that weekend.

Although he was not expected to be in Turkey for the finals of these competitions, as he was scheduled to leave in August (a month before the final), TOSFED, already making moves after Rûmeysa agreed to their offer, suggested he continue participating. This was to prevent him from getting rusty and to act as an ideal that would push the other drivers by showing them what was possible. They went as far as to allow him to participate in two categories at once, KF-Mini and KF-Junior, albeit in slightly underpowered karts at Burak's request to increase his competition in preparation for Europe. Despite this, he was still dominating, but in a different way than he had previously.

His YouTube channel was also undergoing a continuous rise as more and more people started knowing about him. With high-quality episodes coming every two weeks, the number of subscribers continued to increase with each passing day, while the viewership increased even faster. The same was happening on The Conqueror's side of things, which was also experiencing large growth because its office now had full-time employees overseeing the detailed breakdown of Fatih's general directions. At Fatih's suggestion, motorsports reporters were now being hired and paid on a per-article basis or fully hired for those who wanted full-time work security.

Despite all of that, a large amount of money still remained from his monthly earnings, which he had immediately asked his mother to invest instead of just letting it sit. Leveraging the sixth sense he had shown and proven through his largest money-making venture, he suggested his mother buy shares of Facebook, Nvidia, Tesla, AMD, Apple, Amazon, and Microsoft, with nearly half of it being invested in Tesla, which he remembered peaking at over \$1,200, buying it at \$6.50 per share. He planned to continue purchasing these shares using the remaining portion of every month's earnings.

Finally, August arrived. With everything ready, Fatih and his family, with Burak tagging along as a TOSFED-funded coach and a cameraman, took off to the skies, heading to the UK, which would be his base for his international karting career.

Arriving in Surrey a day after their travel, it took them a full week before they completed all home preparations after moving and settling into the house they had rented. Following that, Rûmeysa spent the next week finishing his school enrollment for the next academic year, having everything ready for his upcoming, very important test.

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The lush greenery of the English countryside passed by at high speed, a stark contrast to the urban sprawl of Istanbul. Fatih watched from the window of the rented Range Rover as his mother, the only one with an international license among them, drove. Burak sat in the passenger seat, reading a brochure about the area they were heading to. In the back of the car, Fatih was joined by his cameraman, who was recording him as he looked out the window.

After they veered from the main motorway and onto a series of narrow country lanes for a few minutes, tucked away behind a row of unassuming hedges, was a modern, grey-clad industrial unit. The only sign of its purpose was a small, discreet logo on the door: a stylized RFM in white and red. They had finally arrived in Motorsport Valley.

Rümeysa parked the car in a designated visitor's spot. As they stepped out, the crisp autumn air was cut by the distant, high-pitched scream of a two-stroke engine from the nearby Whilton Mill circuit. It was a sound Fatih knew better than his own heartbeat.

Burak, who had walked to the boot of the car to get his bag, and Rümeysa and the rest of the team were welcomed by a young man who, after shaking hands and introducing himself, said, "You are right on time, and they are waiting for you, so we can head inside," while the cameraman moved slightly behind them to record the scene.

As they started walking to the building, the workshop door slid open before they reached it. From the other side, a man in his late fifties with a lean frame, sharp eyes, and a calm, no-nonsense expression, wearing a blue team polo shirt, stepped out with his hand extended. He glanced momentarily at the cameraman, swallowing a slight dissatisfaction without telegraphing it on his face.

"Rümeysa," he said, his tone professional but not unfriendly. "Ricky Flynn. Welcome to RFM." He then turned his gaze to Fatih, looking him over for a moment. "You must be Fatih."

Fatih met his gaze and nodded. "Yes, sir. It's a pleasure to meet you."

Ricky's lips twitched in what might have been the beginning of a smile. "And this is your coach, Burak, I presume." He shook Burak's hand.

"I'm his grandmother," Güldane said as Ricky extended his hand to her. he gave a slight nod to the cameraman.

"Right. Let's not waste time standing in the cold. Come on in."

He led them into the workshop, and Fatih felt a jolt of pure, unadulterated awe. It was less a garage and more a surgical theater for racing karts. The grey floor was polished to a mirror shine, reflecting the cool, white light from the overhead fixtures. Along one wall, a row of brand-new OTK chassis, bare and gleaming in their signature green, were mounted like works of art. On the other hand, massive red tool chests stood at attention

next to workstations where mechanics in matching RFM gear were meticulously assembling engines. The air was filled with a quiet, focused intensity. This was a place of business, and the business was winning.

A younger man, probably in his early thirties, with a laptop tucked under his arm and a headset around his neck, approached them.

"This is Steve," Ricky said. "He'll be your lead engineer for the evaluation. He's worked with all our champions."

Steve shook Rūmeysa's hand first, Güldane's second, then Burak's. He crouched slightly to be at Fatih's eye level. "Alright, Fatih? Ready to have a go?" he asked, his accent a friendly Cockney.

Fatih nodded again, his eyes still taking in the sheer professionalism of the environment.

Ricky gestured towards a small, glass-walled office in the corner of the workshop. "Let's have a quick chat, and then we'll get you kitted out."

As they walked inside the room, the cameraman remained outside, recording from the other side of the glass to allow them privacy during their conversation.

Inside the office, the walls were covered in photos of drivers celebrating victories, Fatih recognized a much younger Lando Norris in several of them. Ricky sat behind a simple desk, with Steve standing beside him. Rūmeysa took a seat, with Güldane, Fatih, and Burak beside her.

"Alright, here's the plan for today," Ricky began, getting straight to the point. "This is an evaluation that will determine the level of support you will be receiving from us, and for that, we need to see what we're working with. Steve will walk you through the specifics, but the day is broken into four phases."

Steve stepped forward, tapping his laptop. "Phase one is acclimatization. We've got a new chassis and a fresh engine for you. The first session is just for you to learn the kart and the PFI circuit. No pressure on lap times. Just get comfortable."

He continued, his tone becoming more focused. "Phase two is feedback and setup. After your first run, you'll tell us exactly what the kart is doing. Understeer, oversteer, braking stability... be as precise as you can. We'll make the changes you ask for and send you back out. We need to see how you interpret the car's behavior."

Ricky took over again. "For phase three, we'll put you on track with a benchmark. Enaam will be running today." He gestured through the glass to a slightly older boy in a matching race suit who was stretching nearby. "He's our European Championship fifth-place finisher.. We'll run a fifteen-lap race simulation. We don't expect you to beat him.

We want to see your racecraft. We want to see if you can learn from following a faster driver."

"And finally," Steve concluded, "phase four is the qualifying simulation. New tires. Low fuel. We'll give you five laps to set the fastest time you can. That will give us your baseline pace. Any questions?"

"I have none," Rümeysa said before she turned and looked at Fatih. "Do you understand everything?"

Fatih's gaze shifted from Ricky to Steve. The childish awe was gone, replaced by a familiar, cold focus. The racer had taken over.

"Yes," he said, his voice clear and steady. "I understand. When do I get in the kart?"

But inwardly, he was very excited to finally have a chance to benchmark himself against someone who had already proven themselves on the international stage, while also being able to see what his pace was compared to Lando Norris, who had been their driver and whose data he could now compare himself to.

Although he was only hiring them as a private service for the few races he would be competing in this year, due to missing the start of many competitions, they didn't accept him easily. Despite the letter of recommendation from TOSFED endorsing him, RFM needed to protect their brand. Poor performance would make their equipment and service look subpar, and they wouldn't be able to justify their high per-race prices. The recommendation letter guaranteed his acceptance, but his performance would determine the level of service. If he were slow, he would receive the standard package. But if he showed pace, he would get the best mechanic, the lead engineer, and the newest, best-prepared equipment.

Chapter 86: Full Push

"How do you think he will do against a driver who has proven himself well in the competitive European karting scene?" Rümeysa asked as she watched Enaam Ahmed going around the track, acclimatizing himself. He had been doing this for the last ten minutes, returning to the pit for feedback and a few setup adjustments before heading back out to set more lap times.

This was being done to give him fair preparation time, similar to the two sessions Fatih would have before they faced off against each other in the final two sessions: a race simulation and a qualifying simulation.

"If he were racing in Turkey in the senior category, he would most likely be leading and winning it easily," Burak said, his eyes locked on Enaam, who was starting his second lap following the adjustments. His surprise was clear at the level he was witnessing for the first time on the international karting scene.

As someone who had peaked in the national karting scene and couldn't go abroad due to his family's financial constraints, this was his first time laying eyes on an actual competitive European karting driver, and he was not disappointed. He remembered that Enaam had only just finished this year's World Karting Championship in fifth, meaning there were four people above him, and that was just in the KF-Junior category. A flicker of doubt, an unwelcome guest, entered his mind. He had seen Fatih's genius, but genius in a small pond could look very different in the ocean.

"But don't worry," Burak added, forcing a confident tone, as much for himself as for Rûmeysa. "I don't think Fatih will be overshadowed. He just needs time to learn the track." Despite his words, a larger part of him held its breath. The hype was real, but now, for the first time, it would be measured against a legitimate, world-class benchmark.

As they conversed, Fatih finally came out of the locker room, now fully dressed in his new race suit that had the TOSFED logo going down both his shoulders, his name stitched on his waist, followed by a small Turkish flag. Other than that, the remainder of the race suit was clear of any other sponsorship or logos.

A man in RFM gear met him at the door. "Okay, Faith, please follow me. Briefing before your first run."

"It's Fatih, not Faith," Fatih gently corrected him, already used to this happening anytime an English speaker read his name, having experienced it three times at the airport alone.

"Oooh, Fatih, sorry about that," John said as he looked at the binder once more to make sure, before he realized that his brain had subconsciously read Fatih as Faith.

As they walked, they had small talks, with Fatih answering questions while John asked them, until they entered the team's trackside tent, which was a hub of activity. Fatih placed the helmet in his hand on the rack before he took a seat, and John sat opposite him with a foldable table between them.

As he looked around, he saw what he would call a telemetry station that had a few laptops, a data logger, and a CAN interface that would be used to perform real-time performance analysis and post-session technical feedback.

Then there was a large electronic board hanging, currently showing Enaam's top six fastest lap times from his two sessions, a clear target for him to hit.

E.Ahmed - 45.94

E.Ahmed - 46.01

E.Ahmed - 46.17

E.Ahmed - 46.25

E.Ahmed - 46.75

E.Ahmed - 47.13

"Here is the track map," John said, handing Fatih an aerial map of the track that had no other information than what was painted on it. He paused for a moment before he added, "The first session is a blind test, testing how you digest new tracks and how fast you can be ready to go for a push lap, your learning curve, risk management. But also, at the end of the session, you will be providing us with feedback on how the track feels and possible setup changes you want in order to increase your performance and lap times, because at the moment, the kart's setup is set to neutral in every aspect. You don't need to feel pressure to perform instantly, and you have a full twenty minutes to have the track for yourself to both learn it well, try for a few push laps, and think about what improvements could be done for you to go faster." (Image here)

Although it sounded difficult, and it really was, neither he nor any other driver of his age was expected to pass all of them perfectly. This was done to test their technical abilities, but more so to test how they handled pressure, as it was a test of intellect as much as speed. That's why the detailed requirements were being given to him just minutes away from his first session.

"The second session will be done after we go through your data, show you areas you can improve, and adjust the setup to fit you best before we send you out again to see your improvements. Then we'll start the joint sessions with Enaam. Understood?"

"Yes, understood," Fatih nodded as he looked at the image.

"We will go when you are ready," John said before he remained silent, planning to watch how Fatih dealt with the situation and how long it would take him to be ready.

Only ten seconds after he said that, Fatih raised his head and said, "I'm ready."

"Already?" John asked, raising his eyebrow, surprised at how calm and collected Fatih looked through all of this.

"Yes," Fatih said, placing the paper back on the table before sliding it to John.

"Okay then, let's take you to your kart," John said, hiding his surprise, before helping Fatih with his helmet and balaclava as they headed out of the tent for him to get in his kart and start his session.

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Inside the pit tent, Steve, the lead engineer, looked up from his laptop as John returned. "How was he?"

"Surprisingly calm, considering the situation had changed compared to what he was briefed on during the welcoming meeting. It's the first time I've seen that reaction. No matter how good they were, even Enaam and Lando showed some level of nervousness, even if they didn't mention it. But I saw none of that in Fatih, as if it were a normal Tuesday. I don't know if it's confidence or arrogance in his abilities," John reported, giving Steve the summary of the situation.

"We are about to find out now," Steve said as the laptop finally started updating in real-time, just as Fatih was exiting the pit lane and joining the track. They raised their heads to look at the transparent tent wall showing the track and saw Fatih in a white kart going through the start-finish line, starting his first-ever lap on this track, before they lowered their heads back to the laptop to see the telemetry of his drive.

"That is a smart move on his side," Steve said when the telemetry showed Fatih driving at seventy percent speed in the first few corners of the track and continuing to do so for the remainder of the lap to learn the track and feel where the grip was.

"Yeah, it should take him at least five laps before he knows the track well, and only then should he attempt a full push lap," John said, agreeing with Steve.

However, not even ten seconds after they said those words, as Fatih came out of the final corner, the telemetry graph for the throttle spiked to 100%, causing the two of them to jointly raise their heads to look at the track and see if the telemetry was faulty in a shared look of disbelief. But from Fatih's speed as he went through the start-finish line, it was clear, on his second lap, Fatih was going for a full push lap.

Their eyes were glued to the track as they watched Fatih take his push lap, in their minds expecting him to either spin out or crash for trying to fly too close to the sun too soon, but neither of them said that as they just watched the situation unfold.

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As he approached turn one (Oblivion), he shifted to the far right side of the track, crossing past the white line on the tarmac. With a sharp left turn, he took the corner flat out, maximizing curb usage to set himself up for a clean run into turn two (Crook). Carrying impressive speed, he aimed for a late apex and lifted slightly before charging uphill toward turn three (Christmas) at full throttle.

He delayed braking until after the marshal station, then pushed the kart aggressively, inducing understeer into the apex to get a strong drive out. On exit, he continued turning right and clipped half the curb at turn four (Kink/Boxing Day) to shorten his line. However, he took a bit too much, unsettling the kart momentarily before correcting and

settling into the middle of the track. His line discipline, established from the Christmas turn, remained consistent.

Turn five (Inkermans) was taken flat out, demanding more physical effort due to the bumpy surface. He went wide on exit, using a touch of the curb before rejoining the racing line. Heading downhill into turn six (Ashby Hairpin), he braked from the magnetic strip line and held the brakes carefully through the slippery zone. With smooth steering and half the curb used, he experienced a snap of oversteer that compromised his exit slightly, but he quickly adjusted and used the full width of the road to recover.

On the straight leading to turn seven (Wilkins), he opened up the entry as much as possible. He braked into the corner, forcing the kart into understeer while maintaining high speed. Power came on late to minimize the bumps, and although he went wide on exit, he stayed just shy of the curb, quickly correcting his line before descending toward turn eight (Osiers). With a wide entry and late braking, he treated the exit as a straight, optimizing his momentum.

Entering the final sector, he approached turn nine (Boot - Left), braking precisely at the marshal pod and turning just before the curb began. He used the full left-hand curb, absorbing the impact and seamlessly linking into the next turn just meters ahead. Without straightening the steering, he transitioned into turn nine (Boot - Right), braking minimally and avoiding the curb, rolling out at full power. He kept tight through turn ten, taking it flat out and deliberately ignoring the inside curb to avoid the circuit's dirty section.

Preparing for the final corner, he entered the pit bend wide to the left. He lifted slightly through turn twelve (Pit Bend), going wide but staying on track. With a final push of full power, he blasted down the straight, crossing the start-finish line to complete his first lap, and without hesitation or slowing down, launched straight into his second.

Chapter 87: A Monster

F.YILDIRIM - 47.10

Both of them turned their heads to the lap time board as Fatih's name finally graced it, taking sixth place. On his first-ever push lap, Fatih was now within one second and a few more tenths of the fastest lap time Enaam had driven today.

Despite their surprise, they returned their heads to Fatih on the track, who was in the middle of his second push lap. They saw him now being more fluid, making less than half of the mistakes he had made on his first push lap, optimizing his entry in some corners or the connection between a string of corners, going through them fluidly as if falling into a rhythm and going with the fastest flow.

Amidst their mesmerization, Steve lowered his head back to the telemetry laptop that had Fatih's telemetry live updating. He moved the mouse aside before clicking and

overlaying Enaam's telemetry over Fatih's, showing how each of the drivers did in every part of the track. It showed that Fatih was already matching Enaam for more than three-tenths of the lap he had driven, and in some parts, he even had the upper hand.

F.YILDIRIM - 46.76

On his second lap, he took three-tenths off his first push lap as he continued to his third consecutive push lap.

The following laps didn't go past it, but instead of the two of them thinking that he had already reached his limits, they were more impressed by what he was doing. From the telemetry, it was clear that he was now optimizing and going sector by sector. In one lap, he optimized sector one and sector three, compromising sector two to set it up perfectly. Then, on the following lap, he did the opposite, optimizing sectors two and three but compromising sector one, and repeating the process.

Despite deliberately compromising parts of his lap to set up the next ones, he was still keeping it within less than a second of the fastest lap Enaam had set on the board. They immediately remembered that they had told Fatih that this was not a session for him to go for the fastest lap, but for him to understand the track, its characteristics, the kart and its characteristics, and what setup changes could be made to it so that it could perform better on this track and provide feedback on everything.

"Wow," Steve said, feeling goosebumps on his body as he saw the lap-by-lap telemetry showing that after finding the perfect input for a sector, the following laps all had nearly a copy-and-paste of those inputs in that sector. The same was happening all over the track as he was pushing the kart beyond its limit until he found a sweet spot of performance in its current setup, and he stayed on it.

"We have a monster on our hands," John said, agreeing with the impression Fatih was leaving upon them.

Although they had seen Fatih's TOSFED letter of recommendation that contained his competition-related performance and the dominance he displayed, a majority of those who saw it thought that the dominance was because he was just a big fish in a small pond, and he would look like a normal fish once he was moved from the pond to a lake.

Their assumption was not born from a feeling of superiority but because they had experienced this happening again and again, as prodigies from less competitive karting countries performed better than the rest, and their parents, believing that their child was a good driver, sent them to compete internationally, only for them to be crushed and not be competitive. Although a few of them survived this lake, the number was so small that it was considered an exception and not the rule.

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"...." Ricky Flynn, who was watching Fatih on the track from the pit lane, had a speechless expression on his face, with a similar expression blanketing the mechanics and even Enaam, who was watching with him.

"What did they feed him?" a mechanic said when he heard the engine screaming as it was being forced to provide every bit of power it was capable of producing.

Ricky didn't say anything outwardly, but inside, he was already looking forward to how he was going to perform against Enaam and what he would deliver in the three races he was planned to participate in this year. Because if this show was not a fluke and he could carry the same drive during those three races, then there was a chance that he was not going to need their services next year at all.

Just as they finally came out of their surprise, Fatih's kart entered the pit lane as the twenty minutes he was given were over, and he didn't need anyone telling him that the time was up before he returned to the pit lane, coming to a stop a few meters away from where the mechanics were.

Although he normally would have to go back to the tent to do the debrief, it looked like he didn't have to do that, as Steve and John were already walking out of the tent and towards him with laptops in their hands. They placed them on the table before dragging the table next to the mechanics, just as Fatih finished taking off his helmet and balaclava, revealing his face flushed red with a few deep lines on it from the balaclava bending and being pressed down by the helmet.

"Good drive out there," Steve said as Fatih placed his helmet and balaclava on the same table.

"Thanks," Fatih said as he wiped the sweat using the towel he had received from one of the mechanics, who were now silent and listening to the conversation that was taking place, with Ricky moving back a bit to observe as well and not interfere.

"Okay, you can debrief us once you are ready. There is no need to try and go into details; even if it is a feeling, it is enough. What are the kart and the track telling you?" Steve said, flushed with excitement and expectation, as he wanted to see how good Fatih was at giving feedback. Being able to provide good feedback is something that makes a good driver great, as he can improve the kart to be the best it can be on the track, allowing him to go faster than a great driver driving a neutral kart.

Fortunately, or rather unfortunately, he asked the question to the only ten-year-old who could provide the most detailed answer possible, having survived over two years of setup changes torture and hours upon hours of lessons on what part of the kart does what from Apollo, who had said it was important that he knew the technical side of things so that he could be able to explain what he was feeling perfectly and not be limited to using his feelings and leaving it to the mechanics to interpret what those feelings meant and try to deduce the best setup possible from that, as it would be time-

consuming and risked the setup going in a different direction due to his debriefing being misunderstood or misinterpreted.

After taking a sip of water and closing the bottle once again, Fatih finally started speaking. "The engine feels strong, it has a good pull out of the slow corners. There is no bogging down at all. The main issue is the chassis balance. It's too neutral and too safe, leaving large margins on the table everywhere.

If I were to break it down by corner phases, on corner entry, especially into heavy braking zones like the Ashby hairpin, the rear is too stable, making it difficult for the kart to rotate. I'm forced to use too much steering input to force the nose to the apex, which is scrubbing the front tires and losing me time."

"So you want more front-end grip?" Steve asked amidst his suppressed surprise.

"No, the opposite. The front bites quite well; the problem is the rear won't follow, like it's nailed to the track. I want to be able to use the brake pedal to initiate the rotation, but the chassis is preventing that right now. I think we should narrow the rear track width by 5mm on each side. That should free up the rear axle and let the inside rear wheel lift more easily on entry.

Then, for mid-corner, particularly through the long, fast bends like Inkerhans and the final Pit Bend, the kart feels lazy. It takes a set, but it doesn't want to change direction quickly. I feel like I'm waiting for the chassis to respond. I think we should add the front torsion bar. Let's start with the medium stiffness. It should stiffen the front of the chassis and give me a sharper, more responsive turn-in for those high-speed direction changes.

As for corner exit, because the rear is too planted on entry, I'm having to get on the power later than I want to. When I do, especially out of the slow corners like Christmas and the Boot, I'm getting some initial wheelspin that feels like bogging, compromising the exit.

It might be solved by changing the carburetor to a leaner low-end jet, but I think it's a mechanical grip issue first. The changes to the rear track width should help the rotation, which will let me get the kart pointed straight earlier. But I also think we should lower the rear ride height by one setting. Dropping the rear axle should give me more traction on the exit, letting me put the power down more aggressively without the initial wheelspin. But if it fails, we can try the carburetor solution as well and see what it entails."

Once he was done, silence hung in the pit lane for a moment.

'Oh god,' Steve said in his mind.

'....' John was speechless.

'Who the heck trained him?' Ricky Flynn thought to himself as the goosebumps that had subsided once again came alive.

As for the mechanics, they were currently wondering if they were dreaming or if they were in a prank video where an adult with dwarfism and experience in karting was messing with them and wasting their time.

The level of understanding of what the problem was, what the possible solution was, and the ramifications of the changes made to fix that solution, potentially leading to other problems or not even solving the initial problem, was not something someone his age should or even be able to be at that level of understanding. It was something that took them years to hone, but they were seeing it in front of them, something that they wouldn't have believed if they had heard someone telling them it was happening.

As for Apollo,
"AA"

Chapter 88: Breaking Ankles

Setup, it is the way of putting the car in a position where it can theoretically go the fastest on a certain track. But that is where the theoretical part comes in, because to achieve that fastest lap time, not only is the setup important, but the driver needs to be able to take everything the setup is capable of delivering. That's why, even when the team has the fastest car on the track, different drivers will have different lap times due to their abilities to handle the fastest setup.

And even in the highest tier of motorsports, the fastest setup isn't what they usually go for. Instead, they try to find the sweet spot between the setup and where the driver has enough confidence in the car. But if the driver can handle the pointy, knife-edge setup that is fastest and can tame it, he will always be the fastest of the two.

The same was with Fatih, as those on the pit lane were watching him head out to the track after all of his setup changes were implemented.

They wondered if he could tame it because narrowing the rear track meant freeing up the rear, making it more willing to rotate, but it came with a tradeoff of making the rear more likely to snap into a sudden, uncontrollable slide if he was not precise with his inputs.

Adding a front torsion bar made the front sharper and more responsive, but its tradeoff was that it made the kart darty and nervous, which would result in a less skilled driver finding it too twitchy and constantly having to make small corrections.

As for lowering the rear ride height, while it increased traction on exit, it also made the kart more sensitive to bumps and curbs, requiring the driver to have a smoother driving style. In total, although the changes would allow for him to deal with all of his problems

and theoretically be faster, it turned that kart into a knife-edge, aggressive, and highly responsive machine, one that was significantly difficult to control and would punish the slightest mistake.

F.YILDIRIM - 45.95

And Fatih delivered on his first push lap in phase two after a single reconnaissance lap to understand the new setup, delivering a lap time that nearly beat Enaam's fastest lap time, missing it by .01 seconds as he continued on his next lap.

"Hah," Ricky gasped in surprise upon seeing how fast it took for Fatih to adapt to the new setup and fully understand it in a single lap before he went out for a push lap that nearly beat Enaam's lap.

F.YILDIRIM - 45.93

F. YILDIRIM - 45.90

F. YILDIRIM - 45.91

F. YILDIRIM - 45.89

F. YILDIRIM - 45.88

F. YILDIRIM - 45.85

But that lap didn't remain on top for long, as with each lap, he was bringing the lap times down, replacing Enaam's fastest lap from his second push lap as he continued pumping out more and more of them until Enaam's name was no longer on the board by his seventh lap. The board was now fully covered in Fatih's name and his lap times.

"What is the lap record for this kart category?" Ricky Flynn asked when he watched Fatih hanging in the 45.8 zone for more than three laps.

"45.83," Steve said as he double-checked the information on his computer.

"Looks like it is going to fall today, as his fuel load is now entering low levels," a mechanic said, realizing that the lap time record was going to be broken in a few laps.

Silence followed as everyone on the pit lane watched Fatih, who seemed to be in a mind of his own as he wrangled the kart from one corner to another, setting it up perfectly in every sector. It was as if he was driving their imaginary lap in their minds, and as he came out of the final corner, got on the power, and pushed, going through the start-finish line, they all turned to the lap time board.

45.68

0.15s

, that was the gap by which he beat the track lap record on his eighth lap. Without realizing or a deliberate decision, they all clapped for Fatih, who was already heading for another push lap, showing no intention of slowing down until either the fuel or the timer hit zero. Still, it was no longer possible for Fatih to break his record lap time, although his following time was faster than the previous lap record.

"Where is Enaam?" Ricky asked Steve while still clapping for Fatih, despite knowing he couldn't hear them.

"He went to refresh and rest, getting ready for the joint third session," Steve said as he pointed to the building that had a canteen.

"Okay, tell him to prepare and bring Fatih in," he said, turning to leave but pausing mid-turn. He looked at Fatih for the last time before he added, "There is no need for him to continue," with an impressive smile, having come to the realization that there was no need for him to continue pushing.

Inside his mind, the prejudice he had against Fatih, thinking that he was a show boater who believed in the hype he was showered with when he dominated in Turkey, and had been even more so when he saw the cameraman following and shooting them, had entirely dissipated.

Although he had agreed to Fatih recording his test and had watched some of his videos and saw the level of fame he had, he had expected Fatih to face reality following the test, but he had been proven wrong. Fatih had instantly become the best Turkish karting driver he knew, as Cem Bölükbaşı now moved to second place.

However, he was still yet to enter the top ten of the best in the world he knew, as even in his category, there was still Lando Norris, and in other categories, there was Max Verstappen in the KF championship, Lance Stroll, George Russell, and a few more, whom he couldn't wait to see Fatih compete with. But since they were in a higher category, he could only look forward to him fighting against Lando Norris in the three competitions he was going to be in.

In a few minutes, a board was shown to Fatih on the start-finish line, who obliged and returned to the pit on the next lap, coming to a stop next to the mechanics who started checking the kart as he got off it to see if there was anything that was knocked and needed some changes.

After half an hour of rest, as the karts were being made to fit each of the drivers' strongest suits and preferences, for Fatih, he had said to set it up for the fastest setup, which was very close to his setup changes, barring a few adjustments, as they had an understanding of the track that Fatih, who had only driven about thirty laps, didn't have

before they were finally sent out to the track, being given five laps before they were to start phase three, racing.

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"We have SP to win here, so be on your top game. Just because you can't use them to upgrade your skills doesn't mean you should take it lightly. Crash them for my sake, and you still need those SP to buy new tracks, to save new karts, and more," Apollo buzzed around Fatih as he tried to give motivation, which both of them knew was needless as Fatih already had an active mission to impress and get good results in today's testing. But what was to stop Apollo from getting in some experience in giving motivation for when Fatih actually needed it in the future, or so was his reasoning for doing that.

But his motivational and morale-raising didn't last long and ended the moment Fatih and Enaam were now side-by-side as they approached for a rolling start. Fatih had been told to allow Enaam to have a front start so that they could analyze how he dealt with it, if he had the same pace when chasing someone, how he did his overtakes, and if he achieved that, how he defended and such.

Being the one to decide when to start the race, Enaam waited until he was on the racing line and Fatih was on the dirty side of the track. Only then did he push to max power, coming out of the final corner cleanly, while Fatih, who reacted, had to lift slightly due to the wheelspin he experienced from being on the dusty side. By the time he was back on the racing line chasing, Enaam had already opened a small gap, going through the start-finish line ahead.

Knowing that his first real overtaking opportunity would be at the Christmas corner, that didn't mean he was going to just tuck behind him and wait until they arrived there. Those were three whole corners and straights that he would be stuck chasing him and not have the enjoyment of being ahead and clear of anyone, allowing him to push as much as he wanted without having to take anyone into consideration.

But to do that, he needed to force the driver to make a mistake immediately. So, just as he exited turn one, heading to turn two, he applied the Daniel Ricciardo habit of ankle-breaking, a style where you, as the chasing driver, act as if you are going to make a move just near the front driver's braking location, forcing the driver ahead to move to cover your attempt but in return miss their braking point and be forced to go off-line, locking the tires for breaking harder or slide out if they try to keep the same line.

And Enaam fell for it, as he immediately reacted to his move the moment Fatih moved to his left to cover him, missing his braking point. Unbeknownst to Enaam, Fatih returned to the racing line, and as Enaam braked harder in order to remain on the racing line, he locked up, sliding away from it as Fatih, remaining on the racing line, took the corner and the leading position.

When Enaam recovered and returned to the racing line, he was now the one chasing Fatih towards turn three, the Christmas corner, and when they arrived he dived on the inside apex, forcing Fatih on the outside line to stay wide as they took the corner side-by-side and entered the short straight to turn four, Inkermans. The outside line Fatih was on turned into an inside line at turn four, resulting in Enaam being the one who was pushed outside as Fatih successfully defended his position, prolonging the fight.

They both knew the next opportunity for an overtake was at the Ashby hairpin so unlike rogue and aggressive Fatih Enaam stayed behind him taking the best possible lines to gain speed advantage when they arrived there, the fight was already intense only halfway into lap one, with no one wanting to be left behind.

Chapter 89: Lighting a Fire Underneath Him.

Fatih and Enaam were barreling towards the downward braking zone of the Ashby hairpin. With Enaam caught up behind Fatih, he immediately went off the rubber line on the inside, overtaking Fatih through the corner. However, he overshot the corner and went wide on the exit. Fatih, who remained on the racing line as much as possible, overtook him on the exit, keeping his leading position.

It looked like Enaam knew that everything hinged on the first lap; whoever was in the lead by the end of it would have the leverage and protection of a few corners, which would help them open a gap that would be difficult to close unless the front driver made a mistake. And having watched Fatih go from one push lap to another while still keeping his lap times consistent, he knew expecting a mistake from Fatih was wishful thinking.

At Wilkins, Osiers, and the Boot corners, all places with overtaking possibilities, Enaam pushed for an attempt. But Fatih, having already imagined what he would do if he were the one chasing, closed all of those opportunities, not leaving a gap for Enaam to even think of doing anything as they passed the final straight and entered the second lap.

Now with free air and the freedom to drive the kart, which was set up to be as fast as possible, his mentality shifted from racing to a qualifying simulation. He started pushing the kart to its absolute limit, balancing on a knife's edge where a single loss of concentration or control meant he would be sent out to the grass or lose enough time for Enaam to mount another attack.

As Enaam followed Fatih, he found himself suffering a swing in speed. He gained speed and closed the gap on the straights, but the same slipstream that helped him there forced him to be careful in the corners. This resulted in a net loss of time at the end of the lap instead of a gain. With each consecutive flawless lap from Fatih, the gap continued to increase in small increments. By the eighth lap, he was already a full second behind Fatih. He managed to maintain this gap as the slipstream effect on the straights finally balanced the loss of time in the corners, but it had killed any chance of him getting close enough to mount an attack in the final laps.

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"I think we can call them in to save the engines for the final phase," Steve said after checking the gap that was now being maintained for quite a few laps.

The first-lap battle was very exciting for all those in the tent, from the pit lane and the parents watching from the grandstands, seeing a glimpse of a tight back-and-forth battle. But it had only lasted for that single lap before Fatih showed the edge he had over Enaam, despite Enaam being a top-five finisher of the 2013 World Karting Championship.

Based on his continuous improvement, Enaam was expected to be a contender for next year's European and World Karting Championships, as Lando Norris was finally going to move from KF-Junior to KF. This made them even more excited to see Fatih deliver a similar performance in the competitions he was going to join this year.

"No, let them go to the end of the session," Ricky said as he watched Enaam push his very best, still trying to close the gap, having not given up yet. He didn't want to prematurely end the kids' hard work and tenacity.

Other than that, it was also to give Enaam a new target to beat next year when his strongest competitor was expected to move to the higher category. This would happen should Fatih attain a permanent inclusion into the FIA's talented driver list, which he was currently included in on a probationary basis pending reevaluation following his performance in the three races he was bound to compete in this year.

Depending on that, he could either continue benefiting from the list's privileges, such as entering higher karting categories despite not meeting the minimum age through age waivers and license upgrades. But if he failed to deliver a good performance or it was proven that his physical, mental, or driving capabilities were below the standards of the category he was competing in, they would revoke it for his safety. In the eyes of Ricky, it now looked like a done deal that Fatih would remain on it if he showed half of what he did today in just one of those races.

"When you are finished, send me a copy of the telemetries of this and the final session, together with the report about the test," Ricky added before he walked out of the tent, planning to leave the track as he had an appointment to get to and couldn't stay until the end to watch the final session.

But as he walked through the pit lane heading to the parking garage, he raised his head to the sky in the middle of the track and saw a drone remaining stationary as if anchored, with its large mounted camera looking down on the track. He remembered seeing it go up a few minutes before each session and lowering from there, chasing Fatih when he was on the final laps of each session, making him very curious about how the footage captured by it was going to look.

He immediately made a mental note to ask for the footage during their next meeting next week, a period agreed upon beforehand to allow them to pore over today's test report and come to a decision, though it looked like everyone here had already reached the same conclusion: that he had passed with flying colors.

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Burak watched from the grandstands with a proud smile that hadn't left his face since the first lap when Fatih took the lead and kept it, opening the gap all the way until the checkered flags were raised.

However, this dominant performance also acted as if a fire was lit under him because he was now about to enter uncharted territories. His experience was limited to national karting, and although that might still be useful on the international scene, there were areas where he was very inexperienced.

The use of in-depth telemetry, which was rare in the national scene, was considered the norm here. The post-race debrief, which was done with just words and a few notes in national karting, was done here with software. Engines were tuned and jetted for weather and altitude, then dyno-tested to match performance across the race weekend. And although the engine part was not his responsibility, he now realized that he needed to return to school if he expected and wanted to continue being Fatih's coach through this period, and if possible, even into his single-seater career.

Another reason was to justify the amount TOSFED was spending on all of this, from his salary to the payments made to Ricky Flynn Motorsport for their services.

£150,000—that was the fee TOSFED was expected to pay to RFM for Fatih next year to allow for his participation in all the competitions he was expected to enter. The fee itself was expected to be more, but that remainder would be covered by Rümeysa.

And although the services included in that fee covered full race support like mechanics, data engineers, logistics, top-of-the-line machinery, and testing days, it was still an amount that dwarfed the expenses in the Turkish karting competitions. So he needed to increase his knowledge to justify his presence beside Fatih, or he risked being replaced, which he would rather choose than drag down Fatih if he was unqualified.

Thankfully, TOSFED had already offered to pay for his education so that he could do it during the weekdays while he continued supporting Fatih in competitions on the weekends, should he choose to go ahead with it. And after seeing Fatih deliver and perform, he didn't want to be left behind, as he wanted to see where this talented prodigy could take them on the motorsports ladder.

"He did his part. Now it is my turn not to disappoint him," he said to himself before turning to Rümeysa, who, after years of being in motorsports and researching everything she could in order to be helpful to her son, could now understand the

magnitude of what her son was doing on the track. Her face didn't bother to hide her feelings at all, as it was as bright as a full moon on a clear night sky.

"Now I can say with confidence that the three competitions he is entering are going to be a home for many surprises," Burak said to Rûmeysa, who nodded her head like a loaded spring.

Although he knew there was a chance that Fatih couldn't deliver in an actual competition, none of those who knew him believed that was a possibility. Their previous worries were not due to performance anxiety but due to the concern that his highest performance might not be up to par with the international scene. But now that the calibration had been done and it showed his performance to be no different, all of those worries and small doubts had just vanished completely, not leaving behind even a thimble of them in their hearts. They could now only look forward to it.

"I can't help but look forward to the reactions and the aftermath of it," Rûmeysa said, knowing that if his performance was explosive, he was going to receive another round of offers from manufacturers and other private teams if they decided not to be conservative and use the "wait and observe" tactic.

Chapter 90: Demotivation

"Are you okay?" Steve asked, touching the shoulder of the low-motivated Enaam, who was sitting in a folding chair with his head buried in his legs, which were hugged by his hands. He was in the tent, waiting for his parents to come and pick him up from the track.

He was feeling down after coming in second in every session he participated in with Fatih. The loss in the qualifying simulation was a particularly big hit to his confidence, having come in second to someone he didn't know at all.

"No, I'm not," Enaam said in a demotivated voice, still not raising his head.

Upon hearing the response, Steve dragged the nearest chair over, taking a seat near Enaam before he said, "You don't need to feel demotivated. Just because you lost today, it doesn't mean you can't rise later and come and beat him. After all, I'm sure you have grown better by fighting against Lando in the past few years. Now that he is going to move to the next category next year, I was worried there would be no high-quality competition, but now you have one. So you should try to look at it from a positive angle and not hang on to today's loss as much."

He, in his own way, tried to motivate Enaam, feeling bad for bringing him here only for him to be dominated by the new kid, when they thought it would be a strong challenge for the new kid. But as a telemetry engineer and not a coach, his words didn't come out as motivational as he thought. They came out as if he saw Fatih to be on the same caliber as Lando and Enaam to be a level below, crushing his morale even more.

"..." When Enaam kept his head buried and did not give a response, Steve realized that his words might have been taken negatively. So he quietly rose to go and look for someone good with words who could talk with kids, lest he make it worse and end up causing a kid to hate karting.

Although he knew the possibility of that happening was low, as Enaam was a very talented and motivated driver and wouldn't quit just because a new challenger appeared, it was better to deal with it earlier than later. After all, he was their driver, and they were being paid to support him and his career.

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"How did it feel to finally drive a kart after a long time?" Burak asked as they walked back to the car while he carried Fatih's bag.

"It felt very good. I missed it, so I did my best," Fatih answered with an excited smile, making it look like he was excited about driving a kart. And although that was true, a larger portion of his excitement and happiness was due to finally earning additional SP from successfully completing the mission.

"Don't worry, starting from next week, after they finish going through the evaluation, you will finally be able to start practicing daily as usual," Burak said, playing with Fatih's hair as he opened the door for him. During this whole period, the cameraman followed them from behind, recording them.

The drive back home was mixed with random conversations about different things, ranging from karting all the way to his upcoming school in about a month, until they arrived back home. Upon arriving, Burak asked to have a conversation with Rûmeysa, who agreed.

Burak used this opportunity to tell her about his decision to accept TOSFED's suggestion of paying for his education in order to be able to meet the demands of the constantly developing and growing Fatih.

"How would it work?" Rûmeysa asked, wondering how it would work since he would still have to train Fatih daily.

"The course will most likely be concentrated in the morning to noon periods, and only a few times would I be needed to travel for on-field experience and tests, so you won't have to worry about him having to be trained by someone else," Burak made it clear that he was still going to be the one training him on a daily basis, barring the few times he wouldn't be available.

"It's not that I was worried about you not being available. I'm of the view that your improvement is for his benefit, so there is really no reason for me to be against it. We can keep the same schedule as we did in Turkey, and for the days that you are not

available, he can go to the tracks and drive by himself, doing the assignments you will give him. So focus on developing faster. I think Fatih would think the same way, considering he wanted you to come with him all the way here," said Rûmeysa, fully supporting him.

Rûmeysa did her very best to try and make Fatih's life as close to Turkey as possible because, unlike her, Fatih had a very small circle of people he knew closely: her, her mother, Burak, and his friends. But now his friends were no longer with him, and she didn't want the same to happen with Burak.

It was better for Burak to grow with him and act as his most trusted individual when it came to motorsport dealings, since finding another trusted individual who would risk important things for Fatih after he grew up was going to be very difficult when he already had one of them here.

Although he would have an increasing number of people in his surroundings the higher he rose, having Burak there with him would allow him not to have to start from scratch when it came to things like understanding each other and working together, because Burak would act as the connection between the two sides.

While they were having that conversation, Fatih was busy having a conversation with his videographer and editor about what to do with today's recorded footage.

Although he had more than one editor, only one of them was able to come and join them abroad; the others remained back home, doing their work remotely.

"As for this video, I think we should make it in the form of a vlog, starting from my arrival all the way to us leaving. There will be no interviews or additional ad-libs, just showing the process as is," Fatih went on and on about how he wanted the video to be, as Mustafa took notes of every important thing he said to later share with the editor team in order to make those words come true.

Once Fatih was done, Mustafa repeated the written instructions and ideas to see if he had missed or misrepresented anything. "So, you want it to be..."

"Yes, you can add your own flair if you want. If it enhances it, then good. If it doesn't, then we can just remove it."

"Are we going to continue following the season format for it, or are we going to upload it as soon as it is ready?" Mustafa asked because at the moment, they were still in the midst of editing the backlog of episodes.

At the moment, they were on the third season of his **Road to Formula 1** story, which was the most interesting season yet, as he had received a double promotion to KF-Mini and immediately to KF-Junior once he showed a dominant performance. So if they were

to follow that format, it would mean this episode would not come out for at least five months.

"Since we are going to package it with the three races I will be participating in for a short special series, I think we should upload it after the third season is over, but before the fourth season starts. It will be a good promotion for me and something for those who will look for me following those races to see my most recent driving performance."

"Okay, I will then accelerate the editing of it and finish the parts that we already have the footage of, and proactively edit the following parts as soon as the session is over and we have the footage."

"Okay, thanks."

"No problem, see you later."

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"Do we have all the relevant documents for the applications?" Ricky Flynn asked as he put down the telemetry information of the qualifying session that took place while he was not on the track.

He had immediately dived back into reading them the moment he returned from the appointment he had, and he was not disappointed in the least, having already become one of Fatih's believers.

"Yes, they brought us all of the relevant documents, including his wild-card entry approval for the FIA World Karting Championship from TOSFED, his updated physical and mental evaluation, and his license," his assistant answered as he slid a dossier that contained everything he had mentioned and more.

"They are very thorough," Ricky said as he went through them, finding both the original version of them in Turkish and their translated copies with seals showing that they were done through a professional service, before he added, "So all that is left from our side is to go ahead and register him as our driver and apply for local certification for races that require that, right?"

"Yes, and TOSFED has reached out to us requesting the invoice for this year's service."

"They are very eager to give him the very best experience possible. I can understand why, though," Ricky said, as this was the first time that the paying side had requested the invoice first instead of waiting for them to send one in order to pay. But knowing that any complication that arose from payment-related issues meant there was a risk that Fatih might miss the competition or race in an underwhelming machine, it was understandable for them to want to avoid that in all shapes or forms.

