

Never Say 312

Lydia's eyes widened.

"48 million!"

Hannah looked at her with a faint smile.

"Miss Phillips, you are, after all, a true scion of the prestigious Phillips family from Valmere. Are you genuinely astounded by 48 million?"

Lydia playfully pouted, leaning against the car door.

"I am. Since I started accompanying you to the races, I've never seen you drive such an expensive car."

A N G E L A ' S L I B R A R Y

Both of them settled into the Luxurious interior of the vehicle.

As Hannah securely fastened her seatbelt, she remarked, "I wouldn't want to face a 48-million loss every time a car met its end; it would be a painful blow to my heart. Furthermore, in subsequent races, I found that cars of moderate value, when properly modified, yielded nearly identical performance, which had no bearing on my success rate."

Lydia fastened her seatbelt, her eyes playfully rolling skyward.

"Help! Who will Liberate me from this flamboyant diva!"

Hannah skillfully navigated the bustling streets of Valmere until they reached a locale reminiscent of a film city.

Upon arrival, the clock displayed only six-thirty and daylight still embraced the surroundings. Along the avenue lined with movie props, numerous film crews remained engrossed in their shoots.

Lydia cast a curious glance about, remarking, "I've never had the chance to witness stars in action on set."

"With your family's standing, I'm sure funding a film wouldn't pose any difficulties, right?" Hannah commented.

"Sweetheart, you don't quite grasp it. Sometimes, stars are best admired from a distance, not scrutinized up close," Lydia imparted sagely.

Lydia further educated Hannah with a smile.

"Getting too close to the stars might shatter the illusion, you know?"

"Is that so?"

Hannah raised an eyebrow, teasingly regarding Lydia.

"How about we head back today, then? We wouldn't want your infatuation with your handsome idol to burst like a soap bubble."

Lydia promptly objected, “No, no!”

With a coy sway, Lydia clung to Hannah’s arm, declaring, “We’re already here and, if we don’t meet him, I might just suffocate!”

“Clear the path, clear the path!” echoed the fervent voices of the prop team as they hustled about.

Hannah, leading Lydia, positioned themselves by the roadside. She messaged Pierson.