

Alpha Amanda's love adventure novel

Chapter 311 Both Alone Amanda's POV: K 78% +30 Free Coins "It's on fire..." My whole body froze. My mind went blank, and I shouted without thinking. The thick smoke wrapped around me like an invisible net. It burned my throat, and tears poured down on their own. In my panic, I suddenly remembered the veil in the nightstand. It could filter some of the smoke. I quickly felt around the nightstand and soon touched the familiar black veil. There was no time to think. I spread it out and tied it tightly over my face, leaving only my eyes exposed.

Breathing through the thin fabric, the burning smell became much weaker. I grabbed a wet towel from the bedside, folded in twice, and pressed it over the veil. With this double protection, I could finally breathe more smoothly. Suddenly, a sharp fire alarm rang outside the door. It mixed with screams and frantic footsteps. The whole hotel seemed to shake. I didn't dare waste another second. Holding onto the scorching wall, I staggered toward the door. The moment I turned the lock, thicker black smoke rushed in. I lowered my head at once and rushed out with the towel and veil protecting me.

The hallway was already in chaos. People in pajamas pushed each other as everyone ran toward the emergency stairs. I was swept along by the crowd and moved forward little by little. Suddenly, someone shoved me hard from behind. I lost my balance and fell forward. My forehead slammed into the hallway wall, and a dull pain exploded. I sucked in a sharp breath and struggled to steady myself. When I came back to my senses, most people had already run far ahead. Only a few figures were left behind in the hallway.

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"Are you okay?" A familiar low male voice suddenly sounded beside my ear, with a hint of concern. I turned my head quickly and saw Samson through the gap in my veil. He was also wearing a mask, with ash smeared across his temple. It was clear he had just run 1/3 = 09:42 Thu, Jan 15 G Chapter 311 Both Alone out of the fire too. 78% +30 Free Coins I shook my head quickly and said in a rush, "I'm fine! Why are you still here? Hurry and go down! The fire is getting worse!" Before I finished speaking, I reached out without thinking, grabbed his arm, and pulled him toward the emergency stairs.

Samson froze for a moment. His body stiffened slightly, clearly surprised by my sudden touch. But the situation was urgent. He didn't have time to think and followed my lead. The stairwell was filled with choking smoke. The handrails were hot from the heat. We ran down the shaking stairs as fast as we could. Footsteps, heavy breathing, and the alarms below blended together. I could clearly feel the warmth in my palm. Samson's hand was large and steady, carrying a strong sense of support. It strangely calmed my panicking heart.

I didn't know how long we ran, but we finally burst out of the stairwell and reached the open space outside the hotel. Fresh air rushed into my lungs. I couldn't hold on anymore. I let go of Samson's hand, bent over with my hands on my knees, and gasped for breath. My veil was soaked with sweat and stuck tightly to my face. Voices were loud all around. Shocked guests were everywhere. Fire truck sirens grew closer and soon stopped at the hotel entrance. "Are you okay?" Two voices spoke at the same time. Samson and I looked at each other and both froze.

Only then did we notice that our hands had been tightly held together. We let go almost at the same time, and an awkward silence hung in the air. Looking around, I couldn't help asking, "So, what do we do tonight? We definitely can't stay in our rooms." As soon as I said that, many guests crowded around the hotel staff, demanding an explanation. The staff were surrounded, sweating heavily as they tried to calm everyone. "Please don't worry!

We are making emergency arrangement We will take care of everyone!" ||| 2/3 09:42 Thu, Jan 15 G Chapter 311 Both Alone 78% +30 Free Coins "Everyone, please stay calm!" The hotel manager stepped forward with a microphone and spoke loudly. "We have contacted nearby partner hotels and arranged temporary rooms. However, the number of rooms is limited, so two guests will need to share one room. If you know someone, please come in pairs to get a key card. If not, we will do our best to arrange it." After the manager finished speaking, many guests quickly paired up and went forward.

A batch of room keys was handed out right away. Samson and I had no companions, so we stayed where we were. We hoped to find another solo guest to share with. But fewer and fewer people remained. In the end, only Samson and I were left in the open space. I looked at him, and he looked at me. The moment became very awkward. I forced myself to walk up and asked the manager, "Sir, we ... we're both alone. What should we do?" Γ 3/3 Mark

Chapter 312 Sharing a Room Amanda's POV: π 26 +10 Free Coins The hotel manager's words landed hard, like a stone tossed into water. One room left, I'd have to share with Samson. I stiffened. My face burned, and a wave of embarrassment crawled up my back. I subconsciously started thinking of a way out of this uncomfortable mess. Perhaps I could ask if there was another place nearby? Or just sit it out in the lobby until morning? The moment those ideas popped up, I crushed them myself. It was already late.

The fire had turned everything upside down, and every hotel close by was probably packed. The lobby was loud and chaotic, and after a fire, who knew what might still go wrong? It wasn't safe to stay there. Thinking it through, sharing a room with Samson was the only real option. Still, that "only option" gave me a pounding headache. The veil on my face was pulled tight. It was the only thing hiding who I really was. If I stayed in the same room as Samson, I couldn't keep it on forever. Eating, resting- everything would become awkward. And the longer I wore it, the harder it'd be to breathe.

But taking it off was worse. My face would be exposed, and with how sharp he was, he'd sense something strange. I wasn't ready for him to know the truth. I couldn't let my plans fall apart because I slipped up. "Ms. Lamb? Mr. Ortega?" the hotel manager prompted again when we stayed silent, his voice tense. "I truly apologize. We've checked everywhere nearby. There are really no rooms left. I hope you can understand." That finally crushed my hopeful thoughts. My hesitation only grew. My fingers twisted tightly into the fabric of my skirt.

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Samson's POV: 1/2 16:51 Mon, Jan 19 Chapter 312 Sharing a Room 26 +10 Free Coins "Only one room left." Hearing that made my hand stop mid-move. Hesitation settled in my head. Outside, smoke from the fire still drifted through the night. Sirens flashed far off. Given everything going on, sharing a room was the safest choice. Leaving a woman alone in the lobby or sending her out to look for another place this late was risky. Staying together was the most reasonable option. Still, as that thought settled, my brow creased.

The woman in front of me was Airel—a stranger hiding behind a veil, someone who never showed her face. We barely knew each other. I hadn't even seen what she looked like. Sharing a room with someone like that was seriously awkward. I shifted slightly, my eyes catching the stiff line of her profile. I noticed the thin veil again. From the moment we met, she hadn't taken it off once. There had to be something she didn't want to explain. If we stayed in the same room, she couldn't keep it on all night. Eating and resting would be uncomfortable.

But if she insisted on wearing it nonstop, then it clearly mattered to her. Asking her to remove it would cross a line. What unsettled me most was my own reaction. If it were anyone else, I would've shut this down without thinking. But with Airel, I felt no disgust. Instead, I kept putting her safety first. And somewhere deep inside, something stirred—nothing like rejection. It was more like a quiet, uneasy hesitation I couldn't put into words. 2/2 16:51 Mon, Jan 19 Mark

Chapter 313 It's Fine Amanda's POV: : 26 +10 Free Coins Time slipped by. Outside, the sky turned pitch-black. A calm evening breeze suddenly turned wild, and heavy rain slammed against the hotel windows. The storm came out of nowhere. The streets vanished under curtains of rain, and even the streetlights looked like blurred smudges. Watching the downpour, my last bit of hesitation faded away. In weather like that, finding another place was impossible. Instead of dragging things out, I had to accept that I'd be sharing a room with Samson.

I took a deep breath, forced down the awkward feeling, and finally spoke, "Mr. Ortega, since there really aren't any other rooms, then ... fine. We'll share." As soon as I said that, my cheeks heated up. I couldn't bring myself to look at him. I stared at my feet, fingers nervously rubbing my dress hem. His reply came from beside me, calm and even. "Okay." Just that single word eased the tight pressure in my chest. The hotel

manager let out a relieved sigh, rushed over, and handed us the key card. "This way, please. The room has already been cleaned.

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Let me know if you need anything." I followed Samson down the damp hallway, my steps feeling oddly heavier. When the door opened, I stopped. It was a normal business suite-not small, but it still felt tight. A large double bed sat near the window. A couch and desk filled the rest of the space. There was nowhere to hide. Samson stepped inside first, took off his jacket, and draped it over the couch. When he turned back, he carefully avoided looking at the bed and motioned to the seating area. "You take the bed. I'll sleep on the couch." I blinked, surprised.

I'd been stressing over how to divide the space, and he'd already solved half the problem. C 1/2 16:51 Mon, Jan 19 Chapter 313 It's Fine 寫 26 +10 Free Coins "No, Mr. Ortega. The couch is too small. You should take the bed. I'll use the couch," I said quickly. I was the one who agreed to share. It didn't feel right to inconvenience him. "No." His voice was firm, leaving no room to argue. "You're a woman. You should be comfortable. I'll be fine on the couch." He didn't wait for my response. He walked over to the desk, sat down, and picked up his phone like he had work to do.

He kept his distance, giving me plenty of space. "Then ... thank you, Mr. Ortega," I said softly and sat on the edge of the bed, too tense to lie down. I stayed there stiffly. After a moment, I realized I was still damp from the rain. I stood and headed toward the bathroom. "Mr. Ortega, I'll take a quick shower." "Sure." He didn't look up, eyes fixed on his phone without extra reaction. I slipped inside and locked the door. Only then did I finally breathe. Staring at myself in the mirror, veil still on, I sighed. Tonight was going to be hard.

I'd have to guard my veil every second to keep my identity hidden. I showered quickly, wrapped myself tightly in a towel, and reached for the clean clothes nearby. Then my foot caught on something. I lurched forward, grabbed the wall on instinct, and my wrist brushed against the veil at my cheek. I sucked in a sharp breath as the veil strings loosened right away. The edge flipped up, exposing smooth skin. The door was right behind me. In my stumble, I'd bumped the handle, leaving it slightly open. Outside, Samson's tapping stopped instantly. He'd clearly heard the noise.

My heart slammed in my chest. I froze, not daring to move. I pressed the loosened veil hard against my face, terrified it would fall off completely at any second. That was bad!
2/2 Mark

Chapter 314 I Like Her Amanda's POV: : 26 +10 Free Coins The sounds outside faded for a moment. All I could hear was my rough breathing mixed with rain tapping the window, sharp enough to sting my ears. Right when I thought Samson might come over, his low voice sounded through the door. It carried concern, but he stayed where he was.

"Are you alright?" I secretly breathed a sigh of relief and forced my voice to steady, doing my best to sound normal. "I-I'm fine. I just stumbled. Thanks for checking, Mr.

Ortega." Before he could ask more, I braced a hand on the wall and straightened up quickly. With the other hand, I carefully pulled my veil back into place, fingers trembling as I retied the loosened strings. Once I was sure it was secure and wouldn't slip again, I finally relaxed a little. My back was already damp with sweat. "That's good," he replied plainly. Then I heard the soft taps of his phone again. Clearly, he didn't think much of it and went back to whatever he was doing. I leaned against the bathroom door for a bit, waiting for my heart to calm down.

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That close call was a clear warning-I had to stay alert tonight. No more slipups. I changed quickly, settled myself, and then opened the door and walked out. Samson was still sitting at the desk with his back to me, focused on his phone, as if nothing had happened. I didn't interrupt him. I moved quietly to the bed, sat down, and lifted the blanket slightly without lying back. Outside, the rain kept falling in a steady rhythm, tapping the glass and pushing sleep even farther away. I wasn't sure how much time passed. I lay on my side, staring at the ceiling, completely awake.

My thoughts kept circling that moment-the veil slipping, the panic, and Samson's worried voice. My mind felt tangled. Then I heard a faint sound behind me. I turned around. Samson had put his phone down and stood up, rolling his shoulders lightly. He didn't look like he was planning to sleep either. 1/2 16:51 Mon, Jan 19 Chapter 314 I Like Her 26 +10 Free Coins Maybe he noticed I was still awake, because he paused, then walked over and sat on the couch. He didn't turn on the light. In the weak moonlight from the window, his figure looked even taller and straighter.

The room stayed quiet, filled only with the soft sound of rain. The silence felt strange, almost suggestive, and it made me uneasy. I was just about to close my eyes and pretend to sleep when his low voice broke through. "Ms. Airel, why do you always wear a veil?" Of course he asked. I'd prepared for that. Keeping my voice light, I gave the excuse I'd planned. "I had an allergy a while ago. It left some scars. They don't look very nice. I don't want to scare anyone, so I always keep it on." It sounded reasonable. It should calm his doubts.

I lifted my hand and brushed the veil, the familiar fabric easing my nerves a bit. Samson went quiet for a moment. He didn't push for details. He just said lightly, "Sorry for bringing up something sensitive." "It's okay. It's not a big deal," I replied softly. The silence returned, but this time it felt lighter. Maybe the rainy night was just too long. Maybe neither of us could sleep. Samson brought up something else. "Are you not used to a new place? Is that why you can't sleep?" "Yeah, a little," I said honestly.

I hesitated, then finally asked the question that had been stuck in my head for far too long. "Mr. Ortega, do you remember what I asked you during the fireworks?" I saw him

pause on the couch, like he was thinking back. After a few seconds, he replied, his voice carrying a faint softness, "I remember. You asked if I liked that friend." Hearing him say it so plainly made my chest tighten for no reason. My fingers curled into the blanket as I waited. "Back then, I wasn't sure," Samson said quietly, his tone steady and certain. "Now I am. I like her." 2/2 Mark

Chapter 315 Scheme Amanda's POV: His words fell into me like a stone into still water, sending ripples through my chest. *15 Free Going I knew he meant Amanda-my real self. But hearing that confession as Airel caused my emotions to be in chaos. I stayed silent for a long time before asking the question I'd been holding back. My voice trembled slightly. "If ... if you find out this friend is hiding something from you, would you be angry?" you Moonlight lit up Samson's side profile. I caught the look in his eyes. He didn't hesitate. His voice was calm but sure. "No. I trust she has her reasons.

I believe she wouldn't lie without cause." Those words hit hard. My heart jumped, and my eyes burned. He trusted "Amanda" that deeply, yet here I was, still hiding behind Airel's identity. That trust warmed me and tore at me with guilt at the same time. Silence settled again, heavier than before, packed with feelings I couldn't sort out. Outside, the rain kept falling, like it was trying to wash all those tangled emotions into the endless night. I didn't know when the rain finally lulled me to sleep. We made it through most of the night without trouble. At dawn, the rain had stopped.

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A soft noise woke me. Still half-asleep, I saw Samson moving. He was already cleaned up, quietly opening the door and slipping out. When everything outside went silent, I opened my eyes fully. He was gone. I got up quickly and packed my things to check out. Luckily, my original room wasn't near the fire damage. Nothing inside was ruined. I packed everything up, checked twice to be sure nothing was left, and finished checking out without delay. After leaving the hotel, I got into my sports car and drove straight to the racetrack. Caucan's private race was happening there tonight.

For some reason, I felt oddly excited. be 1/2 16:51 Mon, Jan 19 Chapter 315 Scheme The racetrack parking area was underground and dimly lit. B 26 +10 Free Coins I parked cleanly and shut off the engine. When I reached over to grab my keys, my hand came up empty. I frowned and searched the car, checking between the seats, inside compartments, and through my bag. I still found nothing. Maybe I'd left them at home. It didn't matter. I had a spare there, and I didn't need it right now. So I stopped worrying about it.

I was about to open the door when a man's lowered voice drifted out of the darkness, brushing right past my ear. "Are you sure Samson is coming too?" Samson? The name jabbed at me like a needle. My hand froze on the door handle, fingers tightening. I held my breath and listened, turning my head slightly to peer through the window toward the sound. Three burly men stood in the shadows, whispering together closely. One man in

a black jacket let out a cold laugh and said viciously, "He's coming. My people have his exact route. He'll show up at the track tonight.

All we need to do is mess with his car and make sure he dies." Another man hesitated. "But the order only mentioned breaking a leg. It didn't say anything about killing him." "Heh. Once we get paid, we might as well clean things up." The man in black sneered, greedy and cruel. "Racing is dangerous. Most of them sign life-or-death waivers. If something 'accidental' happens, that's not on us. So why not just do our client a favor?" The other two exchanged looks and quietly agreed. On my seat, my back went cold. Samson was in danger! He was their target, and they were following orders.

That meant someone was pulling the strings. Who the hell was behind that? 2/2 16:51 Mon, Jan 19 Mark

Chapter 316 Reminder Amanda's POV: (26) +10 Free Coins I didn't feel relaxed until the roar of the two engines disappeared down the underground ramp. Their cruel talk about killing Samson kept replaying in my head, and my heart was pounding out of control. No way. No matter what, I had to warn him. That thought hit me hard. I yanked my phone from my bag, pulled up the number I knew by heart, and hit the call with trembling fingers. Samson answered almost right away. His voice came through the line low and smooth, a little lazy, like I'd interrupted a calm moment.

"Hello?" "Are you in Caucan for a race?" I skipped all the pleasantries and got straight to it. Urgency tightened my voice. He paused, clearly surprised, then replied a moment later, "Yeah. How did you know?" My grip on the phone tightened. I almost blurted out everything I'd overheard in the garage, but the words caught in my throat. With the identity I was using now, I was supposed to be with the Eclipse Pack. How could I suddenly know he was racing in Caucan, and just happen to hear about a plot against him? If I said it out loud, I'd be digging myself into a hole.

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He'd start questioning everything. My thoughts raced. I forced the panic down and changed direction. "Samson, has the Eclipse Pack had trouble with any hostile packs lately? Or did you make someone mad?" He caught the strange tone right away. His voice sharpened. "Amanda, what's going on? Did you hear something?" My gaze dimmed. I still couldn't tell the truth, so I played it safe. "I'm just worried about you. I heard you're racing tonight, and I've got a bad feeling. I'm scared someone might mess with your car. Please be careful." A soft sound came through the phone, as if he'd exhaled.

His tone eased, warmth slipping in. "Got it. Don't worry. I'll stay alert." 1/2 16:51 Mon, Jan 19 Chapter 316 Reminder & 26. +10 Free Coins That reply finally loosened the tight knot in my chest. "Okay. Focus on getting ready. I'll be watching you win." After the call ended, I stared at my screen for a long time. Right before hanging up, I'd gone over the license plates again in my head-the ones on the cars those men were driving. Good

thing I'd looked back and memorized them. I opened a special search app and typed in the plate numbers. The result hit my gut like a punch.

They were fake plates. No real info showed up at all. That was a first for me. I tapped the screen hard, irritation flaring, then a sharper resolve lit my eyes. So what if there were no leads? Tonight, nothing was going to happen to Samson. No matter the price, I'd wreck their plan. 2/2 Mark

Chapter 317 You're My Idol Amanda's POV: 26 4P +10 Free Coins Howlstead Racing League was being held in Caucan for the first time. For racing fans, it was a massive deal. Tickets had sold out half a month ago. Even with an hour left before the race, the stands were already full. Cheers and chatter rolled through the place, buzzing nonstop. I'd changed into a look totally different from my usual style. A fitted black-and-white casual outfit, black combat boots, and a worn baseball cap pulled low hid most of my face. A black mask covered the rest. Nothing about me was recognizable.

Seeing no sign of Amanda or Airel in the mirror, I finally relaxed. I turned and headed straight for the track, aiming for the staging area where all the drivers were gathered. The moment I stepped inside, the noise dropped for a few seconds. Then a bunch of stunned eyes snapped toward me at once. The next second, the place went wild. "Læm? That's really Læm! She actually showed up to the race! I thought the organizers were just hyping it up!" "No way-what kind of luck is this? Læm is here! She's even in my group tonight. Should I just give up now?"

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Racing on the same track as my idol-losing would still be worth it!" A young driver in a baseball cap reacted first. He rushed over, clutching a pen and a model car, his voice shaky with excitement. "Læm, c-can I get your autograph? I've been a fan forever!" I slightly shook my head and answered plainly, "Sorry. I don't really sign things." He didn't back off. That only fired him up more. "Læm, you're my idol! Three years ago at the Mooncrest Pack's Racing Championship, your drift was beautiful-straight out of a textbook!" Another driver squeezed in, curiosity shining in his eyes.

"Læm, didn't you retire three years ago? Why come back all of a sudden for this race?" I lifted my eyes, glanced around, and replied calmly, "Personal reasons. I'm keeping it private." Before the noise in the staging area could settle, a small stir rose at the entrance. 1/2 16:51 Mon, Jan 19 Chapter 317 You're My Idol I looked up without thinking and saw Samson walk in. 26 +10 Free Coins He was wearing a professional racing suit, tall and straight-backed, cool and composed. He stood out right away. He was well-known in the racing world and tonight's top pick to win.

Plenty of drivers greeted him as he passed. Samson gave short nods, but his eyes kept scanning the crowd, like he was searching for someone. When his gaze landed on me, his steps faltered. Surprise flashed across his face, then his up, excitement breaking through as he walked straight toward me. lit eyes Mark

Chapter 318 Get Ready Samson's POV: "Contestants, come draw your lots." 26 +10 Free Coins A staff member's voice echoed through the waiting area. I slowed my steps, but my eyes stayed locked on that familiar yet mysterious figure not far away. Who cared about drawing lots right now? I headed straight for her without a second thought. "Hello, Ms. Læm," I spoke first, unable to hide the excitement in my voice. She lowered her cap a bit more and answered with a simple nod, no extra words. That was all I got. Even so, happiness rushed through me.

I came here because I heard Læm might show only dared to hope a little, never expecting to actually see her. I'd It felt like finally meeting an idol I'd admired forever. I was nervous and thrilled, even my breathing felt light. "Ms. Læm, which group did you get?" I couldn't help asking, hope shining in my eyes. She didn't answer out loud. She just raised her hand and showed two fingers. I smiled and said with sincere encouragement, "Good luck. I'll look for you after the race." After that, I reluctantly turned away and went to draw my lot. Amanda's POV: I watched Samson walk off.

I'd been figuring out how to stick close to him to keep him safe. Now that he was focused on me, things got easier. At least I could keep an eye on him. "Group One, get ready to enter," the staff member called. Several racers stood and headed out. Not long after, the track exploded with noise. I looked over. A row of sleek supercars lined up tight. The starting gun cracked, and every car surged forward at once, shooting off like arrows. This heat was especially fierce. The top three battled nonstop, side by side, refusing to give ground.

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Tires kicked up dust until it hung thick over the track. 1/3 16:52 Mon, Jan 19 Chapter 318 Get Ready +10 Free Coins I watched, eyes narrowing. That old fire for racing flared back up. Even my fingers itched. "Group Two, get ready," the staffer called again. I turned around. Instead of heading to my own car, I walked straight to Samson, who'd just finished drawing lots. I tossed him my keys. "You drive my car. I'll use yours." Surprise flickered across his face. He clearly hadn't expected that. Still, his eyes were full of respect.

Without asking a single question, he caught my keys, handed me his, and went straight to my car. I wrapped my fingers around his key and slid into his driver's seat without hesitation. I turned the ignition, brought the engine to life, tested the throttle, and then checked the brakes. Everything felt normal, and the performance was solid. Once I was sure there were no issues, I floored it and sped toward the starting line. They put me in Lane Four. The second I stopped, the grandstand erupted. Screams and cheers crashed over me in waves. I heard it all, but I shut it out.

I gripped the wheel and fixed my eyes on the finish line. The gun fired. Every car was launched. I slammed the gas, and the car shot forward like a bolt of black lightning. In that instant, the noise vanished. There was only one thing ahead-the finish line. I pushed up from the back fast and settled into the top three. Samson, driving my car,

stayed just ahead of me a bit. It was only a group race. The top three moved on, so there was no need to go all out. I kept my pace steady, listening to the engine and feeling the car beneath me. Everything felt normal. I finally cased up a bit.

We crossed the finish line, and the cheers went wild again. I checked the board and saw I got first place in my group. Samson followed right behind me in second. I shut off the engine, stepped out, and spotted a mechanic waiting near the barrier. I walked over and waved him closer. "Check this car. Any issues with it?" I didn't speak loudly, but people were already listening. As soon as I said it, heads turned my way, and whispers spread. 2/3 16:52 Mon, Jan 19 Chapter 318 Get Ready I ignored it, pressed my lips together, and waited.

26 +10 Free Coins The mechanic went over everything carefully. After a while, he straightened and shook his head. "No issues. Everything checks out." That simple answer made my heart sink. No problems? Had I overthought it? Or had they not made their move yet? I looked toward the final track, brows drawn tight. If they planned to act, the final race would be the best chance. 3/3 16:52 Mon, Jan 19 Mark

Chapter 319 Something Is Wrong Amanda's POV: "Alright. Thanks," I said and closed the door. 26 +10 Free Coins When I turned around, Samson jogged over, waving my key. "Ms. Lam, here's your key." Facing me as Læm, he'd dropped his usual cold, distant attitude and acted like an excited fan meeting his idol. That shift caught me off guard. I never expected the Eclipse Pack's heir to be this easygoing. I didn't take the key. I cleared my throat and forced my voice lower and rougher. "I'm planning to use your car in the final. Is that okay?" I had to keep Læm's image intact.

My voice and behavior couldn't slip. Samson didn't question it or ask why I favored his car. He nodded right away. "No problem. Use it as long as you need." "Thanks." I turned to leave, not planning to stick around. I'd barely taken a few steps when he hurried after me. "Ms. Læm, your return shocked everyone. Would you give me the honor of taking you to dinner?" I frowned. That was trouble. I was wearing a hat and a mask. If we ate together, I'd have to take them off, and he'd see my real face. I shut it down quickly. "Sorry. I've got things to handle. I need to go." I quickened my pace.

Once I got into the car, my nerves settled a little, but my eyes darkened. "Amanda, their presence is still around the track. They didn't leave," Alice whispered inside me. "They're waiting for the right moment." I nodded, tapping the steering wheel. I'd heard them say they'd act today. The prelims going smoothly only made me more uneasy. Just then, my phone vibrated. Nine was calling. "Avi, are you coming to the bar?" "Yeah. Ten minutes." 1/3 16:52 Mon, Jan 19 Chapter 319 Something Is Wrong "Alright. I'll wait." I hung up, started the car, and left the track for the bar.

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Nine spotted me walk in, stubbed out his cigarette, and came over grinning. 460 26 +10 Free Going "Nice run today! I didn't go there, but I watched the stream. With your skills,

that trophy is basically yours. I'm curious. Didn't you drive your car out of my place? Why'd you suddenly switch cars at the track?" I didn't tell him the truth. I couldn't say I thought someone would sabotage Samson's car and that I wanted to take the risk instead. I brushed it off. "That car felt fine. I wanted to try it." Nine clearly didn't believe it, but he didn't press. He just raised an eyebrow.

"It's decent, but compared to yours? Not even close." I shrugged. "Skill wins races. The car is secondary." Nine laughed, admiration clear in his eyes. "I like that attitude. I'll be watching you take the title tomorrow." Samson's POV: Backstage before the final, I finished fixing my suit and stepped out. There were only seven finalists. Every one of them was strong, someone who couldn't be underestimated. Charles stirred inside me. "Samson, their aura is sharp. These won't be easy opponents." "I know, but I'm not losing," I replied, my eyes drifting to Læm.

Just sharing the track with her was enough, even if I stayed in her shadow. "Racers, prepare. Five minutes to start. Please gather in the waiting zone," the staff announced. Læm stood up and said, "Let's go." "Okay." I jumped up and stayed to her left. The moment we entered the tunnel, thunderous applause burst out. Every eye was fixed on Læm. Standing beside her, I felt like a background. I didn't mind at all. Honestly, I felt lucky. Being this close to my idol was a dream.

"Læm, you've got this!" 2/3 16:52 Mon, Jan 19 Chapter 319 Something Is Wrong "We're always with you!" "Læm, see you at the finish line!" : The crowd's united cheers pushed the atmosphere to its peak. +10 Free Coins Læm smiled and waved to the stands. Following her gaze, I spotted a guy in the front row pumping his fist-probably her friend. "Racers, take your positions!" the staff called again. We went to our cars. Læm took Lane Three. I lined up right next to her in Lane Four. I settled into my seat, took a deep breath, and started the engine. The roar snapped my focus tight.

My werewolf senses flared-hearing and vision sharp as blades. I could pick out every engine around me and even small movements in the stands. The gun fired, and Læm's car shot off like a missile. I slammed the gas and stayed right on her tail. In half a mile, she'd built a clear lead, locked into first place. I clenched my teeth and pushed harder, holding second and matching her move for move while we left the rest behind. Just as I found my chance to pull ahead, my car suddenly shuddered hard without warning! 3/3 16:52 Mon, Jan 19 Mark

Chapter 320 Save Him Samson's POV: 26 10 Free Coins My heart jumped hard. I squinted and gripped the steering wheel with both hands, trying to keep the car steady. But the shaking only got worse. I hit the brakes on instinct-nothing responded. Instead, the speed shot up. The car surged forward like a runaway beast. "Damn it!" I cursed. It clicked instantly-the car had been messed with! "Samson, the brakes are dead! Someone altered the engine program!" Charles shouted, panic tight in his voice. "You've got to think of something!" Cold sweat broke out across my forehead.

I clenched the wheel, my thoughts flying everywhere. This track was packed with sharp turns. At this speed, I was done for. Amanda's POV: I was focused on keeping my own speed in check when something felt off in the next lane. Lane Four was Samson's lane! His car was shaking violently, speeding way past normal. It was completely out of control. My stomach dropped. "Amanda! This is bad! Something is wrong with Samson's car!" Alice yelled inside me, energy surging hard with fear. "He's in danger!" I switched cars with him. By all logic, mine should've been the one sabotaged.

So why was he the one going crazy? There was no time to think. Samson's car was flying straight toward a stretch full of curves. The guardrail there was weak. With one hit, it'd be a disaster. Even without hearing him, I could tell from his stiff back and the frantic movements of the wheel how desperate he was. The crowd went still. The roaring stadium fell into sudden silence as everyone stared at the out-of-control car. Then screams, gasps, and chaos exploded everywhere. Without hesitation, and ignoring every stare around me, my wolf spirit burst free. "Amanda, let me handle it!

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Use werewolf speed!" 1/2 16:52 Mon, Jan 19 Chapter 320 Save Him 26 +10 Free Coins Alice roared. Power rushed through me, sharp and blazing. My senses snapped into focus, and the world slowed down. I tightened my grip, slammed the pedal, and swung the car around. In the blink of an eye, I was racing straight toward Samson. Boosted by werewolf strength, the car hit its limit. The engine screamed like a wild animal. Bang! The impact thundered across the track. I smashed straight into the back of Samson's car. The force threw me forward before the seat belt snapped me back.

Pain exploded in my chest. I tasted blood. I didn't care. My hit knocked his car off that deadly path into the curve. His speed dropped bit by bit until the car finally stopped near the edge of the track. The scene erupted. People jumped to their feet, yelling over each other. "What just happened? Why did Læm ram Samson?" "Is she insane? This is a race! Is she trying to kill him?" I heard the doubt, but I didn't care. I glanced at the front rows. Nine was standing, shock and worry all over his face. He knew I wasn't reckless. Something was clearly wrong. I shoved the door open and leaped out.

With my wolf spirit still raging, I sprinted to Samson's car and ripped open the bent door. "Are you okay?" 2/2 Mark