

Chapter 5 I'd Seen That Figure Somewhere

Amanda's POV:

I tied my hair up tight, pulled on my helmet, and slid into the driver's seat. Samson climbed into his own car, and the engines roared so loudly that it felt like thunder shaking the ground.

The track stretched five long miles, full of nasty, sharp turns. Packs had set up wolf-spirit jammers all along the way—that was how werewolf races worked. It wasn't just about driving skill; you had to control your wolf spirit too.

I slammed the gas, and the car shot forward like an arrow. I drifted around the first curve, already half a car length ahead.

In the rearview mirror, I saw Samson right on my tail. His headlights sliced through the night in a red glow, heavy with the pressure of his wolf spirit.

At the second turn, a wolf-soul jammer sprayed out silver-purple mist, rushing straight at me.

I tapped my fingers on the wheel, sending Glacier Pack energy down into the brakes. The fog froze in an instant.

From the corner of my eye, I caught Samson's car stumble for just a second in the haze. That was enough—I pulled further ahead.

At the final curve, Samson suddenly sped up. His car practically hugged the ground, and above it, a giant wolf-shaped shadow appeared—he'd released his wolf spirit.

I smirked, shifted down hard, and poured my own wolf spirit into the engine. My car howled like a wolf at the moon and shot forward at an angle that almost defied gravity.

Samson's POV:

I gave it everything, but still had to watch as her car sliced past me, just a blur in the dark.

I stared at the driver, whose sharp eyes were glowing with unshakable confidence.

And just like that, with her eyes blazing, she flew across the finish line.

The timer flashed. She beat me by a full ten seconds.

I had never lost a race.

This was the first time. And I lost to a woman.

Theo's loud voice snapped me out of it. "Boss, you're a legend! I told you you'd win!"

His crew shouted right after, "Damn, she's a badass! Samson must be feeling pretty awful!"

When she pulled off her helmet, hair flying loose from the wind, her pale face glowed under the moonlight. I couldn't stop staring.

And as if she felt it, she turned, lifted her chin at me, and smiled. "You lost."

That look—as if she was above me—stabbed at my pride. As Eclipse Pack's first heir to Alpha, my dignity cracked. My voice came out sharp. "One more round."

Alpha power burst out of me, heavy and crushing, forcing everyone to drop their heads, barely able to breathe.

But her? She didn't bow, didn't flinch. She just smirked, met my eyes, and said, "Sorry, darling. I don't have time to waste on you."

Then she tossed her helmet aside and walked away.

How the hell did she not react to my Alpha dominance?

What was she, really?

Theo's smug laugh cut in. "Heh, you lost. Not so smug now, huh?"

I shot him a glare that could kill, but no words came out.

When I stayed silent, he just grinned widely and ran off after her.

Josh's clueless voice reached me. "Samson, did you let her win just because she's hot?"

Idiot. That was as far as his brain went.

I glanced at him, but my eyes drifted back to her fading figure.

I'd seen that figure somewhere before.