

The Warlord's Lovely Prize

Chapter 13

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Their exchange drew snickers from the onlookers.

“Oh, really? Since when do you race? Everyone knows you as nothing more than the housewife clinging to Landen, helpless on your own!”

“That’s right. How dare you stand up to Mr. Barnett? If it weren’t for the old Mrs. Barnett’s fondness for you, you’d never have been part of the Barnett family!”

“Without the Barnett family, you’re just a nobody. I’d think you’d have the decency to keep a low profile. But here you are, pretending to be something you’re not, even racing? What a farce!”

The voices belittling her belonged to Landen’s friends, a clique of self-proclaimed elites who had long scorned Kaelyn. Their previous mockeries were nothing compared to the open contempt they showed now.

Kaelyn, intent on avoiding a useless confrontation, attempted to bypass them.

Yet a lanky young man blocked her path, sneering, “Hey, where do you think you’re headed? This is a gathering of Pierith’s notable figures. Do you really think someone like you fits in? Leave, now!”

Kaelyn’s eyes narrowed, her voice frosty as she replied, “Who are you to say? The event organizers are the only ones who can decide if I should be here or not.”

Landen, still stewing from the prior day’s frustrations, glared as his friend was rebuffed. “The entry here costs three thousand. How could you possibly afford that? You must have pulled some stunt to get in! How shameless you are!”

The disturbance quickly drew the attention of a staff member who hurried over, asking, “Mr. Barnett, what’s the issue here?”

Landen pointed at Kaelyn, his tone icy as he said, “This woman doesn’t belong. We believe she may have sneaked in. I suggest you call security to escort her out immediately!”

The staff member paused, his gaze shifting between Kaelyn and Landen.

Before he could respond, Kaelyn confidently presented her race registration form. “I’m here to compete. Here’s my registration, fully verified. Please, check it yourself.”

After scrutinizing the document, the staff member confirmed, “The registration is indeed valid.” He then addressed Landen and his group. “I apologize, Mr. Barnett, but we cannot remove a participant without valid reason. Please understand.”

Landen’s expression darkened significantly at the response.

Once the staff member departed, Kaelyn looked over at Landen and his entourage with a slight smile. “Well, may I proceed now?” Her voice dripped with sarcasm.

The group exchanged uncomfortable looks, their embarrassment palpable.

Landen, irritated, accused her, “You’re just stirring up trouble to gain my attention. Kaelyn, you’d better—”

“You’re giving yourself too much credit,” Kaelyn replied with a dismissive look, then turned and walked towards the waiting area.

Trying to salvage his pride in front of Claire and his friends, Landen called after her, “Even if you’re here to race, what does it matter? My team is the best here. The winner today will undoubtedly be one of us!” Kaelyn, however, continued on without giving him another glance.

Half an hour passed, and the audience had taken their seats.

As the race was about to start, the drivers emerged from the waiting area, engines revving in anticipation.

Landen was busy briefing his team when a sudden shout from his friends caught his attention.

Instinctively, he spun around to see Kaelyn stepping out, clad in a sleek racing suit, helmet in hand.

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