

The Warlord's Lovely Prize

Chapter 14

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Gone was her customary, subdued housekeeper attire. Today, her high ponytail swung energetically, and her face radiated confidence, making her a standout among the competitors.

Landen's brow furrowed as he observed her approach a sleek, modified race car.

What was Kaelyn thinking? Was she actually planning to race herself? Compelled by concern, Landen hurried over to her, blurting, "Are you out of your mind? If you couldn't find a professional to team up with, you should just pull out. Why risk everything by racing yourself? You're not a driver, and even if you were, you couldn't possibly outpace the talent I've backed!"

Kaelyn, however, ignored him completely, smoothly securing her helmet and sliding into the driver's seat.

"Mr. Barnett, the race is about to begin. For safety, only staff and racers are permitted on the track," a staff member approached and interjected politely.

Reluctantly, Landen stepped away from the track, though his gaze lingered on Kaelyn's car.

Claire murmured beside him, "I thought Kaelyn couldn't drive? It's one thing to make a scene and disgrace the Barnett family, but what if she gets hurt?"

"She brought this on herself!" Landen's expression was a mix of frustration and worry. "I'm curious to see if she'll keep that arrogance when she can't even get the car moving!"

As he spoke, the signal for the race's start blared.

Engines roared, and the vehicles burst forward!

Landen held his breath, expecting Kaelyn to falter, yet she not only started her car with ease but also kept pace with the leading racers.

How was this possible?

Landen was stunned, his thoughts scattering, though he quickly pulled himself together.

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Even if Kaelyn knew how to drive, what difference would it make?

Despite the historical dominance of the legendary female racer Lilian three years prior, no other woman had challenged the top-tier races since.

Landen reassured himself, convinced that Kaelyn stood no chance against the seasoned drivers he had heavily financed.

As he mulled this over, a wave of surprised shouts broke out among the spectators.

Jolted back to the moment, Landen instinctively turned his eyes to the track.

The racers had vanished from direct view, yet the large display screen broadcasting the race vividly captured the action.

Coming out of a tight curve, Kaelyn's car surged forward, now leading the pack — she was in first place!

Landen's eyes widened in disbelief, his gaze darting frantically among the speeding cars as he searched for his team's racer. When he spotted his driver in second place, a fleeting sense of relief washed over him. However, the tension quickly returned as an unsettling development unfolded on the track.

A black race car, previously boxed in by competitors, suddenly burst forward. With a skillful tail-whip maneuver, it slingshotted past Landen's driver and set its sights directly on Kaelyn, who was leading the pack.

Inside her vehicle, Kaelyn noticed the aggressive challenger. A spark of amusement lit her eyes as she shifted gears. Her relaxed posture gave way to focused determination, her foot pressing harder on the accelerator.

The black and white cars became locked in a high-speed duel, neither able to outpace the other. Meanwhile, the car that had been in second place, now third, began to fall farther behind.

Watching the intense rivalry, Landen narrowed his eyes, frustration boiling over into urgency. He seized the interphone and barked an ultimatum. "Benny, you have to overtake that white car today. Do whatever it takes, or consider yourself off the team!"

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