

The Warlord's Lovely Prize

Chapter 15

Chapter 15:

Benny Finch, already struggling under the pressure, felt a surge of anxiety at his boss's harsh command. Clenching his jaw with determination, he acknowledged the order and pushed his car to the limit, rapidly closing the distance on the leading duo.

As they rounded a curve, Benny's yellow car narrowed the gap, slotting in just behind the black and white cars. But in his fervor and at such high velocity, he momentarily lost control, veering dangerously close to Kaelyn's car.

The crowd held its breath as a collision seemed inevitable.

However, in a breathtaking display of agility, the white car switched lanes with fluid grace, narrowly avoiding disaster and surging forward, leaving the onlookers in awe.

A brief hush fell over the stands, broken seconds later by a chorus of amazed shouts.

"That's the Butterfly Drift! That's Lilian's signature move, the Butterfly!"

"Drift!"

"Since Lilian retired, no one has mastered that technique. Who on earth is driving that white car?"

The shock was palpable among the spectators. Even Benny, witnessing everything up close, felt his heart race. Yet the relentless pace of the race allowed no time for reflection, forcing him to drive with everything he had.

As the seconds slipped away, Benny, despite pushing his car to its limits, found himself unable to surpass Kaelyn's white car. For the first time in his career, Benny, known as a prodigious talent, confronted the bitter sting of impotence on the racetrack. He couldn't afford to lose. Failing against an unknown could cost him his spot on the team and end his career.

As the race drew to a close, resolve hardened in Benny's eyes. He edged his car perilously close to Kaelyn's, drawing gasps from the onlookers. The two cars raced mere inches apart, the yellow car stubbornly tailing the white without any sign of pulling away.

Kaelyn, sensing the imminent danger, tensed as she checked her side mirror. As a seasoned racer, she understood all too well the peril of such aggressive tactics. It appeared Landen's driver was willing to risk a catastrophic crash rather than face defeat.

Welcome to check more at glnovels.com

As Benny made his move, surging forward in an attempt to ram her, Kaelyn executed a precise drift to dodge the assault. She then slammed on the accelerator, swiftly widening the gap to nearly fifteen feet and even pulling ahead of the persistent black car. But Benny, thrown off by his failed attempt, clung stubbornly to her trail, poised for another aggressive maneuver.

At that critical moment, the black car suddenly decelerated and swerved toward Benny's yellow car. With a resounding crash, Benny's vehicle was forced off the track, slamming into the barrier. Though the heavily modified car withstood the collision, the delay was decisive. Benny watched helplessly as Kaelyn widened the gap beyond reach.

Ultimately, it was Kaelyn's car that crossed the finish line first, her victory met with an eruption of cheers from the crowd. The black and yellow cars followed not long after.

Kaelyn knew that without the intervention of the black car's driver, her win might not have been secured so smoothly. Wasting no time after exiting her vehicle, she walked directly toward the black car and tapped gently on the window.

As the window lowered, a man wearing a helmet appeared before her. Kaelyn couldn't make out his features, but something about his build and the way he carried himself stirred a strange sense of familiarity within her. Despite searching her memory, she couldn't place where she might have seen him before.

Choosing not to dwell on the mystery, she simply nodded and spoke with genuine gratitude. "Thank you."

As the final racers crossed the finish line, the event drew to a close. Staff members ushered the competitors toward the podium for the award ceremony.

Just as Kaelyn was about to step onto the champion's spot, Landen pushed his way through the crowd, sidestepping Claire and the others to confront her at the podium. He looked at her with a mix of disbelief and curiosity.

.
.
.