

The Warlord's Lovely Prize

Chapter 17

Chapter 17:

Everyone understood the sway of the Barnett family, and without hesitation, the staff began to approach Kaelyn.

But just then, a commanding voice rang out, stopping them in their tracks.

“Stop!”

The authoritative tone froze the room. All eyes turned toward the source of the command. It was the driver of the black car, the one previously implicated alongside Kaelyn.

He lifted his helmet, revealing striking features that instantly captivated the crowd. His eyes swept coolly over Landen, whose expression shifted noticeably. With a subtle smirk, he challenged, “Speaking of power, would mine be considered adequate?”

A hush fell over the assembly. After a tense silence, a spectator gasped, “That’s... the Military Commissioner!”

The referee’s complexion paled instantly, realizing the gravity of his mistake in accusing Rodger. His legs shook uncontrollably. “Commissioner Barnett, I failed to recognize you. Please forgive my oversight!”

Rodger’s expression remained unreadable, yet the weight of his presence was palpable. “And what is your decision now?”

The referee looked toward Kaelyn, gritted his teeth, and declared, “There were no violations. She rightfully won this race!”

This sudden reversal stung like a slap to those conspiring against Kaelyn.

Landen’s face flushed with fury, but Rodger’s imposing figure forced him to choke back his anger.

“Commissioner Barnett, does this resolution meet your approval?” the referee asked, his voice trembling slightly as Rodger continued his silent scrutiny.

Rodger remained silent, offering no response.

Feeling cornered, the referee turned to Kaelyn. “Ms. Gordon, I apologize for the misunderstanding. It appears I was unaware of your connections. You are officially the winner.” He then hesitantly offered her the trophy.

However, Kaelyn merely cast a cold glance at the finely crafted trophy and pushed it away, a mocking smile curling her lips. “What’s the value of a race where outcomes are decided by influence rather than merit? I refuse this tainted victory!”

A hush fell over the crowd.

Rodger’s gaze then turned sharply toward Landen, his voice deep and formidable as he said, “Every action you take casts a shadow on the Barnett name. You must exercise better judgment. Your behavior today was unacceptable.”

Landen’s complexion drained of color, and he meekly bowed his head. “I acted hastily, misled by the referee’s initial claims. The fault lies with his poor judgment. I will ensure he is held accountable and barred from officiating again.”

The referee turned abruptly, his eyes alight with a mixture of indignation and despair.

He had not anticipated that after diligently serving Landen’s interests, he would be discarded so callously, threatening his career.

Resolved that he would not go down alone, he blurted out, “Commissioner Barnett, I was merely executing Mr. Landen Barnett’s directives!”

“Ridiculous!” Landen interjected swiftly, before Rodger could respond. “This is your own failure. Don’t try to deflect your incompetence onto me. Security, remove him at once and spare Commissioner Barnett from this embarrassment!”

His tone was forceful, ostensibly virtuous, but the gathered crowd weren’t fools. They were well aware of his involvement.

Kaelyn let out a derisive snort. “Shifting blame after abusing your power? Landen, you have no place in the world of racing. Money and influence might buy a trophy, but real racers compete to break boundaries, not to chase shallow glory. The moment you manipulated your way to the top, you and your team forfeited any right to compete on this track!”

.

.

.