

The Warlord's Lovely Prize

Chapter 18

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Her words rang out clear and firm, echoing the ethos of a true champion.

Landen recoiled as if struck, his face a mask of shock. "You... you're Lilian?!"

Three years earlier, when Lilian had claimed her first championship, her impassioned victory speech and formidable aura on the podium had enchanted many.

Her declaration, "Real racers compete to break boundaries, not to chase shallow glory," resonated widely and became an iconic phrase within the racing community.

Landen, who had obsessively watched those races and admired her spirit, recognized the familiar tone and conviction in Kaelyn's voice — it was unmistakably Lilian's.

Landen was not alone in his recognition of Lilian.

As he shouted her name, other racers also turned, their faces a mix of astonishment and curiosity.

Could it be that Lilian, the legendary racer known for her anonymity, was actually among them? The notion seemed staggering!

Kaelyn, feeling uneasy under so many intense stares, frowned and attempted to move away, but Landen seized her arm.

"Let go," she snapped.

Her voice was sharp as she winced, trying to pull away, but before she could free herself, another hand intervened, forcefully grabbing Landen's wrist.

Landen yelped as a sudden pain caused him to release Kaelyn's arm.

Rodger stepped in, placing himself squarely between Kaelyn and Landen, his voice stern. "You will maintain decorum in public."

Clutching his aching wrist, Landen frowned, his frustration growing.

"Uncle Rodger, she's my wife. What's wrong with holding her hand?"

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“Huh!” Kaelyn scoffed derisively. “Not for long.”

With that, she turned sharply and strode away toward the parking lot, not once glancing back.

Landen made a move to follow her but stopped as Rodger’s stern look held him back.

He watched, defeated, as Rodger quickly caught up with Kaelyn and they walked away together.

Seeing his despondent expression, Claire felt alarm bells ringing in her heart.

She walked down from the stands toward Landen, her voice soft, trying to ease his distress. “Landen, it’s just a race. Losing isn’t the end of the world.”

Yet her gentle tones failed to calm the storm raging within him.

“Why are you here? Didn’t I tell you to stay in the stands?”

Landen’s voice was sharp as he questioned Claire, his gaze still trailing the path Kaelyn had taken, his mind whirling with images of the Butterfly Drift and memories of Lilian’s past victorious speeches.

How could it be...

That Lilian, whom he had idolized for years, was Kaelyn, the same woman he had dismissed as inconsequential?

What else didn’t he know about Kaelyn?

As he pondered, his features twisted into a darker scowl.

“Landen, I was just worried about you, so I came down without thinking. Please, don’t be upset with me,” Claire implored, her expression one of apologetic concern, her hands nervously clasped together as she bit her lip submissively.

Noticing a softening in Landen’s demeanor, she cautiously ventured, “Also, Landen, it seemed like Commissioner Barnett was really defending Kaelyn back there! They only met recently, right? How come they seem so close?”

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