

The Warlord's Lovely Prize

Chapter 20

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Rodger hesitated briefly, then asked, “Then could you possibly give me a lift? My car suffered damage in the race and is currently under repair.”

Kaelyn recalled the collision involving the black and yellow cars but remained silent, choosing instead to walk past Rodger swiftly. This time, Rodger made no move to stop her. He simply stood watching as she walked away, his expression tight with restraint.

“This woman is truly ungrateful!” Rodger’s assistant, Nolan, stepped out from the shadows, his voice thick with frustration. “You entered the race today just because she was competing, hoping to genuinely connect with her! Without your intervention, she would have faced difficulties today! And yet, she shows such disrespect! No one else would dare treat you with such audacity. It’s unacceptable!”

Nolan continued his tirade, but noticing Rodger’s silence, he exhaled deeply and added, “Commissioner Barnett, I know you’re desperate to find Egret, but this woman might not be reliable. She could even be deceiving us. Perhaps we should consider—”

“Enough,” Rodger cut him off quietly, his eyes somber. “I was the one who doubted her first. Her reaction is justified.”

Rodger had harbored suspicions about Kaelyn, attending the race to assess her firsthand. Upon realizing she was indeed Lilian, he felt relieved as all his doubts dissipated.

He knew of Lilian’s reputation from her racing videos. The fearless and audacious first woman racer wouldn’t be one to act without sincerity.

Nolan bristled at Rodger’s defense of Kaelyn, opening his mouth to object further when the sound of a horn interrupted him.

Both men turned to see a white race car pulling up several feet away.

The window rolled down slowly, revealing Kaelyn’s striking features. Positioned confidently in the driver’s seat, she signaled for Rodger to join her.

At that moment, a rare, subtle smile crossed Rodger’s typically stoic face.

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He stretched his legs and slid into the passenger seat of the white car. As his assistant, Nolan was expected to follow.

Despite his lingering resentment toward Kaelyn, Nolan moved toward the car with reluctance.

However, as he reached for the door, he found it locked.

“Why is the door locked?” he questioned, puzzled.

“Sorry, Mr. Finch, there’s no room in the car. I’m afraid you’ll have to find your own way back,” Kaelyn replied, turning to face him with a composed expression.

Her words were polite, yet her tone carried a sharp edge of sarcasm.

Nolan, not easily dissuaded, pointed to the visibly empty back seat and protested, “There’s clearly no one in the back. How can there be no room?”

“Oh? Is that so?” Kaelyn responded with a light chuckle, her amusement clear. “Well, it’s my car, and I prefer not to have you in it. Do you see a problem with that?”

“How can you be so unreasonable?”

Nolan, already predisposed to dislike Kaelyn, felt his frustration mounting at her direct challenge.

Before he could continue, Rodger intervened with a warning tone. “Enough. You’ve been disrespectful to Ms. Gordon. It’s perfectly reasonable for her not to offer you a ride. Find another way back on your own and stop causing a scene here.”

Chastened by Rodger’s rebuke, Nolan withdrew his hand from the door handle and stood there, his face flushing with embarrassment. As Kaelyn pressed the accelerator and the car sped away, her lips curved into a slight smile, leaving Nolan standing in a cloud of dust. He was left coughing in the settling dust, struggling to catch his breath. When he finally managed to look up again, the white car had vanished from view.

“That woman is really petty!” Nolan grumbled, wiping the grime off his face with visible irritation.

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