

PROTEGE 221

Chapter 221: SHE RACE TO DEFY THE FATE ITSELF

Pharsa arched a brow at him, lips twitching in mild amusement. Goldie raced, sure — but not like her, not like Mushu. There was a gap between them, a chasm of skill and instinct that couldn't simply be bridged by enthusiasm.

"You think they can handle watching me on this track?" Pharsa asked, tilting her head slightly. Her voice was laced with a challenge, a test of their nerve more than a genuine question.

Fatty scoffed, rolling his shoulders. "What, you think we'll pass out watching you drive?" he said, feigning bravado, though there was an undeniable flicker of uncertainty in his eyes as he glanced toward the unforgiving track below.

Murphy remained silent, his gaze locked on Pharsa with a quiet intensity. He wasn't one to back down from a challenge, but he also wasn't reckless. He needed to understand it — to see every possibility, every consequence.

Chatty, still smirking, leaned forward slightly. "I've seen plenty of impressive driving," he said. "I doubt it'll be anything shocking."

Pharsa exhaled through her nose, a knowing glint in her eyes. "Is that so?" she murmured.

Without another word, she turned on her heel and changed into driving suit and strode toward the waiting pit area, where her custom-built race car stood gleaming under the bright stadium lights.

It wasn't just a machine.

It was a weapon.

As Pharsa climbed into the driver's seat, the pit crew moved like clockwork, locking her in and checking every detail with ruthless precision. The roar of the engine came alive, sending vibrations through the ground beneath them. The sound alone was enough to silence any lingering doubt.

Fatty gulped.

Murphy narrowed his eyes, watching every movement, every fraction of hesitation that might betray a hidden weakness.

Chatty leaned against the railing, his smirk faltering just slightly.

Then Pharsa launched onto the track.

And suddenly, everything they thought they knew about racing shattered.

Pharsa isn't just a racer — she's a force of nature. Her motivation to dominate the track stems from a combination of personal ambition, a deep-rooted desire to prove herself, and an unrelenting need for control.

For Pharsa, racing isn't just about speed — it's about mastery. She doesn't race for mere adrenaline; she races to conquer. Every turn, every calculated risk, every split-second decision is an assertion of her dominance over the machine, the terrain, and the competition. She thrives in the chaos of high-stakes racing because it sharpens her, forces her to be the best version of herself.

But beneath her fierce exterior lies something deeper — a history she rarely speaks of. She was only days old when she was abandoned at the steps of a quiet temple, left with nothing but the mercy of fate. The monks took her in, and the temple's head — a man of wisdom and patience — chose to raise her as his own. In the serene halls of the monastery, Pharsa learned discipline, resilience, and the art of silence, but she also felt the gnawing emptiness of unanswered questions. 'Who had left her behind? Why had she been discarded?'

It was with Ling Li's family — through his adoptive father, a respected monk known as Shen Sei — that Pharsa found a semblance of belonging. Yet, even within that acceptance, there was a lingering restlessness in her soul, a hunger for something beyond quiet devotion. Pharsa discovered racing through Ling Li, but once she touched the wheel, once she felt the surge of power beneath her hands, she knew — this was what she was meant for.

Racing was her escape. Her rebellion. Her way of silencing the ghosts of a past she couldn't change. On the track, she wasn't the abandoned girl at the temple's doorstep — she was unstoppable, unshaken, a storm tearing through the asphalt. Every victory was proof that she wasn't just surviving — she was thriving. She wasn't just taking part — she was ruling.

She wasn't racing to win.

She was racing to defy fate itself; and she is there to own it.

Pharsa gripped the wheel of her modified red Ferrari, the smooth leather molding perfectly to her fingers. This wasn't just a machine — it was an extension of her very soul, a blazing streak of fury cutting through the night. The engine growled, its roar reverberating through the jagged cliffs, demanding the world to bear witness to her dominance.

Without hesitation, Pharsa slammed her foot on the accelerator.

The car lunged forward with a deafening roar, tires screeching as they clawed at the asphalt. The VIP lounge trembled slightly from the sheer force of her launch, and Four Eyes, Chatty, and Fatty instinctively stiffened, their bodies tensing as if they themselves were bracing for impact. The world blurred past Pharsa in streaks of neon and moonlit rock faces, but her focus remained razor-sharp.

She was in control.

She was always in control.

The first set of steep twists came at her like vipers, their angles sharp enough to demand perfection. Pharsa didn't hesitate — she downshifted, her grip steady, her movements precise. The Ferrari obeyed her every command like a beast tamed only by its master, sliding effortlessly through each treacherous curve. The tires skimmed dangerously close to the edge, sending loose gravel tumbling down the sheer cliffs, vanishing into the abyss below.

Watching from the lounge, Chatty let out a sharp breath through his nose, his smirk vanishing as the brutal reality of Pharsa's driving unfolded before him. Fatty swallowed hard, gripping the railing with

white-knuckled fingers. Four Eyes blinked rapidly, afraid to look away yet terrified of what he might see next.

Then came the climb — the unforgiving, near-vertical incline that kissed the sky. Pharsa shifted gears again, the engine snarling as she pressed forward, the raw horsepower of her Ferrari surging up the mountain like wildfire. The vehicle shuddered slightly, but she barely noticed — her hands remained steady, her pulse unwavering. The track narrowed dangerously, a single miscalculation spelling certain disaster.

The three spectators hadn't realized it yet, but they had stopped breathing entirely.

And then — the suspended hanging bridge.

Suspended over a deep canyon, the steel structure looked almost impossibly fragile against the backdrop of swirling mist and darkness of the forest. The gap beneath it yawned like a mouth waiting to swallow anything reckless enough to slip.

Chapter 222: THE NASCAR OVAL

Fatty audibly gasped. Chatty's eyes darted between the bridge and Pharsa's Ferrari, his heart hammering against his ribs. Four Eyes gripped the railing so tightly it hurt.

Pharsa didn't falter.

She slammed the accelerator again.

The Ferrari surged forward, the weightlessness of the moment stretching eternity as the car flew off the edge.

It was airborne.

Time froze. Gravity had no say in her fate.

Then — the impact. The tires hit the metal with a force that sent sparks flying. The Ferrari wobbled for a fraction of a second, its back tires nearly slipping, its balance trembling on the knife's edge of oblivion.

Then she corrected it. Instinctively.

The car stabilized, shooting forward once more, devouring the rest of the track as if the near-fatal moment had been nothing but a minor inconvenience.

In the VIP lounge, the three men exhaled in unison — only then realizing how long they had held their breath. Fatty wiped at the nonexistent sweat on his forehead, his skin cold despite the heat of his own nerves. Chatty, for the first time, was utterly silent. Four Eyes let out a strangled laugh, not because it was funny — but because it was the only thing his brain could process.

Down below, Pharsa wasn't even smiling.

This was just another run.

Another moment where she defied fate itself.

The roar of the engine faded into a deep, guttural purr, and then — silence. Only the ticking of cooling metal remained, a rhythmic pulse as Pharsa stepped out of her car, the sound of her boots hitting the pavement and cutting sharply through the thick, electrified air.

She moved with deliberate ease, rolling her shoulders as if shaking off the weight of what had just transpired. To her, it was nothing. A mere demonstration. The blistering speeds, the death-defying turns, the hanging bridge that had swallowed racers whole — it had been just another drive.

But to the three men watching from above, it had been something else entirely.

Four Eyes, Chatty, and Fatty remained rooted in place at the VIP lounge, their bodies stiff, their lungs still struggling to recall how to breathe properly. Fatty had a hand clamped over his face, his chest rising and falling unevenly as if he had just been the one behind the wheel. Chatty, usually the one to have a

cocky remark ready, found his smirk absent, replaced by something dangerously close to awe. Even Four Eyes, ever composed, let out a low, breathless chuckle — half amusement, half disbelief.

Pharsa flicked her gloves off with a casual snap, not even sparing them a glance as they dropped onto the hood of her Ferrari, its deep crimson paint shimmering under the bright sunlight. The color suited her perfectly — bold, striking, untamed.

She lifted her gaze toward the VIP lounge, her expression unreadable except for the hint of satisfaction dancing in her eyes. She had seen them tense, seen them grip the railing, seen the nonexistent sweat forming on their brows as they had watched her tear through the mountain as she owned it.

And she did.

Then, with a sharp, dismissive snort, she turned away, her movements carrying a subtle air of challenge.

‘You thought that was intense?’ her gesture seemed to say. ‘You haven’t seen anything yet. You haven’t seen Madam Ling Li.’

The three men remained frozen, struggling to process everything they had just witnessed. Fatty exhaled shakily, running a hand over his face. Chatty, despite himself, felt his pulse still hammering in his ears. Four Eyes laughed under his breath, shaking his head.

Pharsa had proven her point.

And none of them would ever doubt her again.

The tension still lingered in the air like the remnants of burning rubber on the track. Pharsa stepped into the VIP lounge with the same effortless confidence, her racing suit still clinging to the adrenaline of the mountain track. She didn’t bother changing—not when the energy of victory still buzzed beneath her skin.

Goldie was the only one breaking the silence, his chuckling soft but amused. He had seen this kind of reaction before — the kind where people were so stunned that words failed them.

Chatty, however, couldn't bear the awkward stillness. He straightened abruptly, running a hand through his hair in some attempt to shake off the lingering shock. "Didn't you say there's a NASCAR Oval at the back? Let's go," he blurted out, his voice uneven — his usual arrogance faltering.

Chatty didn't wait for a response. He just turned on his heel and strode out of the lounge, his pace just a little too hurried, as if trying to outrun the memory of what he had just witnessed.

Pharsa watched him go, her lips curving into a smirk, arms crossed. She had seen this before — someone trying to regain their footing, their composure, after having their world shaken.

Without much discussion, the rest followed. The silence between them wasn't uncomfortable — it was contemplative, weighted by the memory of her race. As they slid into the car, the scent of burning asphalt and gasoline still hung in the air.

This time, they weren't watching from the lounge.

They were heading straight for the next challenge.

The NASCAR Oval awaited.

They drove for ten minutes before arriving.

On the opposite side of the mountain race track lies a state-of-the-art NASCAR oval, a thunderous coliseum of speed where precision and raw power collide. The circuit boasts a perfectly banked oval, designed for high-speed drafting, intense side-by-side battles, and edge-of-your-seat finishes.

The track itself is a hybrid masterpiece, offering varying degrees of banking — steep enough to allow cars to maintain momentum without losing grip yet technical enough to challenge the most experienced drivers. Two long straights lead into daring turns, where speeds soar, and tensions rise with every lap. The surface is engineered for maximum durability, ensuring grip remains consistent from the first lap to the final showdown under the stadium lights.

As for the spectator experience, fans are treated to unmatched visibility, with grandstands that rise like walls of energy packed when roaring crowds during the race. The VIP suites sit above the front stretch, offering bird's-eye views of the action, complete with luxury seating, private catering, and interactive real-time race data displays.

Chapter 223: IT'S MY CHUM CHUM

At the heart of fan engagement lies the giant LED wall, bringing instant replays, telemetry, and live feeds from in-car cameras straight to the audience. The atmosphere never falters. What they couldn't see now are the fireworks displays at race starts and finishes, pumping music, and an electrifying voice-over that turns each lap into pure drama during races.

Let us look at The Pit and Garage. The pit lane is lightning-fast, designed for ultra-efficient stops, where teams orchestrate tire changes and refueling with flawless precision. The garage area behind pit road is a fortress of engineering, a space where mechanics, strategists, and racers perfect their machines to squeeze every ounce of speed from the engines.

This mountain-side race track isn't just a track — it's a sanctuary of speed, adrenaline, and pure motorsport excellence. From the wild mountain circuit to the precision-crafted NASCAR oval, this is the ultimate battleground for racers.

The scent of motor oil and burning rubber clung thick in the air, intertwining with the rhythmic hum of machinery that pulsed through the vast garage. Dim fluorescent lights flickered sporadically, casting erratic shadows on the polished concrete floor. Pharsa led the group through the massive space, her confident stride cutting through the rows of gleaming steel and tire stacks.

Chatty followed in silence, his gaze scanning the familiar sight until his eyes landed on his NASCAR. A sharp inhale — an immediate, undeniable shift in his expression. The composed curiosity he'd worn before cracked wide open, replaced by raw, unfiltered excitement.

“Hey!!! _” Murphy's voice hit the air, sharp with exhilaration. “Isn't this my Chum Chum?”

His words, brimming with unrestrained emotion, hung in the air for a moment before the inevitable.

Fatty and Four Eyes exchanged quick, knowing glances, their reactions a stark contrast to Murphy's sudden enthusiasm. Fatty let out an exaggerated groan, rolling his eyes as he shoved his hands into his pockets.

"You named your racing car Chum Chum?" Fatty scoffed, his tone dripping with disbelief. His brows rose, unimpressed. "You are so lame and chummy."

Chatty whipped his head toward him, his brows furrowing in an indignant flash — but he didn't dignify the remark with a defense. To him, the name carried meaning, a history woven into the very fabric of its steel body. But Fatty, ever the instigator, saw only another opportunity to tease him.

Pharsa, leaning effortlessly against one of the tool benches, surveyed the exchange with quiet amusement. A slight, knowing smirk ghosted her lips, barely visible beneath the wavering glow of the fluorescent lights.

"It's better to master using your own car," she remarked, her voice steady, almost casual — but Chatty caught the undertone, the weight in her words. She tilted her head slightly toward him, the gesture measured but firm. "That's why Madam brought it back for you some time ago."

Chatty barely heard her. His hand grazed the hood of his car, fingertips tracing the cool, familiar ridges, every polished curve reigniting memories buried beneath the chaos of the past. This wasn't just a machine. It was his.

A tether to something greater.

Then Pharsa's voice shifted.

"But," she continued, her tone growing heavier, "we couldn't save your F1 after it was blown up."

Silence thickened in the room.

Chatty's jaw tensed, his breath catching slightly as the memory sparked behind his eyes. The explosion — the deafening roar, the heat, the way the air had fractured in an instant. If not for Pharsa's timely intervention, his name would've been painted among the wreckage.

The silence was fleeting, though. Pharsa, ever pragmatic, didn't linger on the loss. There was no mourning in her voice, only resolution. Her head jerked toward the far end of the garage.

"You'll have a new one to practice with once it's done with customization," she added.

Chatty exhaled, slow and controlled, though his fingers tightened imperceptibly against the edge of his NASCAR.

This wasn't the end.

This was only the beginning.

Unlike the secluded, treacherous terrain of the Blaze Mountain Race Track, this NASCAR circuit pulsed with life. Open to the public, it thrived as a hub for local racers and adrenaline-chasing enthusiasts. But today — it was theirs.

Pharsa had cleared the space, reserving the entire stretch solely for them. The only figures dotting the track were their subordinates — those entrusted with maintenance, security, and precision. Their presence formed a silent perimeter, ensuring nothing interrupted what was to come.

And Murphy knew — this wasn't just about a race.

It was about proving something.

To himself. To Madam and the world.

"Go out and drive several laps," Pharsa said.

Pharsa watched Chatty as he slipped effortlessly into his NASCAR, confidence woven into every movement. The roar of the engine erupted in a powerful growl, reverberating through the garage before he sped off toward the oval track without hesitation. Tires screeched against the concrete as he gained momentum, the sound blending with the rhythmic hum of machinery in the distance.

Pharsa turned back to Fatty and Four Eyes, her sharp gaze flickering between the two. Neither looked eager. Fatty had his arms crossed, skepticism pinching his brows, while Four Eyes adjusted his glasses, shifting uncomfortably at the prospect of handling something as formidable as a NASCAR.

"Would you two like to try?" Pharsa asked, her voice carrying both challenge and invitation.

Fatty scoffed, lifting a brow. "We don't have any basic knowledge in racing."

Four Eyes gave a small nod, echoing the sentiment without words.

Pharsa smirked. "That's alright. I can teach you."

She stepped closer to the gleaming car parked in front of them, running her hand along its smooth, polished exterior. The fluorescent lights overhead caught against its sleek curves, emphasizing the raw power it possessed.

"First things first — safety," she said, knocking twice on the steel frame. "This machine is fast, powerful, and unforgiving. If you don't respect it, it will work against you."

Fatty exhaled, shaking his head slightly. "That sounds more threatening than encouraging."

Pharsa shot him a sidelong glance, her smirk growing. "That's because it's both."

"Let's do simulated movements." Pharsa gestured toward an empty space. "Before you touch the pedals, I want both of you to do something first. Pretend you're gripping a wheel and move it — right, left, smoothly, not jerky."

Chapter 224: START THE ENGINE

Fatty frowned, but Four Eyes complied immediately, mimicking the motion. Pharsa observed them critically.

"You're too stiff, QuanYe. At 200 miles per hour, your movements need to be fluid. Try again."

Fatty grumbled but did as instructed.

Pharsa nodded. "Good. Now, lean forward slightly and feel your balance shift. That's what happens when acceleration kicks in — you'll be pressed back into your seat. You need to anticipate it."

Fatty and Four Eyes both adjusted their posture, a flicker of understanding crossing their faces.

"Now, let's do a Hands-On Demonstration," Pharsa said as she walked back to the car, gesturing for them to step closer. "Before you start the engine, you secure your harness properly. It's a five-point belt — no exceptions. Your helmet is snug. Your HANS device locks in place to protect your neck from extreme G-forces during impact."

Pharsa stepped into the car herself, demonstrating how to strap in, tilting her head back slightly to mimic the force drivers experience when speeding.

"Your instincts will scream at you to tense up, but that's how people get injured in crashes. You want to move with the car, not against it."

Fatty and Four Eyes exchanged uneasy glances, their nonchalance thinning under Pharsa's precision.

"Alright, alright," Fatty muttered, eyeing the seat skeptically. "I get it — don't die."

Pharsa chuckled. "That's a good start."

She motioned for Four Eyes to get inside first. He hesitated, shifting his weight awkwardly.

"It's tighter than I expected," Four Eyes murmured.

"NASCAR cockpits are built for efficiency, not comfort. You're cocooned in the frame, designed to withstand high-speed crashes. Get used to the snug fit — it'll save you."

Pharsa secured his belt tightly, ensuring the straps were locked into place.

"Next is Mental Preparation," Pharsa said. "Now close your eyes," she instructed.

Fatty snorted. "I don't see how this helps."

"Exactly," Pharsa replied dryly. "You're going to feel overwhelmed the moment you hit the gas. So before that happens, visualize it. Picture yourself gripping the wheel, taking each turn. Know what to expect before you're caught off guard."

Four Eyes obeyed. Fatty sighed before reluctantly following suit.

Pharsa let the silence settle for a moment before continuing. "Good. Now grip the steering wheel."

Both did as instructed.

"This isn't an ordinary car. At high speeds, the steering is hyper-sensitive. A slight movement can send you into a drift. You need absolute control."

Four Eyes nodded stiffly, his grip tightening.

Fatty huffed. "Sounds like a damn science."

"It is — but one where failure means wreckage."

"This time is the Fear Management Drill. Before you even start the engine, let's get your hesitation out of the way," Pharsa said, stepping back. "Both of you — on my mark, I want you to slam the gas pedal down as if your life depended on it."

Four Eyes swallowed. Fatty looked doubtful.

"Three. Two. One. Go!"

Fatty reacted first, jerking forward instinctively despite sitting still in the car. Four Eyes hesitated, pressing down slowly.

"You see what happened?" Pharsa pointed out. "Fatty went in too fast and lost control. Four Eyes hesitated — doubt got in the way. Neither of those things can happen behind the wheel. Speed isn't the issue. Hesitation and lack of control are." Pharsa patiently explained, but her voice was firm.

Fatty and Four Eyes both looked more serious now.

"Last is the Competitive Challenge," Pharsa smirked. "Alright, boys, let's make this fun. Whoever maintains the best lap trajectory without skidding wins. If you crash or stall, you lose."

Fatty raised a brow. "What do we win?"

Pharsa tilted her head. "The right to not be humiliated."

Fatty snorted but straightened his posture. Four Eyes adjusted his grip with a new focus.

Pharsa stepped back, her arms crossing. She put on her earphones and held the radio the staff handed her. She didn't forget to call out on Chatty, "Murphy, Young Master and Quan Ye are going out on the race track, don't collide with them. This is also an opportunity for you to train with them."

"Roger that." Chatty briefly replied.

"Now! Start the engine." Pharsa instructed Fatty and Four Eyes.

The deep, guttural roar of twin engines rumbled through the garage as Fatty and Four Eyes fired up their NASCARs. The vibrations thrummed through their bodies, demanding attention, forcing reality upon them. This was no longer a theoretical lesson — this was real, and they were about to unleash machines built for nothing short of sheer speed.

Pharsa stood at the edge of the track, arms crossed, watching intently as the two sat stiffly in their cockpits.

Fatty inhaled sharply, rolling his shoulders, trying... and failing... to shake off the tension gripping his limbs. "Alright," he muttered, barely audible over the engine's growl. "Let's do this."

Four Eyes, his knuckles white against the steering wheel, swallowed hard. His glasses had begun to slide down from the vibrations, but he didn't dare lift a hand to adjust them.

Pharsa smirked. "Throttle lightly," she reminded him over the radio. "You don't want to spin out right at the start."

Fatty tapped the gas — and the NASCAR jerked forward like an untamed beast, its raw power nearly throwing him back into his seat. "Holy Sh*t — !" He barely kept the wheel steady as the car surged ahead.

Four Eyes, more hesitant, pressed the accelerator in a controlled motion, his vehicle gliding smoothly onto the track. His brows furrowed in fierce concentration. He remembered Ling Li's reminder this morning, 'It only takes a second to accelerate to 400km/hr.' That is why he didn't dare to be reckless.'

Pharsa tracked their movement, her expression unreadable. "Good," she murmured into the radio, watching how each reacted differently. "Quan Ye, ease into it. Don't fight the car — work with it. Let the momentum build."

Fatty exhaled hard, adjusting his grip. "Yeah, yeah—working on it."

They rolled onto the straightaway, and the track stretched before them like an endless road of possibility and danger.

Then — came the turn.

Pharsa knew this was where the real test began.

"Banked turns aren't like driving a normal curve," she warned. "The angle of the track helps guide you, but it will also fight you if you take it wrong. Let the car lean into it."

Chapter 225: THE RUSH TO SAVE FATTY

Fatty reached the curve first — too fast.

The moment his front tires hit the angled portion of the track, he felt the pull — the sudden, sharp drag trying to yank him outward. Instinct screamed at him to jerk the wheel away from the angle, but Pharsa's voice cut through his panic.

"Do NOT overcorrect!" Pharsa yelled over the radio.

Fatty clenched his jaw. He forced himself to do the exact opposite of what his instincts demanded — he trusted the angle, letting his car slide into the banked turn at the right trajectory.

The wheels held. No spin-out.

Fatty let out a shaky breath. "Hell!!! That was terrifying!"

Four Eyes, approaching the turn, did the opposite — he slowed too much.

Pharsa sighed. "Young Master, you can't hesitate!" Her voice was firm but not harsh. "If you go too slow, the bank won't carry you properly, and you'll lose all momentum."

Four Eyes pressed the gas harder — and the car jerked. The sudden acceleration made his tires skid slightly against the curve.

"Relax," Pharsa coached. "Smooth input. Don't slam anything — gradual movements."

Four Eyes adjusted, taking the turn, gripping the wheel so tightly that his hands ached — but he made it.

Back onto the straightaway.

After an hour, Pharsa smirked. "Alright," she murmured, "now we pick up speed."

The radio crackled as Fatty scoffed. "You sure? We're barely hanging on here."

"You wanted the challenge, didn't you?" Pharsa teased. "Let's see who adapts faster."

Their eyes narrowed — competitive instincts kicking in.

Fatty slammed the throttle.

Four Eyes followed.

And the real race began.

The thunderous roar of engines filled the racetrack as Fatty and Four Eyes pushed their NASCARs harder, the vibrations rattling their bones. The straightaway stretched ahead — open, inviting them to seize every ounce of speed their machines could muster.

Fatty gritted his teeth, his knuckles turning white as he tightened his grip on the wheel. "No way I'm losing to Chu Yan," he muttered under his breath, pushing the throttle.

The instant power surge slammed him against his seat, the force threatening to suffocate him. The car rocketed forward, tires gripping the asphalt like claws, wind whipping past in violent bursts.

Four Eyes, though not as reckless, wasn't about to back down. Four Eyes' focus sharpened — heart hammering against his ribs as he matched the acceleration. His car glided in near-perfect alignment with Fatty's, a testament to his careful control.

Pharsa's voice crackled through the radio. "Watch your trajectory — don't just think about speed!"

Fatty barely heard her — his mind was locked onto victory.

The next turn approached — fast.

Four Eyes stole a glance at Fatty, seeing the wild glint in his eyes. "He's going too fast," he realized. "If he doesn't slow before the curve — "

Fatty made a split-second decision — he wouldn't slow down.

The tires screeched violently as Fatty hit the banked turn, the centrifugal force shoving him outward like a slingshot. His car tilted, threatening to lose traction.

Pharsa's voice barked into the radio. "Quan Ye! Adjust!"

Four Eyes took the turn smoothly, keeping his angle sharp, his control unwavering.

Fatty fought for dominance — gritting his teeth, yanking the wheel slightly just enough to regain control. The back end wobbled for a terrifying moment — then caught traction again.

He was still in the race.

But Four Eyes had gained an advantage.

They shot out of the curve, wheels hugging the ground, the stadium lights flashing like blinding streaks against the darkening sky.

Fatty narrowed his eyes. "Not over yet."

He activated the draft — sliding behind Four Eyes, using the air displacement to slingshot forward.

Four Eyes saw it happening — felt it — and immediately adjusted his position, trying to shake Fatty off his tail.

"Fatty's drafting," Pharsa observed, watching with keen interest. "If Four Eyes doesn't block him now, he's losing the lead."

Fatty surged forward.

Four Eyes veered slightly, attempting to cut him off — but Fatty anticipated it, shifting lanes in perfect precision.

Their front bumpers aligned—

Their speeds matched—

The final stretch loomed.

It was now or never.

Pharsa, arms crossed, smirked. "Let's see who really learned something today."

During the Race's final moments. The thunderous roar of engines filled the racetrack, reverberating through the metal grandstands and rattling the very air. Fatty and Four Eyes were locked in a merciless battle — two machines pushed to their absolute limits, their drivers threading the needle between dominance and disaster.

Their NASCARs tore across the track, the world dissolving into streaks of color and blurred motion. The tires screamed against the pavement, scraping the limits of adhesion as their vehicles clawed their way forward, neither giving an inch.

Four Eyes was calculated — cold precision guiding his every move. His grip on the wheel was iron-tight, his mind tuned to the minute vibrations of the car beneath him. He could feel everything — the pressure shifts, the balance adjustments, the exact moments to throttle forward and when to ease off.

Fatty was chaos. A beast barely restrained, riding the razor's edge of recklessness. He had no patience for caution, no tolerance for hesitation. He wanted victory — needed it — and he was willing to gamble every fiber of his being to grasp it.

From the sidelines, Pharsa stood with arms crossed, her expression unreadable, but inside, her instincts screamed. 'Something was wrong.'

Then — it happened.

Fatty yanked his wheel a fraction too hard, pushing into the final turn like a man possessed. His tires bit deep, gripping for dear life, but the angle was too sharp, the force too raw.

A horrible —

SNAP !!!

BOOM !!!

Fatty's rear tires lost traction. The NASCAR lurched violently, fishtailing in an unforgiving whip of momentum.

Four Eyes shot past the finish line, his breath ragged, heart hammering against his ribs. His mind was still flooded with the rush, the sheer electricity of winning — until he realized ‘something was wrong.’

No Fatty. No second car crossed the finish line behind him.

Confusion clouded his thoughts for half a second — then the sound hit him.

A screech of bending metal. The gut-wrenching crunch of impact.

Four Eyes’ head snapped toward the far end of the track, where a fireball had bloomed — violent orange and searing hot.

Fatty’s car had overshot the railing.

And it was burning.

There was a rush to save Fatty.