

Wrath 711

Chapter 711:

Peter Green, a driver?

Vernon erupted in laughter, unable to contain himself.

A sharp look from Aiden was enough to silence Vernon abruptly.

"I just thought of something amusing. Sorry, sorry!" Vernon was curious about what sort of fake identity he might assume. He hoped it wouldn't turn out to be as absurd as Aiden's.

"MO, how about we raise the stakes?" A blend of madness and enthusiasm sparkled in Conley's eyes as he narrowed them. "The previous stakes no longer seem fitting for your status."

"Hey, hey, the race is about to start and you want to raise the stakes now? Are you joking?" Vernon protested, his displeasure evident.

Conley sneered. "Bah. You're merely a nightclub dancer. What gives you the right to speak here?"

What?

A nightclub dancer?

Vernon was seething with anger.

He had believed his fabricated identity would not be overly absurd, yet it appeared to be even more ludicrous than Aiden's.

Despite his stature as a renowned figure in the fashion industry, he was given the identity of a nightclub dancer. How absurd was this situation?

Aiden, on the other hand, felt somewhat relieved. In comparison, his disguise as a driver seemed almost tame.

“MO, what’s your take?”

“No issues here,” Janice responded promptly.

Her decisive reply caught Conley off guard, though he quickly composed himself.

“Just as one would anticipate from Master MO. So, if I come out on top, not only must you hand over ten billion, but you’ll also have to stay the night with me.”

His words left everyone in a state of shock.

Conley dared to make such a proposal to MO? Had he lost his mind? Countless influential figures held MO in high regard. To befriend her was like acquiring additional power.

However, Conley now had the audacity to pursue a night with this distinguished figure? Such an idea was pure insanity! Should other prominent individuals discover this, they could hold resentments towards the Mendoza family.

Yet, Conley truly was that reckless. His confidence in racing was unshakable; he never entertained the thought of defeat.

A fierce intensity already filled Aiden’s gaze.

Janice felt his anger and cast him a look that suggested he should calm down.

“And if you lose?” she asked.

“I’ll submit to any demand you have, even if it means serving as your slave.”

The crowd erupted once more.

This bet was completely outrageous!

For both MO and Conley, defeat meant not just a loss of face but potentially their entire livelihood.

In this race, they were risking both their future and their lives. Janice’s expression remained serene and controlled, giving Conley an unsettled feeling. Yet his excitement quickly resurfaced.

Chapter 712:

On the White Goose Mountain track, he considered himself unbeatable. His eyes narrowed with anticipation as he contemplated the prospect of having someone as formidable and seemingly untouchable as MO concede to him. What a thrill that would be.

“MO, have you decided? Are you willing to take on this new bet?”

“Yes,” Janice confirmed her participation.

The anticipation surrounding the mountain trail race was now at its peak.

“Now, let’s get this started,” Conley said as he swung open his car door and flicked his cigarette to the ground. “Aron, reserve the presidential suite at Kelly Hotel for me.”

“Right away!”

Conley was so confident in the race's outcome that he had his sidekick reserve the presidential suite even before the event began.

The crowd erupted in cheers, fueled by his bold confidence and arrogance.

However, Janice's demeanor remained unaffected, her composure as steady as ever.

"You should have passed on this bet," Aiden murmured, his tone tinged with irritation.

"Am I going to lose?"

"Absolutely not!" Aiden shook his head emphatically, his voice dropping to a cold whisper. "It's just that he doesn't deserve the honor of being your slave."

Janice's lips twitched into a slight smile as she reached out to softly touch Aiden's cheek. "Having him at our hands will smooth our path in Cloverhill. So, defeat him."

"Alright."

"Both of you have lost your minds!" Jorge exclaimed in disbelief. "Though Peter is a skilled driver, Conley is equally impressive. The stakes are massive. What if you lose..."

"Shut up!" Aiden's glare silenced Jorge. "If you were in my shoes, would you have declined?"

Jorge felt a jolt of surprise as memories flooded back. He remembered losing to Conley and how Samantha, his girlfriend, had been forcefully taken from him. Waves of bitterness and anger welled up inside him.

"Never!"

Faced with the same circumstances, Conley would accept the challenge without hesitation.

“Get in the car,” Aiden instructed.

Jorge froze, staring at Aiden with disbelief etched across his face. “What do you mean? You expect me to take the passenger seat? I’ve told you everything I know. There’s no point in riding shotgun again.” Inwardly, he shuddered at the memory of their previous breakneck race.

But Aiden strode to the passenger side and slid in. Jorge’s confusion deepened.

“You’re the one racing Conley,” Aiden said calmly.

His pupils dilated as he turned to Janice. “You can’t be serious. Me? Race against Conley? That’s just...”

Janice’s eyes narrowed to steel slits, her piercing gaze cutting his protest short. “Jorge, you just claimed you wouldn’t refuse a race against Conley. Here’s your chance.”

Chapter 713:

“Why?”

“Because you won’t lose.”

He wouldn’t lose? The word sparked something in Jorge’s chest, sending liquid fire through his veins.

Since his crushing defeat at Conley’s hands, he’d devoted himself to endless practice sessions, dreaming of the day he’d shatter that record and reclaim his pride.

More than that, he yearned to avenge Samantha.

“Do you trust me?” he asked.

“No!” Janice glanced at Aiden, settled silently in the passenger seat. “I only trust him.”

Jorge noticed something then—an unspoken connection between Aiden and Janice that reminded him painfully of what he’d once shared with Samantha. “You really want this?”

“Yes.”

“Alright!” Jorge squared his shoulders, determination hardening his features. “I don’t understand your motives, but if I win this race, I’m at your disposal.”

As Jorge slipped into the driver’s seat, murmurs rippled through the gathered crowd.

“What’s going on? Why is Jorge driving? Has MO lost her mind putting him behind the wheel?”

“MO must have fallen for Conley’s charms. She’s practically handing him the win on a silver platter!”

“The great MO, reduced to this...”

Conley absorbed their mockery like fuel, his lips curling into a predatory smile. Victory, he knew, was already his for the taking.

“How desperate, throwing a has-been into my path. MO, if you’re trying to catch my attention, there are better ways. I might even play along.”

Vroom!

Two beasts of steel and power—one blood red, one sun yellow—crouched at the starting line.

Their engines sang a savage duet that echoed off White Goose Mountain’s slopes, heralding the battle to come.

Conley caught Jorge's eye, flashing a thumbs-up before dramatically inverting it. The taunt hung in the air like smoke.

Jorge's eyes narrowed, but he refused to take the bait. Instead, he centered himself, drawing deep into his core of determination.

"Remember how I drove earlier?" Aiden's voice sliced through the tension from the passenger seat. "Match my technique, and victory is guaranteed."

Jorge whipped his head around in disbelief. "You planned this from the start, didn't you?"

"I was holding back earlier. Didn't want you redecorating the interior." Aiden scoffed. The arrogance blazing in his eyes forced Jorge to look away.

Unbelievable!

He'd thought their earlier run was pushing the limits of physics.

But Aiden had been restraining himself?

Chapter 714:

This wasn't mere arrogance.

This was pure, unshakeable confidence in his abilities.

Suddenly, Janice's words crystallized in his mind. Her trust in Aiden wasn't blind faith; it was calculated certainty that Aiden could guide him to triumph.

"Jorge, if you want to win this duel, you need to be prepared to put it all on the line. If that's too rich for your blood, walk away now. But know this; they'll call you coward till your dying day."

“No, I won’t back out!” The word exploded from Jorge’s chest, raw and defiant. His fingers coiled around the steering wheel like a serpent ready to strike. “I’m taking this race. For Samantha, there’s no limit I won’t push.”

Aiden’s lips curled knowingly. Janice had seen right through Jorge’s blustering facade to the desperate heart beneath—a man who’d move mountains for the woman he’d lost.

Such devotion, when unleashed, could birth miracles or monsters. “Get ready!”

The starter, clad in barely-there racing attire, raised her arms to the star-studded sky.

As her countdown hit zero, her arms slashed downward like twin blades.

Vroom!

Both cars roared to life, catapulting forward in perfect synchronization. The crowd erupted, dozens of drones taking flight to capture what promised to be an epic showdown.

“Can we trust Jorge with this?” Vernon’s anxiety bled through his words.

“Just watch.” Janice drifted to a quiet corner, her eyes fixed on the drone feed, serenity etched in every line of her face.

Vernon marveled at her composure. With stakes this high, most would be extremely nervous. Yet Janice stood unruffled, as if she already knew the outcome of the race. He could only admire her composure, a trait not everyone possessed.

“Look! Conley is in the lead!”

“Conley’s car has undergone several modifications. Its speed surpasses Jorge’s. On this straight mountain trail, he’s bound to pull far ahead.”

The red Lamborghini surged forward like a wild stallion, swiftly outpacing the yellow one.

Conley glanced in the rearview mirror, spotting Jorge in relentless pursuit. A slight smile crept across his lips as he steered with one hand, the other resting nonchalantly on the window, projecting a sense of effortless ease.

Jorge's eyes narrowed at the sight. Just as he prepared to accelerate, Aiden intervened.

"If you want to win, stay cool. You're a better driver than most, but you lack nerve and composure."

"I can't stand his arrogance," Jorge replied.

Aiden's laugh was icy. "Weren't you just as arrogant before? Without actual skill, your arrogance only makes you appear foolish."

Jorge, seething with anger, found himself without a comeback. He had indeed acted arrogantly in front of Janice, never anticipating her formidable nature. He could no longer boast in her presence.

Reflecting on it, he felt foolish.

"Recall how I drove earlier. Victory hinges on how you handle the curves," Aiden instructed, his eyes intense. "At these critical moments, it's all about courage. The one with more courage will win."

Chapter 715:

Jorge inhaled deeply, steadying his nerves. He tightened his grip on the steering wheel, focusing on the curve ahead.

Conley approached the curve and tapped the brakes, preparing to drift.

But as he slowed, a yellow blur zipped past in his peripheral vision.

What?

Conley's eyes widened as Jorge sped ahead.

"Is he crazy? He's not slowing down. Does he plan to soar off the curve?"

The curve was nearly sixty degrees. Not slowing down was almost certain to result in losing control and veering off the mountain road. Below lay a sheer cliff, and a misstep here meant certain death. The crowd was stunned and fearful.

"Jorge's lost his mind! He's not slowing down. Is he trying to kill himself?"

"Many racers have tackled this curve, but none dared to do so without braking. Jorge must be out of his mind."

The crowd gasped in unison. Jorge, now leading, risked everything by not slowing down at the curve—a decision akin to courting death. They envisioned his car soaring off the road, plummeting into the void below.

"No!" Vernon cried out, his voice tinged with fear. Yet, when he turned to Janice, his anxiety faltered.

She stood serene, her gaze as placid as a still, deep lake.

Boom!

Jorge's eyes were wide with concentration, locked on the challenging curve ahead.

He remembered Aiden's earlier maneuver; its boldness sent a chill through him. Now, he had to execute it himself.

“Now it’s my turn.” With a determined breath, Jorge tightened his grip and spun the steering wheel.

The yellow Lamborghini took the curve sideways at such a blistering speed that it left the onlookers speechless.

From behind, Conley watched with a dismissive sneer. “Jorge, this will be your downfall.”

But his scorn was short-lived. In a breathtaking move, the rear of Jorge’s Lamborghini grazed the barrier, the impact angling it perfectly through the curve.

Boom!

With the ferocity of an unleashed beast, the yellow Lamborghini roared out of the curve, leaving everyone astounded by the audacious maneuver.

What?

Not just Conley, but the entire crowd was stunned by Jorge’s daring drive.

“Brilliant!” Vernon shouted, his excitement erupting amidst the shocked silence. “I thought he was going to crash and fly off the road. But that clever collision corrected the angle and allowed him to exit the curve smoothly. That was insane. Absolutely insane!”

A smile played on Janice’s lips, her eyes twinkling with satisfaction.

Jorge had shown remarkable potential. By observing Aiden just once, he had managed to emulate such skillful driving. To call him a genius might even be an understatement.

“How is this even possible?” By then, Conley had also navigated the curve, but he found himself lagging behind Jorge. “How did he manage to do that? Using the barrier’s rebound to angle into the curve!”

Chapter 716:

As Conley watched Jorge's increasingly adept driving, a cold glint appeared in his eyes.

"It must be luck! I refuse to believe you can consistently take curves like that!"

He gritted his teeth and pushed the accelerator to the floor, desperate to close the gap on the straight stretch.

Despite his efforts, with Jorge leading, overtaking him proved challenging.

Their cars were both heavily modified, which meant the performance difference was minimal. Now, the decisive factor was their skill at navigating the curves.

"There's another curve ahead!"

Jorge narrowed his eyes and sped up, planning to take the next curve without braking, aiming to use the barrier's rebound to perfect his trajectory once again.

But this time, Conley was right on his tail.

"What?" Jorge was startled. He hadn't anticipated Conley would be so close. "Is he trying to mimic my maneuver on the curve?"

"Jorge, the real test now is courage," Aiden declared, his smile chilling as a fierce light flickered in his eyes. "Release the fury you've been harboring."

The image of Samantha's smile momentarily flashed through Jorge's mind, tightening his resolve. "I won't lose! Absolutely not!"

With renewed determination, he sped towards the upcoming curve.

Conley's eyes narrowed in disbelief. He didn't expect Jorge to be so reckless, as if he were seeking death.

"You reckless fool!" Conley muttered under his breath, opting to brake sharply at the last second, cautiously slowing to navigate the curve and avoid collision.

As he decelerated, he saw Jorge's car slam into the barrier. The impact provided a powerful rebound, correcting Jorge's angle and allowing him to exit the curve smoothly.

However, the angle was too sharp this time; Jorge's car briefly lost control, veering towards the side barrier.

Struggling to maintain speed and steer, Jorge felt disoriented from the harsh collision, but he eventually regained control.

This was sheer madness!

Pure insanity!

Jorge's heart pounded wildly.

Out of the corner of his eye, he caught Aiden, calm and composed.

Even behind sunglasses and a mask, Aiden's presence was stabilizing. "Jorge, that's exactly what you need to do! Channel your inner turmoil. Let this car be an extension of yourself. Show the one behind you the depth of your wrath."

Jorge took a deep breath, his gaze growing more determined.

His anger had simmered for far too long; now was the moment to let it surge forth.

The crowd on the mountain watched tensely as Conley failed to overtake Jorge through several sharp bends.

Earlier, they had mocked Jorge confidently. If Jorge won this race, how could they face him again?

“Wait! There’s a car coming up!”

“What’s going on? Wasn’t the mountain road supposed to be closed?”

“It looks like a Cullinan.”

Chapter 717:

At the mention of a Cullinan, the crowd realized the newcomer was not ordinary.

Yet, with the race reaching its climax, this unexpected vehicle could complicate matters for both Conley and Jorge.

“Esther, are we really going to watch the race?” A girl, Minnie Payne, in the Cullinan frowned, glancing at her companion. “I’ve heard the men here are quite wild. Isn’t it risky for just the two of us?”

“Don’t worry. My brother runs this crowd. They won’t dare cause trouble. He aims to break the race record, so it’s crowded today. Maybe you’ll even meet some nice guy,” replied Esther Mendoza.

Both girls had their charms—one gentle and sweet, the other vibrant and engaging.

Minnie sighed, feeling cornered by her friend’s enthusiasm, yet she agreed to join. “Sorry. I’m really not looking for a relationship right now.”

“Minnie, you’re not getting any younger. Isn’t it strange you’ve never dated?” Esther frowned. “Look at me. I’ve just ended one relationship and I’m already exploring options with a few guys. Maybe I should date someone more mature this time?”

Minnie rolled her eyes, speechless.

Her friend was impressive in many ways, but was fickle in love, changing boyfriends monthly. It was surprising they got along so well, given that she had never had a boyfriend in over twenty years.

Vroom!

Suddenly, the roar of engines filled the air.

Esther flinched, then saw two Lamborghinis racing toward them.

The bright headlights forced her to instinctively shut her eyes.

“Watch out!”

A shout pierced the air.

Esther’s eyes snapped open to see the Lamborghinis looming close. In a panic, she slammed on the brakes and yanked the wheel, trying to dodge the oncoming cars, but she lost control.

A loud crash echoed as the Cullinan collided with the mountainside and came to a jarring halt.

Jorge, caught in the race, hadn’t anticipated another vehicle on the mountain road. Spotting the Cullinan, he braked sharply and narrowly missed it. His car scraped against the barrier before coming to a stop.

Conley reacted similarly, swerving to avoid the Cullinan and halting on the opposite side. He recognized the Cullinan but quickly refocused on the race, restarting his engine and speeding away.

“Jorge, you’re on your own from here,” Aiden said.

“Peter?” Jorge was stunned to see Aiden emerging from the car. Aiden stood, his back to Jorge, his sunglasses knocked off in the chaos, revealing his icy stare.

“From the start, you were racing alone. Whether you win this race is up to you, not me. Channel your anger.”

Jorge clenched his jaw, fired up his engine, and tore after Conley. Aiden glanced at the Cullinan and walked over. He could have left it behind and continued the race with Jorge.

But if Janice discovered he’d left someone in distress, her fury would be inevitable.

Janice, known as the surgeon MO, was committed to saving lives. She would never tolerate seeing someone in need overlooked by her people.

“What is Aiden doing?” Vernon’s eyes widened as Aiden leaped from the vehicle and sprinted toward the stranded Cullinan, intending to rescue those trapped inside. “Is he really going to let Jorge face Conley alone? Isn’t that like forfeiting the race?”

Chapter 718:

Janice maintained her composure, a knowing glint in her eyes. She understood Aiden’s motives perfectly. “He’s doing the right thing. If he didn’t help, I would find him despicable.”

“But we’re going to lose! How can you remain so serene?” Vernon tugged at his hair in frustration, baffled by Janice’s unwavering calm. Even with Aiden behind the wheel, victory hadn’t been guaranteed. Now, with Jorge facing Conley alone, what chance did they have?

“Please! Tell me why you’re so calm. I’m sick with concern! If anything happens to you, Leah will have my head!” Leah held Janice in such high regard that she would willingly lay down her life at Janice’s mere request.

"Come. Get in," Janice said, swinging the car door open. Bewildered, Vernon complied. "Where are we going?"

A dull thud cut through the air. Janice's fist connected with precise force. Vernon slumped backward, unconscious.

"Your fretting was giving me a headache," Janice muttered, brushing off her knuckles. "Take a rest. This will all be over when you wake." Her attention returned to the screen above.

Aiden had already wrenched the Cullinan's door from its hinges and was checking on the occupants. Without warning, a deadly cascade of earth and stone began tumbling down the mountainside.

"Dear God! The impact must have destabilized the slope. We could have a full landslide any second!"

"That driver has lost his mind, gambling with his life for strangers!"

"Why are you all just standing there gawking? Help me get these people out!" Aron's blood ran cold as he recognized that the Cullinan belonged to Esther, Conley's sister. She must have come to witness her brother's record attempt, only to become entangled in this nightmare.

If harm came to Esther, Conley would never forgive him.

"Aron, why the rush? It's just a Cullinan. You're behaving as if royalty were trapped inside."

"Indeed! We barricaded the mountain road. Anyone foolish enough to venture here has sealed their own fate."

"Quiet, everyone!" Aron's thunderous command cut through the chatter, his face contorted with rage and fear. "That vehicle belongs to Conley's sister. If anything happens to her, we'll all be in trouble!" The color drained from every face at the mention of Conley's sister. Terror rippled through the crowd like a cold wind.

“Quick! We must aid them!”

“Dear God! The mountain’s giving way!”

On the display screen, viewers watched in horror as the mountainside began to crumble, rocks tumbling down like deadly rain.

At the last possible instant, the Cullinan’s engine roared to life, the vehicle lurching forward just as the avalanche crashed down behind it. Janice frowned as she watched the landslide, her eyes filled with concern.

While she’d held unwavering faith in their chances against Conley, this accident was completely unexpected. Even someone of Aiden’s extraordinary capabilities couldn’t survive being buried beneath tons of rock and earth.

Relief flooded through her as she watched Aiden navigate to safety.

Minnie’s consciousness flickered like a candle in the wind. Her head throbbed mercilessly, and her body felt as though it were made of lead, refusing even the slightest movement.

Chapter 719:

“Esther...”

“Don’t move. Just lie still.” A low voice was heard.

With tremendous effort, Minnie forced her heavy eyelids open. Her blurred vision focused on a pair of intense eyes gazing down at her —eyes that belonged to a masked figure, the rest of his features hidden from view.

“Who are you?”

“Your friend passed out, but she’s fine. I’m taking you both up the mountain for treatment.”

“Thank you.”

The words had barely left her lips before darkness claimed her once again.

Aiden cast a grim look at the debris-strewn road behind them. The mountain path ahead was their only option now.

The Cullinan lived up to its reputation—even with a crumpled front, its engine held strong. Had it been any other vehicle, they’d be buried beneath the avalanche by now.

With practiced precision, Aiden guided the wounded vehicle up the treacherous mountain path.

A sea of anxious faces materialized around the car the moment they arrived, each person jostling for a glimpse inside.

As Conley’s sister, Esther’s safety wasn’t just a matter of conscience; it was a matter of survival. Even if blameless, they knew Conley’s fury would be all-consuming should any harm befall her.

“Miss Mendoza!” Aron lunged for the door handle, but in one fluid motion, Aiden’s boot sent him sprawling backward.

“What are you doing?”

Conley’s friends bristled at this silent act of aggression, their faces twisted with indignation.

But when they met Aiden’s steel-cold gaze, their bravado evaporated like morning dew. Something in those eyes stopped them dead in their tracks.

What was with this man?

What power lurked behind those eyes that could freeze blood with a single look?

Not even their family patriarchs possessed such a terrifying presence—an aura that spoke of dangers beyond their comprehension.

“Move!” Aiden emerged from the car. His voice, cold and authoritative, cleared his path.

Janice walked over, exchanged a look with Aiden, and slid into the car. Positioned beside the vehicle, Aiden made sure no one bothered Janice. Known as the surgeon MO, Janice was undoubtedly there to attend to the two girls’ injuries.

Realizing her profession, the crowd promptly gave way, not wanting to interfere.

“They’ve sustained some minor cuts and a light concussion. They need to rest well,” Janice said as she exited the car, having cared for the girls. Relieved by her words, the crowd sighed collectively.

With the girls out of danger, the bystanders felt secure, knowing they wouldn’t face consequences.

“Aiden...” Janice whispered to Aiden.

“I didn’t touch them,” Aiden interrupted, lifting his hands to show he hadn’t come close to the girls.

Janice rolled her eyes, slightly exasperated. “Why are you even telling me this? We aren’t dating. Even if you had, it wouldn’t concern me.”

Chapter 720:

“Oh, that hurts,” Aiden responded, his expression turning sorrowful.

“If it was in the past, I wouldn’t have bothered to help those girls.”

“Then why did you decide to help them?”

“You’re MO. If I did nothing, what would people think of you?” Considering his logic, Janice found it unexpectedly rational. “Fine. You did well. Come here,” she said, motioning to Aiden with a gesture.

Aiden, slightly unsure, moved closer. “What?”

Reaching up, Janice pecked him on the cheek.

Aiden stood frozen. “Janice, you...”

Before he could say more, Janice stepped away and slipped a new pair of sunglasses onto his face. “It’s your reward.”

“Can I get a couple more? Maybe two, to match the number of people I saved?”

Janice waved her hand dismissively in front of Aiden. “How about I give you two slaps instead?”

“Let’s not get into that,” Aiden said, his laughter tinged with awkwardness, yet inside, he felt a surge of joy. Day by day, Janice was drawing nearer to him.

Eventually, he hoped to win her over.

Everyone’s focus turned back to the race. Their attention had been on Esther, but they soon realized that the race between Jorge and Conley was approaching its final stretch. Jorge, previously far behind, had miraculously caught up with Conley. His yellow Lamborghini aggressively chased Conley’s red one, resembling a determined hunter.

“This is unbelievable! Jorge was held up for such a long time. How is it possible that he’s this close?”

“Did you see that turn Jorge made? Incredible!”

Despite multiple crashes against the barriers, the yellow car relentlessly pursued, its body badly damaged, appearing nearly ready to fall apart. The car was badly distorted, as though it could crumble into pieces at any second.

Conley was now in a state of panic, frequently glancing at the rearview mirror from the corner of his eye. With every glimpse of the yellow Lamborghini bearing down like a wild animal, his heart thudded violently.

“Is he out of his mind? Losing this race isn’t the end of the world for him. Why push so hard?”

“Here he comes again!”

Another sharp turn was approaching. This ninety-degree turn required slowing down significantly to avoid disaster on the mountainous road.

“He’s out of his mind! He’s actually risking his life!” Conley observed as Jorge sped by without decelerating, their eyes locking briefly.

Jorge’s look was intense, furious, and full of overwhelming anger. Conley felt intimidated. In that instant, he understood that Jorge had completely lost it, ready to risk it all just to beat him.

“Conley, I have to win this race! I will get justice for Samantha and make sure you kneel in front of her picture to offer your apologies!” Jorge inhaled deeply, his eyes burning with determination. He yanked on the steering wheel.

Once more, the car slammed into the barrier, and the force of the rebound corrected its angle as it entered the curve. But this time, the impact was insufficient. The yellow Lamborghini sped towards the cliff edge.