

## Arabella 1651

### Chapter 1651

"Best two out of three, first one to the finish line takes the crown. You got the rules of the underground street race, right? A little bumping is all in the game."

Arabella's lips curled into a smirk, "Sure, let's get this show on the road."

Seeing Arabella so nonchalant, Harlan couldn't help but chuckle again. Gutsy little thing, he thought, impressed by the young woman's courage.

He wondered if she'd keep that cool composure when their cars started trading paint. As he slid into his sleek white sports car, folks from Arabella's crew, the Light Fleet, rallied around her with cheers and support.

"Go Bella! You've got this!"

"Don't stress it. Even if you lose, Ms. Almond knows how to handle him. No need to play the sacrificial lamb."

"Knock on wood! What're you even saying? Bella's gonna breeze through to victory."

"Yeah, yeah, Ms. Almond's been talking you up, Bella. That championship is as good as yours!"

leggy dame with a whistle around her neck, piped up, her voice broadcasting through

get ready. Cars will line up at the starting

Light Fleet member handed her a bottle

you nuts? It's freezing out here! Get her

don't sweat it. Let me give you a quick shoulder massage to loosen up," another

Mignon, her curiosity getting the better of

her voice calm and even, adding

took a good long moment to mentally reassure

either." Arabella said coolly,

to give up hope, prodded further, "Then you must be like, a serious car enthusiast, right? You've probably spent a lot of time racing for

know how to move

took another deep breath. They were expecting a ringer brought in by

"So, um, if you don't mind me asking," Mignon ventured timidly, her heart in her throat, "do you have a driver's license?"

"Yes."

A collective sigh of relief - at least there was no illegal driving. But tonight's race was fierce; it wasn't just any driver's game. Harlan had left many pros battered and bruised, and some had even landed in the hospital.

And Ms. Almond was putting this girl, with no racing chops to speak of, in the hot seat. If Arabella got wrecked, how would they ever explain it to Ms. Almond?

"Maybe we should let Candice take over." Mignon suggested out of concern about safety.

Candice might not be as sharp as Ms. Almond, but she had some racing under her belt and had done her homework on the Kowloon Bay track.

"Don't worry," Arabella reassured as the clock ticked down, easing her car to the starting line.

A red and a white racer revved their engines, primed and ready to set out.