

Arabella 1644

Chapter 1644

"Just the usual."

Ophelia had a passion for extreme sports that knew no bounds. Parkour, rock climbing, bungee jumping, and skydiving were all in her wheelhouse.

She was born with a silver spoon, the sole heiress to a prosperous family. Two years prior, upon finishing her college studies ahead of schedule, her parents had entrusted her with the family empire.

To the world, she was the formidable Ms. Almond, but behind closed doors, she morphed into a race car driver, a parkour expert, a legend on the ski slopes, and a skydiving enthusiast, among other things.

Her squad - Arabella, Kelly, and two other gals - were kindred spirits, tight as can be.

They kept to their own lives, rarely bothering each other, but were ready to lend a hand or share a slice of life in their group chat at a moment's notice.

"Perfect timing, I need a favor." Ophelia said with a beaming smile, "Took a bit of a tumble doing some extreme sports a few days ago and messed up my foot. There's an underground car race tonight, and I need you to step in for my team."

sanctioned ones; it was all about showing up

the other team has

possession of some enigmatic mogul whose drift racing team was the scourge of Belloria. They boasted that no crew in Belloria could touch them and promised to hand over

each taking turns to dethrone them. But without exception, all challengers faced

were, had been poised to win the crown until her unfortunate injury. She had considered powering through, but

"Is the

left me with those treasures. The family doc said your stuff was better than theirs. Been using it for about

is this other team?" Arabella probed

"They're worth the challenge."

like that meant they

the race, I'll come check

waiting at home. We'll celebrate

She had a video conference tonight and couldn't be at the race. "My team will be there to cheer you on. They all know you. Just do your normal play." Ophelia continued, "The other side is full of braggarts with

foul mouths. If you can't stand them, feel free to trash the place, throw a punch if you need to. If things go south, I've got your back."

After all, the Almond family carried weight in these circles. Arabella chuckled, "I don't lose my cool that easily."

But if those guys needed a lesson, she wouldn't hesitate to teach them. After a good chat with Ophelia, Arabella noticed that Horace had sent her a few messages not too long ago.

"Boss, we originally offered them 30 million, and they agreed to sell, but now they're backpedaling, saying they want to think it over. They think the price is too low."

Thirty million was low?

"They're clearly playing us," Horace seemed annoyed.

Arabella was straightforward, "What do they really want?"

"They said without 50 million, their boss probably won't budge. That island is his pride and joy."