

## Arabella 1655

### Chapter 1655

"No wonder Ms. Almond sent you to save the day – you're like a dark horse!"

"Moments ago, you were playing all humble, claiming you only knew the basics – forward, reverse, braking. But you drive like a pro!"

"You've been flying under the radar, haven't you?"

"Tonight, we're definitely taking down Kowloon Bay!"

While Arabella's teammates from Light Fleet were cheering for her, Harlan pushed through his consoling friends and stormed toward them with anger written all over his face. He slapped the hood of Arabella's car for emphasis.

"Get out." He cried out with his teeth gritted, regardless of his image, his voice laced with barely contained rage, "You couldn't possibly out-drive me. Tell me the truth – is this car rigged? Turn it off and get out, I want to check."

Arabella remained seated in the driver's seat. Ready for the next race, she was not willing to waste time indulging him.

Her Light Fleet crew quickly formed a protective barrier in front of her.

Bella to step out for a check, you'll have to admit that you've been out-driven," one of them said. "Then layout. There was no other explanation for telling you to get out.

not modified, what

look and

"Get out!"

the opposing team, one by one, started

bold voice rang out from

Making a scene over a girl

the voice, some with a hint of wariness. Timothy

heir to the Bynes

like she owned the track, even outpacing me."

Harlan's face hardened.

"If you wants to check her car, shouldn't you negotiate with her and get her consent, instead of banging on her vehicle and demanding she steps out with a posse. If she's clean, would you be willing to apologize in front of everyone?"

Arabella glanced over. A young man stood in front of the spectator stands, whose expensive attire setting him apart from the crowd. Even separated by the protective netting of the racetrack, he still stood out with an air of evident chivalry. His presence commanded respect.

Mr. Bynes?

She'd never heard the name before.

Harlan, grasping at straws to justify his loss, insisted, "If I've misjudged her, I'll apologize. But only if she has the guts to step out and let us check!"

Unexpectedly, Arabella cut the engine, put on a black mask, opened the car door, and stepped out.

Timothy hadn't expected the girl to be so slender and so tall. The mysterious allure she had behind the wheel was nothing compared to the real, close-up impact of her presence.