

Arabella 1656

Chapter 1656

He couldn't believe how stunning her eyes were!

When she was seated in the car, he saw her behind the wheel and caught a glimpse of her face – she was absolutely gorgeous.

Last night, all he saw was her agility and deft movements. He didn't expect that when she stood before him, her figure and poise would be so stunning.

Timothy was gobsmacked, utterly unable to tear his gaze away until Harlan stepped forward to inspect things. That's when he finally spoke up, "Let someone from another team handle it."

Perhaps fearing that Harlan wouldn't be fair, a volunteer from one of the other teams stepped up with an air of eagerness. After a thorough check, he announced, "The turbocharger, the clutch, you name it – it's all stock. Top speed's legit, only 210 mph."

"No way." Harlan's face soured, disbelief etched into every line in his face. The results were a slap to his pride.

How could it be stock!

It couldn't possibly be stock!

But the crowd was already jeering at him.

"Can't handle losing, eh?"

stock. You got beat

wasn't the one inspecting. He would've claimed it was rigged for racing or

With her speed, Harlan could race her ten more times and still might as well call the results. It's just the Kowloon Bay track.

rippled

"The boss is here."

with an unmistakable authority, his presence parting the

boss was here to

told him to buzz

girl who had captivated everyone's attention – the same striking eyes

doubt about it, it

if she was part of the Light Fleet or not; all

her in private. If you're not, why should I tell

was as cool and

her voice was so captivating, which further deepened his

"How dare you! Do you have any idea who you're talking to?" Steward moved to teach the girl a lesson.

But Sean just smirked, with a devil-may-care glinting in his eye, "If I win, you have to answer that question."

"Then you'll never know the answer in this lifetime."

Sean just chuckled at her response – she was bold, almost like him.

"You think you can beat our boss?" A member of the Drift Kings couldn't hold back his derision.

In the eyes of onlookers, she was so naïve, still unscathed by the harsh realities of the world, that she was unaware of the caliber of racer standing before her.

"Can we race now?" Arabella was clearly not interested in wasting any more time here.

She seemed to not fear him one bit, as if racing him was merely a formality, a pit stop before more pressing matters.

Sean laughed. He'd seen confident racers before, but she was something else. Fine, he thought, let's show the little lady that there are always bigger fish.

Harlan was taken aback as Sean walked past him and climbed into his car, ready to show everyone just what he was made of.