

## Arabella 1650

### Chapter 1650

Just then, the thunderous roar of an engine pierced the night, growing louder as it raced toward them.

A beam of headlights washed over Harlan, who squinted against the glare, instinctively looking toward the source of the light.

"Captain, someone's coming." A member of the Drift Kings shouted as he noticed a red sports car barreling their way at breakneck speed, and quickly tugged Harlan back a few steps.

Arabella slammed on the brakes just in time, the car coming to a halt where Harlan had been standing moments before. If he and his crew hadn't moved so fast, they would've been sent flying.

Arabella rolled down her window, and a few members from the Light Fleet saw her and cheered, "Bella!"

Bella had finally arrived! Talk about perfect timing. They had nearly scared the daylights out of them.

One of the members hurriedly texted Ophelia to share the excitement.

Hearing the name "Bella," Harlan narrowed his eyes, sizing up the girl in the driver's seat. The headlights obscured her face, but he could tell she was a stranger - and a knockout at that. He scoffed, "Do you know how to drive, or what? You almost turned my boys and me into roadkill!"

seemed quick enough on your

empty, pressed further, "Where's Ophelia? Got cold feet, did she? Who the hell

the Light Fleet, and she's more than enough to take you

deadpan, and bluffed, "Bella only shows up for the big races. Her being here is practically

Ophelia's age. What's

the Kowloon Bay track." Harlan's eyes were locked on Arabella's stunning features, "But if you

"How about ten nights?"

up at

crew was stunned. Was Bella playing for

you," He couldn't imagine getting bored with a face

to the finish of Kowloon Bay, shouting all the way that you're a

arrogant grin widening, "Deal. But I've raced

"What if you do?"

grew with

"Dare to tell everyone about our wager?"

Harlan turned to his crew and shouted, "You all hear that? If I lose, I crawl from the start to the finish shouting I'm a beast! And if I win, as of tonight, you guys get a new sister-in-law."

The Drift Kings whooped and hollered, eagerly anticipating Arabella's humiliation.

"Your car's not up to snuff, doesn't have the power mine does." Harlan patted the hood of Arabella's car with a self-assured smirk, "Wanna borrow a real race car?"

They had specific cars for official races, with standardized 2.4L V8 engines capped at 850 horsepower to ensure fair competition and driver safety.

But Arabella just laughed it off, "We're here for thrills, not kids' play."

A little horsepower like that was nothing to her. Harlan hadn't expected her to be so gutsy, "Well, I won't go easy on you later."

His sports car had a 10 kilometer-per-hour advantage over Arabella's - he could push 350, but she was capped at 340.