

Arabella 1652

Chapter 1652

The roar of the crowd was relentless, with most of the cheers echoing the name "Harlan," the hometown hero and a celebrated racer who had competed in plenty of races and earned his stripes as the deputy captain of the Drift Devils.

But Arabella, not a single spectator seemed to know her. Only a scant few voices chanted, "Come on, Light Fleet!!"

Candice tried to keep the spirits up, "We've got to trust Ms. Almond's judgment, and have faith in Bella!"

Mignon wanted to say that she really worried Arabella might get hurt. She knew all too well that Harlan would stop at nothing to win.

"I'll just go remind Bella to be careful of Harlan," Mignon quickly trotted over to Arabella.

Arabella replied with calmness, "Don't worry about it."

Meanwhile, Timothy Bynes received a tip that the mysterious girl who had caused a scene last night was spotted at Kowloon Bay, evidently drawn to the excitement of the night's car race.

extended even to her hobbies. Timothy raced to the venue, scouring the stands, unable to find the girl with the black mask, no one whose eyes resembled

Bynes, no sign

her over

she hit

cars in the race tonight, maybe she left early? Not

Bynes, we've combed through the stands and there's no

that said they saw her

men approached, "Mr. Bynes, it's my day off, and I was just here to enjoy the race

Timothy snapped,

was about to tell you on the phone

red race

his men pointed towards the starting line, "Mr.

In the red sports car, a girl sat at the wheel, her window already rolled up, headlights on, but even through the windshield, Timothy could still make out her features.

Despite the distance, he could feel her cool, noble aura. It was the same feeling that had hit him the night before.

Her hair was up in the same bun, and without the mask, her face seemed quite pretty.

Timothy was mesmerized; the overall beauty of her face took him by surprise. Last night, he had thought that even if her face was ordinary beneath the mask, he was keen to meet her.

Now, he was utterly smitten. The crowd in front was thick, and Timothy could only stand on the steps, watching her from afar.

Which team was she with?

"Which teams are facing off tonight?" Timothy asked one of his men.