

Chapter 4 Race

Deterred by Kelvin's aggressiveness, the taxi driver timidly replied, "No, I didn't say anything. I'm sorry. I still have a customer. I won't disturb your race any longer. Have fun!"

When Kelvin casually glanced at the back seat, our eyes met. I frowned slightly in silence, pretending not to know him.

He might have the same thoughts as me because he calmly looked away without saying hello, stuffed a thick stack of money into the driver's hand, and said, "Mental damage compensation."

The driver did not dare to accept it but said, "No, thanks."

The owners of the red and yellow cars whistled loudly to urge Kelvin, saying, "What're you doing? Let's go!"

Kelvin jerked his chin at me and said to the driver, "You are not sick. But your customer may be sick."

I glared at him, wondering why he suddenly scolded me. And I couldn't help snapping back, "You are sick!"

Kelvin slightly tilted his head, quickly walked to the back seat, opened the car door without saying a word, and dragged me out.

"What are you doing?"

I was no match for him in strength, so he easily stuffed me into his ostentatious

Bugatti Veyron.

The taxi driver was so frightened that he immediately drove his car away without asking me to pay, pretending not to hear me call for help.

I banged the locked car door hard and shouted, "Let me get off!"

Kelvin forcibly fixed me in the passenger seat with the seat belt and impatiently said, "Shut up if you cannot talk to me in the voice that night."

Before I could react, the sports car shot out when the engine roared.

The strong inertia instantly pushed me back in the seat. My heart was racing wildly, so I reflexively clenched the

handle. I was so nervous that my throat tensed up, so I couldn't make a sound.

The other two cars were running side by side with Kelvin's, and the sounds of their engines were even more deafening. They sped on the road at high speed, gradually left behind the bright neon lights in the city center, and roared into the winding mountain road with no end in sight.

The winding mountain road was only wide enough for two cars to run side by side. Instead of slowing down, Kelvin drove even faster, fighting for the lane with the other two cars.

I was going crazy!

Soon, he overtook them and ran to the front. Because he kept turning the steering wheel, my body was repeatedly



thrown to the left and then to the right. I saw my body was about to hit on the steep mountain. But the next second, I found the cliff was below the car window.

Soon, the red and yellow cars chose to team up to force him out of the lane.

The car violently shook when being hit, and the sound of the tires rubbing against the ground was harsh. Suddenly, we deviated from the original direction and rushed toward the cliff.

I instantly felt my butt leave the seat. I was so frightened that I held my breath and instinctively closed my eyes.

After a period of dizziness, I felt my soul out of my body because I couldn't perceive anything from the outside world.



Suddenly, someone pushed him and said, "Don't get my car dirty."

I instantly opened my eyes and crawled out of the car. I felt weak in my legs as if stepping on cotton, so I lost my balance and fell to the ground. Pressing my hands on the rough ground, I vomited.

I hadn't eaten dinner yet, and my lunch had already been digested. My stomach was empty, so what I puked up was gastric acid.

Hearing a contemptuous sneer, I feebly raised my pale face.

In the night, Kelvin leaned back crookedly on the car with his legs crossed. Flicking the cigarette ash with his right index finger, he condescendingly looked down at me with an interested



look on his cynical face, admiring my discomfiture.

What a hideous man!

I gritted my teeth and glared at him, intending to grab the sand and rocks on the ground to hit him!

But the red and yellow cars suddenly arrived at the flat ground on the top of the mountain. Then, the two car owners got off with two hot blondes.

The four of them were all as calm as Kelvin. Only I was in distress.

Kelvin lazily turned his head to look at them and said, "I haven't raced for two years, but you still can't defeat me."



The owner of the red car was not convinced, so he said, "Stop being arrogant! Two out of three! You only won the first round!"

Kelvin raised his eyebrows and readily agreed, "If you want to lose more disastrously, I will satisfy you."

When I heard this, my face turned paler. Two out of three? Would he still force me to sit in the passenger seat?

"Hurry up and start the second game!"

The owner of the yellow car relieved my worries.

Since they would play a new game, I probably would not have to suffer it one more time. But before I could breathe a

sigh of relief, Kelvin asked, "Can you stand up?"

I had an ominous premonition, so I asked, "What are you going to do?"

Kelvin didn't answer but said, "You can sit still if you can't get up. Remember! Don't move."

After finishing speaking, he threw away the unfinished cigarette and got into the car.

The blond next to the owner of the yellow car pitied me, so she kindly came over to explain the rules of the game, saying, "You haven't played it before, right? They are going to speed up the cars, rush toward their dates, and jam on the brakes at the last second. Whoever's car is the closest to the girl will win."



Hearing this, I trembled all over.