

Chapter 699

Jenny smiled, "Thank you very much then."

"Ola, I'll leave you alone then, so pay attention to your text messages later."

"Okay, thanks."

After hanging up, it wasn't long before a text message did come in.

Jenny clicked on it and looked carefully at the address, finding that it was a venue that he had visited long ago when he was still in the F country.

She thought about copying the address and sending a copy to Mo Nan before putting the phone away.

"Make a note of this address, and we should be there for the next two days."

Mo Nan pulled out her phone, took a look at it, and asked, "Is it a training facility?"

Jenny nodded.

After all, she hadn't really raced a car in years, and no matter how good a peak runner is, she still won't find her form if she doesn't touch it for a few years.

Jenny had only given himself two days, and two days to return to his old senses was already impressive.

Mo Nan memorized the address, and after a few dozen seconds, put the phone away.

"Okay, I've made a note of that."

Jenny nodded, and only then did they pay the bill and head out.

Exiting the restaurant, Mo Nan asked, "Now where are we going? Back to the hotel?"

Jenny looked at the time, it was only eight o'clock in the evening.

She thought, shaking her head, "Let's not go back yet, it's still early, why don't we go over to the venue?"

Mo Nan had long wanted to see her drive with her own eyes, and her eyes lit up at the news, nodding her head, "Yes!"

They agreed, so they took a taxi to the practice area.

Sam introduced her to this venue, Jenny had been here several times before.

But because at that time, she was still spending most of her time at the practice grounds within the Dragon Corps.

So, it's less likely to come outside.

This time, the chance to return to his hometown was actually a rare event for Jenny.

The venue wasn't far from the restaurant where they were eating, but it was a twenty minute drive away.

In the distance, there was a line of striking buildings ahead.

The iron-gray house with two striking letters – m.g. – built high above it.

Jenny knew that was the name of this practice field.

I've heard that they also have a racing group of their own, and have won several times a significant number of places, but unlike other groups, they are purely interested in racing, and not as mixed as the Dragons.

Such a place was the perfect choice for Jenny.

After all, according to her status, no matter which name practice ground she went to within those groups, it would lead to unnecessary misunderstandings and trouble.

Only a place as absolutely neutral as m.g. would allow her to join with such distractions.

After they entered, Sleepy for Sam greeted them in advance, so as soon as they saw them, someone immediately greeted them.

"May I ask if it's Miss King and Miss Mo?"

Jenny nodded.

After seven years, she looks and looks different now than she did seven years ago.

Also, there is a flow of people here, so it's normal that they don't know her.

"Hello guys, I'm told you're going to rent the field here for two days to practice racing, right?"

Jenny replied, "Yes, is it convenient to go check it out now?"

"Conveniently, you come with me."

I said, and took them to the back.

There's a row of iron-gray buildings in front of this side, and a whole lot of open space behind it.

All of them are driving ranges.

There was a large number of racing cars of various colours parked to the left, several of which, Jenny had seen before, were the same championship cars that had made a name for themselves in all the previous major races.

Jenny picked one of the models he liked better, and after handing his things to Mo Nan and letting her sit down next to him to rest, he just took the keys and got into the car.

"Jenny, come on!"

Mo Nan was there to cheer her up.

Jenny smiled at her and gave her a knowing glance.

Then the engine was started and the car instantly went off at the speed of an arrow.

The biggest advantage of driving in Jenny is that it's fast.

It's fast! Turn fast! Fast and steady, excellent and beautiful!

In the past, Gu Si Qian had said that she had a superb talent for racing.

Even though I didn't start learning until I was eighteen, it's a better and more stable technique than what people start learning when they're thirteen or fourteen.

I have to say, she really is a genius at this!

On the Z-shaped runway, Jenny's car was like a beautiful falling leaf, floating smoothly and beautifully in the wind.

Every turn, every drift, even every open straight line, carried with it a sharp style that was uniquely hers!

Mo Nan sits next to the viewing area and looks straight at it!

This was the first time she had actually, for real, watched Jenny race a car!

You're so handsome!

If the Jenny that used to sit in the office is a warm, jade-like magnolia flower, then right now sitting in the car, galloping on the track, is a hot wild rose!

The speed, the passion, the boiling hot blood.

It seems as if it also burns with every movement of her body!

Mo Nan sits in the audience, so excited that if she wasn't concerned that there are so few people now that she'd be a little embarrassed to call out, she'd want to scream right then and there!

Ahhhhh really cool!

How could her Jenny be so handsome and so a!

It's just so s*xy, isn't it?

Mo Nan was excited, yet Jenny Jing, who was currently sitting in the car, was in a somewhat depressed mood.

It really was too long out of practice and rusty.

There were several moves just now that almost went wrong, which would have been fine in normal times, but if this were a top professional match, it would have been a laughing stock.

Losing is the next best thing, being laughed at...emmm, that's a bit embarrassing.

Jenny didn't want to lose the match, much less lose face.

Therefore, she needed to practice even harder in the limited time she had in the past two days.

So, that night, she practiced until nearly midnight.

After four whole hours of practice, Jenny's entire outfit was damp with sweat when he got out of the car.

Mo Nan was thrilled to see it at first, but by the end, the more he looked at it, the more distressed he became.

God knows, now that King Ning has such a good track record and experience, he'll be practicing so hard to get started again.

Then, when she was only eighteen and just starting out in the industry, how hard did she have to work to climb into that position.

Mortals usually see only the glory and glow of the genius, but not, the hard work and sweat she puts behind the scenes.

No so-called genius really succeeds without hard work and practice after God has given her a gift.

Talent is just the ticket to a championship, but not the ability to get one.

Everyone who has been fortunate enough to reach that summit has been blended together with the talent of the one percent and the sweat of the ninety-nine percent.

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Thinking of this, Mo Nan only felt more distressed.

Seeing her get out of the car, she even greeted her.

With a towel and water already on hand, he asked heartily, "Jenny, how are you feeling? Is it exhausting?"

Jenny looked at her and shook her head with a smile, "Fine."

Tiredness is in the body, but psychological comfort sometimes happens to soothe this physical hardship.

When she first started practicing, she did feel a little out of sorts.

But after four hours of practice, it feels a lot better already, and while it's not back to the peak of what it was, it's at least a lot better.

She is confident that if she practices diligently over the next two days, she will be able to get back to her best.

Thinking this way, Jenny asked, "What time is it?"

Mo Nan looked at the time, "It's just after midnight."

Jenny nodded, "It's getting late, let's go back."

"Well."

They packed up their things, returned the car to the man who had been in charge of receiving them, and then prepared to leave.

But the person who had received them before, after watching Jenny's practice, was now completely stunned.

He looked incredulously at the woman in front of him, his mouth open enough to put an egg in it.

"What's your, what's your name? Haven't I seen you racing somewhere?"

Jenny smiled and hesitated a little, not giving out her old code name.

She smiled generously and said, "My name is Jenny."

Seven, that was the code name for the Dragon Corps, but nowadays, in non-competition situations, she prefers to use her real name.

It's generous, uncluttered, and unobtrusive.

The man sniffed and thought about it with a slight stare.

I don't remember seeing the name in any major competition.

Just assumed that she was a newcomer with great talent, so didn't think much of it.

He gave Jenny a thumbs up and praised, "You drove awesome, you would have won a prize if you entered the competition."

Jenny smiled, "Thank you, presenting your auspicious words."

Only then did the two men leave.

It was nearly one o'clock when we got back to the hotel.

After practicing for so long at night and expending a lot of energy, Jenny was a little hungry.

Mo Nan ordered a lighter takeout for each of them as a midnight snack.

After eating, she went to take a shower, and when she went to bed, it was exactly two o'clock.

Obviously her body was already tired, and the jet lag combined with the high intensity and high intensity of the exercises had drained almost all the energy from her body.

But right now, as she lay in bed, she was having trouble sleeping.

She picked up her phone and saw that Biden Lu had sent a text message at 8:30 p.m., asking if she had eaten and what she was doing.

At the time, she was driving and didn't want to reply too much, so she said she had eaten and was hanging out with Mo Nan.

Probably afraid of disturbing her, the man only replied, "Be safe," and then didn't send any more messages over.

She exited the text message and looked through the photos again.

Over the years, she and Biden Lu and their two children have taken many pictures.

The phone album is almost full.

The family is close and warm and happy at first glance.

The corners of her lips didn't curl slightly.

Just then, a text message suddenly popped up, interrupting her train of thought.

At first glance, it was sent by Gu Siqian.

Her face instantly fell and she clicked on the text message, only to see that it was the participant information for this FLYING competition.

Sometimes, a game is important to know about your opponent.

Knowing his style personality and his playing habits can sometimes be the key to winning.

This is what it means to know the enemy and know that you can't get hurt in a hundred battles.

Jenny took a general look and found that two of them were old players that she had known before.

When she was still competing, they had been pressed hard against her and didn't have a chance to roll over.

It wasn't until she returned and retired from the race that they came out on top and won several successive championships.

The other few, all new players, she'd seen from the competition, but hadn't actually seen in person.

But she had a better idea of the general style of these people.

After about estimating in his mind, Jenny felt that this time there was not much of a problem, thought about it, looked up Gu Siqian's number, and called him over.

It is morning at this time in the country.

Kuskan is having breakfast at home.

His routine was of the late to bed, late to rise type, but no later than ten o'clock, so at this time he was sitting at the table, eating the breakfast his assistant had just bought from outside.

Jenny's phone rang and he raised an eyebrow, seemingly surprised.

Then, with a smile on his lips, he picked it up and pressed connect.

"Little Seven is still calling my brother in the middle of the night, are you missing him because you can't sleep alone?"

As soon as he was connected, Jenny couldn't help but roll her eyes at his unorthodox words.

Not bothering to bullshit with him, I got right to the point and said, "Ask you something?"

Gu Si Qian sipped the milk slowly and asked, "What is it?"

"When you rescued me from the sea nine years ago, you said that the men who harmed me had a flaming mark on the back of their necks, is that true?"

Gu Si Qian's fingers holding the cup slightly.

A dark mane slipped through his eyes and he chuckled lightly, "Why do you suddenly think to ask that?"

"Kusken, I want to find those people, I want to know who tried to kill me in the first place, and what happened to my memories of the months I disappeared? I've helped you this time, will you help me by telling me everything you know?"

Kusken was silent.

Slender fingers gently rubbed the rim of the glass, gazing there, bright and dark.

"Seven, that's all in the past, you're so happy now, so why go after the so-called truth? Are those things really that important?"

Jenny pursed her lips.

She knew that Gu Siqian was not a person who would open his mouth easily.

This man is a windy and shapeless surface, but in reality, his mind is deep and unpredictable.

Trying to pry his mouth open without a certain amount of leverage is harder than it looks.

Thinking about it, she dropped her eyes slightly and suddenly said, "Why do you want to win this FLYING competition?"

Gu Siqian chuckled lightly, "Is little Seven looking for a bargaining chip to make a deal with me?"

Jenny stalled for a moment.

After all, he had taught her by hand, and she could literally have nowhere to hide in front of him in many cases.

She sighed, not bothering to struggle, "Yeah, I want to make a deal with you, I don't have any other leverage but to trade you for this tournament, I don't know how important this tournament is to you, all I know is that the twenty percent bonus percentage you have isn't really that important to me, after all, you know, I'm not short of money right now."

Chapter 701

Kusken: "..."

As if she had generalized him, he fell silent.

A half-hearted chuckle was heard.

The sparse voice hinted at a hint of laughter and banter, "Little Seven is growing up and learning from the wrong people."

Jenny stalled.

For some reason, it seemed like the more the man knew she hated him for talking to her in that tone, the more he wanted it.

Seems to be naturally inclined to sing against her.

She rubbed her brow and got a bit of a headache.

"Gu Si Qian, do you believe I'll go back to China right away and this deal is off! Let's break up the fish and die together!"

Gu Si Qian over there laughed lowly, "You learn so many bad intentions from people yourself, and you still forbid people to say anything?"

There was a pause, as if sensing that she was getting really angry, before the other stopped immediately and changed the subject.

"Well, I promise to tell you everything I knew nine years ago, if you help me win this FLYING competition."

Jenny let out a sigh of relief.

"Okay, it's a deal."

"It's a deal."

After agreeing on a deal with Gu Siqian, Jenny hung up the phone.

She got up and poured a glass of warm water and carried it out to the balcony outside, narrowing her eyes at the bustling and sparkling night scene of the forest city.

Nine years!

It's just over six months since she first came to this place, and it's going to be ten years.

And she, too, became an eighteen-year-old girl who is now the mother of two children.

The piece of doubt that had been lingering on her mind, but never found an answer.

Jenny could never forget the day nine years ago when she woke up and found herself lying on a strange white surgical bed.

Next to him, there were a few people, Gu Si Qian and Lao K.

They looked at her and told her that she had been rescued from the sea by them.

She suffered a very important one, and the doctors spent hours and hours operating on her, and she was in a coma for many more days before she woke up.

Jenny had tried very hard to remember everything that had happened before then.

But she couldn't remember.

The memory was like someone had dug a big hole through the middle, and the only thing she could remember was her own experience in the country.

As for what happened after arriving in F, she has no memory of it at all.

It was a full three months before she arrived in F.

Three months was enough for a lot to happen, but it was as if the memory had vanished from her head out of thin air.

She doesn't know where she's been, what she's done, what she's been through.

It's like a tall building that suddenly has a fault in the middle.

Although it seemed safe and sound now, deep down inside her, it was like a time bomb that could pop out at any moment.

So, she wanted to find out.

Jenny closed her eyes, letting the night breeze pound on her face, feeling the cool sensation.

It took a long time before he opened it again, his eyes already clear.

Then, turn around and head to the house.

The next day.

Although Jenny slept late, he woke up early.

She was up and washing up when Mo Nan knocked on the door and came in.

Seeing her come in, Jenny motioned for her to sit first, and only after washing up did she change and come out, asking, "Did you sleep well last night?"

Mo Nan smiled, "Quite.

The, it's so quiet over here, it feels pretty good."

Jenny smiled, reached out and picked up a few things for today into his bag, and said, "Let's go have breakfast and go straight to the training ground afterwards."

"Well."

Mo Nan nodded heavily.

Once they were packed, they headed out.

As usual, we dined in the hotel restaurant on the first floor.

After eating, they headed straight to the training ground.

The receptionist was still the same person who had received them yesterday, and as soon as he saw Jenny, his eyes immediately lit up.

"Hi, Kynin, you're here."

Jenny nodded with a smile and said, "I still want the one from yesterday."

"All right!"

The other party found the key and handed it to her, suddenly smiling a little twisted smile, "That...can I ask you a question?"

Jenny raised his eyebrows, "You said."

"Well...can you sign it for me?"

I said, pulling out a pen and a small notebook.

Jenny was surprised, why hadn't he thought he was going to ask this question.

She couldn't stop laughing, "I'm not a celebrity, what are you asking me for an autograph for?"

That said, it's not good to say no in the end, but I took the notebook and pen over, just not in a hurry to do it.

The other scratched his head in embarrassment and smiled: "Although not now, but I feel that you will definitely be, at least a star in the racing session, don't think that I don't know, I can see that, you are here for this flying race, right? With your ability, you'll be able to get the first place, and when you win the championship, you'll be a star, and I'm afraid it won't be as easy to get your autograph again then as it is now, so I'm planning ahead and doing it early."

The other side is obviously a Chinese speaker, and the idiom is used very slickly.

Jenny couldn't help but laugh and cry at the moment, but she hadn't intended to sneak around this time.

So, not hiding anything, nodded, "You guessed it, we're here for the game."

I said, swished a few signatures, handed him the notebook and pen, and smiled, "I'll thank you when I do win the championship, by your good fortune."

The other smiled shyly and nodded heavily.

Then, only then, did they witness the walk to the practice field.

The task Jenny had set himself today was to practice for eight hours to get the best out of his turns.

As usual, Mo Nan watched from the sidelines, passing out water and towels and whatnot in passing.

They practiced until noon, where they settled for a casual lunch, rested for two hours, and continued in the afternoon.

Perhaps because the afternoon was free, the staff member who had received them before, also ran over.

Just sit next to Mo Nan and watch with her.

"You're from China, right?" He asked.

Mo Nan turned to look at him and nodded, "Yes."

The man smiled, "My mother is also from China, so we're kind of half old."

Mo Nan was stunned and a little surprised.

But after taking a closer look at him, he found that he did have some genes of Chinese blood between his eyebrows, and nodded his head.

"Oh, so."

She wasn't a very good conversationalist, much less with people she didn't know well, so her replies were short and awkward.

If another person had been present at this point, I'm afraid this conversation wouldn't have been able to continue.

But this staff member, obviously, is not that kind of person.

He and SAM's eight sides are different, but the same thing is that they're both chatty.

Even though Mo Nan was so cold, he didn't care and said, "I actually know your friend, what I said earlier was wrong, she didn't have to wait until later, she was already a big star, right?"