

## Chapter 34 The Bet

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"Boring." Loraine scoffed at Slater and grabbed her friend's hand. "Jennie, let's go."

Slater thought that Loraine was scared, and he became more arrogant.

"Are you scared, Loraine? When you were married to Marco, he raised you. Now that you're divorced, you manipulate other men to get what you want. Shame on you!"

Loraine stopped dead in her tracks when she heard that.

She didn't want to waste her time arguing with Slater.

If a dog bit her, she wouldn't bite it back.

However, his words now infuriated her.

Slater had gone too far this time, and she didn't mind teaching him a lesson.

Loraine turned around and sneered at him.

"How do you want to compete with me?"

"Car racing!" Slater said smugly. "What do you think? Do you dare to race with me? If you're scared, admit defeat right away. After

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all, a country bumpkin like you wouldn't even know how to drive a car."

"Nonsense!" Marco interjected. "It's too dangerous."

He knew Slater was obsessed with racing. He would drive like a madman. Loraine might get hurt if she competed with him.

However, to his surprise, Loraine and Jennie looked at each other and laughed.

"Okay, deal!"

Everyone went to the empty street outside the bar.

Slater trailed his finger across his beloved Bugatti Veyron as if it were his lover.

He could effortlessly defeat Loraine with his car.

Slater wanted to make the most of the race and teach Loraine a lesson.

He looked at her and smirked. "A simple race would be boring. Why don't we turn it into a bet?"

"Okay. What do you want to bet on?" Loraine readily agreed.

Slater rubbed his palms together and said, "Loraine, if you lose, you have to admit to the

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media that you relied on men to reach this position. What say?"

Everyone's face changed when they heard that.

The stake was too high. Loraine's entire future would be ruined if she said that.

Marco frowned, but Loraine didn't give him a chance to speak. "Okay, you got it. I'll do as you say!"

She stared at Slater's Bugatti Veyron, its silver-blue surface gleaming in the darkness. A triumphant grin stretched across his lips.

"What's your end of the bargain? I like your car. It's cool. If you lose, you have to give it to me. Do you agree to the bet?"

Slater's heart leaped to his throat. He glanced at his car and back at Loraine's. It was an ordinary white Audi, so he breathed a sigh of relief.

Loraine didn't look like someone who knew much about cars.

Slater was confident he would win the race.

"Okay, let's bet!"

Marco looked at the two and sighed. He knew neither would quit the bet regardless of how

much he persuaded them.

But he couldn't watch Loraine take risks and lose everything to Slater.

Just as Loraine and Slater went their separate ways to get ready for the race, Marco got into his car and decided to follow them in case something happened to Loraine.

Both Jimmie and Jennie were drunk, so they could only stand aside and watch the competition.

To avoid embarrassment, Jimmie smiled at Jennie. "Hello, I'm Jimmie Todd, and you're Jennie, right?"

Jennie snorted and ignored him.

Noticing the calmness on her face, Jimmie couldn't help but ask, "Aren't you worried about Loraine? Slater may seem like a fool, but he is a professional racer. Loraine won't win this competition!"

Jennie turned and glanced at him. "Professional? He is nothing compared to Loraine. You better worry about your silly friend."

She couldn't help but recall the time when the Torres family took Loraine back.

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Lorraine was a teenager and rebellious. She secretly took part in car races and soon became a renowned racer in the circle. Slater was no match for her.

Jimmie didn't know what was going on in Jennie's mind. A strange feeling arose in his heart when he looked at the adorable girl with a baby face.

He realized Jennie's clothes and accessories were all from famous brands.

But how could Lorraine, who was born and raised in the countryside, have such a wealthy friend?

"All set. Let's start!" Slater shouted, interrupting Jimmie's train of thought.

Jimmie cleared his throat and blew out his whistle. The race officially commenced.

Lorraine and Slater stepped on the gas almost at the same time.

But Slater's car sped out first.

The speed of the Bugatti Veyron was astonishingly fast.

The silvery blue car shot out like a bullet, leaving Lorraine behind.