I QUIT MR 133

Chapter 133

"Why are you joining?" Gordon questioned, pursing his lips at Isabella. "Butt

out."

However, she ignored him and smiled at Seth with determination in her eyes.

It's a car, man. Who knows? I might just win.

Seth didn't look at her and turned around, walking into the racing track with

one hand in his pocket.

The crowd was confused by his lack of response and trudged after him.

Isabella understood what he meant because if he didn't refuse, it meant he

was okay with it.

So, she jumped excitedly on the spot, only to turn around and see Gordon's

cold gaze.

"What are you waiting for? He's gone in!" She ignored him and tapped his arm

before entering the venue with the crowd.

The racing track was for Formula 1 races, with its vast space connected to a

small hill opposite. If they went up the mountain roads, they could also reach

the top. Typically, in a private race, the top of the mountain was usually the

finishing point.

The crowd smartly sat in their seats and spoke softly, avoiding making loud

noises. For the fairness of the competition, the cars used were the standard

race cars provided by the track, which were slightly less powerful than the

Formula 1 cars. Isabella was the last to enter and saw Gordon had swiftly

changed into the safety gear and gotten in the car.

On the other hand, Seth went to the lounge to change as if he didn't have a

care in the world.

Isabella took the safety gear from Alex and checked it thoroughly before

feeling at ease, making sure there weren't any problems.

"You've got some guts to race with Seth," Alex commented.

Isabella pursed her lips and replied, "Money comes from danger."

Alex was taken aback, not knowing that Isabella really wanted the prize. She

clicked her tongue and whispered, "Be cautious at the curve at the bottom of

the hill. It's easy to get sideswiped there. Many people have flipped their cars

there."

Isabella gave her an 'OK' gesture, feeling grateful for Alex's advice.

She grabbed her clothes and turned around to see Seth exiting the lounge in

his safety gear.

He was dressed in black with full gear from head to toe and a pair of

sunglasses. They stood facing each other with some distance between them,

but Isabella couldn't see his eyes.

Then, Selena walked out from behind him and smiled at her.

Isabella rolled her eyes, knowing they couldn't see her clearly from a

distance. She then turned around and walked to another changing room.

After shutting the door, she let out a long breath, pushing aside all thoughts

and changing quickly. She could faintly hear the cheers outside, and the

atmosphere was much livelier than before.

Isabella exited the changing room, only to see Alex waiting for her. She

immediately walked up to her. "Hurry up. They're all waiting for you."

At that point, Isabella started to get nervous. It had been some time since

she had driven a car. She might not win even if it was a normal car, let alone

with professional race cars.

She even wondered if she could start the car. It would be hilarious if the car

didn't move.

As she entered the track, the crowd cheered louder.

Four cars were parked side by side, and Seth and Gordon were already

seated. When Isabella walked over, she saw Christopher leisurely getting in

his car.

She felt a little uncomfortable and more on guard, aside from feeling

nervous. Before she got in her car, she knocked on Gordon's door.

He took off his sunglasses and asked, "Yes?"

Isabella lowered her voice and warned, "Watch out for Christopher."

Upon hearing that, he waved his hand. "Of course."

She pondered and realized that Gordon had experienced Christopher's tricks.

Even though she didn't know what happened, she was sure it must have

been bad.

Standing up, she turned around and walked to the right, passing by Seth's

car.

She wanted to remind him as well but had second thoughts as she recalled