

Chapter 1889 Racing

Connie cast a disapproving glance at the hesitating Ewing, her annoyance evident. She was clearly exasperated with the unfolding events.

All she wanted was to teach Trevor a lesson and suppress Luisa, who beat her in temperament and appearance.

With a clever idea in mind, she turned to Ewing and proposed, "Didn't you say you bought me a sports car? Bring it out. I'll take you for a ride."

Though on the surface, her suggestion seemed to offer Ewing an escape, her real intention was to challenge Trevor.

"I wonder if that esteemed guest of the Craig family can handle a sports car. Shall we have another competition? This time, let's see who's better behind the wheel," she proposed with a smirk.

Luisa was not one to engage in disputes. But after learning about her impending memory loss, she could not stand it when Trevor was mocked.

"Can you drive a sports car? How are your driving skills?" she whispered to him.

A smile formed on Trevor's lips.

Having earned commendations from Henrik for his driving prowess, Trevor found Connie's challenge amusing.

"Trust me," he assured Luisa. "I know my way around a sports car."

Assured by Trevor's response, Luisa snapped back at Connie, "Let's do it. I just hope you don't end up embarrassing yourselves again."

Connie's eyes flashed. She had no doubts about her driving skills. Yes, they lost in the card game earlier, but that was only because Ewing sucked at it.

However, racing was different. It was her area of expertise for many years, and ordinary people could not even keep up with her taillights.

Connie let out a disdainful snort and ordered Ewing, "Get the cars ready. Hand them one as well. I want them to see the gap between us!"

In no time, two sports cars were lined up side by side.

One of the cars was a brand-new Pagani Huayra, one of the top supercars in the industry.

Its radiant yellow exterior and sleek curves captivated Connie. She reverently traced a finger over its exterior and then slid into the driver's seat. Ewing settled beside her.

Trevor's assigned vehicle was an old Jaguar F-TYPE, which paled in comparison to the Pagani Huayra in every aspect.

The disparity was evident, marking an uneven playing field from the start.

Regardless, the decision had been made. Trevor climbed into the Jaguar with Luisa. He did not really care about winning or losing and was more intent on appeasing Luisa's request.

His focus during the drive was on ensuring a smooth and safe experience.

On the other hand, Connie took advantage of her superior car and frequently showed off her driving skills to taunt Trevor. She weaved left and right, deliberately blocking him.

To amplify the humiliation, Ewing opened the convertible, stood up from his seat, and mocked Trevor. "Where are your driving skills? Why can't I see them at all?"

Trevor remained undeterred and instead enjoyed the antics of the pair.

As he did not respond, Connie assumed he had surrendered and shouted mockingly, "Pathetic! You call that racing? Don't waste my time."

With a flair for drama, she executed a sharp drift and floored the accelerator, leaving the Jaguar a mere speck in her rearview.

However, her audacity soon met its match. Since they were on the outskirts with winding roads and obstructed views, Connie realized too late that a massive truck was coming straight at her.

With only ten meters between them and at such high speeds, stopping in time was an impossibility.

Moreover, the car was unsteady, making it impossible to steer away.

A tragic collision was inevitable!