

### Chapter 13 A Car Racing Wager

Three sports cars were competing for the lead on the hillside, speeding down the mountain recklessly amidst the enthusiastic cheers of the audience at the mountain foot.

A silver sports car took the lead.

The vehicle lived up to the audience's anticipation and took first place. The crowd erupted in cheers. "Danny! Danny!"

While everyone praised the car's owner, Isabelle raised an eyebrow among the crowd. Her attention was elsewhere. She mused, "Nice car."

Three sports cars closely followed behind.

Danny jumped out of the sports car amidst applause and flowers.

Around the same age as Isabelle, he was dressed in designer clothes and various accessories. He dressed flamboyantly, evidently a rich and spoiled kid.

A tall, attractive girl with big, wavy hair clung to him, cooing, "Danny!"

Danny casually embraced her. He always welcomed those who threw themselves at him.

Two of his buddies exited from the other three sports cars. "The performance of your new car is truly ... " The trio gave him a thumbs up and walked over to the silver sports car to admire it.

Danny said, "Enough. I win because my skills are superior. You guys never beat me, even when I was driving my old car."

He lit a cigarette and said to his friends, "Don't forget to transfer 75,000 dollars each to my account."

"You've been winning all night; we can't beat you in cars or skills. This isn't fun."

"It's not fun. I know exactly how much you guys weigh." Danny took a puff of his cigarette, unable to come up with anything interesting to do. He proposed, "How about this? Similar to the previous evening, I will furnish him with 150,000 dollars regardless of who defeats me on the spot. I'll give him a head start of twenty seconds."

As soon as these words came out, all the young men on the scene were eager to try, but no one dared to step forward to participate in the race.

All of these rich kids hail from Taragon City. They had heard that a new mountain road had been built here, so they came for some fun.

These rich kids usually drove sports cars to and from school.

They seldom get the opportunity to touch these sports cars. They only saw it a few times in Norward City since they were young. Most of them probably couldn't even drive.

Last night, there were a few brave ones who did not care about winning or losing. They just wanted to drive a sports car but ended up brutally defeated in the race. One of them almost had an accident on the hillside and was nearly crippled by Danny.

It was said that Danny's family in Taragon City was influential. He was the sole heir, and no one dared mess with him.

Even the mayor's son treated him with respect.

The one that stood behind a few young men was the mayor's son, Zack Foster.

In order to please these rich kids, Zack immediately stood up and asked if anyone was brave enough to participate in the race.

He received no response after asking around.

At this moment, a female voice sounded.

"I'll do it."

Everyone looked over in unison. Only to see a girl with her hands in her pockets walk out of the crowd.

She was chubby, but her delicate features looked stunning. When she lost weight, this girl was definitely going to be a beauty. There was nothing outstanding about her, but her calm and confident demeanour, as if she didn't care about anyone, was particularly attractive.

No one expected that the one who dared to stand up in this male-dominated scene would be a girl.

They couldn't help but admire her courage.

"You?"

Zack looked at Isabelle with a complicated expression. He wanted to tell her not to ask for trouble, then he thought to himself that although she was pretty, it was far-fetched to think that she could attract the attention of the rich kids.

It was possible if she managed to lose some weight.

"What is it? Is there a rule that only men can participate in the race? Or are you afraid that losing to a woman would be humiliating?" Isabelle's challenged coldly.

Isabelle saw it on a post that they had been having fun here for two days. Eleanor was making a fuss at home, which deeply annoyed her. She was afraid that she might kill someone if she couldn't hold back, so she decided to come here.

She wanted to see if she could make some money in the future.

Isabelle was going to Taragon City to pick up something in two weeks. The unpaid balance was a huge amount for her.

Although she had some relationship with Mr. Garth, she didn't plan to take it for free, using her identity as Blood Shadow.

Danny bit a cigarette in his mouth and held a beauty in his arms. He looked at Isabelle, who was wearing her school uniform, with interest. He raised his chin and teased, "Can you drive? Can you hold the steering wheel? If you crash and die, I won't be responsible."

Isabelle rebuked, "Save that for yourself. If you crash and die, I won't be responsible for you."

Danny was taken aback and asked, "Do you have a car?"

Isabelle's gaze swept to the outskirts of the crowd. The cab driver who dropped her here was watching the race with excitement and hadn't left.

She replied, "Yes."

Under the puzzled gazes of the crowd, Isabelle walked toward the taxi. She tapped on the window and said, "Mister, I want to rent your car for a drive up the mountain. I'll give you 3,000 dollars."

The cab driver sat still. He sized her up with a doubtful look, wondering if this girl could afford to pay him. He was about to dismiss her, not wanting the young girl to block his view of the sports cars.

Then he saw Isabelle take out her phone and scan the QR code on his car.

Then he heard the notification. 'You received 3,000 dollars.'

The can driver widened his eyes in surprise. He quickly got out of the car and said, "Feel free to drive."

Isabelle took the driver's seat.

The cab driver leaned on the window and asked, "Wait, are you going to race my car against those sports cars?"

He gave it some thought and felt guilty about it. He didn't want the young girl to do something foolish after she lost the race. After all, 3,000 dollars was not a small sum.

He kindly reminded her, "You're betting too much on this game. 150,000 dollars isn't easy to earn. If my car could do it, I would have done it myself. Even if you drive my old car to the point it's smoking, it's impossible to beat those sports cars."

"Racing isn't about the winner driving a better car." Isabelle turned the steering wheel, and with a beautiful drift, she drove the car into the group of sports cars.

The dusty blue cab stood out among the vibrant and sleek sports cars. The scene resembled that of a bumpkin who had found herself in the wrong company.

Observing this, the crowd burst into laughter. Their eyes fixed on the blue cab and Isabelle that sat inside, as if they were witnessing a foolish spectacle.

"Is she here to entertain us? Racing this piece of junk against sports cars?"

"Will Danny lose his temper and wreck her car?"

"Is there something wrong with her? She appears normal, though."

Danny restrained himself from swearing, but as his gaze landed on the blue car, he couldn't help but mutter a silent curse, "D\*mn it!"

"So, this is the car you were talking about? You want to race me with this?"

Isabelle retorted, "Are we comparing cars or skills?"

The cab driver, who had managed to squeeze to the front of the crowd, thought to himself. Skills? Even if she floored the accelerator, this junk wouldn't go anywhere.

Danny laughed at her remarks, but his eyes didn't reflect any trace of amusement. It seemed like he was laughing out of irritation. He stood in front of his car, smoking and flirting with the girl in his arms, evidently not intending to waste time with Isabelle.

Isabelle grew impatient with his dawdling. She provoked, "What's wrong? Are you scared? If I lose, I'll give you 150,000 too."