

Chapter 15 450 Thousand in Account! Danny Kneels

"What the hell ... " The driver was astonished. He had been driving this old car for five or six years, and this was the first time he realised it could be driven like this!

Danny was shocked for two seconds.

After regaining his composure, he immediately opened the car door and got out, staring in disbelief at Isabelle, who sat calmly in the car. He was speechless.

The young masters looked at Danny, then at Isabelle.

"Did Danny lose?"

That didn't seem to be the point. The point was that a Lamborghini supercar worth over two million lost to a broken old cab worth just over twenty grand.

Whoa, if this isn't a miracle, then what kind of driving skills would it take?!

Isabelle reached out and took the ballpoint pen from the windshield, borrowed the driver's notebook, wrote down her bank account number, and tore off the paper.

Danny stood in front of Isabelle's car door, staring at Isabelle without moving, obviously still in shock.

Isabelle got out of the car and walked up to him, raising her arm, a piece of paper pinched between her slender fingers.

"150 thousand. Transfer it to my account."

She slapped the note on the silver sports car's hood, put her hands in her pockets, and turned to leave.

"Hold on!"

Danny finally reacted and immediately stopped her.

"Any problem?"

Isabelle turned her head, her eyebrow slightly raised, exuding an indescribable cool and arrogant vibe, with a hint of mischief.

Her confident demeanour and strong aura always made people overlook her petite figure that didn't quite match.

"Dare to race again?" Danny tried his best to suppress his excitement and agitation, picked up the note and raised a finger. "150 thousand for it."

Isabelle stared at him, not moving for a moment.

Danny raised the stakes, "300 thousand."

Isabelle raised her eyebrows again. "And the rules?"

When money comes to the door, there's no reason to refuse.

"Simple." Seeing her agree, Danny couldn't hide his happiness. He called over his friend who was the best driver in his friend group.

He said to Isabelle, "You drive my car and race against him, but there's one condition. I have to sit in the passenger seat."

Isabelle said, "Deal."

Danny was just a prodigal son, and a simple one at that. What he was thinking, Isabelle could see clearly from his face.

Danny put his arm around his friend's shoulder, excitedly patting him. "Show me all your skills. Floor the gas pedal."

After saying that, he couldn't wait to go to his own sports car, opened the door and pulled the girl who was still in a daze in the passenger seat out, and sat down himself.

Isabelle then sat in the driver's seat.

"Do you know how to drive? This car of mine is a limited edition. There are less than ten in the world, and I've modified it. Do you need to take a spin first to get used to it?" Danny wanted to see how amazing Isabelle's driving skills were!

She could drive a cab so fast, completing such high-difficulty maneuvers. And now a supercar. Danny was excited just thinking about it.

Isabelle buckled her seat belt. "No need, I have two of these in my garage." And they're modified even better than this one.

Not only that, she had an even better one in her garage.

Damn, she's so wealthy?

That was Danny's first reaction.

Danny was a bit skeptical, looking Isabelle up and down. "You're not from Norward City, are you? No one in this rundown city can afford this, let alone two of them."

Isabelle didn't respond. She was just waiting for the race to start.

Suddenly remembering that this car was priceless, even if you had money, you might not be able to buy it. He had to behave well at home and sell his cleverness for two months before his father helped him get it.

"You said you have two of this model?" Danny patted the armrest of the seat and sneered. "You really can brag." Then he muttered, "You think you're a member of Harris family?"

Thinking that he had just not reacted in time and almost let Isabelle fool him, Danny rolled his eyes.

He only didn't embarrass her because of Isabelle's driving skills.

Isabelle couldn't be bothered to say more.

"My name is Danny, what's your name? You're still in high school, right? What grade are you in? You should come to Taragon City for college. I'm studying at Taragon University. This way we can exchange driving skills every day. How about leaving a contact later? I'll come find you when I'm free ... Hey, hey, the race is starting, hurry, hurry up."

As the command was given, the race started. Danny saw his friend's car rush out first, but Isabelle didn't move, so he couldn't help but urge her.

Isabelle said, "What's the rush? Giving him twenty seconds of head start won't pose a threat. I'll make you lose your 300 thousand convincingly."

Danny was even more excited.

Isabelle finished speaking leisurely, then stepped on the gas pedal.

She had been confined in the Brookhaven underground laboratory for over six months, and had been in seclusion for a while before that. It had been a long time since she had experienced the thrill of racing.

A sports car is a sports car. It was incomparable to the beat-up old cab she had just driven.

Danny's friend was a top-notch driver. Having witnessed Isabelle's high-difficulty maneuvers just now, the guy did not dare to underestimate her, keeping his full attention on the race.

Seeing Isabelle start behind him, trailing by a considerable distance, the guy was secretly delighted. He thought to himself, if he could beat Isabelle, who had just won against Danny's supercar with a beat-up cab, wouldn't that be a great achievement?

He might even get Danny to start calling him boss.

However, his joy lasted only two seconds before he saw the supercar, which he had left far behind, appearing in his rearview mirror. The silver shadow was catching up at a terrifying speed, like a ghost.

The guy quickly reacted, turning the steering wheel to block her, but she was faster. Using the upcoming bend, she overtook him with lightning speed.

The guy felt the silver supercar whizz past him like a bullet, accompanied by the sound of tires screeching against the ground and Danny's excited shouts.

Gazing at the sports car that had left him in the dust in an instant, the guy was stunned for a moment.

"Oh my!" Danny, sitting in the passenger seat, stood up halfway to watch his friend being left far behind, his face flushed with excitement.

Racing requires not only good driving skills but also great courage.

Danny always thought he was fearless, but he didn't expect Isabelle, a girl, to be even more daring.

Every time he took a turn, he would slow down, but Isabelle not only didn't slow down, but she even accelerated, making him feel the tires leaving the ground and soaring through the air.

Danny was completely in awe of Isabelle.

Before Danny could react, the car had already rushed to the top of the hill and then descended.

Descending the hill was much faster and more thrilling than ascending it. Danny was shouting all the way.

The crowd at the bottom of the hill craned their necks. Some even took out their phones to time the race.

They heard the engine roar, and before they could see them clearly, a blur shot past them.

As soon as the car stopped, Danny's legs went weak. He sat in the passenger seat, motionless, his face numb from the wind.

His ears were buzzing, and he heard Isabelle say, "450 thousand, don't forget to transfer it to my account."

By the time he looked up, Isabelle had already gotten out of the car and into the blue cab.

"Hey!" Danny was slow to react. By the time he remembered what he wanted to say, the cab had already driven away.

He quickly started searching for someone among his friends. "Hey, um ... " His gaze locked onto Zack's face.

Zack pointed at himself and ran over. "Danny, are you looking for me?"

Danny pointed in the direction Isabelle had left. "Do you know her?"

Zack shook his head, only recognising Isabelle's school uniform as one from Norward High.

Meanwhile Danny's friend was still rushing down the hill ...