

Messing With Her? Are You Crazy! -

Chapter 181[566 words]

"When did I ever say I liked Lauren? I've always told you, I see Lauren as a little sister!"

He should have known. Women were always so jealous.

Wasn't this whole scene Brianna was making just a way to force him to acknowledge their relationship?

Brandon's expression darkened. "Brianna, stop being unreasonable! I promised you that on the day of your coming-of-age ceremony, I would grant you your deepest wish."

He deliberately emphasized the word "wish," his tone laced with a threat. "If you keep this up, forget about your wish. I won't even show up to your ceremony!"

"Oh," Brianna said. "Don't worry, I wasn't planning on inviting you."

Her coming-of-age ceremony was sure to be a grand affair hosted by the Blackwood family.

With the Keller family's meager background, they wouldn't even be able to get through the gates of the Blackwood estate without her permission.

Brianna had no desire to argue with him anymore and moved to Serena's side. "You...!"
Brandon's face was contorted with an ugly expression.

Just then, Adrian walked over holding the key card for the "Dark Serpent GT," his chin slightly raised.

He was speaking to Brianna, but his burning gaze was fixed on Serena. "Now that Overdrive is established, I, with the Dark Serpent GT, challenge Ghost!"

"A challenge? Fine."

Serena shielded Brianna behind her, her eyes lifting slightly, her voice cool and detached. "According to the rules of Overdrive, as the challenger who lit the lantern, if you fail, you not only lose your car to us, but you also have to... let the exclusive tattoo artist of Apex Horizon Speedway brand your left arm with the word 'Loser.' And... you must kneel in public on the track and perform the loser's rite of submission."

She curved her scarlet lips, a hint of mockery in her eyes. "Mr. Cole, you are aware of all this, aren't you?"

Adrian's expression shifted slightly.

He hadn't expected Serena to know the rules of Overdrive like the back of her hand.

His eyes darkened as he looked at the utterly indifferent girl standing in clear opposition to him.

She was so cold toward him.

For four years, Serena had always maintained a subordinate posture in his presence.

Like a helpless creature relying on him to survive.

But now...

Serena was sharp as a blade, cutting him deep.

A complicated mix of emotions churned in Adrian's gut, leaving a sour taste. He felt annoyed, unsettled.

He gritted his teeth. "Of course. Since I chose Overdrive, I will naturally abide by all its rules."

Serena smiled, nodding in

satisfaction. In that case, I'd like to add one more condition to the bet-whoever loses, for every length of the track they lose by the loser has to take one step and kneel. With every kneel, they must bow their head and shout, 'Brianna is my goddess,' all the way to the finish line."

"What? That's an outrageous demand!" Hailey couldn't stand Serena's pretentious act.

Lauren looked at Brianna, her face

etched with displeasure. "You're clearly just trying to make things

difficult. Are you trying to find an excuse to duck the challenge?"

Serena's eyes were cold as she replied flatly, "Can't handle it? Then get lost."

She glanced at the lit lantern beside Adrian.

"Apex Horizon Speedway isn't your playground. The lantern is lit, the challenge has been issued. Either you race, or you forfeit and scram."

Adrian's eyes were cold and hard.

He stared at Serena for several seconds before speaking in a stiff voice fine. I accept your additional condition! hope you don't regret this later!"

Messing With Her? Are You Crazy! - Chapter 182[544 words]

"It's a deal," Serena said with a smirk.

Brianna's eyes, clear and bright, widened. "Wow," she breathed. "Serena, you're really playing for keeps, huh?"

Just the thought of Adrian kneeling on the track, shouting "Brianna is my goddess" with every step, was incredibly satisfying.

She blinked. "Can I request... adding them?"

She pointed a finger at Brandon and Lauren.

"You'll have to win first," Lauren said, her expression faltering. A humorless smile tugged at her lips. "Brianna, your friend here certainly has a lot of confidence in you. I'm really looking forward to seeing your amazing skills. Don't bring shame to that legendary bike, Ghost. I hope your driving is worthy of it."

"Or are you planning to have Mr. Foster race for you? You can't possibly think that just because Mr. Foster beat Adrian once, you have a chance of winning again, do you?"
Brandon sneered. "Brianna, it's not too late to back down and come to me. Do you even know who Adrian brought to represent his club today?"

"In just two days, that guy has defeated racers from every major track in Vaelion City. He's the undisputed Rookie King!"

"And he's known for being ruthless! Once he's on the track, he drives like he has a death wish."

"And you, a delicate little princess like you, on the same track as him? You'll be lucky to escape without being crippled, let alone killed!"

Rookie King?

Brianna's expression tightened, and her hand gripped Serena's arm. "Serena..."

If that Rookie King really did have a violent, aggressive racing style, she'd be facing brutal collisions the moment the race started.

Brianna's reaction was exactly what Brandon wanted to see. "Brianna, I'm giving you one last chance. Beg me now, apologize to Lauren, and for old times' sake, I'll race for you!"

"Oh, shut up!" Brianna finally looked

up, her face a mask of utter

annoyance. "Brandon, my business

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is none of your concern, you pathetic, tail-wagging dog. You want to race for me? Are you worthy? DO you even have the skill?"

"Brianna!"

Brandon was stunned. The Brianna who had always been so meek and obedient in his presence, who only knew how to spoil him with money, would dare to speak to him like that.

His face turned ashen. "Fine! You've got guts! Since I'm not qualified to look after you, since I'm not worthy, then fine. From now on ever you get on your knees and beg me, I won't give you the time of day!"

"Brianna, how could you become like this?" Lauren said, her expression wounded. "We care so much about you, yet you lash out with such harsh words. No wonder Brandon doesn't like..."

She stopped abruptly, as if she had let something slip, and quickly covered her mouth.

Brianna, of course, heard the unspoken word: "you."

She lowered her head and glanced down at her chest.

It seemed that hearing Brandon didn't like her didn't hurt that much after all.

It was just confirmation of a truth she had already known deep down.

It didn't cause the slightest ripple in her heart.

Just as they were speaking, a man in a baggy hoodie silently walked up to Adrian's side.

His hood was pulled down so low that his face was obscured, revealing only a pair

of eyes as cold and sinister as a snake's.

He exuded a chilling, ruthless aura that sent a shiver down one's spine.

Messing With Her? Are You Crazy! - Chapter 183[528 words]

"See him? That's Adrian's club's Rookie King, Silver Ghost!" Upon seeing the man, Brandon instinctively took two steps back, putting distance between them.

Just by standing there, it was obvious the man was a dangerous character. The aura he gave off was terrifying.

Brandon didn't dare get any closer, but he still puffed out his chest and continued to posture in front of Brianna. "That Rookie King won't go easy on you just because you're a woman."

"So?" Brianna pursed her lips, her eyes filled with disdain. "And you're going to race for me? Looking as pathetic as you do? You'd probably piss your pants before you even got on the track!"

Brandon choked on his words, his face flushing red.

What was wrong with Brianna? Why had her attitude toward him changed so drastically?

Could it be because of...

Brandon narrowed his eyes, his gaze shifting to Serena.

Before, Brianna only ever had him and Lauren around. When had Serena shown up?

Those two suck-ups had actually teamed up!

Brianna's sudden change had to be Serena's fault. Serena got dumped by Adrian, so now she was trying to corrupt Brianna?

He had to find a way to get Brianna away from that bitch Serena!

"Miss Blackwood," Adrian said, standing beside Silver Ghost. He smirked, carelessly spinning the key card for the "Dark Serpent GT" between his long fingers. "Out of respect for Mr. Blackwood, let me give you some advice. Just forfeit now, give me Ghost, and tell me Skye's whereabouts. Otherwise..."

He chuckled softly. "Don't pin your hopes on Mr. Foster. Against Silver Ghost, Mr. Foster doesn't stand a chance."

The first warm-up race Brian won was a fluke. The participants were just a bunch of amateur enthusiasts from their social circle, not professionals.

As for himself, his wrist had been injured by that woman in the silver-black helmet— who he suspected was Serena—and his performance had suffered, which is why he lost to Brian.

But Silver Ghost was a professional racer from the international circuit, a dark horse he had spent a fortune to recruit for his club.

Silver Ghost hadn't lost a single race since joining.

An amateur like Brian against a professional like Silver Ghost, the so-called Rookie King... he was bound to lose!

Besides, given Silver Ghost's reputation, if Brian valued his life, he wouldn't dare get involved.

And of course, no one could say Silver Ghost's dirty tricks were against the rules in a formal race. They were called dirty tricks for a reason. If there was no proof, it wasn't a foul.

Adrian looked at Ghost as if it were already his. "Or, you could call your brother for help now. See if he can find someone who can go up against Silver Ghost within the next half hour."

Once Overdrive began, both sides had thirty minutes to prepare.

In the last two days, Silver Ghost had already crushed everyone in Vaelion city's racing scene. Even if Nicholas Blackwood himself tried to call in favors, he'd never find a top-tier racer in just thirty minutes.

"No need."

Serena's expression was neutral as her eyes met Silver Ghost's from across the space.

From the moment this man had appeared, those snake-like eyes under his hood had been fixed on her with a sinister intensity.

Messing With Her? Are You Crazy! - Chapter 184[474 words]

The gaze was so heavy it felt like a physical touch, a sticky substance clinging to Serena's skin.

As her eyes met his, the man raised a hand and flexed his wrist, the joint cracking loudly.

His aura was sinister and violent.

Serena's stunning, delicate face remained completely devoid of emotion, her voice cool. "I'll race for her."

Her words stunned the crowd.

All eyes snapped to Serena. Then, someone burst out laughing.

"Sis..."

Hailey, momentarily forgetting her heartbreak over Adrian, couldn't help but speak up.

But she had barely gotten the word out before Serena's icy gaze shot toward her. That single glance made Hailey's throat tighten and a shiver run down her spine. After a long moment, she swallowed hard and subtly shifted behind Adrian for cover before forcing herself to continue, "Serena, you're going to race? You? On a motorcycle? Do you think that thing is a moped?"

A country bumpkin who grew up in the middle of nowhere probably didn't even know what a real motorcycle was. And she had the audacity to think she could ride Ghost against a professional racer?

There was showing off, and then there was being delusional.

Adrian narrowed his cold eyes at Serena. "You're racing? Do you even have a motorcycle license?"

He recalled the woman in the silver-black helmet, riding Ghost and plowing through the crowd like a wrecking ball.

His gaze deepened.

If that woman really was Serena, then she did know how to ride.

But so what?

Knowing how to do something and being an expert were two different things. Even if Serena could ride a motorcycle, she was nowhere near the level required to take Brianna's place against Silver Ghost

"What's the matter? Does Overdrive require you to present your license before you can get on the track?" Serena raised a delicate eyebrow, a faint, mocking smile playing on her lips as she looked at Adrian.

Adrian replied, "Well, no..."

"Then what's with all the nonsense?" Serena scoffed and raised a hand.

Her slender, pale fingers seemed almost translucent under the bright lights.

Slowly, she pointed, her finger sweeping across each person standing before her.

Her lips curled upward, bit by

bit. "I'll race for Brianna. And... every last one of you is going to race against me

She smiled, dazzlingly beautiful and impossibly arrogant. "You..."

Her finger stopped, pointing directly at Adrian. "Get your club members. All of them."

"If any single one of you manages to cross the finish line before me, you win."

Her declaration caused an uproar.

Even the onlookers who were just there for the show gasped in disbelief, staring at the unbelievably arrogant girl.

"Is she insane?"

"She's going to take on all of them? And all of Mr. Cole's club members?"

"Mr. Cole brought his main team today. And she, a young girl, wants to challenge all of them? Especially that Silver Ghost..."

"How arrogant!"

"She must have a death wish! Who does she think she is, Skye? Is she trying to imitate her?"

The air was filled with voices of doubt and mockery.

No one believed that a young woman, who looked barely old enough to be an adult, could challenge a group of professional-level racers.

Did she really think that just because she could ride a motorcycle, she could posture and show off in a place like this?

"Serena, I never knew you could race," Adrian said, his cold eyes narrowed with a scrutinizing look.

He stared at her intently. "If you know how to race, why... did you never mention wanting to get on the track?"

"You should know how much I love racing. If you had shown me your skills back then, perhaps... you wouldn't have had to leave the Wynn family."

Hearing this, Serena couldn't help but laugh.

Why were all these men so ridiculous?

That worthless second son of the Wynns had said if she had revealed her medical skills earlier, her life in the Wynn family wouldn't have been so miserable.

And now, Adrian was saying that if she had shown her racing skills, he would have protected her more, giving her a reason to stay with the Wynns?

But did Hailey have medical skills?

Did Hailey have racing skills?

"Adrian, you want to know why?"

Serena smiled, a dazzling, beautiful expression, but her eyes were filled with scorn. "Because all of you are pathetic garbage, and you suck."

"A bunch of amateurs playing at second-rate races. You think you were worthy of me joining you on the track?"

"I was afraid if I actually tried, I'd shatter your pathetic little egos and give you an inferiority complex."

Her words, dripping with sarcasm, caused Adrian's face to darken incrementally. A storm of black fury brewed in his eyes as he looked at her.

He clenched his fists tightly. "Serena!"

She was mocking his racing skills?

She had been with him for four years. Did she not know that he had a professional racing license, that he was a professional racer?

He had a formidable reputation in the racing world. Even many racers in his own club couldn't beat him.

And she dared to call him pathetic... garbage?

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Adrian laughed, but it was a laugh born of pure anger, his eyes dark and cold. "Fine! Serena since you're so confident, I'll grant you your wish!" Content

"Go! Get everyone from the club who's here. Everyone is racing!"

He sneered. "Serena, I hope that in twenty minutes, you can show me... your so-called 'professional' skills!"

Serena indifferently raised her cool, emotionless eyes and glanced at him.

Then, with one hand in her pocket and the other holding Brianna's, she turned and walked away.

She didn't give him so much as a backward glance.

Her attitude was one of supreme, arrogant indifference.

Adrian's face was as dark as a thundercloud as he stared at Serena's retreating back. "Keep an eye on them. Don't let them run off!"

Serena led Brianna to the maintenance area to get Ghost inspected before the race.

As they were leaving, Brianna grabbed Serena's arm. "Serena, that Rookie King... he's really strange."

"Hmm?" Serena turned to look at her.

Brianna shuddered at the memory of Silver Ghost's eyes. "I don't know... the way he looked at you was wrong."

"When he was staring at you, it was like... he had locked onto his prey. It was like he was looking at a dead person!"

What she didn't say was...

That kind of gaze wasn't what you'd

ene

expect from a competitor on the

racetrack was the look of a

It

predator staring at prey waiting to be slaughtered.

The more Brianna thought about it, the more dangerous it seemed. "Serena, know you're Skye, but... but that Silver Ghost is obviously bad news What if he tries to do

something to you on the track... No, it's too dangerous!"

As much as she didn't want to lose Ghost, this was too much.

c 186

Even though she, too, desperately wanted to see the legendary Skye—her idol, her goddess—return to the racetrack in all her glory.

But she couldn't bear the thought of Serena getting hurt in any way.

And the risk was extremely high.

Brianna squeezed Serena's hand tightly. "Serena, I'll call my brother right now. With his connections, he can definitely find someone to beat that Silver Ghost before the Overdrive Challenge starts!"

She frantically pulled out her phone, ready to call Nicholas.

Serena placed a hand over Brianna's, using her other to gently lift the girl's chin, forcing the panicked young woman to look at her.

"Do you trust me?" she asked.

Brianna's bright eyes widened slightly, staring blankly at the exquisite face so close to hers.

She blinked a few times and nodded forcefully. "I do!"

"Then don't do anything," Serena said, patting her on the head. "I'll win."

Brianna's eyes grew wider.

A few seconds later.

She nodded again, even more determinedly. "Okay, I trust you, Serena!"

Serena's eyes curved, and a subtle glance flickered toward a dark, shrouded corner not far away.

A hint of a smile played at the corners of her eyes.

Over there.

Nathan jerked his head back, his handsome face a mask of shock. "Nicholas, did she... did she just see me?!"

That glance from Serena felt like she had looked right at him from across the distance.

It sent a jolt through him that almost made him stumble and fall.

He and Nicholas had found an incredibly concealed hiding spot.

No normal person would have noticed them.

But Serena's look was clearly...

"Yes," Nicholas replied, a smile spreading across his charming eyes, a hint of pride in his tone.

Nathan was speechless.

What did Nicholas have to be proud of?

They were stalking them like creeps, and they'd been caught! They could easily be mistaken for actual perverts!

His pristine reputation was on the line!

"Well... since we've been spotted,

should we stop hiding?" Nathan suggested. "Are we really going to det

Miss Lancaster compete? I just

looked up that guy, Silver Ghost.

He's... notorious for being ruthless. Every professional who's raced

against him has been carried off the track on a stretcher."

He drew in a sharp breath as he spoke. "And what's worse, the surveillance cameras never manage to capture any of Silver Ghost's illegal moves!"

He offered a solution. "Nicholas,

you're the only one who can handle Silver Ghost! You should take Brianna's place, win this race, and guarantee Miss Lancaster will be head over heels for you!"

"No need," Nicholas Blackwood said with a slight smile, his voice low and lazy,

utterly unconcerned. "She can handle it."

Nathan's eyes widened. "After

hearing everything about Silver Ghost, you're still willing to let a beautiful, delicate woman like Miss Lancaster go up against him? What if

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"There is no 'what if,' the man said with certainty. "She won't lose."

Nathan was incredulous. "You mean... you've seen her race before? She's better than Silver Ghost?"

Nicholas replied, "No."

Nathan didn't know what to say. "You've never seen her race, so how can you be so sure she'll win?"

Nicholas stated simply, "A gut feeling."

Nathan was at a loss for words.

He was now thoroughly convinced.

Nicholas was never going to win Miss Lancaster's heart.

This wasn't how you pursued someone!

Didn't he understand the concept of a hero saving the damsel in distress?

Such a perfect opportunity, and Nicholas wasn't seizing it!

He was just going to let Serena fall victim to Silver Ghost's dirty tricks on the track.

When Serena was carried off the course later, it would be too late for regrets.

Nathan felt that his friend Nicholas was truly...

Utterly hopeless when it came to romance!

c 187

In a dark corner of the maintenance bay.

Brandon stared grimly at Brianna and Serena, his eyes swirling with dark emotions.

This was the same Brianna who, until recently, would come running the moment he appeared in her line of sight.

Now, she hadn't even spared him a single glance.

He remembered the jeers from his friends just moments ago—

"Mr. Keller, I thought you had the Blackwood family's little princess wrapped around your finger? How come she won't even talk to you?"

"Weren't you bragging about playing some rich girl for a fool? Looks to me like you're the one being played."

"Hahaha! Mr. Keller, you always boast about how you're a master with women. I'm seeing it firsthand today... truly one of a kind!"

Each mocking word was like a slap across his face.

They had completely shattered the carefully crafted persona he had built over the years.

To make matters worse, Lauren was buzzing in his ear, "Brandon, you need to go apologize to Brianna! She likes you so much, she must just be angry right now! If you just say you're sorry, she'll definitely forgive you!"

Brandon's face darkened.

Him, apologize to Brianna?

In his dreams!

What had he done wrong?

From the very beginning, Brianna was the one being unreasonable!

She was just trying to use this to pressure him!

If he backed down even once.

Wouldn't that mean letting Brianna walk all over him?

He would never give her the satisfaction!

But, Lauren was right about one thing—Brianna was crazy about him.

As long as that Serena... didn't corrupt her, Brianna would go back to the way she was before.

Brandon's gaze swept over the maintenance bay, a crazed glint in his eyes.

Ten minutes later.

Under the supervision of an Apex Horizon Speedway official, the maintenance crew completed all standard inspections of the motorcycle.

During a brief shift change, Brandon,

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relying on his familiarity with the

e's layout a

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spots, slipped inside unnoticed.

He looked at the sleek, silver-and-black "Ghost" parked on the pre-race platform.

A vicious, cruel look crossed Brandon's face.

He pulled a multi-tool, which he always carried for modifying bikes, from his pocket. With rough, practiced movements, he pried open a side panel.

Then, he unscrewed a small, palm-sized bottle and poured its contents into the fuel tank.

After emptying the entire bottle.

A triumphant, twisted smile spread across Brandon's face.

Even if Serena was about to face Silver Ghost in a duel she was bound to lose!

He was going to make Serena pay the price for turning Brianna against him. Without that bitch Serena in the picture.

Brianna would go back to being the idiot he could control, his obedient little puppet! The minutes ticked by.

The electrifying music for the Overdrive Challenge blared to life, announcing the official start of this rare event.

Six motorcycles, all cleared by the maintenance crew, were displayed in rotation on the massive screens throughout the speedway.

The six challengers walked to their bikes, mounted them, and drove to the starting line for a pre-race showcase.

Serena approached the Ghost, her hand resting on the handlebars.

At the same time, in the best viewing area high above.

Nathan was so agitated he nearly jumped out of his seat. "Nicholas

Lancaster's fuel tank, and she doesn't know! We have to tell her!"

That idiot tampered with Vel

c 188

If Serena actually got on that track with the Ghost...

If something went wrong with the bike mid-race, she'd be crippled, if not killed!

Not to mention, that so-called Rookie King, Silver Ghost, was watching her like a hawk.

The level of danger Serena was facing was unimaginable.

This race was rigged from the very beginning.

While Nathan was practically hopping with anxiety, Nicholas's deep gaze was fixed

on the slender, tall figure standing beside the Ghost.

The girl's striking, coolly beautiful face was perfectly calm, without a ripple of emotion.

It was as if this life-or-death race was nothing more than a child's game to her.

His eyes were cool, but his expression softened as he looked at Serena. A knowing smile touched his thin lips. "Don't worry. She knows."

Nathan paused. "Huh? Miss Lancaster knows? How could she know?"

Nicholas didn't answer, his intense gaze still locked on Serena.

Nathan rubbed the back of his neck and looked down as well.

Serena stood beside the Ghost, her eyes lowered to the bike. Her expression was lazy and calm, but a cold, unreadable arc curved in her eyes.

She leaned over slightly, and her long, pale fingers casually brushed against a well-hidden port beneath the front of the bike.

The movement was so natural it looked as if her hand had simply grazed it by accident.

Then, she swung a long leg over and mounted the motorcycle.

Her slender legs, clad in cargo pants, were long and incredibly alluring.

The crowd roared with cheers and shouts.

Amidst the deafening noise.

No one except Nicholas noticed her subtle gesture.

The six incredibly cool and luxurious racing bikes lined up at the starting line, their engines humming, ready to unleash their power.

For this Overdrive Challenge.

Adrian, determined to get the Ghost, had not held back.

Silver Ghost sat astride the Dark Serpent GT he had borrowed from Chloe, positioned on the far right.

Adrian had also recruited three of his club's top racers to join the challenge.

Even Adrian himself, despite his injured hand, was competing.

Including Serena, there were six racers in total.

Serena and Adrian were sandwiched in the middle, their bikes side by side.

Silver Ghost's venomous, snake-like gaze slid past the others and fixed

on Son

His tongue flicken Tite

out,

licking his lips. FindNovel.net

His sinister and eerie demeanor was enough to make one's blood run cold.

Meeting his gaze, Serena's crimson lips curled into a lazy, defiant smile.

Adrian's eyes were dark and intense, his gaze fixed on her.

The girl's posture was effortlessly cool, one long leg propping her up, giving her a relaxed, casual air.

Her waterfall of dark hair was tied into a high ponytail, revealing her sharp, exquisite features.

This was a side of Serena he had never seen before.

And it was...

Stunning.

So stunning that he found it nearly impossible to look away.

He rubbed his bandaged wrist. "Serena, if you forfeit now, I might let you off. Otherwise... once we're on that track, it's every man for himself content

His tone was laced with a chilling, teeth-grinding hostility.

Serena didn't even bother to turn her head.

He lifted the silver-t

helmet from the handlebars

and put it on.

Her cool voice echoed from beneath the helmet. "Just worry about yourself, you waste."

The insult was raw and undisguised.

Adrian's expression turned ugly, his face twitching with pure, unadulterated fury.

c 189

The starting lights suddenly flashed on.

The red lights began beeping out a countdown.

The massive screens around the speedway displayed the countdown numbers.

Then, the red lights went out, and the green lights blazed.

"ROAR "

The thunderous sound of engines ripped through the air.

Six motorcycles shot forward like predators released from their cages.

The sleek, silver-and-black bike, in the very first second, launched like a cannonball, instantly pulling ahead by several bike lengths!

"Whoa!"

A wave of disbelieving gasps swept through the audience.

That speed...

She was dominating them right from the start!

In the viewing area, Hailey shot to her feet, her sweet and delicate makeup unable

to hide the shock on her face. "How... how could she? How is that even possible..."

Didn't Mom say Serena grew up in the countryside?

That she was nothing more than a country bumpkin, a total nobody!

How could a hick from the sticks know anything about motorcycles, let alone racing?

Brandon's face was contorted in a sneer, his eyes fixed on the silver-and-black motorcycle that was leading the pack. His grin widened.

Go ahead!

Let her push it!

The faster she goes now.

The more the upcoming turns will become a death trap for her!

Soon, Serena entered a turn.

Turns were the best places on the track to overtake someone.

Silver Ghost, riding the Dark Serpent GT, had sharp, predatory eyes under his helmet.

He gunned the engine, and the Dark Serpent GT shot forward like a shadow, hugging the inside line.

At the same time, his finger moved, and he honked his horn.

Just as Serena's Ghost was about to hit the most critical point of the turn.

Silver Ghost forced his bike forward, squeezing her aggressively.

The other three club racers also accelerated on the signal, forming a triangle and closing in on Serena from all sides!

This was the plan they had made before the race.

Whether Serena could actually ride or not didn't matter.

Their goal was to box in the Ghost, trap Serena on the track, and let Silver Ghost take the victory!

A three-bike pincer.

And the Dark Serpent GT on the inside line, clearly intending to force the Ghost off the track during the turn...

Serena's only option was to slow down and evade Silver Ghost's attack.

Otherwise, being forced off the track at high speed would mean a guaranteed collision with the guardrail.

And the rider would be thrown from the bike by the momentum.

Seeing this, Brandon's eyes lit up with gleeful anticipation. He gripped the railing tightly, his mind screaming-

Yes!

Crash and burn!

This pincer move in the turn was sure to make the substance in the fuel tank take effect.

The Ghost was bound to lose control!

Then... the bike would fly off the track, and she'd be killed in the wreck!

The evidence in the fuel tank would be gone forever!

Everything could be blamed on Silver Ghost, and he would have nothing to do with

it.

Aboard the silver-and-black motorcycle.

Serena glanced at her rearview mirror, taking in everyone's intentions and trajectories.

Beneath her silver-and-black helmet,

her

her session was unchanged, but eyes were filled with 1.9

spark

of elation and excitement

After four years.

This long-lost, blood-pumping feeling...

It was absolutely exhilarating!

In the rearview mirror, Silver Ghost's predatory eyes met Serena's.

He steered the Dark Serpent GT at sharp angle across the inside

moving in an unnatural trajectory

straight into

aiming to ram Serena

His assault was fierce, carrying the force of a battering ram.

"Holy crap That Rookie King is insane! He races like he doesn't care if anyone lives or dies, but he's even

willing to risk his own life to take someone out!"

"Wasn't he famous for his dirty tricks? Why is he being so blatant about it this time?"

c 190

"What's the beef? Is he really trying to kill her? He's clearly breaking the rules of Apex Horizon Speedway!"

"Get him off! Get him off! Get him off!"

"Follow the rules! Follow the rules! Follow the rules!"

The crowd erupted into chants.

Everyone was disgusted by the behavior of the so-called Rookie King, Silver Ghost.

Meanwhile... on the track, Serena was trapped in a perilous situation, boxed in by three bikes and facing a high-speed collision from the Dark Serpent GT.

She was just about to hit the apex of the turn.

If she didn't slow down to evade.

The Ghost would certainly lose control.

But Serena showed no intention of yielding.

In fact, at the very center of the turn, she slammed on the accelerator.

"No way! That girl is nuts! She's not slowing down on a turn this sharp? She's accelerating?!"

"She's boxed in on three sides with Silver Ghost attacking! If she speeds up, there's nowhere to go!"

"If she doesn't slow down, even in Skye's legendary Ghost, she's going to lose control!"

"With that much momentum, she's going to fly right off the track!"

The crowd roared with a tidal wave of astonished cries.

On the track, Serena's bike fishtailed, and at an impossibly tight angle, it scraped past the corner's guardrail!

And then...

It literally flew!

Soaring into the air!

The breathtaking scene made everyone's heart leap into their throats along with the airborne Ghost, their eyes wide with shock.

"ROOOOAR!"

The engine's thunderous roar filled the sky!

The silver-and-black heavy motorcycle, suspended in mid-air, was moving so fast it was just a blur.

Insane!

This was absolutely insane!

Even a complete amateur knew how dangerous it was for tires to leave the ground at such extreme speeds!

And it was not only at top speed, but also in an extreme turn!

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When the bike went airborne, the inertia should have caused it to lose all traction sending both rider and machine flying off into the distance!

And from that height, the fall would be fatal!

The crowd was going wild.

The three racers who had been trying to box her in were also stunned!

That girl had some serious nerve.

Even they, as professional racers, wouldn't dare to attempt such an extreme maneuver!

"SCREECH-"

A sharp, ear-splitting sound of tires on pavement suddenly pierced the air.

In mid-air, the silver-and-black motorcycle's front end abruptly dipped down.

The Ghost having cleared the

corner, soared over to the next

section of the track below. The front

wheel slammed onto the ground,

she eased off the gas, and the front, wheel steadied.

"SCREEEE-"

The piercing sound of tires gripping the asphalt echoed across the speedway.

"VROOOM-"

The silver-and-black heavy bike was back on the track. She hit the throttle again, and its speed continued to climb relentlessly.

The audience was in an uproar.

It was followed by a deafening wave of cheers, as people got goosebumps from the sheer excitement of what they had just witnessed.

They had just seen...

Serena, in control of Skye's legendary bike, pull off an equally mind-blowing, god-like maneuver!

Serena had literally gone airborne, clearing an entire section of the track and using an aerial shortcut to land on the next one!

She had instantly widened the gap between her and the other racers even further.

"CRASH!"

In the midst of this stunning moment.

One of the racers, completely distracted, slammed into the guardrail and was thrown from his bike.

That last scene...

It was beyond thrilling, beyond cool!

So this was the legendary Ghost, Skye's bike?

Was any rider who could handle the Ghost this good?

So good it was terrifying!

What kind of incredible skill did it

take to escape the clutches of the et

so-called lethal Rookie King in such a spectacular fashion?