

Never Say 505

“Who said anything about giving up? I won’t lose to you!”

“ALL right then,” Hannah sneered, arching an eyebrow at Winona.

“Let’s settle this with a match, just you and I.”

“Deal! You’re going to regret your arrogance!” Winona fired back.

Grasping Omar’s arm, Winona turned around and walked away.

Hannah turned around to see Bryson engrossed in a conversation with Brewster. She gave him a signal.

Bryson caught her eye and gestured toward his phone.

As Hannah stepped outside, she checked her phone and found a text from Bryson. He had arranged a race car for her in Garage 26 and asked her to gear up.

The upcoming race was very simple. It was far from a challenging mountain course. Contestants merely had to lap the track three times, and the first one to cross the finish line would be declared the winner.

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Before her individual race, Hannah lounged in her car, the roar of the crowd filling the air.

Just then, her phone buzzed with a new message. Unexpectedly, it was from Edwin.

Given the involvement of Winona and Hannah, the event had taken on a secret gambling aspect among the wealthy youth, most of whom were betting on Winona.

Glancing at the steep odds in the photograph, Hannah couldn’t help but smile and texted Edwin a reply. [Look at those odds. I’m tempted to bet myself.]

When Edwin read her text, he rolled his eyes, puzzled by Hannah’s preoccupation with money at such a time.

[I’ve bet 100, @0@ on you taking the win! Aren’t you going to acknowledge that?!]

Hannah responded nonchalantly, [All your money is with me, right? So where did you get 100, 000?]

Frustrated, Edwin texted back, [Shouldn’t you be focusing on the race?]

I’ve bet my last 100, 000 of pocket money on you!]

Hannah swiftly handed Edwin her bank card information and password.

[In this account is 10 million. Bet it on me, would you?]

At first, Edwin thought Hannah was kidding. With a mix of hesitation and disbelief, he placed the bet, his eyes growing wide at the amount now displayed on the screen.

Shaken, he texted Hannah, [You’re really putting 10 million on the line? God! You’re crazy!]

Upon hearing the closing horn of the group race, Hannah grinned.

After texting, she set her phone aside.