



My Driver Can't be this CUTE!

By: LSNB

To Shuichi Shigeno

For my inspiration.

Author's Note: During a Top Gear episode, James May reviewed a Singer Porsche, where he mentioned that it is a love letter to a car. Likewise, as a person obsessed with cars since birth, this is a love letter to all the cars I love.

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Thank you anime for saving my life.

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A FAMILIAR FACE

Nekomi stood on the side of his green and white Skoda, clenching his fists, ready for battle. However this time things are very different. He has dealt with many of the "car spirits" before, but this time he felt a sense of unease, a sense that something is different, something is off, or even something bad is about to happen. His body is trying his best to hide his nervousness but a person with an attention to detail can notice it.

In front of him is his rival, a tall woman with a long pony tail, wearing a baseball jacket with side striped shorts, all in blue with streaks of golden yellow as lines on her clothes. Her hair piece is a four angled star each side of her bangs, and they seem to glow like one too. She stood at the side of her blue Subaru, radiating with confidence, facing towards the shy Nekomi.

The woman is a mysterious one, rarely appearing in the twisty mountain roads that they currently on. Whenever she appears, she has the ability to manoeuvre the entire tounge with great handing, gaining her the nickname the "Mountain Shogun". There is the saying goes that she only duels with people that she seem worthy, so being able to race with her side by side is an honour by itself.

Nekomi being practically an outsider, and the fact that she previously beaten his teammates Sebastien and Kimi a bit earlier, she is confident to beat him as well.

His pose isn't helping either, with his body wanting to curl into a ball, makes part of the crowd that are hopeful about him winning become doubtful.

The woman decide to further intimidate him by leaning forward to Nekomi and pushed her right arm against his green Skoda.

"You scared kid?" She said in a firm voice.

Nekomi turned his head by 45°, with his eyes looking away from the tall woman in front of him. His four yellow head bands, two on each side of his head, given by his 'Master' when he started to learn racing, glowed underneath her shadow.

Knowing that his 'Master' is beside him at all times, he glanced at the woman and nodded his head, and let out a "M-hm".

CHAPTER I – A FAMILIAR FACE

"I expected more from the so-called 'Tarmac Specialist', you definitely need to work on your 'Track Anxiety'." The woman said. "Let me guess, I bet you're looking for someone."

Nekomi look straight back at the woman shocked. Unable to believe that she guess what comes to his mind.

The woman chuckeled for a second then said, "You know what, if you manage to beat me, I will help you find the person you are looking for."

Nekomi the swiftly asked, "But what if I lose?"

She than said, "I'll guess you have to do whatever I want." As the slowly went to the other side of the car and opened the door. "Chop-chop, the sun is going to rise soon, be prepared alright?"

Nekomi opened his own car's door as well. Right before the woman gets into the car she called at Nekomi, causing him to turn around his body.

She than said, "Hey, one more thing. Be proud of yourself, I know you can do more than you think you can. Darling."

"Darling?" Nekomi thought to himself, "What is she even thinking? She don't know who I am... Right?"

Lancer