

American Touge

by Alejandro Adam

Book 1 Preview

Full book available on Amazon

www.americantougeofficial.com

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Additionally, this book contains historically accurate but potentially offensive language to authentically reflect the attitudes, behaviors, and speech of certain characters within the early 2000s setting. Such language is not used to promote hate, discrimination, or negative

stereotypes, but rather to preserve the realism of the time period and the authenticity of character perspectives.

Reader discretion is advised.

WARNING

This book is a work of fiction created for entertainment purposes only. The author does not condone or encourage illegal street racing, reckless driving, or unsafe behavior on public roads.

Street racing and canyon driving at high speeds are extremely dangerous and can result in serious injury or death, not only to drivers and passengers, but also to innocent bystanders. Always obey posted speed limits, traffic laws, and local regulations.

If you are passionate about spirited driving, the safest and most responsible place to develop your skills is at a properly sanctioned racetrack or driving school. Seek out local track days, autocross events, or performance driving programs where you can enjoy your car in a controlled, legal, and safe environment.

Stay safe, respect others, and keep the spirit of car enthusiasm alive by driving responsibly.



Prologue

Grand Touring Championship Ceremony

Early 2000s – California, USA

Kazuya sat in the passenger seat of a yellow Lamborghini Murciélago, its high-pitched V12 growling through the winding roads of Napa Valley. Behind the wheel was his lifelong friend, Daisuke Yamaguchi, a man whose journey had taken Kazuya from the mountain passes in their native town in Gunma, Japan, to the canyons in the San Gabriel Mountains in California.

They were in their late thirties now, but their bond stretched back to childhood—neighbors, classmates, and ultimately, brothers. In the late '80s and throughout the '90s, their names carried weight among street racers in Japan. Daisuke, with his legendary RX-7, and Kazuya, a Nissan loyalist through and through. Their reputations weren't just built on the cars they drove, but on the skill and nerve they displayed behind the wheel.

By the late '90s, Daisuke had built a highly successful online advertising business. As his company grew, the Japanese market began to limit his potential, so he started doing business with American companies. The U.S. seemed to give him endless opportunities, which

led him to open a corporate office in Los Angeles. His success in America was swift, and soon, his business in L.A. became his primary source of revenue.

When he made the move to the U.S., he invited Kazuya to join him, not as an employee, but as a trusted advisor, a role that carried weight beyond the corporate world. At first, Kazuya declined, uninterested in the business side of things, but eventually, the prospect of a new challenge—combined with unwavering loyalty to his friend—led him to accept.

Yet, Daisuke's true passion was never business. It was racing. Once his company was established, he took the next step—creating his own racing team, competing in the top Grand Touring championship in America.

Though he was a multimillionaire, he approached his first season with a measured budget, understanding that success in racing was built on experience, not just money. Entering a single car to minimize costs, the team faced an uphill battle. They struggled throughout the season and finished near the bottom of the standings.

Now, the season had come to an end, and they were on their way to the championship's closing ceremony, an exclusive event held at a vineyard in Napa Valley.

“It's here. Turn right,” Kazuya said, nodding toward the gated entrance.

Daisuke downshifted, the Lamborghini's mechanical symphony echoing through the valley as they glided onto the estate's private road.

The vineyard stretched endlessly with rows of meticulously pruned vines glowing golden under the setting sun. The horizon was dotted with oak trees, and beyond them, the distant mountains completed the breathtaking view.

"I hope that we'll be seated with Ron. I like him," stated Daisuke as he switched into third gear.

"Yes, he might be the nicest of all the owners," agreed Kazuya.

The road wound through the vineyard before leading them to a grand courtyard paved in cobblestone. Valets in crisp suits guided the arriving guests, their practiced hands opening doors to let elegantly dressed passengers step out into the evening glow.

A lineup of high-end machinery filled the designated parking area—Ferraris, Porsches, Aston Martins—a testament to the wealth and prestige gathered here tonight.

The dinner was set in the vineyard's grand estate, a sprawling Tuscan-inspired villa with warm, earth-toned walls and arched windows. The atmosphere was sophisticated, a blend of old-world luxury and modern refinement.

Daisuke and Kazuya handed off the keys to the valet and followed the signs leading them toward the main terrace. As they stepped onto the outdoor patio, a sight unfolded before them—rows of elegantly arranged tables stretching beneath the open sky, adorned with crisp white linens, polished silverware, and floral centerpieces bursting with

deep reds and golds, matching colors with the background—a glorious view of the vineyard.

Some guests were already seated while others stood in small clusters, engaged in conversation.

Everyone arrived dressed to impress. Beautiful women glided across the terrace in couture gowns, while the men looked sharp in tailored tuxedos. The occasional flash of a designer watch or a sparkling clutch hinted at the affluence of the crowd.

Kazuya instinctively took in the scene, noting the different groups—drivers, owners, and team managers. The air buzzed with laughter and conversation, a mix of racing banter, congratulations, and the occasional boast about the season’s highlights. Glasses of champagne clinked as waitstaff moved discreetly between the guests with silver trays of fancy appetizers.

Kazuya smirked, crossing his arms. “Just like our parties in Gunma, huh?” he said sarcastically.

Daisuke chuckled, adjusting the cuff of his tailored suit. “No matter where we are, we never forget where we come from.” That statement had become a centering tool for both of them.

Kazuya nodded in response.

Daisuke spotted his team manager, Richard May, chatting with other team managers and gave him a quick wave before making his way toward a group of team owners. Kazuya followed closely behind.

“Daisuke, great to see you!” exclaimed Ron Ellis, the owner of one of the championship’s top teams.

Ron introduced Daisuke and Kazuya to the rest of the group, other team owners and their wives, several of whom they had never met before.

As they exchanged handshakes, Kazuya quickly took note of the wives, each one strikingly beautiful, but one in particular stood out: Katherine Greene. Her blonde hair shone like the sun. Poised, elegant, a woman who commanded attention. Her husband, Tom Greene, owned this year’s championship-winning team.

“Tell us, Daisuke,” Ron began, “how was your first season as an owner?”

Daisuke exhaled, the memory of a grueling season still fresh. “Well, we finished near the bottom, so I’m not thrilled about that. But it was a learning experience, and that was the main goal this year.”

“The first season is all about gathering experience and learning the trade,” Tom chimed in. “Hang in there, it’ll get better.” He took a sip of his drink. “What do you think was your biggest struggle this year?”

“I think the car was competitive,” Daisuke replied, “but our driver didn’t perform as he should have.”

Katherine raised a curious brow. “What was the issue with the driver?”

“He wasn’t just lacking pace, he lacked focus. Unforced errors ... he got distracted too easily, and it cost us.”

Katherine gave a small, graceful shake of her head. “That’s unfortunate. Focus is everything at this level.”

Daisuke leaned back slightly, tilting his glass. “Maybe next time I’ll just hire a street racer. They take racing more seriously.”

A few chuckles rippled through the group.

“I’m being serious,” Daisuke added. “Kazuya and I used to be street racers in Japan, and we met there some of the best drivers we’ve ever seen.”

Ron chuckled. “You are just messing with us.”

Before Daisuke could respond, another owner spoke up, Francesco Bianchi, whose team was one of the most successful in the series. “Wasn’t Edgar Cole your driver?”

“Yes,” Kazuya replied.

Bianchi folded his arms. “Cole trained at one of the best racing schools in the country. He’s been groomed for this since he was a kid.”

Daisuke sighed. “And that’s exactly what seems to be the problem. These racing drivers have had it too easy. They come from privileged backgrounds, raised on racetracks with the best equipment money can buy. They’ve never had to fight for it. They don’t know struggle, and that makes them weak.”

The air between them shifted. A few of the owners exchanged glances, clearly not thrilled with his comment.

Tom was the first to speak up. “Careful what you say, Daisuke,” he warned, his tone firmer. “A lot of us believe in these kids—and in the process. Racing schools, junior formulas, structured development. That’s how champions are made.”

Daisuke remained unfazed, his tone steady and assured. “I’m not saying that schools don’t work. But schools can’t teach hunger. Kazuya and I raced with guys who didn’t have sponsors, scholarships, or family money. They weren’t trying to impress a boardroom.

“They raced because they had something to prove to themselves. That kind of fire can’t be taught.”

“What kind of street racing are you talking about?” Bianchi asked, narrowing his eyes. “Drag racing?”

Kazuya shook his head. “Touge racing.”

The way he said it—flat, matter-of-fact—made a couple of the owners pause.

“Racing in the mountains,” Kazuya elaborated. “Some of Japan’s top racing drivers come from touge racing. It’s been proven.”

Tom scoffed. “I think that’s a bunch of bullshit. Look at the top drivers in the world. I don’t see many Japanese drivers dominating the international stage. Our system works.”

A brief silence followed. The tension between Tom and Daisuke was evident.

Kazuya exhaled slowly, then casually opened his tuxedo jacket and pulled out a cigarette, lighting it with the practiced ease of a longtime smoker. He had plenty to say—but he wasn’t going to say it. Let the team owners argue amongst themselves.

“I’ll tell you why street racers have an edge,” Daisuke continued, his voice calm but firm. “They’re trained in an environment that pushes concentration beyond anything a track driver experiences. When they race in the mountains, they don’t have perfect lighting, pristine

pavement, or runoff areas. They have blind corners, incoming traffic, uneven surfaces, debris, animals crossing the road, police, sheer cliffs. It forces them to process information faster. Their brains adapt to high-stress driving situations, similar to rally drivers. So, when you put them in a controlled environment like a racetrack, all that excess stress disappears. Their mental bandwidth opens up. They have more capacity to understand what's going on with the car, unlocking its full potential."

Ron and Bianchi exchanged looks. They might not have fully agreed, but they couldn't deny it was an interesting argument.

Tom, however, wasn't buying it.

He stepped closer to Daisuke, tilting his head. "Well, Daisuke, this is America. And that's not how we do things here." He smirked slightly. "Listening to you makes me wonder if maybe your team's real problem isn't the driver—but the guy running it."

Daisuke's jaw tightened. Kazuya instantly recognized the subtle shift in his friend's posture—the contained burst of anger simmering beneath the surface.

Tom turned to Katherine, taking her hand. "Now, if you'll excuse me, I have some other people to say hello to."

Without another word, he and Katherine walked away, leaving an unmistakable tension lingering in their wake.

Kazuya took another slow drag of his cigarette, watching them disappear into the crowd.

"Prick."

Daisuke exhaled sharply through his nose, forcing himself to relax.

“Let’s go take a seat,” Kazuya said, tapping the ash from his cigarette. “The ceremony’s about to start.”

The stage, framed by towering wine barrels, stood at the far end of the terrace. A custom podium bearing the Grand Touring Championship’s logo gleamed under the spotlight, flanked by sleek, modern trophies that shimmered like the polished metal of a car’s body. A small press area near the stage bustled with activity, its backdrop emblazoned with sponsor logos.

Daisuke and Kazuya took their seats at their designated table, joined by their team manager, Richard May. They shared the space with Ron Ellis and another team owner, whom they had never met before.

As the sun dipped lower, bathing the vineyard in deep orange hues, the ceremony began. The host, a charismatic figure well-known in the racing world, took the stage, his voice cutting through the evening air.

“Ladies and gentlemen, drivers, teams, and fans of speed, we are gathered here tonight to celebrate more than just the close of another season. We celebrate the relentless pursuit of excellence, the sacrifices made in the name of competition, and the unwavering passion that fuels this sport we love.

“The Grand Touring Championship is not just about machines. It’s about the people behind them. The teams who spend sleepless nights perfecting their cars, the engineers who push the limits of technology, and of course, the drivers, the brave men who put

everything on the line, pushing themselves and their machines to the edge.

“Tonight, we honor those who stood above the rest, who turned raw talent into results, and who wrote their names into the legacy of this championship. So, raise your glasses to the teams, the champions, and to another unforgettable season of racing.”

The terrace erupted into applause, glasses lifted in celebration.

The awards ceremony proceeded, each winner stepping onto the stage under the glow of the spotlights. Applause filled the air as trophies were presented, the atmosphere a mix of prestige and camaraderie.

Then, the moment everyone had been waiting for arrived.

“And now, the Driver’s Championship winner,” the host announced, his voice carrying a note of anticipation. “This season has been nothing short of spectacular, but one driver stood above the rest. And when we recognize the driver, we also recognize his team—a team whose cars dominated the grid, whose strategies outmaneuvered the competition, and whose relentless pursuit of perfection set the standard for excellence.

“It is my honor to present the Driver’s Championship trophy, for the second year in a row, to Nick Jennings from Greene Racing!”

The crowd stood in applause. Daisuke and Kazuya joined the gesture, but they remained composed, their expressions carefully measured.

Nick made his way to the stage, joined by Tom Greene, Katherine, and their team manager. Camera flashes lit up their beaming faces as they accepted their awards.

Nick took the mic first.

“Thank you, everyone. It feels incredible to stand here again! I want to thank my parents for their unconditional support throughout the years, and a huge thank you to Tom Greene, whose leadership allowed us to dominate the season once again.”

More cheers followed.

Then, Tom stepped forward, his voice steady, exuding confidence.

“Nick, you were incredible this season. Watching you fly on track was amazing. But beyond just the drivers, this was a team effort. Our success came from a combination of factors ... the talent behind the wheel, the reliability of our machines, the genius of our engineers, and the unwavering support of our sponsors.”

Tom paused for a moment, his expression thoughtful.

“Tonight, though, I want to share something that put things into perspective for me. Earlier today, I had a conversation with Daisuke Yamaguchi, owner of Nippon Racing.”

At the mention of his name, Daisuke remained perfectly still.

Tom smirked. “He mentioned that he was thinking of bringing street racers onto his team.”

Laughter rippled through the terrace, a few guests turning toward Daisuke, eyes gleaming with amusement.

“I know, right? I thought he was joking too,” Tom added playfully.

Daisuke tightened his grip on the glass while Tom continued.

“But hearing about his struggles reminded me of the early years of Greene Racing, when I was clawing my way up. Now, I’m at the top. I’ve proven myself by winning two championships in a row. I’ve earned the right to say that I know what I’m talking about. We succeeded because we believe in the process—getting the best cars, working with the best engineers, partnering with the best racing schools, and recruiting the best drivers.”

Tom’s voice took on a pointed edge.

“So, Daisuke ... despite what you think, racing schools do work, and their drivers—and their respected families—are top competitors.”

A ripple went through the crowd. Some nodded in agreement, but others exchanged glances, shifting in their seats, their expressions tightening. A few whispered among themselves, clearly irritated by what this comment implied.

Daisuke’s expression seemed unreadable, but Kazuya knew better. He saw the way his friend’s jaw flexed ever so slightly.

“But as a fellow team owner, I want to help you,” Tom continued. “There’s no need for you to go out there chasing after street racers to fill up your roster. Just do this ... call the racing schools and tell them I sent you. Maybe that way, they’ll be willing to help you out.”

The terrace burst into applause once again, but this time, it wasn’t just a celebration—it was a power play.

Tom took his time setting down the mic, his smile widening as he accepted another round of handshakes from nearby team owners.

Daisuke's gaze sharpened. Kazuya had seen this look before, back in Gunma, before a race Daisuke absolutely refused to lose. That same quiet calculation, the fire simmering just beneath the surface.

Daisuke leaned into Kazuya. "A war has begun," he muttered in Japanese.

Kazuya nodded silently, taking a slow drag from his cigarette, watching Tom pose for pictures with his wife and team.

Tom Greene had no idea what he'd just started.

One Week Later – Malibu

A week after the championship ceremony, Daisuke had Kazuya visit him at his home in Malibu.

The rhythmic crash of waves filled the silence between them. The bright moon cast a silver glow over the ocean, and the gentle breeze carried the scent of salt and distant bonfires. The terrace of Daisuke's house stretched out toward the Pacific, its sleek, modern design blending with the rugged coastline below. A fire pit crackled at the center of a stone table, flickering shadows dancing across their glasses of whiskey.

Kazuya leaned back in his chair, exhaling a slow stream of smoke as he watched the orange embers swirl in the night air. "So," he said, tapping ash off his cigarette. "What's this plan of yours?"

Daisuke swirled the whiskey in his glass before taking a slow sip. He set it down deliberately, his expression shifting into business mode as he finally spoke. “The main goal is to beat Greene and prove him wrong at his own game. He stood on that stage and laughed at the idea of street racers competing at a professional level. We’re going to show them that a driver with street racing roots can stand on that podium—above their pampered, school-bred drivers.”

Kazuya nodded, a knowing grin forming. “So ... you want to pull someone straight from the touge scene in Japan?”

Daisuke leaned forward, resting his forearms on the arms of his chair. “No. We’ve been disconnected from that scene for too long. We’ll find someone here. And if we get an American driver, it’ll be easier to prove he has no ties to any racing school.

I want them to have no doubt that they were beaten by someone who came out of nowhere.”

Kazuya nodded in agreement.

“We need the best street racer we can find,” Daisuke continued. “And that’s where you come in. You’re going to help me find him.”

Kazuya let out a low chuckle. “You don’t ask for small favors, do you?”

Daisuke smirked. “You’re going to track down the best touge racers in California. We’ll pick the best one from that group ... if he proves up to the task.”

Taking another slow drag of his cigarette, Kazuya exhaled through his nose. “Sounds like a gamble. How do you plan to separate the best from the rest?”

Daisuke leaned back, stretching his legs closer to the fire pit. “We need to see them race multiple times. One race isn’t enough to tell us who has real potential.”

Kazuya narrowed his eyes. “What are you thinking?”

Daisuke nodded. “We’ll do it in stages. Stage 1—you’ll gather a group of touge racers and we’ll have them race each other. We’ll match cars with similar performance and eliminate drivers based on skill.” His tone was unwavering as he continued, “We keep it low-key. The drivers won’t even know they’re competing for a spot on a professional team. We’ll arrange races, pay them per race, and track their performance. No talk of contracts, no false promises—just pure competition.”

Kazuya drummed his fingers against the chair’s armrest, processing the idea. “You said...you’re going to pay them?” His tone carried a hint of skepticism.

“Money will ensure consistency, push them to win, and most importantly, add pressure. I need to see how they handle stress. If they crack under the pressure of a canyon race, they won’t survive in a professional championship.”

Kazuya smirked. “Damn, you have really thought this through. What’s Stage 2?”

“I’ll tell you when we get there,” replied Daisuke with a smug grin.

Kazuya chuckled again. “Typical. Always leaving me hanging.”

Daisuke's gaze drifted toward the ocean, the moonlight tracing silver streaks across the waves.

"Street racing is where you and I come from. This isn't just about proving Tom Greene wrong. It's about proving that our roots matter. This is touge school versus track school, and we're going to beat them on their home court."

Kazuya exhaled one last stream of smoke, crushing his cigarette into the ashtray. He leaned forward, locking eyes with Daisuke. "I'll find your race driver."

PREVIEW ENDS

Hi! This is Alejandro Adam, author of American Touge. Thank you for reading this preview of my book, I hope you enjoyed getting a taste of the story I've created. While this chapter originally appears as Chapter 10 in Book 1, I chose to share it here as a prologue because it lays an important foundation for what's to come in the story.

My goal was for American Touge to be an easy read, descriptive, and focused on accurately portraying vehicles, locations, and driving techniques. If you'd like to keep reading and join the full journey, you can get Book 1 on Amazon by searching: American Touge by Alejandro Adam, or visit the following link:

<https://a.co/d/77swp8j>

Finally, I would love to hear your thoughts on American Touge!

Feel free to send me an email to:

alejandro@americantougeofficial.com

Looking forward to hearing from you!

Alejandro Adam

About the Author

Alejandro Adam is a lifelong car enthusiast and storyteller based in the United States. His passion for cars began early, fueled by countless weekends helping his father in the garage.

American Touge is his debut novel, inspired by his love for driving, car culture, the golden era of Japanese sports cars, and the years he spent living in Southern California, driving on the very canyon roads that shaped the story.

When he's not writing, Alejandro enjoys canyon runs, sim racing, attending car meets, and spending time with his family.

Outside of automotive culture, he holds a Master's degree in Counseling Psychology and works in the mental health field.

Through *American Touge*, Alejandro hopes to inspire a new generation of car enthusiasts and offer a nostalgic ride for those who lived through what he believes was one of the most influential eras in sports car history.

To learn more about his work or get in touch, visit americantougeofficial.com and use the contact form, or email him directly at alejandro@americantougeofficial.com.