

I QUIT MR 127

Chapter 127

Knowing when to stop, Christopher allowed Isabella and Gordon to enter the venue first while he went to park the car.

Gordon watched as Christopher drove towards the parking lot and let out a disdainful snort. "Such a hypocrite."

She glanced at Gordon's Porsche. "Aren't you going to park your car?"

"I can even drive it into the venue." Gordon boasted arrogantly. Just then, he couldn't help but glance disdainfully at Christopher's departing figure. "He's just pretending. He usually enjoys racing; does he care where he parks his car?"

Hearing that, Isabella stayed silent; she never held Christopher in high regard to begin with.

Gordon massaged his waist, about to complain, when he suddenly noticed her silence. Furrowing his brows, he asked, not too kindly, "You don't actually

think that hypocrite is a gentleman, do you?"

She shrugged. "No."

After a snort, he grabbed her hand and led her towards the venue while

continuing to criticize Christopher. "He's the best at pretending and likes to

backstab people. Stay away if you don't want him to take advantage of you."

Isabella sensed that his words were off and looked puzzled. "Didn't you give

him my contact information?"

Gordon stopped in his tracks as if he had heard a colossal joke. "Me?"

She nodded. "Yes, he said that when he contacted me."

After some thought, he then cursed with a disgusted expression. "It was

probably Tyrone and those idiots."

"How did they know my contact information?"

His face darkened, and his tone was unfriendly. "I wanted to help you get

some business, so I gave them your contact information."

Touched, she patted him on the shoulder. "You're really considerate."

At once, his expression softened, and he raised an eyebrow. "Are you moved?"

She nodded. "Yes."

"Then be my girlfriend," Gordon stated bluntly.

Isabella couldn't help but roll her eyes. "I take back what I said."

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Hearing that, he clicked his tongue. "You were just verbally moved? What's the difference from having a fake girlfriend?"

Resigned, she quickly changed the subject. "Enough of that. Tell me about your conflict with Christopher. It seems like you two have some grudges."

Gordon evaded her gaze, not answering immediately.

She had a feeling she touched on something he didn't like people to talk about, and she regretted speaking out of turn.

Just as they entered the venue, Jonas, still wearing bandages on his head,

greeted them with a smile. "Mr. Dunkstein, it's such an honor to have you here.

Thank you for your presence."

This guy was already plump, and with his face and head swollen from

yesterday's collision, he looked quite comical.

Gordon's mood was already bad, and Jonas' approach happened to block

his way. He scanned the other party coldly. "I'm not here to be courteous. No

need to be so happy."

Jonas was rendered speechless.

On the side, Isabella's lips twitched; she wanted to laugh but held it back.

Jonas' face became even more swollen from Gordon's retort. He tried to say

something several times but couldn't find the right words.

After clearing her throat, Isabella intervened. "Mr. Stokes, you were just

hospitalized yesterday. How did you get discharged so quickly?"

"He's dedicated to his work."

Suddenly, Abigail appeared, swaying her hips while holding a champagne

glass, presenting herself as if she were attending a high-end ball. She stood

beside Jonas but kept casting flirtatious glances at Gordon. “Mr. Dunkstein,

please don’t bother Mr. Stokes too much. If it weren’t for welcoming an

esteemed guest like you, he would still be in the hospital.”

She was speaking in a sweet and coquettish manner, sounding like she was

speaking on behalf of Jonas, but in reality, her gaze was fixed on Gordon.

Gordon usually didn’t like this kind of woman, especially those blatantly

showing off their intentions. He was about to retort fiercely, but before he

could do so, Isabella beat him to it.

“Mr. Stokes, Mr. Dunkstein has a straightforward personality. Please don’t take