

## **I QUIT MR 128**

### Chapter 128

Isabella's face flushed with heat as she avoided the gazes of the crowd, trying to pull Gordon out of the encirclement.

However, before she could act, a male voice interrupted.

"Mr. Dunkstein really has good taste. This car suits Miss Symons perfectly."

Christopher, dressed in a bright red suit, stood out conspicuously. His well-known face was instantly recognized, causing a stir as soon as he appeared.

Most of the people in the venue were here for Seth. They didn't expect a bonus-Christopher, who was only slightly less impressive than Seth.

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Standing beside Gordon, Isabella felt the eyes around her constantly shifting between her and the two men. It felt much more intense than the attention she had received outside the main gate just now.

noded to Christopher and then turned to Gordon.

“I don’t need a car. You don’t have to spend so much money, Mr. Dunkstein.”

“It won’t hurt to drive it for fun.” Gordon ignored her. He had a grudge against

Christopher and insisted on showing off.

As he spoke, he snapped his fingers at the salesperson beside him, signaling

them to proceed with the documents.

Isabella felt a headache coming on. She had received generous gifts before,

such as the downtown house that Seth had given her as a reward for

accompanying him abroad for more than two months. She was ecstatic

back then, but now, at the mention of over 1.2 million, her face turned warm

as she tried to think of a way to stop Gordon.

“Why would you force her to drive it when she doesn’t seem to want it?”

Christopher, who had been watching the show, seemed to sense that

Isabella was mentally tense, so he took advantage of the situation to add

fuel to the fire.

Gordon was about to swipe his card when he suddenly heard Christopher's

annoying comment. It instantly made his mood extremely unpleasant.

He lowered his gaze, clenched his fist, and was about to punch Christopher.

Noticing him, Isabella quickly grabbed his arm with an anxious look. "Gordon!"

Rarely did she call Gordon by his name. His eyes flickered, and the anger

boiling within instantly subsided.

Everyone around could tell that the two young men were at odds, while

Isabella easily persuaded Gordon.

"Do you really not want it?" Gordon frowned and asked her.

She quickly nodded in response. "We're in Imperia! The traffic jam here is

insane."

Her words sounded so sincere that the salesperson's colleague gritted her

teeth and silently thought, "This person is a fool to reject him!"

This time, Gordon clicked his tongue and waved to the salesperson. "Forget

Isabella secretly breathed a sigh of relief. Worried that Christopher would continue to speak nonsense, she took the initiative to hold Gordon's arm and deliberately led him away from the crowd.

As they walked past Christopher, she heard him chuckle in a seemingly sarcastic and amused tone.

That sound gave her the sensation of a snake's tongue brushing against her neck, prompting her to quicken her pace.

When they were finally out of the crowd, Gordon withdrew his arm and grasped Isabella's hand.

"What are you afraid of? It was just Christopher."

Isabella rolled her eyes. "Sir, even your father might not dare to confront the Larson Family head-on."

After all, there was a big difference between nouveau riche and deeply-rooted wealthy families.

When he finally understood what she meant, he frowned.

Sighing, Isabella withdrew her hand from his grip and advised, "You two can't have that big of a grudge, right? Just endure it in public."

Gordon pursed his lips and narrowed his eyes. "This guy almost sent me to prison. How bad do you think this grudge is?"

Isabella was taken aback as she did not expect that at all.

After pondering about it, she recalled what Seth had told her. Gordon had once been involved in a criminal case.

"You probably know about it, don't you?" Gordon had no intention of concealing it as he reached into his pocket for a cigarette. However, he found