

I QUIT MR 130

Chapter 130

Dressed in a pink knee-length skirt, Selena stepped out of the car in crystal-high heels. Her sweet, delicate face gave her an innocent appearance, and she even nodded gently at Jonas.

Sitting on the motorcycle, Isabella felt her heart skip a beat as she experienced an indescribable feeling. Selena seemed different, and that sent a chill down her spine.

Lost in her thoughts, Isabella was interrupted when the bodyguard walked to the other side of the car and opened the door for the man inside.

“Show off,” Gordon muttered in front of Isabella, revving the motorcycle’s engine to its maximum sound.

Motorcycles and Bentleys didn’t quite match, but both men were leaders in their respective fields, creating a visually striking scene.

The car door swung open, revealing Seth’s side profile to everyone. The sun

shone through, casting a golden light onto half his face. His features were partially hidden, giving him a noble and arrogant look.

Meanwhile, Isabella sat on the back seat of the motorcycle with a restricted view. That changed when the man stepped out of the car in his black leather shoes, revealing his perfectly handsome face under the sun and causing restrained squeals from the surrounding women.

She couldn't help but click her tongue and then poked Gordon's back. "Didn't I tell you not to enter through the south gate?"

Gordon fell silent and realized he had misheard, instantly regretting his decision.

However, since they had encountered each other, it would be too humiliating to turn away. Therefore, they could only force themselves to move forward.

After all, to young Mr. Dunkstein, Seth was only slightly superior to Christopher.

"Mr. Shaffer, it's an honor to have you here. We apologize for any shortcomings in our hospitality," Jonas said, approaching shyly and smiling

eagerly.

Seth didn't even glance at him. His gaze swept coldly around the surroundings before finally landing on the lowered head behind Gordon.

Selena noticed his gaze and walked up to him, speaking gently, "Mr. Shaffer, let's go inside. It's hot out here."

Jonas quickly chimed in, "Yes, we should head inside. There's air conditioning in there."

Not far away, Isabella silently thought, Hurry up and go inside so that you won't melt from the sun. Otherwise, who will be responsible for that?

Seth withdrew his gaze and strolled into the venue with one hand in his pocket.

Watching him walk away, Isabella breathed a sigh of relief and silently chanted, "Thank God."

Gordon mischievously revved the throttle several times to create a

deafening noise, successfully bringing back some of Isabella's diverted thoughts.

Frightened, she quickly patted his shoulder. "What are you doing?!"

Gordon clicked his tongue. "I was just revving the engine. What's there to be afraid of?"

Feeling overwhelmed, she quickly glanced toward the crowd, and fortunately for her, Seth didn't intend to turn around. Afraid of anything else happening, she urged Gordon, "Hurry up and leave."

Since Gordon was aware of her fear of Seth, he couldn't help but snort disdainfully and mutter something under his breath, seemingly still holding back his frustration when propping up the motorcycle. Then, he suddenly drove away without informing Isabella, startling her so much that she almost fell backward.

"Hey!" When Isabella opened her mouth, the cold wind rushed inside, and her words turned into muffled, indistinguishable sounds.

She was so angry that she didn't hold onto Gordon but still managed to finish

the entire journey by gripping the back seat.

When they arrived outside the racetrack, Gordon deliberately slammed on

the brakes again.

Such childish behavior gave Isabella a headache, and she took the

opportunity to get off the motorcycle, feeling dizzy and disoriented.

"You're... really something. I've never gotten dizzy on a motorcycle my whole

life!" She placed her hands on her waist as she made her way to sit on the

curb outside the racetrack and took deep breaths.