

I QUIT MR 131

Chapter 131

After taking a sufficient rest, Isabella entered the arena only to find that there were no motorcycle engines roaring. Instead, she witnessed a heated argument between Gordon and the security guard at the entrance.

“Sorry, sir. Our venue is booked for another event today.”

“Bullsh*t! Since when can someone else book the entire venue?”

Gordon was furious, uttering profanities and speaking impolitely, seemingly on the verge of exploding.

Isabella quickly approached him and asked, “What’s going on?”

Upon seeing Isabella, Gordon softened his tone slightly. “They won’t let me in, claiming that the venue is booked for something else.”

The security guards noticed Gordon’s change in attitude and realized that

Isabella was the one in charge. They turned towards her and explained, “Miss,

we’re not trying to deceive this gentleman. Someone booked the racetrack

half an hour ago, and we've received instructions from our superiors to clear the area."

Isabella furrowed her brows, sensing that something was amiss, but she couldn't figure out what it was. Then, she tugged on Gordon's sleeve, persuading him, "Forget it. Let's find another place for a ride."

"No way." Gordon was furious. Things hadn't been going his way since his encounter with Christopher that morning, and now he was facing another setback in front of Isabella. It seemed like luck wasn't on his side today.

"Go and get your manager. I want to book this venue too. I'll double whatever they paid!" Gordon exclaimed.

Isabella sighed helplessly. She had no way of dealing with his temper.

The security guards looked at each other before one of them hurriedly jogged away, probably heading to consult with their manager.

Meanwhile, Isabella felt uneasy because someone who could afford to book the entire racetrack was likely as wealthy as Gordon, if not more. Moreover,

there was a good chance that the other party wouldn't back down just because of some extra payment, which might even lead to more trouble. She found herself in a difficult situation because she didn't want to offend any more influential people for no reason.

"Do you have to start a fight?" She patiently approached Gordon and whispered, "How about we find a quiet road surrounded by trees for a leisurely ride? What's the point of booking this venue? It'll help you blow off some steam, and you can use the money to treat me to a meal instead."

With a click of his tongue, Gordon regretted his impulsive actions. However, taking back his words would be too embarrassing.

Seeing his hesitation, Isabella took the initiative to approach the security guards. "Sorry, but we won't be booking the place. Please inform your manager," Isabella stated to the security guard.

Upon hearing that, the security guards breathed a sigh of relief and dared

not show even the slightest hint of disdain. After all, Gordon was prominently exuding the demeanor of a wealthy second-generation.

“Have a nice day.”

Isabella finally felt relieved and turned around to pull Gordon along, wanting to leave this troubled place as soon as possible. She thought it was probably not a good day to go out, especially for a drive. Otherwise, there would definitely be trouble.

“It’s so early in the morning, yet everything I encountered was frustrating,”

Gordon grumbled as Isabella led him away.

Back on the motorcycle, he handed the helmet to Isabella. “Want to go for a ride?”

Isabella felt uneasy about motorcycles now and was not in the mood for a ride, so she sat in the back seat, lost in thought for a while.

“Say something,” Gordon urged.

Isabella rolled her eyes. “I’m still thinking about it.”

As soon as she spoke, the sound of tires on the road could be heard from a short distance away. It was clear that there wasn't only one car but several of them.

"F*ck! How dare they trick me?" Gordon angrily threw his helmet as his anger flared. "And they said someone had booked the venue. Then what are these people doing here?"

Isabella was at a loss for words. She turned her head, squinting to get a better look at the approaching cars and trying to make out the one leading the pack.

The make of the car gradually became clear, followed by the license plate.

Right then, Isabella heard herself cursing at the same time as Gordon.

It was Seth's car!

Isabella suddenly recalled Alex's text message and instantly pieced everything together. The person who booked the venue was Seth, and it