

I QUIT MR 132

Chapter 132

After noticing that there was no movement inside the car, Gordon continued to kick it several times.

Isabella's heart tightened with each sound, beating until it stopped functioning.

Finally, when Gordon grew tired, the door opened.

However, the person who emerged was not Seth, but an expressionless Ollie.

With that, everyone let out a sigh of relief, and Isabella immediately came back to life. "Thank God it's not Seth," she thought.

Following that, Ollie bent over and spoke into the car. "Mr. Shaffer, you can come out now."

Isabella was shocked.

There was a collective gasp as the crowd instinctively took two steps back.

Seth emerged from the other side of the car, standing tall. Even though he

was slightly taller than Gordon and was standing behind a car, his restrained dominance and oppression felt more lethal than Gordon's obvious anger.

"Didn't Xavier ever teach you to behave yourself when you're outside?"

The man's chilling voice resonated, instantly causing the atmosphere to drop a few degrees. Coincidentally, a storm cloud passed by, covering the sunlight. The previously sunny and clear sky darkened, making the crowd feel depressed and anxious.

Meanwhile, Isabella stood in front of the car. She wanted to intervene and mediate the situation, but suddenly, she felt afraid to do so. Even she had to be cautious around Seth, so how could she dare to speak up for Gordon?

"Didn't your father teach you not to put on airs outside?" Gordon mimicked Seth's tone and retorted.

Inside, Isabella was screaming, cursing at Gordon. "Isn't that nonsense? If Seth can't put on airs, then who in the entire Imperia can? We're all in the same situation, but none of us started from the same starting line. How can

you mimic his tone? Are you insane?”

However, Seth didn't even spare Gordon a glance, probably unwilling to engage with the misbehaving kid. He walked past her without even acknowledging her presence.

Afterward, Selena got out of the car and hurried after him, followed by Ollie and two teams of bodyguards. And just like that, the group passed by Isabella.

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“How about a competition?” Gordon suddenly spoke up when the group had walked some distance away.

Hearing that, Isabella was shocked and suspected that the guy had lost his mind. Why else would he be so insistent on provoking Seth?

Seth indeed stopped in his tracks before the crowd.

Isabella closed her eyes and unconsciously moved to the side.

Seth's gaze swept across Isabella's face before settling on Gordon, who was not far away. He spoke up. "You're asking me to compete with you?"

Gordon looked arrogant as he took a step forward. "Are you scared?"

It was clearly a provocation, and based on Isabella's understanding of Seth, she knew he wouldn't agree to such childish games. However, to her surprise,

Seth responded, asking, "What do you want to compete over?"

Isabella's eyes widened as she was once again taken aback. The crowd had excited looks on their faces and didn't even dare to blink, afraid of missing any exciting moments.

"Since we're at a race track, of course we should race cars." Gordon hadn't even finished speaking when Christopher, dressed in red, appeared from behind, adding fuel to the fire.

At that point, Isabella's distaste for Christopher had reached its peak.

Compared to her disgust for Louis, she looked down on people who used underhanded tricks.

Seth pursed his lips and didn't reply immediately. His gaze inadvertently

scanned the surroundings.

"Since it's a competition, what will you do if you lose?" The man's cold gaze

seemed to trap Gordon, exuding a strong aura. The competition hadn't even