

I QUIT MR 137

Chapter 137

Seth glanced up, giving Gordon a stern glare as a clear warning.

Unfazed, Gordon snorted. "You've taken a liking to Isabella?"

Seth raised an eyebrow, finding the question absurd. "Why is that any of your business?"

"If you're interested in her, just say so. If not, stop being so sour. I've developed feelings for her, you know," Gordon said candidly, displaying a carefree attitude. He seemed unconcerned about the fact that Seth was much more powerful than his father.

Seth narrowed his eyes, scrutinizing the young man before him. Suddenly, he couldn't help but scoff with disdain. He leaned back in a relaxed posture and replied, "You may have feelings for her, but she might not feel the same way about you."

Gordon retorted, "Can you read her mind?"

Seth's thin lips parted slightly as he spoke in a calm manner, "She's been with me for five years. Her other abilities might not have improved, but at least her taste in men hasn't declined."

Gordon fired back, "So, you think you know what's best for her?"

Seth pursed his lips, his expression grim, thinking, Do I? There's nothing I can't do if I want to. The point was that he had never considered marrying Isabella.

While there were cases of wealthy heirs marrying actresses or secretaries within their social circles, none of these marriages lasted. Instead, they all ended in messy divorces involving property disputes and legal battles.

Though he didn't support hasty decisions like Dariel and Natasha's abortion, he believed it was Dariel's right to make such choices.

Similarly, Seth's initial attraction to Isabella five years ago had evolved into the pleasant surprise of seeing her change, but that was it. If that alone were the basis for marriage, it would be absurd.

"If you've changed your mind, leave, and don't stop me from pursuing my

girl," Gordon declared. He thought Seth had reconsidered, waving his hand as

he confidently exited the ambulance.

As soon as Gordon left the ambulance, Seth also stepped out.

"What do you mean by this?"

"There's no conflict between your desire to marry her and my desire to hold

her back." With a hand in his pocket, Seth walked past Gordon and headed

into the hospital without a care.

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Gordon stood frozen in place for a while, his mouth agape with amazement.

Finally, he swore, "Forget it!"

In the hospital, Isabella, supported by the nurses, underwent two

examinations to ensure she was alright before the doctor removed the

needles from her knee. There were three needles stuck in her knee from

different angles, one of them nearly piercing her bone.

“You youngsters are truly reckless.” The doctor lectured Isabella while attending to her injuries.

She held her tongue, feeling somewhat scared at this moment. If she hadn’t been so tense during the race and barely moved her legs, she might have been in a serious car accident by now.

At that moment, Isabella sat silently. She heard Gordon’s voice from outside, sounding frustrated and swearing angrily. Without needing to think, she knew what was happening. However, she lacked the energy to deal with the two men outside. Before Seth and Gordon entered the room, she closed her eyes and leaned back in her chair.

“Whoa,” the doctor mumbled softly. He had thought it was a lovers’ quarrel, only to be surprised when two men entered at once.

Seth and Gordon asked in unison, “How is she?”

Glancing at Isabella, the doctor opened his mouth and replied irritably, “Her injuries are serious.”

Gordon, sounding anxious, immediately asked, “She doesn’t have to have her leg amputated, does she?”