

I QUIT MR 162

Chapter 162

After receiving that call, Simon ended the golf session early and invited Dariel and Seth to have a fun time at the beach. It was unusual for him to arrange a gathering since he wasn't fond of them.

Dariel teased, "I know you don't have to marry Lara, but do you have to throw a celebration?"

Simon jokingly cursed his friend and drove the car with one hand. "Shut it. Get Seth to join us. Someone asked for my help, and I have to see it through."

Curious, Dariel asked for details. Simon remained tight-lipped and said nothing. Dariel's curiosity grew, and he hounded Simon for twenty minutes -before hanging up. They agreed to meet at the al fresco bar by the beach, a place owned by their friend where they were regulars.

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As night fell, a bonfire crackled on the sands. Leonard Pole invited another group of people to the party, and everyone was enjoying themselves. Harold brought Kate, while Dariel brought a 'secretary' with him. A few more wealthy individuals showed up, including Jerry Wells from a family of prosecutors and Kristoff Chaucer, who dealt with stocks.

The road beside the beach was filled with cool-looking supercars. Leonard, wearing beach shorts and sunglasses, was in charge of the grill.

Since Seth hadn't arrived yet, everyone took the opportunity to tease Simon.

"Simon called this gathering. There must be a reason for that."

Jerry leaned against the fence, chugging down some beer. He clicked his tongue. "Reason? Because freedom is awesome."

Laughter filled the air. Jerry teased that Simon attracted girls too easily and

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found himself catching the attention of someone he shouldn't have.

Resigned, Simon shrugged. "I'm not the main character today. Don't keep your eyes on me."

"You're not the main guy here?" Kate, lying in Harold's embrace, sweetly asked, "Then who is? Who managed to gather all of us?"

Just then, the roar of a supercar came from the road. The car skidded to a halt, and the noise subsided. Everyone turned their gaze in that direction. A wooden bridge connected the road to the beach. The newcomer slowly walked past the bushes and into their view. He wore a black jacket that blended in with the darkness.

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As the silhouette walked into the light, everyone squinted their eyes and recognized the handsome man. When Kate saw Seth, she quickly sat up from

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Harold's embrace. Quietly, she complained, "Why did you invite him, Simon?"

"Don't be scared. He won't bite." Dariel's eyes twinkled with a smile as he held up a glass of wine and approached Seth.

Seth had an icy expression on his face, and the air around him felt tense.

Once he got closer, everyone could sense his unhappiness. To be precise, he

was on the verge of exploding. Fearless, Dariel put an arm around Seth's

shoulder. "You're late. As punishment, you have to take a shot."

Everyone fell silent. Seth was often late for gatherings and never had to drink

as a punishment.

However, this time was different. Seth looked at the glass in front of him and

took it from Dariel. He raised his head and downed the wine in one gulp.

Gasps filled the air as everyone exchanged glances. They knew this guy was

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furious.

The drink only intensified Seth's anger. He loosened his tie, pulled back a chair, and sat down. He looked at Simon and snapped, "Why did you call us out at this hour? So the mosquitoes can feast on us?"

Simon raised his hands in surrender. "You're a busy man. I would never waste your time."

"Get to the point." Seth felt frustrated. He glanced at the alcohol on the table and noticed Dariel's companion when he looked up.