

I QUIT MR 173

Chapter 173

After Isabella replied with that emoticon, the other party no longer responded to her. She hadn't received anything even by the time she got home. Gordon parked the car once they arrived at Isabella's, but he didn't notice how she seemed to be engrossed in her phone. He kept the car doors locked as he remained in his seat with a frown on his face.

Isabella looked up and put her phone away when she realized that they had arrived at her place. "Thank you for driving me back," she said. Out of nowhere, Gordon said, "Leonard is interested in you." Isabella froze for a moment before looking at the serious expression on Gordon's face. After a while, she burst out laughing. "How is it possible that everyone seems to be interested in me?"

Gordon scoffed. "Don't you know how attractive you are?"

Isabella shrugged as she held up the jellyfish container and swayed it under

the dim street lights. "I can tell when men are attracted to my looks, but I

never take them too seriously," she replied. Gordon pressed his lips together.

It seemed like Isabella was referring to Leonard, but he felt like she might also

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be referring to him.

Isabella didn't care what Gordon thought-she simply knocked on the car

door while speaking. "Open up." Gordon unlocked the doors with a gloomy

look on his face. Once Isabella got out of the car, she leaned down and

looked into the car once more. "Thank you, Gordon," she said sincerely.

He let out a sigh before wiping the gloomy look off his face. "I'll come over to

pick you up tomorrow," he said, leaning closer to the passenger's side of the

car. "Your family's going to be busy tomorrow. You don't have to pick me up.

You can just send me an invitation, and I'll come over on my own tomorrow."

Isabella felt bad asking so much from Gordon.

"Why would I be busy? Do you think those people are worth my time?" Gordon

spun his steering wheel as he prepared to drive off. "You can go inside. I'll pick you up tomorrow," he said stubbornly. Isabella had no choice but to straighten up and take a step back. After winding up the window, Gordon drove off while Isabella watched as his car disappeared down the road.

Then, Isabella turned around and walked into her house, shifting her focus back to her chat with Leonard. The two emoticons in the chat box made it seem like they were having a staring contest, but it also seemed like they were just two clueless individuals looking at each other blankly. Isabella thought to herself, Maybe Leonard's just another weirdo. She pursed her lips and eventually put her phone away before heading up to her house.

On the other end, Seth found himself stuck after receiving Isabella's reply. It was true that he didn't know how to flirt through text-he had only managed to seduce Isabella back then because her standards had been low. He had gotten lucky in the past. However, things were tougher for him now that

Isabella had become more observant and adaptable around people.

With the phone in Seth's hands, the rest of the guys around him knew what

was going on when they heard the vibration of the phone. Leonard turned

around to look at Dariel and mouthed, "What's happening?" Dariel responded

by blinking his eyes, indicating that Seth was really bad at dirty texting.

Leonard couldn't understand the message at all. He thought to himself, What

am I supposed to do? That's my phone, and... we've arrived at Seth's place.

The rest of the men had some drinks, and Leonard, being the only one who

hadn't drunk, was the designated driver. They had arrived at Seth's housing

area, but Seth remained still-he showed no intention of getting out of the

car. The rest of the men waited for the phone to vibrate again, and they

seemed more invested in this matter than in their own love lives.

Eventually, Simon cleared his throat and turned to look at Seth. "It's getting

late. Women need their beauty sleep, so Isabella might have gone to bed,"