

## **I QUIT MR 23**

### Chapter 23

The young man looked to be in his early twenties and had a head of red hair. An ordinary man would have looked hideous in that hair, but the man had fair skin and a rather handsome face. He was dressed from head to toe in designer labels, and the eclectic mix of clothes made his originally arrogant expression look unbridled.

Before Isabella could speak, Abigail approached the man. "Sir, are you the son of Old Mr. Dunkstein from the day before yesterday? I was the one who helped him with the papers when purchasing the Mercedes."

She blinked her big eyes while carrying a glass of

water over to the man. Her chest came

dangerously close to brushing against the man's

arm.

"She's so insatiable."

Isabella heard Alex snort, clearly having seen

Abigail behaving this way many times before.

After releasing a breath, Isabella calmed herself

down and was about to turn around to leave.

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"You're the one who sold the car?" The young man's

tone sounded neither pleased nor displeased.

Just as Abigail was about to nod, the man

suddenly knocked over the cup in her hand.

"Do you think I'm a f\*cking pushover? The car

started leaking oil as soon as it left this store!"

Leaking oil?

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Isabella halted, and a crowd began to gather.

Finally, Jonas emerged from the office, grinning as

he approached. "Mr. Dunkstein, there must be a

misunderstanding. Our cars are brand new."

"How would I know what tricks you guys are up to?"

The man retrieved a pack of cigarettes from his

pocket and skillfully lit it up. "The saleswomen here

are so fashionable. Maybe she often takes the new

cars out to lure customers."

This guy's words were really harsh.

Isabella took a deep breath and noticed that the

female employees were all glaring at the man, but none spoke up.

“Sir, please speak with respect.” She couldn’t hold back and turned to face the man called Mr. Dunkstein.

Gordon Dunkstein was here to pick a fight and had no interest in women like Abigail, who obviously seduced her clients often. When his gaze landed on Isabella, he seemed pleasantly surprised. She wore her hair in a neat ponytail and had a delicately made-up face with slender eyebrows, which made her look utterly stunning. The corners of her lips were pressed down, giving off a signal of slight displeasure. Also, her stern gaze made him shiver with desire.

Intrigued by her, Gordon raised his chin. "And who might you be?"

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him, introducing herself. "I'm Isabella Symons. I handled the transaction the day before yesterday, and I was the one who received Old Mr. Dunkstein."

"So, it was you?" Gordon touched his chin, looking disdainfully at Abigail on the side, whose face had turned red at that point. She covered her face and ran away in tears.

After a scoff, he turned back to Isabella. "Don't look at me like I'm a bully. The car is still at the repair shop. Come with me and see for yourself."

Isabella hesitated for a moment, but Alex gently

nudged her arm from behind and whispered, "Don't

1. go. Nothing good will come of it."

"You can choose not to go, but then, I'll just report  
you." Gordon raised his chin, looking quite pleased  
with himself.

Left with no choice, Isabella mustered her courage  
and met the man's gaze. "I'll go with you."

"Great. It seems you're a responsible person."

Gordon laughed. His previously domineering  
expression suddenly brightened as he shook the  
keys in his hand and headed outside.

Isabella could only turn around and exchange a  
helpless look with Alex before quickly grabbing her  
bag in the office and following the man.

Gordon drove a Porsche here, and when he saw

Isabella coming out, he clicked his tongue,

motioning for her to sit in the passenger seat.

Being naturally cautious around people from

wealthy families like him, Isabella got in the car

without saying much and began thinking about

how to handle the situation later.

Since she was so quiet, she gave Gordon the

chance to size her up.

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She has such fair skin, and her eyes are pretty, too.

Her lips are curved downward, making her look

slightly pitiful. It makes me...

Gordon propped up his hand on the car door as an

inexplicable light flashed in his eyes. Suddenly, he

stepped on the accelerator.

As Isabella didn't expect him to suddenly

accelerate, she latched onto the door tightly,

barely managing to steady herself. However, her

face had turned pale with fright.

When the car finally stopped, she had just

managed to catch her breath when Gordon had

already gotten out of the car ahead of her and,

surprisingly, opened the door for her.

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"Look at your pale face. You're so easily frightened."

As he spoke, he even reached out to try to touch

her face.

Startled, Isabella deftly avoided him. "I'm fine. Could

you please show me the car?"

"Sure." Gordon didn't show any signs of anger. He stuck his hands in his pockets and nonchalantly led the way.

The repairmen in the repair shop were obviously familiar with him. Taking the initiative, one came forward to greet him. "Mr. Dunkstein, are you here to check on the car? It's not ready yet.

Gordon turned to Isabella and raised his chin slightly. "Take her to have a look and see how serious that junk is leaking oil."

The mechanic intelligently caught on and immediately understood what Gordon meant.

Then, he led Isabella inside.

almost no room to step on. The car Gordon's father had bought was jacked up and placed at the far end of the store.

Isabella instantly made a clear guess after seeing all the scratches around the car. While Gordon wasn't paying attention, she asked the mechanic,

"Sir, can you tell me how it started to leak?"

The mechanic lowered his voice and replied, "Miss, to be honest with you, it's not up to me to determine how the car broke. It's up to Mr. Dunkstein."

Great. Just my luck.

Forcing a smile, Isabella thanked the mechanic and approached Gordon.

Meanwhile, Gordon was at the doorway, holding a pressure washer gun used for washing cars and playing with it.

“Mr. Dunkstein, what results are you hoping for in this matter?”

Upon hearing the gentle female voice coming from behind him, Gordon almost lost his grip on the pressure washer gun.