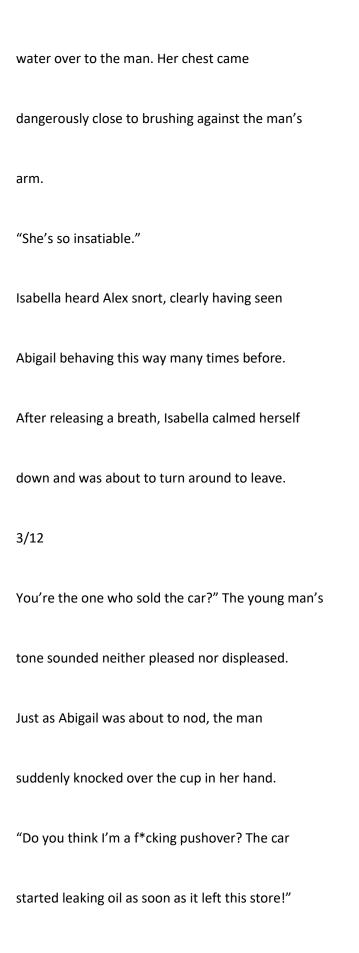
I QUIT MR 23

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





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

displeasure. Also, her stern gaze made him shiver

were pressed down, giving off a signal of slight

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."

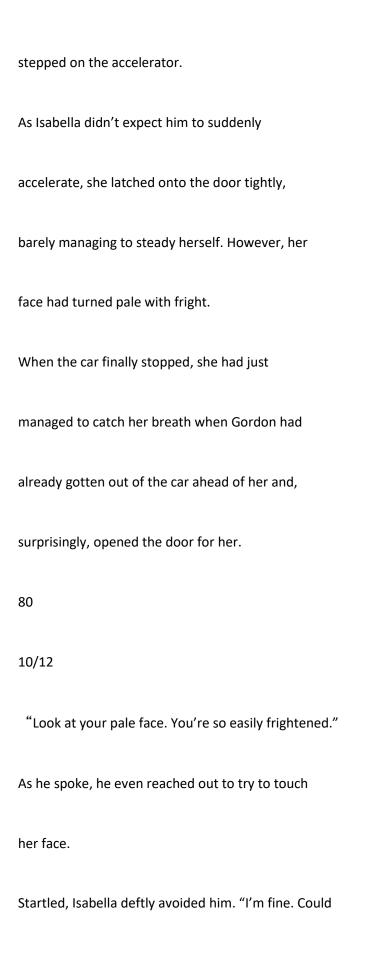
Isabella hesitated for a moment, but Alex gently

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

Gordon drove a Porsche here, and when he saw

bag in the office and following the man.

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. 8/17 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



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.