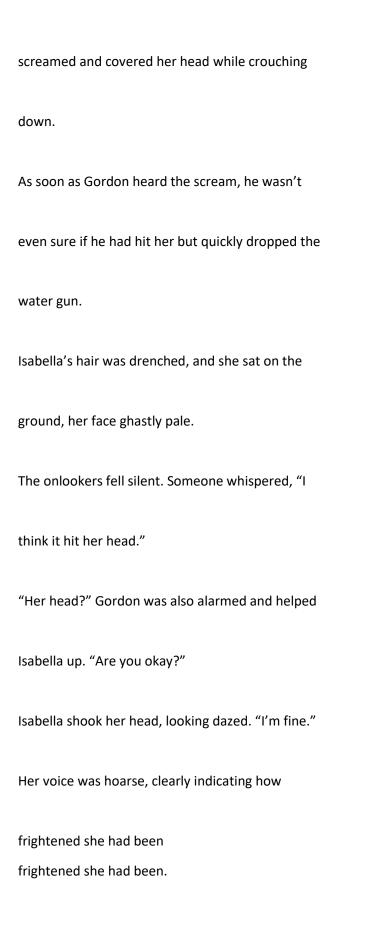
I QUIT MR 24



Gordon turned around and saw Isabella's calm expression. He shrugged and suddenly aimed the pressure washer gun at her. "We'll call it even if you let me shoot you with this. How about that?" With an ambiguous expression, he deliberately emphasized certain words, making his implication very clear. The few mechanics nearby kept glancing their way, clearly enjoying the show. Isabella was dressed professionally, and it would definitely reveal her figure underneath it once her outfit got wet. "You mean we'll call it even once you shoot me with the pressure washer gun?" She pretended not to understand and looked up at Gordon with innocent eyes. Her gaze made Gordon's heart itch. Surprise flashed in Gordon's eyes as he tilted backward. "Yes." "Okay." Isabella walked to an open space in front of the shop's door, holding her bag in front of her. "Go ahead. Shoot." She was so calm about it that it made Gordon hesitate and suddenly didn't know where to aim the gun. "Mr. Dunkstein, don't chicken out." "It's just one shot, so don't miss it, or you'll regret it." The Voices coming from around them were filled with playful banter. They encouraged Gordon and

forced him into a position where he had no choice but to fire the gun. "Shut up, all of you!" Gordon snapped, then pointed the gun at Isabella. Though he didn't specifically aim at any particular spot, his earlier inappropriate thoughts suddenly dissipated, especially when meeting Isabella's pristine eyes. Damn it! He cursed inwardly, then pressed the trigger. The pressure washer gun was too powerful, and the jet of water it produced could scale a fish, let alone how painful it would feel when hitting a person. Just as Gordon pressed the trigger, Isabella



Gordon regretted it immensely, thinking that he

shouldn't have played such a joke on her. Then, he

pulled her to the car. "Let's go to the hospital and

get a full check-up done on you."

Isabella was pulled away, and though her voice

was trembling as she rejected Gordon's help, her

eyes were clear as water. Just now, she deliberately

squatted down so that she wouldn't get hit by the

water pressure gun. Even the water that dampened

her hair was water droplets that fell after the gun

missed its aim.

Without thinking too much about it, Gordon picked

Isabella up in his arms and placed her in the

passenger seat. Then, he stepped on the

accelerator and sped to the hospital. Along the

way, he glanced into the rearview mirror at her and noticed she seemed weak. Moreover, her wet hair stuck to her face, making her seem particularly alluring.

Gordon kept cursing deep down, secretly thinking.

that he was possessed, or he would not have

bumped into this vixen of a woman.

Upon arriving at the hospital, Gordon had probably

forgotten he had planned to cause trouble for

Isabella because he started to help her register for

a checkup and arrange all sorts of tests. That was

something he had never done in the past twenty or

so years.

Finally, after all the tests were done, the doctor said

it was something between the lines of a minor concussion. Meanwhile, Isabella discreetly rolled her eyes. She didn't even get hit, so how was she to get a minor concussion? Pretending to be weak, she refused Gordon's request to have an IV drip. "No, thank you. I need to get back. It's almost the end of the month, and I'll be at the bottom if I continue to slack off." Gordon clicked his tongue. "What's there to be afraid of? How about I buy two more cars from you?" "That won't do." Isabella looked horrified as she took a step back. "You've already been so generous about not pursuing the matter of your leaking car,

so I can't trouble you further." Gordon would have been fine if she hadn't mentioned it, but when she did, it made him feel slightly uneasy. That was because he deliberately drove his father's car recklessly the night before, taking it off-road to piss off the old man. When he saw the severe damage this morning, he thought about implicating the dealer in the mess. Little did he know he would run into such a woman he was so satisfied with. "It's just a car worth hundreds of thousands. It's nothing," he said casually, but seeing the hesitation.

on Isabella's pale face, he couldn't help but want to

impress her.

"I'll go back with you and place an order right away." Not expecting him to make a decision so quickly, Isabella was excited but also a little worried. Taking advantage of a rich man like him wouldn't be easy, and she didn't plan on finding another Seth Shaffer. She stood up, casually pushing back the wet strands of hair clinging to her cheeks and coughed twice. "Mr. Dunkstein, I see that your car is still new, so it's really not necessary to waste that amount of money." While staring at her, Gordon thought every move she made seemed very graceful. Forget about two cars; he could even consider giving up half his life

for her right now.

Without giving him a chance to speak, Isabella took

out her phone. "How about we exchange contact

information? When you need to buy a car next

time, you can consider contacting me first."

This was the best way to deal with this matter as it

kept their connection and left some wiggle room

for both parties.

In the meantime, Gordon was pleasantly surprised

because he had been thinking about how to get

Isabella's contact information. He didn't expect she

would make that suggestion herself. Therefore, he

quickly recited his phone number, and Isabella

called him. The atmosphere immediately eased up.

Once they left the hospital, Gordon insisted on

driving Isabella back despite her repeated refusals.
This time, he drove carefully back to the car retail
store.