

I QUIT MR 24

Chapter 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

screamed and covered her head while crouching
down.

As soon as Gordon heard the scream, he wasn't
even sure if he had hit her but quickly dropped the
water gun.

Isabella's hair was drenched, and she sat on the
ground, her face ghastly pale.

The onlookers fell silent. Someone whispered, "I
think it hit her head."

"Her head?" Gordon was also alarmed and helped
Isabella up. "Are you okay?"

Isabella shook her head, looking dazed. "I'm fine."

Her voice was hoarse, clearly indicating how
frightened she had been
frightened she had been.

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.