

I QUIT MR 245

Chapter 245

Dariel, dressed in white sportswear, stood at the bow of the ship, with the glamorous

Natasha on his left and a young man wearing a duckbill cap on his right.

Isabella felt a pang of panic and called out to Natasha first.

Dariel chuckled. "Little Isabella is becoming more beautiful. What a coincidence that you're also out at sea?"

Isabella found him irritating and didn't want to engage with him, but to her surprise,

Natasha rolled her eyes at him.

"You're acting foolishly."

Dariel clenched his teeth, maintaining his expression. He turned his head and pulled

Natasha into his arms, whispering something into her ear that made her frown.

The people in the cabin heard the commotion and came out. There was a large group,

including Simon, Leonard, Harold, and Caitlin. There were a few others that Isabella had

seen before but didn't know their names.

Gordon stood beside her, looking displeased. "What's going on with you guys? Are you blindly sailing because you have the numbers?"

Everyone exchanged glances, all wearing smiles.

Isabella knew Gordon well. He was like a ticking time bomb, ready to explode at any moment.

She was about to calm him down when the young man at the bow suddenly spoke up.

"Sorry for the inconvenience, guys. The one who was sailing just now is my sister. She's a bit clumsy and might have disrupted your enjoyment."

His voice was deep but clear, typical of a young man. Isabella was slightly taken aback.

She looked up and got a clear view of his face.

His features were sharp; his eyes were dark and deep. His eyebrows and gaze were all sharp. He even had a prominent nose, and his lips were red as if he had applied lipstick.

His gaze was intentionally wild and alluring.

They had met before, in the elevator.

"Alright, it's just a minor issue. Gordon is just hot-tempered. Don't mind him."

Freya spoke up. Her voice was sweet and diffused the tense atmosphere easily. Plus,

Gordon didn't want to upset her, so he held back the harsh words he was about to say.

Tyrone played the peacemaker, stating that it was nothing serious, and then invited

everyone back into the cabin.

Isabella also wanted to go her own way. She had a feeling that Seth might really be on

"Don't leave. It's fate that we met. Why don't you come up for a drink and join us for a

fish barbecue at noon?"

Isabella was about to turn around when Leonard suddenly spoke up, and then everyone

else joined in.

Except for Caitlin, who was displeased with Isabella, everyone else admired beautiful

women and hoped that Gordon and his group would join them.

Gordon stood next to Isabella, about to decline the invitation, when a young man's

indifferent voice floated down from above.

"We have wine on board. It would be a shame if you guys don't come up."

Isabella frowned, considering refusing, but Freya had already spoken up. “Wouldn’t that be too much trouble?”

She said it was troublesome, but her excitement was evident in her tone.

Isabella was speechless. She couldn’t reconcile the girl who had cried her eyes out over a breakup yesterday with the eager person in front of her.

“What’s the trouble?”

Leonard whistled and, without waiting for Isabella and the others to respond, ordered someone to lower the ladder.

Gordon muttered a curse in Isabella’s ear, clearly unhappy.

“Let it go.” Isabella tugged at his sleeve, her eyes pleading. These people all held special status, and it wasn’t worth provoking them.

Gordon wasn’t foolish. Although he was unhappy, he didn’t want to make enemies with these people.

However, the next second, he took Isabella’s hand and stayed close to her as they climbed the ladder. He felt that someone was eyeing Isabella.

Meanwhile, Isabella didn't know what Gordon was thinking. She carefully climbed up

the ladder, and just as she reached the edge of the ship, her foot slipped.

In an instant, the young man closest to her reached out to help her.

His chilly hand brushed against her elbow, transferring its coolness to her.

Isabella smiled gratefully and thanked him before swiftly ascending.

Natasha spotted her approach and quickly broke free from Dariel's grasp, pulling her

inside while cursing Dariel under her breath.

On the deck, Corey offered assistance to someone, only to receive a lukewarm

expression of gratitude. He smiled faintly and twirled his fingers.

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Dariel noticed Corey's actions and approached him, clicking his tongue disapprovingly.

"What are you doing?"

Corey smiled, his brow slightly furrowed as he watched Isabella walk away. There was a

mischievous glint in his eyes. "Is she really Seth's girlfriend?"

Dariel raised an eyebrow. "It's been five years.

"Oh." Corey was a bit surprised. "An old flame, huh?"

He looked at Dariel, his tone confident. "They've divorced, haven't they?"

Dariel pondered for a moment, finding it difficult to be certain. "Temporarily, I suppose."

"Temporarily..." Corey savored the word, a glimmer in his eyes.

Dariel sensed Corey's intentions and leaned in closer, whispering, "Don't play around. If

he loses control, even your brother won't be able to handle it."

Corey laughed, patting Dariel on the shoulder. "I'm just joking. You wouldn't dare

challenge me."

Dariel smirked, scrutinizing the man's expression before him, and replied casually, "As

long as you understand."

Jazz Drive

The will be updated daily. Come back and continue reading tomorrow, everyone!