

## **I QUIT MR 261**

### Chapter 261

Freya stood in front of Corey, tears streaming down her face as she cried, "Gordon, please don't do anything. He didn't deceive me. I chose to follow him."

Gordon was taken aback. He felt the urge to punch her in the face. "Get out of my way.

Once I teach this brat a lesson, I'll wake you up."

As he spoke, he attempted to push Freya aside in order to strike Corey.

"Don't you dare lay a hand on him!" Freya shouted, her emotions running high.

Tyrone held Gordon back, preventing him from moving forward.

Isabella observed the scene from behind a service staff.

Freya sniffled and turned to Corey. "Do you truly have no feelings for me?"

Isabella sighed inwardly. Freya, too, came from a respectable family. Her affection for

Corey wasn't based on his family's wealth. She genuinely loved him.

Unfortunately, it was an unrequited love.

Corey's smile faded, and a hint of regret appeared on his face. He sat in front of Freya,

took out a tissue, and gently wiped away her tears.

“Freya, I’m sorry. I told you this a long time ago.”

As he spoke, Freya’s tears flowed uncontrollably, like a faucet.

“So, you I-like Isa-

“No.” Corey interrupted Freya, his gaze shifting.

Isabella went from being a spectator to the center of attention in an instant. She

awkwardly stepped back, unsure of how to react.

Gordon noticed her and his anger intensified. He pushed through the crowd and pulled

her out.

“This brat claims you were the woman from that night. Speak for yourself!”

Isabella felt overwhelmed. She tried to free her arm and whispered, “He’s talking

nonsense. How can you believe him?”

Gordon held her tightly, suspicion written all over his face.

Corey squinted at Isabella, observing her struggle. Suddenly, he said, “I was indeed

talking nonsense. I apologize for causing you trouble, Bella.”

Isabella couldn't find the words to respond.

This brat! How were you raised?

"If she's not the one, then who is?" Gordon persisted, determined to expose Corey in front of Freya.

Corey lazily propped up his chin. "If I knew who it was, I wouldn't be stuck here with you."

Gordon was at a loss for words. "Which one did you mess with?"

"Gordon!" Freya stomped her foot, her face turning red.

Gordon frowned, realizing he had said something wrong, and instinctively let go of Isabella.

Now free, Isabella quickly stepped back.

The atmosphere was tense and awkward. Freya continued to cry, and Corey remained seated, constantly wiping away her tears.

If it weren't for the tense atmosphere, onlookers would think they were a couple deeply

in love, with the man trying to comfort the woman.

“Shall we go home? I’m sorry to see you crying like this.”

Corey put away the tissues, looking troubled, appearing more like a victim than Freya.

Freya was sobbing so hard she could barely catch her breath, but she still stood up

straight, obviously concerned about getting tears on Corey.

“I...”

“Why are you wasting your breath on him?”

Lyra couldn’t bear it any longer. They were all well-known figures in their circle, and their

association with Freya had become embarrassing. Even a fool could see that Freya was

hopeless.

She approached Freya, grabbed her, and then turned to Gordon and Tyrone. “Gordon,

drive. Tyrone, settle the bill. Let’s go.”

Tyrone scratched his head and patted Gordon’s shoulder.

Gordon had been on the verge of exploding the entire time, but suddenly, the fuse went

out. He had nowhere to direct his anger and was dragged out by Tyrone. His gaze fell

on Isabella once again.

Isabella had almost blended into the background, but when she was suddenly noticed, she became instantly nervous.

However, Gordon was likely still angry about her giving Seth mouth-to-mouth resuscitation that day. He glared at her fiercely but didn't stop to say anything more.

At the table, Freya was being dragged away, sobbing and choking, appearing reluctant to leave.

When they approached Isabella, the young girl's crying abruptly ceased.

Isabella was about to offer her comfort, but as soon as she opened her mouth, the girl started crying again.

Isabella and Lyra were at a loss for words. Lyra glanced at Isabella and then forcefully pulled Freya away.

There were still several waiters present. Although they didn't dare to openly watch, they kept stealing glances.

Corey leaned back on the couch, his gaze sweeping the room. "Did you find the performance entertaining?"

Everyone quickly averted their eyes.

Isabella stood there, feeling a bit awkward, and was about to slip away.

The young man's clear voice reached her. "Bella, have you had dinner yet?"

Isabella had taken a step forward but reluctantly retracted it. "I was just about to go home and eat."

"You don't have a boyfriend at home to cook dinner. How could there be anything good to eat?" Corey leaned back, a teasing glint in his eyes. "I've ordered something to eat.

Would you like to join me, Bella?"

He kept calling her "Bella" as if he was very familiar with Isabella.

Isabella still remembered how this audacious guy had gotten Seth into trouble, and she was on guard. "No, thank you."

"Are you rejecting me?" Corey's smile faded slightly, his tone somewhat indifferent.

"You're hurting my feelings, Bella. I didn't even hold it against you when you ran off

during the dance.”

Isabella was taken aback.

“Or is it that you don’t like the food here?”

Corey propped his head up, pretending to suddenly realize something. “Perfect timing!

Leonard invited us to have grilled fish together. How about you come with me, Bella?”