

I QUIT MR 32

Chapter 32

The slip had an 'S' written on it, and the one Isabella picked belonged to Seth.

"The groups are set. Take a seat if there's nothing else." Simon smiled and dragged a chair, then sat down. He put on a forlorn look. "Guess I'm a lone wolf."

"I can switch with Miss Winston. She's not even close to Mr. Dunkstein." Isabella stood up and tried to change her slip with Selena.

Selena looked delighted. Out of reflex, she handed her slip to Isabella. "Thank-"

"And you think you're close?" Someone looked at Isabella darkly.

Isabella looked up and met Seth's dark eyes. She

couldn't say a word. Seth stood up and walked over

to the coffee table. He went up to her and pulled

her into his arms. "Don't be a sore loser. Going

through hoops just to change teams? What a joke."

He took Isabella toward the table and sat before

Gordon, then looked at Gordon darkly. "Don't you

think so, Mr. Dunkstein?"

Gordon frowned, upset that someone else got to

be Isabella's teammate. Then, he heard Bethany

speak.

"Sit with Mr. Dunkstein, Selena. He's hot. He's as good

as Mr. Shaffer, don't you think?"

Bullsh*t! Even though Isabella was being held by

Seth, she wanted to curse Bethany. He has a face

even the gods envy. Gordon's handsome, but he's

not as handsome as Seth. It's not like Selena's blind.

Gordon was young and susceptible to this little

trick. He thought it would be embarrassing if he

didn't pair with Selena right away. They're going to

laugh at me if even that country bumpkin refuses

to pair up with me. He tapped the table and turned

around.

Selena hesitated, and Gordon said, "Sit. This is just a

game."

Selena couldn't back away now. She had been

giving Seth looks, but he didn't respond. She bit her

lip and went to take a seat beside Gordon.

"Finally. You guys are so particular." Dariel drew in

deep from the cigarette Bethany was holding. He

puffed a ring of smoke and pushed a deck to the

center of the table. "Take your cards."

The game began. Isabella was feeling uneasy

sitting with Seth. She tried to move away, but Seth

leaned backward and put his hand around her

waist. Lightly, he tapped on her with his finger. "You

do it."

Is he not even taking the cards himself? He's so

lazy. Isabella puffed her cheeks and took the cards.

There was nothing but the sound of cards rustling

around the table playing in the air. Bethany would

flirt with Dariel at times, but it was mostly silence.

Isabella and Seth were sitting in the innermost part

of the room. They were hidden, and with the dim

light that clouded this room, nobody could see

what they were doing if they didn't move too much.

Bethany thought things were too quiet halfway

through, so she played some music. That drowned

out the whispers.

Seth was leaning on the chair. He just had to lean

forward a little, and his chest would be touching

Isabella's back. He just had to look down, and he

could see the nape of her neck. For a time, he loved

that spot, and he'd left some marks on it.

Isabella could feel Seth staring at her, and her hold

on the cards weakened. Eventually, the cards she

was holding got a little numerous, and they were

going to fall.

Seth leaned closer and wrapped his arm around

her, holding her hand and the cards. Isabella felt

her heart sink. She looked up and noticed Gordon.

staring at her. She was trying to come up with an

explanation, but Gordon copied Seth and wrapped

his arms around Selena. Selena almost screamed.

“Do you think he cares?” Seth hissed quietly into her

ear.

Isabella tensed up, too afraid to move. She kept

taking the cards, pretending nothing was

happening.

The cards were piling up, but Seth wasn’t showing

any signs of letting go.

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“I don’t mind my employees working part-time, but

this is just... unsavory," he said, his voice barely a

whisper. It was almost nasal.

Isabella frowned, but she said nothing. Eventually,

the hand on her waist was starting to pull her

closer for a hug. She could feel it slither to the front

side of her torso, and she was being pulled closer.

Seth said, "Gordon's a famous player in our circle.

He even knocked a girl up last year, you know." He

was making it sound so matter of fact, exposing

Gordon without thinking. He didn't care, even if it

sounded like mockery for Isabella.

Isabella was smiling. She didn't even want to

entertain him. To her, he was just talking gibberish.

She kept taking the cards and didn't realize she'd

drawn the most powerful one.

“Oh, that’s the one.” Dariel clicked his tongue.

The air changed. A moment ago, Isabella was thinking of how to retort Seth, but she didn’t care anymore. She was nervous now.

“To make things clear, I have no money,” she announced, then pulled out of the game and shoved all the cards into Seth’s hand at a blindina speed.

As expected, Seth chortled.

“You have Mr. Shaffer with you. You can afford to lose a ton.” Bethany stuck her tongue out, then glanced at Seth. “I wonder if he’ll pay for you, though.”

She was subtly asking Seth if he would pay for

Isabella if she lost, and things got a little... heated.