

I QUIT MR 33

Chapter 33

“Money’s kind of boring as stakes.” Isabella rested her chin in her hand, changing the subject.

Everyone looked at her, and Bethany’s eyes shone.

“So, what are we going to put on the line?”

Isabella crossed her arms and suggested softly,

“Why don’t we play a stripping game? Loser strips.”

Bethany replied, “But-”

“Only the men will strip.” Isabella smiled, ignoring

the glares she was getting. She turned to Simon.

“Good luck, Mr. Gates.”

“That’s a good idea.” Bethany clapped her hands

and swayed Dariel’s arm. “You’re a hunk, honey. You

don’t mind, do you?”

Dariel patted her head. He smiled, but he looked at

Isabella. "That's a... good idea, Miss Symons." He stuck his tongue out at Seth. "Mr. Shaffer's well-built too. Taking a piece of clothing or two off is nothing."

Seth leaned backward and tapped the edge of the table lightly. He said calmly, "Don't be so sure about winning."

He's agreeing to this, I see.

Bethany cheered, then turned to Gordon. "You're well-built too, Mr. Dunkstein. You don't mind, do you?"

Gordon held Selena in his arms. He looked calm. "I don't care,"

"I am not a good player, though." Selena looked dejected. She said, "Why don't we..."

"It's not like you're the one stripping. It's me." Gordon

hated it when women got up to their hesitant antics. Even if Selena was pretty, it still annoyed him. Even before the game began, he regretted switching Isabella out.

Selena was embarrassed that she was snapped at and she turned red. No one cared what she felt

Meanwhile, Bethany and Dariel were hyping things

1. up. They smacked the table and called for the game to start.

“Does anyone have a three of spades?” Dariel looked at everyone.

Simon tossed a three of spades out. The game began.

The ones going after him were Seth and Isabella.

Seth was going to pull a card and play it. Before he

could do so, Isabella played all four kings. “Boom.”

Silence fell. Seth huffed, but it was so quiet that it

could be mistaken for a breath.

“That’s not how you play this game.” Dariel cocked

his eyebrow and mocked, “Unless you’re a patsy,

that is.” Only idiots would trump the card with the

least value using four kings. Either that, they’re

doing it on purpose.

Isabella rested her chin in her hand and turned to

Seth. She was smiling, but it didn’t reach her eyes.

“Oh, it’s nothing in the grand scheme of things.”

“It’s so obvious you want to see Mr. Shaffer strip.”

Bethany gave her a knowing look. She held Dariel’s

arm tightly. "I wanna see you strip too, Dariel." She

drew a few cards from Dariel's hand and tossed

them out. "Boom."

Everyone fell silent.

Simon held his forehead and put on a resigned

smile. "God, you guys." He turned to Selena and

Gordon on his left. "So, what will you play?"

Selena tried to say something, but Gordon tossed

two cards onto the table. "Here you go."

Simon cocked his eyebrow. He held his cards and

smiled drily. "That's nice. I'll skip my turn."

Everyone skipped their turns too. Gordon played

7/30

one of the best combos in the game, after all.

Gordon then played a five, Simon went next, and he

played a six. Soon, it was Isabella's turn again.

Seth was holding all the cards, but he wasn't going

to play. He still had his arm around Isabella and

held his cards before her.

Isabella wasn't going to let this rare chance of

pranking him go. She tossed a few more cards onto

the table. "Boom."

Simon's face twitched, and he glanced at Seth. "It's

just a six. You didn't have to go that far."

Seth didn't look at him, but a smile appeared on his

lips. He said coolly, "It's just tactical play."

Tactical, my foot. You're bombarding the whole

board right off the bat. I don't mind Isabella doing

this, but Bethany and Gordon are idiots too. I can't

believe they're playing along.

8/10

Two rounds later, almost no one had good combos

in their hands anymore. Aside from Simon, they

could only play singles or doubles. Eventually, they

could only play singles. The more combos

someone had, the more advantageous it would be

for them.

Simon said, "Flush. Does anyone have anything

bigger?"

The other players said, "No."

Simon said, "Double."

The other players said, "Skip."

Damn it.

“Alright, I win.” Simon played his last card but didn’t

feel the joy of winning. He was left wanting for more

-in a bad way, at that. It was a little awkward now.

He thought they’d be better off not playing the

game in the first place.

Bethany was the only one happy here. “Yay, you’ve

lost! Strip!”

Everyone looked at Seth. Isabella only wanted to

embarrass Seth, but when the moment came, she

felt embarrassed, too. She didn’t turn around, but

Seth sat up. She heard him unbuttoning his clothes,

and the other players watched with interest.

Seth loosened his sleeves, took off his shirt, and

tossed it on the chair. He hugged Isabella again,

and there was only a shirt between them. Isabella

could feel the shape of his pecs on her back.

She stared down and saw Seth's arm. His biceps

were beautiful, and the lines were fluid down to his

wrist. Then, she saw his hand—it was a beautiful

hand. He wasn't wearing a watch, but a silver ring

on his index finger showed off his regal side subtly.

Dariel whistled and clicked his tongue.