

I QUIT MR 343

Chapter 343 The Game is On

Dariel's playful remarks enlivened the atmosphere, and everyone gathered around the large round table, cheering even before the game began.

Natasha whispered to Isabella, "Courtney and her team are wearing earpieces."

Isabella looked surprised and glanced up. Indeed, she noticed something hidden in Courtney's and Bloom's hair.

Cameras were present in the room, indicating that someone was watching from behind the scenes and relaying the information to them. It was as if they had a bird's-eye view.

Isabella didn't know what these two were planning, but she was already feeling before the game started.

"Let's draw the cards."

Bloom placed a deck of cards on the table, tapped the table, and signaled everyone to begin. Starting with Courtney, they took turns drawing cards.

Isabella stared at the cards, her face calm, but her heart was pounding. Looking at the

others at the table, they all seemed very composed. When it was her turn, she drew a nine. By the time Corey finished, everyone had their cards.

“I am the king.” Ariana revealed her card, looking a bit helpless, “What should I do? I haven’t thought of a game yet.”

“That’s easy; if you can’t think of anything, just kiss, hug, and lift,” Dariel suggested with a smirk.

The old routine of the king’s game. If you can’t think of anything fun, these a tricks.

Ariana covered her mouth and laughed, holding up her card and pointing at everyone faces one by one, “Then... let’s kiss.”

“Ariana, you said you didn’t know how to play, but you’re so ruthless.” Mandy clicked her tongue.

Ariana shrugged. “Maybe I’m the matchmaker.”

She covered her card, pondered for a moment, and said, “Number four... kiss number six!”

Isabella let out a sigh of relief. The sweat in her palm instantly cooled down. Before she could celebrate for long, she heard the person beside her curse. She turned head and saw Natasha casually throwing her card, which happened to be number the table.

Leonard started to stir things up, glancing at Dariel's face. They all knew who Nata belonged to. If Natasha kissed someone else here, wouldn't there be consequences Natasha looked indifferent. She crossed her arms and leaned back. "Hurry up. Who's number six?"

Jerry clicked his tongue, "Natasha doesn't care at all."

"Not only does she not care, but she might even be looking forward to it." Dariel smiled, casually threw his card, turned to Natasha, and said, "Baby, I'm sorry to disappoint you."

Everyone looked over; his card was exactly six.

There were sighs of relief all around, and Ariana stuck out her tongue, turning back to Seth and shrugging.

Isabella saw Seth give her a sidelong glance, which she took as a comfort.