

I QUIT MR 347

Chapter 347

“Who’s number six? Hurry up,” Leonard urged.

Seth held the card in his hand and turned to look at the woman next to him. His smile was strange and twisted.

“It’s me.”

Dariel exclaimed, “D*mn.” He immediately became interested, “What are you waiting for? Hurry up.”

Two big men eating pocky was unusual, but it was indeed thrilling. Isabella breathed a sigh of relief; her mood improved for the first time tonight. She stood up to give Corey some space. Seth caught her subtle expression and couldn’t help but grind his teeth.

Corey casually took a pocky and then walked to Seth’s side. “Bro, do you want to take

There were several exclamations from the table, all of them spectators. Seth, with a deadpan face, was not suited for this kind of thing, but if he was passive, it would be even more unacceptable.

Corey spoke lightly, then sat down next to Seth. Seth took the pocky from his hand, frowned, and bit it with a desperate expression. Dariel was making a fuss on the side, and Leonard even took out his phone to capture the moment.

Mandy squinted her eyes and teased, "They look quite compatible."

A snap rang in the air. Isabella saw Seth fiercely bite off the pocky, and the veins on his forehead were throbbing wildly. Fortunately, Corey bit the other half and ate almost all of it, barely passing.

Isabella turned her face and covered her mouth with her hand to secretly laugh.

"Alright, alright, the pocky game is over. Let's not play this anymore. Let's do something new." Leonard threw away the half bag of remaining pocky, quickly shuffled the cards, and threw them in the middle of the table.

"Let's make this round bigger. King, use your brain."

As he said this, Isabella's hand was almost twisted, wishing she could leave right away.

Corey sat in her original position, and she naturally moved to Corey's previous position, a little further from Seth.

After drawing the cards, she was number five. The king was Dariel, who knew how to play.

“Number four helps number five... strip.”

D*mn! Isabella almost bit her teeth off. She thought the card in her hand was getting scorching hot, and she reflexively wanted to throw it away.

Natasha was next to her. She wanted to swap cards with her, but her hand was subtly pulled away by Dariel.

Isabella was sweating profusely, and she could only pray. However, before she could finish her prayer, Corey threw his card.

“I’m number four.”

Isabella was speechless.

“Hurry up, who’s number five?” Courtney urged.

Isabella turned pale, forced a smile, and threw it out. “It’s me.”

Bloom exclaimed, “Isabella is really unlucky. Why does she always get picked?”

Nonsense, most of you are cheating. Of course, I can only be the scapegoat. She sat in place, wanting to see Corey's attitude, but unexpectedly caught Seth's cold gaze. She felt a chill down her spine and wanted to disappear.

Corey walked over with a gentle smile. "Isabella only has one piece of clothing; it's not appropriate to take it off, so she should put on my coat first."

Isabella's scalp tingled, and she couldn't keep up with her emotions.

Daniel, as the king, enjoyed the show, "Then we won't be able to see it, right?"

Natasha said, "Are you lacking women? Haven't you seen that bit of skin?"

Daniel clicked his tongue, and his gaze swept over Seth's face. "I don't lack women, but good shows are rare."

Natasha rolled her eyes. "Crazy."

After speaking, she directly took Corey's coat from the side and put it on Isabella.

Corey stood in front of Isabella, his voice soft as he said, "Shall I unbutton it, and you take it off yourself?"

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Isabella swallowed hard, her voice strained as she said, "Okay..."