I QUIT MR 349

Chapter 349 Goodnight, Bella

Dariel was coerced into drinking, which resulted in everyone else behaving more

appropriately. They played a few more rounds, none of which were too outrageous.

Simon, the mediator, suggested they switch to a different activity. Finally, the game

ended, and everyone dispersed, slipping away to their preferred venues in pairs or small

groups.

Feeling upset, Isabella bid Mandy and Natasha farewell and quietly left the room. Upon

seeing her departure, Corey immediately followed her. The corridor was quiet, with the

sound of footsteps growing closer behind her. Isabella didn't look back but instead

walked briskly forward.

"Bella," Corey called out, somewhat helplessly grabbing Isabella's arm. "Shall I take

to the usual place?"

Isabella instinctively resisted. "No need, I drove here."

"You've been drinking," Corey reminded her.

Isabella irritably ran her fingers through her hair. "Then I'll take a cab."

"No, I won't feel at ease." Corey gently held her arm, leading her outside. "I know you're

not in a good mood. Let me take you home, or else I won't feel at ease."

Isabella felt conflicted. Even Corey noticed her mood was off, and probably everyone

else at the table knew as well. They might even be laughing at her inability to take a

joke.

"Alright, you're so upset, the atmosphere is heavy," Corey bent down, joking with a

smile.

Isabella forced a smile. "Have you ever felt the atmosphere being heavy before?"

"Of course, I wasn't born wealthy."

Corey casually replied, then led Isabella into the underground garage. He was open and

straightforward about topics others might avoid. Isabella envied people like him; she

could never be so composed.

Corey drove her to her pizza shop. The temperature in the car was just right, and

Isabella relaxed naturally as she got in.

On the way, Corey didn't talk much. When they passed a pastry shop, he suddenly

stopped the car and went in to buy something. "Bella, eat something to fill your

stomach."

Isabella took the snack, feeling a mix of emotions. Being taken care of felt good, but it

could affect her judgment of a person.

Except for the first time she saw Corey, his behavior was always impeccable. At most,

he was a bit childish and teasing, but there was nothing wrong with his overall

approach.

"Leonard and Courtney had a rather messy breakup, so she probably just wanted to

teach him a lesson. She wasn't intentionally targeting you," Corey casually mentioned.

Isabella breathed a sigh of relief and responded lightly.

Corey dropped her off near Cletford Mansion. This time, he didn't even offer to take her

home. He just reminded Isabella before she got out of the car, "Bella, button up your

coat."

Upon hearing this, Isabella quickly checked and found that her coat was buttoned up

tightly from top to bottom. After closing the car door, she leaned over to thank Corey.

Unexpectedly, Corey suddenly got out of the car. Isabella watched him approach in

surprise. "What's wrong?"

Corey smiled, then suddenly opened his arms and hugged her.

Isabella was shocked and instinctively wanted to struggle, but Corey's voice sounded in

her ear. "Here's a hug for you."

Isabella was bewildered. "What?"

"Don't be upset anymore," Corey spoke softly, patting her back as if comforting a child.

Isabella opened her mouth, but for a moment, she didn't know what to say.

Corey let go of her in time and took a step back.

"Bella, goodnight."

Isabella was still dazed and stiffly said, "Goodnight."