

## **I QUIT MR 35**

### Chapter 35

Things got awkward around the table. Silence fell,

with nothing but sounds of Gordon and Seth

throwing cards in the air, interspersed with Dariel

and Simon saying they would pass.

Gordon only had a few cards left in his hand, and

Isabella got nervous. She looks at Seth's hand.

Seth's cards weren't optimal, but he was smart.

Even with a player like Gordon playing him, he

managed to shed most of his cards. There were

only one ten, a Q, and a pair of fives left.

Gordon must have some trump card. If it was a

bigger one, Seth wouldn't be able to shed all his

cards. Isabella looked at Gordon. He picked up the

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Heart in Another

he thought he would win.

“Are you going to take my pants off yourself if we

lose?” whispered Seth.

Isabella was panicking. She felt his breath against

her ear, tickling her like a brush. She turned away,

her ears burning up. She thought this was

embarrassing.

Someone broke the silence. “Play this.” Before

Gordon could do anything, Selena played a card

from his hand. It was a K.

Gordon’s face fell, and he glared at Selena.

Selena was shocked, and she fumbled a little.

“What’s wrong?”

Gordon didnt even want to look at her. The look on his face was icy.

Dariel clicked his tongue again, and he chuckled.

There were smile lines on the corner of his eyes. He turned to Seth. "Are you taking this, Mr. Shaffer?"

Isabella looked at his cards. She softly said, "He's not." If I'm right, Gordon must have two smaller cards. He was going to use those to win, with the K coming out last. This is going to be hard for him.

Selena cares about Seth too much.

Upset, Gordon played a nine. Seth was still matching him moments earlier, but the man had lost interest now. He gave the cards back to Isabella. He didn't want to finish this himself.

Isabella played a ten. Gordon couldn't match that,  
so she played the rest of the cards.

"What's your last card, Mr. Dunkstein?" Isabella  
asked.

Gordon poked the inside of his cheek and tossed  
his card onto the table. It was a seven.

"Oh, you have a traitor beside you." Bethany clicked  
her tongue and looked at Selena in disdain. If she  
hadn't played that K, Gordon would've won. Simon  
and Dariel didn't even play any cards, so they didn't  
have to take off any clothes.

Gordon took off his suit icily, revealing his well-built  
body. He plopped down onto the chair and shoved  
Selena. Then he pointed at Isabella. "You two,  
switch."

Isabella wasn't expecting him to be this forward.

She looked at Selena and heaved a sigh of relief.

Nonetheless, awkwardness hung in the air. Selena

was pulled out of her seat, and she walked over

nervously. Isabella felt a sharp stare coming from

behind, but she stood up anyway. She felt the arm

on her waist pulling her harder, refusing to let her

1. go.

Seth stood up. The light that shone on him made

him look icier than before. The air around him felt cold. He scanned the place, and everything around him felt heavier and oppressive. He held Isabella

and looked at Gordon. "She's a saboteur. We're

switching in one of the ladies here."

There were a lot of bunny girls in this club. He

wanted Gordon to get a random one.

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Gordon thought that was mortifying, and he chortled. "I brought that woman you're holding into this place tonight." He looked at Isabella arrogantly, then crossed his arms and looked at Seth. "Why don't you ask what she wants?"

Isabella broke down a little, and she cursed both men in her heart. She also cursed Selena in the process. Your stupidity is dragging everyone down.

"Say something, Bella." Bethany rested her cheeks in her hands. She loved this drama. "Which one will you pick?"

They're both bad news. I can't cross either of them.

Isabella tensed up, and a lump formed in her throat. She couldn't come up with a better way to

disentangle this mess.

Someone's phone rang, and the tension flowed

away. Relieved, Isabella looked at Simon. Simon

raised his hands apologetically. "Sorry, guys. I've got

to take this."

Isabella wanted to thank him. Your apology is not

needed.

Simon took his phone out and looked at the screen,

and the smile on his face froze. The phone was still

ringing.

Isabella smiled. Nosily, she asked, "Why aren't your

taking it?"

kit a Pure Girl

Simon placed the phone right beside Seth, then

tapped the table. "Should I take this?"

The air was awkward, so he asked Seth something

to change the subject.

Isabella looked at the phone. It was Lara calling