

## I QUIT MR 36

### Chapter 36

For once, Isabella felt affection for Lara. Thanks for the save. "This might be urgent. You should take it, Mr. Gates."

Simon smiled stiffly. He turned on the speaker before answering the call.

"Simon?" Lara said, a little angry. Before Simon could say anything, she grumbled, "What took you so long?"

Simon massaged his forehead and looked at Seth, resigned. "I was held up by something."

Everyone could see that Lara was the one courting Simon here. Lara clicked her tongue, and she relented. "I'm at the airport. Can you pick me up?"

Go, go, go. Isabella wanted Simon to leave. Once he was gone, this game could not continue.

Simon said gently, "I'm busy. My secretary will pick you up." He sounded distant, however.

Bethany whispered, "You're heartless, Mr. Gates."

Lara shrewdly noticed her voice. Cautiously, she asked, "Is that a woman I hear?"

Simon heaved a sigh, his eyes filled with impatience. He tucked his phone away and pushed his chair back, then he stood up. "Sorry, guys. It's work, so I can't stay."

"Work's important. You should go." Isabella was novelbin understanding. She broke free of Seth's grasp and stood up to send Simon off.

Dariel laughed and gulped half a glass of wine.

“Work?”

Simon shot him a dirty look. He had a resigned look on his face. Then, he took his jacket and left the room.

Once he was gone, things got a little awkward.

Gordon stood up and took the shirt off the chair. He came over to Isabella, looking upset. With that, he pulled her away from Seth.

Isabella staggered and almost fell.

“Calm down, Mr. Dunkstein. No one’s taking her away.” Bethany chuckled.

Gordon huffed and looked at Seth, who was straightening his clothes out. “I wouldn’t be so sure. Some people love going after things they shouldn’t,

after all,”

He was forward, and Isabella froze up. She knew

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Seth too well. He wouldn't let anyone talk him down.

Seth let his suit open up. He then lit a cigarette and

took a deep hit. He frowned. Smoke swirled around

his head, and he turned around while narrowing his

eyes. “And how are you so sure I haven't gotten the

thing I want?”

Daniel clicked his tongue. Bethany stuck her tongue

out and looked at Isabella, surprised.

Isabella looked calm, but she clenched her fists

and held Gordon's hand, stopping him from going

ahead. “It's late, Mr. Dunkstein. I'm hungry. Let's grab

something to eat.”

Gordon realized Isabella was looking stiff. He held his fury back and glared at Seth, then took Isabella and left. He slammed the door shut.

Isabella felt a chilly gust of air blowing her down.

Before the door could close completely, she heard what Bethany said.

“Where’d she used to work? Is she in this line of work too?”

Isabella wanted to run back in and tell her that was not the case. She only used to be Seth’s secretary.

However, she did not have the courage. Gordon was dragging her away. Even if he wasn’t, she didn’t have the courage to argue.

Gordon hurried ahead and dragged her to a room,

then flung the door open. Once they were inside

the room, he turned around and pinned Isabella

against the door.

Silence fell upon the room. Isabella froze for a

moment before frowning. "What is the meaning of

this?"

"Who are you to Seth?" Gordon didn't turn on the

lights. Isabella couldn't see his face, but she could

feel his fury.

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Isabella was patient. She put some distance

between them and said honestly, "He was my boss."

Gordon paused for a moment, caught by surprise.

He mused over his question and asked, "What kind

of boss?" He wasn't stupid. He knew how the workplace worked. Some bosses and employees had extra relations behind everyone's back.

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Isabella heaved a sigh and stared at the ground.

She said weakly, "That's my past. I want to keep it private, so can you not ask too much?"

Gordon was silent for a moment, then he chortled and let her go. "You wouldn't even let me kiss you once. And I thought you were some sort of pure, innocent girl—you're not."

The mockery was sharp enough to spear Isabella's heart. He was telling her that even if she had quit her work as Seth's secretary, she would never escape him.

“Sorry for disturbing you.” Isabella looked up and

turned around to turn on the lights.

The lights turned on. Gordon could see Isabella

clearly. She looked cold and calm, and he regretted

what he’d said earlier.

“Can you leave? I’ll pay for the room myself.” She

took out the member card from her purse and

stuffed it into Gordon’s pocket. She then turned to

the side so Gordon could leave. “Please.”