

## **I QUIT MR 43**

### Chapter 43

Isabella slept in the infirmary for half a day. When she woke up, she saw

Gordon playing games beside her. She opened her mouth and tried to speak

but felt like something was lodged in her throat.

Gordon glanced at her and quickly noticed she was awake. He smiled. "Hey."

Isabella nodded and gulped, the pain making her frown. "Thanks."

Gordon clicked his tongue. He didn't like it when she was being so formal: Still,

he got up and summoned a doctor to check on her.

"She's fine, She can ingest food now. Just make sure it's nothing heavy."

Isabella couldn't even interject. So, Gordon ended up becoming her

spokesperson. Once he sent the doctor away, he got her some food.

She didn't want to beat her battered body up any further, so she ate silently.

Gordon looked at her. He kindly didn't mention the unhappy affair the night

before. Isabella didn't want to ignore it, however. "Thanks for helping me,

Gordon.”

“Verbal gratitude means nothing.” Gordon cocked his eyebrow.

Isabella choked on her words. A moment later, she said, “I know. I have nothing to repay you with but empty promises.” She raised her head and looked at him. “But I will repay this favor, trust me.”

Gordon only wanted to tease her. So, the moment she started taking things seriously, any amusement he found from it shriveled and died. Since he wasn’t talking to her, she didn’t see the need to say anything either.

“I’ll be staying for a couple of days. What’s next for you?” He looked at her.

She tossed away the Q-tip that she was pressing against the hole left by the needle as she said, “I gotta go back to work. I’m going to get my \*ss reprimanded at this rate.”

He clicked his tongue and waved dismissively. “Then, get back to work. You’re so annoying.” He took his phone out. “I’ll get you a ride.”

Isabella shut up and allowed him to make the arrangements. Once he was

done, she said, "Thanks. Dinner's on me next time."

Gordon cocked his eyebrow as his mood brightened. "Really?"

Isabella smiled as she said, "I'm not as poor as you think. I can afford a meal."

"And I can pick the food?" Gordon played with his phone, his eyes glinting.

Isabella nodded. "Yes."

"Deal." Gordon snapped his fingers and put a hand in his pocket. Then, he

stood up. "I'm taking you home myself."

Isabella paused for a moment. "I can go home by myself."

"You're treating me to dinner. I can't let a patient go home by herself," he

retorted as he extended his hand to help her get up.

She couldn't do anything about it. Nevertheless, she tried to keep skin contact

to a minimum when they left the infirmary as quickly as possible.

He went to get his car, and she waited at the infirmary's entrance. It was high

noon, and the sun was glaring. Her head was woozy.

A black Maybach came out of the underground car park. Then, it stopped

before Isabella. The driver quickly changed cards with the guard. The

co-driver seat's window rolled down, revealing Selena inside. "Leaving too,

Isabella?"

Isabella ignored her and looked into the car. From where she stood, she could

only see Seth's hands and knees. She could guess that he was leaning on the

back of the seat.

Just when she was spacing out, Gordon came back with his car. He had

rolled the roof down as he shouted at her. Isabella looked away and went

around the Maybach. Then, she went to Gordon's car.

When she went past the Maybach, the backseat door rolled down. The car

was black inside, and Seth was in a black suit. He was still pale, but he looked

regal. He turned his head to the side and met Isabella's gaze.

Isabella met his eyes, and she could see the mockery in them. She was

reminded of what he said to her the night before. She then realized she was

walking toward Gordon. Thus, she knew what the mockery in his eyes meant.

-She stood straight, looking unfazed, and then went into Gordon's car's co-driver seat.

"They're so slow," Gordon said impatiently. Then, he promptly slammed the horn and honked loudly.

Worried that they might get into a fight, Isabella said softly, "We can wait. I'm still dizzy, so I could use this opportunity to get some rest."

Gordon looked at her and felt his temper cool. He got her a bottle of water from the compartment on his side of the door. "Here."

Isabella took the water, uncapped it, and took a sip. The moment she capped it back, the car before them moved.

Gordon cursed and quickly drove, then he swiped his card and left the racecourse.

It was a silent trip. When Isabella came back to the company, it was already

noon. She kept thanking Gordon, but he said nothing in response. Instead, he asked her when the dinner would be.

A resigned Isabella said she would call him in a week.

So, it was a happy Gordon that drove away. Isabella heaved a sigh of relief and held her belly as she went into the company slowly. She ran into two of her female colleagues who were sending a client off. One of them was holding the client's arm and nearly squishing her chest against it.

"Isabella, you're back." Jonas came out of his office and simpered at Isabella.

He sized her up. "Got anything?"

Isabella was holding bags in both hands, and she shrugged. "Hit the limit this month, I think. I'd be lucky to sell three cars."

She thought Jonas would mock her, but he laughed and huddled closer.

Then, he put an arm around her shoulder as he showered her with fake encouragement.