

I QUIT MR 65

Chapter 65

In a spacious office on the fourth floor of The Red House, a young woman, who was wearing sunglasses and had her shoes off, was basking under the moonlight on a lounge chair.

Courtney couldn't resist calling Seth after having just accomplished something significant.

Seth took quite some time to answer the call and sounded rather displeased.

She rolled her eyes in exasperation. Nonetheless, she chanted to herself to keep calm and ignore his unpleasant demeanor. Instead, she drawled casually, "Guess who paid me a visit?"

He responded indifferently, "Is your family going bankrupt? It seems like you have far too much free time on your hands."

Courtney inhaled deeply, swallowing her frustration, and retorted, "It's Isabella."

2/11

Seth snorted, and his tone was indifferent. "What does it have to do with me?"

Courtney clicked her tongue as she was displeased with the unexpected reaction.

"You're so boring. You've spent five years sleeping with her, and you don't care about her at all?"

"Have you ever seen any decent person care about a past affair?" Seth sneered and said in a disdainful tone.

Courtney straightened her posture as she kicked the chair next to her. "She brought Xavier's son along. They even ordered a bottle of good wine."

She sounded proud as she continued, "I sent her the wine you left last time.

Can you guess if she can tell?"

Seth paused.

3/11

She grinned, thinking she had finally struck a chord with him. So, she couldn't

resist taunting him.

Suddenly, he spoke, "If you really have nothing to do, just find a class to attend. At least you'll be doing something productive with your time."

Courtney could feel her temper rising. Murder is illegal. Murder is very illegal!

She closed her eyes as she did her best to restrain her temper. She whipped out her ace in the whole, saying, "Gordon had someone put--"

Seth cut her off, and his tone was cold. "Remember to make her pay for the wine. Charge the full bottle price. She has the money."

Courtney widened her beautiful eyes as she was puzzled by this person's mentality.

Just as she was about to retort, a series of urgent knocks came from outside.

"Come in!"

On the other end of the phone, Seth was about to hang up when he heard a flustered voice blabbering, "Miss Cline, we've got a huge problem. A customer

accidentally swallowed the ring that was placed in the ice cream in
advance!”

Courtney’s foot slipped off the stool and nearly fell to the ground. She couldn’t
help but curse as her elegant demeanor faded instantly.

“Is that person insane? How could someone swallow such a big ring?”

She yelled at the waiter and then glanced back at the phone. Alas, Seth had
already hung up.

“He’s heartless. He doesn’t care about gossip, let alone such a big deal as
someone swallowing a ring.”

Courtney kept grumbling as she grabbed her clothes and followed the waiter
downstairs.

As soon as she reached the second floor, she saw Gordon dash into the
elevator with Isabella, forcing her into a corner.

“Mr. Dunkstein, if something happens to me, can you talk to your father and
share half of the inheritance with me?” Isabella, who was feeling extremely

uncomfortable, grabbed Gordon's shirt and said something absurd.

Courtney was still wearing sunglasses. Nonetheless, she almost burst out

Haughing at the scene.

Gordon was on edge, and his eyes were fixed on the elevator display.

Ding. The elevator doors slid open.

He immediately ran out, completely unaware that Courtney was in the corner.

"Hold on. We're not far from the hospital."

He comforted Isabella as he carried her to the car before driving. His heart was pounding in anxiety, causing him to press on the pedal in an attempt to get to the hospital faster.

She held her stomach as she felt the pain rapidly intensifying. She remembered that in Dream of the Red Chamber, someone committed suicide by swallowing gold. Am I going to die?

If she was truly going to lose her life today, she deeply regretted asking Seth for a favor. She should have demanded immediate fulfillment.

Then, there was her mother-she should have called her more often. She wondered if her mother was okay.

As she fretted, the swaying of Gordon's car made her dizzy. Soon, it wasn't just her stomach in agony as her feet started protesting as well.

When they finally arrived at the hospital, he stormed right into the emergency room. Nevertheless, he still had the mind to register her before dragging a group of doctors along.

8/11

Isabella instantly assumed that she was going to die as she laid her eyes on the whole parade coming right at her. Her mind went blank as despair welled up in her heart.

"Quickly start with an endoscopy and X-rays!"

The attending physician, who was influenced by Gordon's urgency, sounded

forceful, as if Isabella had saw

something highly toxic rather than just a

simple ring.

Isabella was wheeled into the observation room. She underwent a series of

tests and felt her stomach becoming increasingly uncomfortable over time.

The endoscopy, in particular, was unbearable. It made her want to vomit.

“Doctor, how is she?” Gordon grabbed the doctor’s arm midway, looking.

anxious.

The doctor adjusted his glasses and suddenly calmed down as he looked at

Gordon suspiciously.

Isabella, who was sitting nearby, hadn’t heard the doctor speak for a long

time. So, she suddenly assumed her condition was severe and couldn’t help

but turn to observe the doctor.

“Doctor, is it serious?”

The doctor removed his glasses and pushed the report forward. "Judging from the X-rays, there's no trace of metallic substance in the patient's stomach. Are you sure she swallowed a gold ring?"

Isabella blinked while looking at Gordon.

Gordon widened his eyes. "Nonsense. Do you think I would buy fake goods?"

Isabella rolled her eyes in exasperation. The doctor clearly didn't mean that.

Even if the ring was a fake, it would still be metal!

She took a deep breath and pursed her lips while recalling the sensation

when she swallowed the ice cream. Even though it scratched her throat, it

sharp

wasn't sharp, and it felt more like ice chips.

Just as she was trying to figure things out, a nurse suddenly entered.

"Who's Isabella? Someone's here to see

you."