

I QUIT MR 101

Chapter 101

Louis was ready to admire Isabella's beautiful face. However, when he removed her mask and sunglasses, all he could see was her 'colorful' face. At that moment, Louis was shocked and felt as if a bucket of cold water had been poured over his desire. Instantly, his expression turned to disgust, and he quickly distanced himself from her.

Then, Isabella seized the opportunity to open her eyes. She looked around before shifting her gaze to Louis. Immediately, she looked surprised and struggled to sit up from the bed.

"What's wrong with your face?" Louis, who had been so excited moments ago, now felt a rising frustration within him.

Isabella sat up and touched her face. Then, she seemed to have remembered something and looked panicked and angry at the same time.

"It's all because of Lara." Isabella got off the bed and grabbed Louis's hand.

“You have to avenge me, Mr. Kessler!”

Louis felt annoyed after looking at her face. The only reason he didn’t try to pull away was because her hands were soft. Still, he asked coldly, “What do you mean?”

“Haven’t you always liked Miss Shaffer?” Isabella pressed her head and feigned being dizzy. She staggered as she approached Louis and said, “I can help you this time.”

Louis sat on the couch irritably and lit a cigar. “Go on.”

Isabella gritted her teeth as she crouched beside Louis and had a sinister look in her eyes. “I have a grudge with her. Now that things have completely fallen apart between us, she hired someone to hit me!” She tilted her head towards Louis, exposing her face under the light. “Just look at what she did to my face!”

Louis frowned in revulsion, refusing to see Isabella’s disfigured face. He exhaled a puff of smoke and said, “She’s the young lady of the Shaffer Family.

She has many ways to deal with you. Yet, you still have the guts to fight

back?"

Isabella clenched her fists and looked determined as she grabbed Louis'

hands.

"If you're willing to help me, I'm willing to... give myself to you."

Louis would be happy to oblige if Isabella had said these words a week ago.

Unfortunately, he couldn't help but find her words ridiculous as he stared at

her mutilated face. So, he swatted her hand away and grabbed her chin.

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"Have you looked at yourself in the mirror? Do you know what you look like

now?"

Of course I do. Why else would I come? Isabella thought sarcastically. Still,

she put on an expression of embarrassment, seemingly unable to accept

Louis' words.

Louis smoked his cigar and squinted his eyes. "I can't afford to mess with

Lara. I might give you a chance if you can fix your face."

Isabella bit her lip and sniffled. Suddenly, her eyes lit up as if she had

remembered something important. "I can arrange everything. I guarantee

not only will you have Lara, but she will also be under your control."

Isabella paused and felt himself getting tempted. His eyes shifted toward

Isabella as he said with a tinge of interest in his tone, "Go on."

"I have a way to lure her out. You can do whatever you want, and we'll take

some pictures as proof." Isabella smiled, and her gaze was filled with malice.

"Lara is currently engaged to Simon. As long as you have blackmail against

her, you can order her around in the future."

Louis narrowed his eyes further as he looked at Isabella. He grabbed her chin

again and burst into raucous laughter. "You're truly ruthless. You're willing to

destroy someone's innocence just to seek revenge."

"A woman's face and innocence are both important. She ruined my face and

almost took my life. I'm already showing mercy by just ruining her innocence."

Isabella pursed her lips and clenched her fists. She deliberately played up her

restrained fury and resentment while acting as if she feared Louis would

reject her proposal. Then, she grabbed his hand and pleaded, "Are you

afraid?"

Although Louis was tempted, he still had some doubts. "You're not tricking

me, are you?"

Isabella's eyes widened, and she pointed at her face in disbelief. "Whether

my face can be restored to its former glory is still unknown. Do you think I'd

deceive you about something so important to me?"

Louis fell silent. He stared at Isabella's face, attempting to find any flaws in

her expression. Alas, Isabella's face only looked anxious. There weren't any

other emotions that would suggest that she was playing him like a fiddle.

"You can leave now. I'll think about it."

Isabell knew what he meant. Still, she acted disappointed and slowly rose to her feet. "You can have someone investigate to see if I'm lying." Then, she left reluctantly. Before she walked out the door, she said to him, "Once you make up your mind, be sure to find me."

Louis waved his hand at her without glancing at her. He was thoroughly disgusted by her blemished face.

Isabella sighed as she stumbled out of the room. The guards at the door were left speechless when they saw her face. They naturally assumed it was Louis who had done those injuries. Isabella covered her face and didn't bother hiding the resentment in her eyes as she dashed down the stairs.

Since the villa was surrounded by burly bodyguards, she didn't dare to linger any longer. After all, just because Louis didn't like her face didn't mean these bodyguards had the same idea. Thus, she swiftly reached the roadside and hailed a cab. Apparently, her face was too dreadful to behold that even the cab driver barely spared her a glance.

