

## **I QUIT MR 112**

### Chapter 112

Having obtained the screenshot of the problematic financial report from

Selena, Lara cross-checked the IP address several times. She confirmed that

it was Abigail who held a grudge against Isabella. Only then did Lara feel at

ease and go to the appointed meeting.

Lara assumed Abigail was concerned about exposing herself, which

explained why she sent the email anonymously. Consequently, Lara decided

not to confirm with Abigail directly, thinking it best not to alert her

beforehand. After all, Lara's primary goal was to acquire the financial report.

Isabella would be held responsible, possibly implicating Seth-a strategy

killing two birds with one stone.

When Lara arrived at the hotel, she went to Room 801 as per the email

instructions. Despite the entire floor being filled with presidential suites, there

weren't many bookings. Lara couldn't help but marvel at Abigail's willingness

to spend money, all the while harboring thoughts about Isabella's numerous offenses deserving an early death.

The door to Room 801 was open, so she casually walked in, closing the door behind her.

The whole suite was quiet, with a faint fragrance in the air and no signs of anyone around.

"Anybody here?" Lara impatiently dropped her bag and sat on the couch with crossed legs. "Such a fool. She's actually late." She rolled her eyes and leaned back, taking out her phone to send several consecutive emails to the anonymous email address. With no replies, frustration overwhelmed her.

Sensing stagnant air, she stood up to open the door.

When she stood up, her legs weakened, and dizziness struck. In a moment of daze, she slumped onto the couch. She gazed at the glass on the coffee table for quite some time before regaining focus. Panic set in as she realized something was wrong, and the sweet fragrance in the air heightened her

unease.

Lana grabbed her purse, frantically searching for her phone. But in her state of weakness, the phone slipped from her hands and fell to the ground. She attempted to grab it but discovered she couldn't stand, as if her body had turned boneless, causing her to slide down the couch slowly. "Help.."

In the footage, the woman struggled to reach her phone, but no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't touch it. A gradually terrified expression appeared on her face.

Meanwhile, Isabella sat in a cafe. She watched the surveillance footage on her laptop without expression.

A waiter approached and asked, "Miss, would you like a refill?"

Smiling, Isabella handed over her cup. "Thank you, and add a piece of mousse cake, please."

"Sure."

As the waiter left, Isabella's gaze returned to the laptop screen. With a calm expression, she clicked her tongue.

When the cake arrived, it lifted her spirits. She delicately scooped up a piece, savoring it.

In the footage, Lara lay on the couch, almost losing consciousness. She stared at her phone on the floor, but her eyes couldn't focus.

d

She knew she had fallen into a trap, and if she continued to wait like this, something bad would happen.

"Help..."

5/9

The once-proud heiress now showed fear. Receiving no response, she was angry and resentful. She promised to investigate and get revenge on whoever was behind this.

As Lara thought about this, the door suddenly clicked.

Her mind snapped as she stared in the direction of the living room with widened eyes.

Lara squinted, trying to see the person's face clearly. However, the room's fragrance had already muddled her mind.

"She didn't lie to me." Louis arrived as planned. As he quietly opened the door and approached, he saw Lara in a dress lying on the couch.

The woman, who had avoided looking him in the eye, now lay on the couch with misty eyes. Her legs were slightly raised, and she parted her lips, seemingly saying something.

Initially, he had some hesitation, but now all rational thoughts were gone.

The faint fragrance filled the room, and red roses adorned the table, setting the perfect atmosphere.

"Darling, you're a gift from God."

As the man approached, Lara recognized his voice. Memories of those eerie

green eyes flashed through her mind, sending shivers down her spine.

She wanted to scream, but her body felt powerless. Even her voice was

slipping away into her throat.

Just then, wet kisses fell on her face, and a strange breath mixed with her

own. Everything was driving her to madness.

“Darling, I can’t wait any longer. Let me love you now.”,

Louis’ actions were rough and direct. He reached behind to unzip Lara’s dress

while kissing her lips.

“After tonight, you won’t be able to live without me. Let me love you.”

Lara held her breath, struggling to squeeze out words. “Get lost!”

Off-screen, when Isabella finished her cake, she heard the heart-wrenching

scream through her headphones.

After a snort, she touched her cheek, where the wound still throbbed slightly.

Turning her head, she looked out the window and, unsurprisingly, saw several

cars with people carrying various cameras getting out. They were all heavily

disguised.

Suddenly, the waiter came over, clicking her tongue. "I wonder which celebrity

is causing trouble in the hotel, but it's definitely going to be exposed by the

media."

Hearing that, Isabella smiled. "There are no secrets in the world."