

I QUIT MR 113

Chapter 113

In the hotel, a group of reporters rushed upstairs. Some went up from the elevator, and others sneaked in through emergency exits. The hotel's security was powerless to stop them.

With a loud bang, the door of Room 801 was forcibly pushed open.

At this moment, Lara was lying on the couch with her shirt disheveled, and a shirtless Louis was on top of her. They were intimately close.

When the reporters stormed in, they didn't expect such a sensational scene.

They were momentarily dumbfounded but quickly recovered. One after another, they started flashing their cameras at the two figures on the couch.

Louis lay limp on top, unable to move, much like Lara.

Caught up in their conversations, the reporters were oblivious to any peculiar behavior from the duo on the couch. They presumed that the couple was simply attempting to dodge the cameras. Relentlessly, they showered the

pair with pointed questions, but the two on the couch stayed unresponsive.

Soon, the hotel security swiftly entered the room. Witnessing the scene on the couch, they were briefly taken aback. However, taking into account Lara's prominent identity, they promptly guided the reporters out of the room.

"Miss Shaffer, what's your relationship with this gentleman?"

"Didn't you say you were getting married soon on a popular variety show?"

"Is this gentleman your fiancé?"

The reporters were unwilling to give up. Even as they were being ushered out, they continued bombarding the couple with questions, hoping to uncover a scandal.

Yet, Lara couldn't even make a sound. As she watched the cameras being taken out, she was so infuriated that her eyes were bloodshot, wishing she could tear Louis into pieces.

Off-screen, Isabella remained expressionless. She picked up her cup of coffee to take a sip and casually commented to the empty air, "What a

spectacular scene.” She sat outside, not planning to leave.

The reporters left, and the people from the Shaffer Family who were handling the situation should be here soon. She needed to see who would be dealing with this matter.

If it’s Old Mr. Shaffer...

Isabella couldn’t help but clench her fist, her heart pounding. Despite the indescribable fear brewing inside her after orchestrating such a significant event, she maintained a facade of composure.

Outside the window, she saw that the reporters were kicked out, but their faces were filled with excitement. They hurriedly walked to their cars, eager to be the first to report the news.

“It looks like big news.” The waiter, noticing that Isabella remained in place, walked over to strike up a conversation with her.

With a smile, she closed her laptop and said, “Isn’t this hotel like the

birthplace of entertainment scandals?”

“Yeah. Just a couple of days ago, Amelie Fowler was arrested here.” The

waitress clicked her tongue, her eyes shining with gossip. “But for some

people, even if they’re photographed, it doesn’t matter.”

The waitress lowered her voice, telling Isabella, “I heard that a bigshot’s

girlfriend was photographed before. The entire hotel was sealed, and all the

media who entered were taken aside for questioning. Not a single picture

was leaked.”

Isabella chuckled but didn’t say anything. She hadn’t intended for Lara to fall

from grace; she just wanted her to spend a few quiet days abroad.

“Given the swarm of media, I bet we’ll have breaking news in less than 20

minutes.” The waitress was excited, eagerly checking her phone for updates.

Meanwhile, Isabella looked out the window, waiting quietly. She had a

premonition that Seth would be the one handling this.

At 7.40PM, Seth left the banquet midway and changed his clothes in the suite.

He was used to such occasions, but recently, with so much going on, being surrounded by a few old men toasting him was really annoying.

He took off his cufflinks, intending to change into a new shirt, but found that

Selena was not there.

“Nicolas.”

After hearing that, Nicolas quickly pushed the door open. “Yes, Mr. Shaffer.”

luna luna

“Where’s Selena? Didn’t I ask her to bring me clothes?” Seth’s tone was

unpleasant. He had reached the limit of patience with her efficiency.

Nicolas wasn’t sure, so he replied, “She seemed to have stained her clothes

and went to change herself.”

”

Seth frowned. “Go find her.”

“Yes, Mr. Shaffer.”

After Nicolas closed the door, Seth sat on the couch, feeling even more annoyed.

Click! Just then, the door was opened from the outside.

Seth frowned, thinking it was Nicolas returning. "What's the matter?"

"Mr. Shaffer." A timid girl's voice came through.

Squinting his eyes, he turned around and saw Selena standing at the door.

She was wearing a bathrobe, revealing two fair legs, and her hands were crossed in front of her. With a blushing face, she walked step by step toward him.

As he pressed his lips together, he stood up and stared at her face.

When Selena felt his gaze, her heart pounded like a drum. She was happy that she had taken the right path.

Suddenly, Seth spoke with a cold voice. "Is this the outfit you went to change into?"

She nodded subtly and said in a soft voice, "Do you think it looks good on

me?”

“Good?” After a sneer, Seth’s tone sank. “Do you know where this is?”

Stunned, Selena looked up at him with confusion.

Staring at the girl in front of him, he noticed that her original resemblance to

Isabella’s temperament had completely disappeared. The innocence had

been refined into a subtle lust. He liked women with ambition, but those who

were foolish, confident, and unaware of their limits, he found repugnant.

“We were invited to attend the opening banquet, and you decided to give me

this gift here? Do you want people to get a hold of me?” Seth uttered these

heartless words while his pitch-black eyes were locked onto Selena’s face.