

I QUIT MR 115

Chapter 115

Isabella was led into a big private estate. The estate's architectural style leaned more toward Jesundian, which was something Seth never liked.

"Please wait here."

She was led into a study room occupied only by one tiny lamp and many Jesundian trinkets.

As she sat on the tatami mat, her mind raced. How she wished there was someone she could question, but the people had locked the door behind them as they walked out. She was not even given the chance to speak to them.

When she looked out of the window, she saw bodyguards stationed everywhere. The entire place was tightly guarded.

At that moment, Isabella's phone rang. It was a call from Natasha.

She snapped out of her thoughts and hurriedly answered it.

“What happened, Bella?”

Thus, Isabella recounted everything that had happened before urging

Natasha to investigate the owner of the house so that she could properly

address the issue.

Natasha immediately worked on it after telling Isabella not to worry and to

wait. If worse came to worst, Natasha would demand Isabella to be handed

over using Dariel’s name.

Still, Isabella worried. She remembered just how strong-headed the

bodyguard was just now. Anyone who would hire a bodyguard like that would

most likely not budge just because Dariel wanted something.

She clung to her phone. As she waited for Natasha to get back to her, she

intently stared at the

Around 30 minutes had passed, and Natasha had yet to get back to her.

However, she could now hear footsteps echoing in the corridor outside.

Isabella hurriedly got to her feet and warily watched the door.

With a clack, the door swung open.

With feet covered in leather shoes, the man strode into the room. His legs were long and slender. As her gaze moved upward, she spotted the hand placed against the door handle that shone brightly with its large knuckles even in the dimly lit room.

There was no need for her to look up any further before she recognized who it was.

It was Seth.

He was wearing a simple collar shirt with sleeves rolled up his forearm. His feet moved at a swift pace. It was clear he had rushed over.

Even through the dark lenses of her sunglasses, she could sense the eerie and frosty look in his eyes. She could not help but take a step backward.

As Seth stood at the doorway and looked into the room at Isabella, a vicious look flashed across his face. He pursed his lips. Without turning the light on,

he closed the door and started moving toward her. He was moving very

slowly, deliberately moving one step at a time to torment her. She

instinctively backed away but soon forced herself to calm down and stiffly

remained standing where she was.

“To be able to catch the live stream from just around the corner, even after

the big commotion you stirred up. You’re quite daring.” As he came to a stop

in front of her, his towering silhouette cast a substantial shadow, enveloping

-her completely in a commanding presence.

She secretly took a deep breath and replied without looking up, “I only went

out for a cup of coffee. I don’t understand what you’re trying to say.”

Seth let out a chilling laugh. Nevertheless, his expression remained

composed, devoid of any hint of anger. Concealed behind her sunglasses,

her eyes scanned the room. Just as Isabella was about to speak, he

suddenly advanced, swiftly gripping her neck. His hold wasn’t overly forceful,

but it sufficed to press her against the wall, rendering her immobile.

“Do you have any idea what happens when someone messes with a member of the Shaffer Family?” His voice was cold and robotic. Even though his voice lacked emotion, it almost broke through all the composure she had managed to gather.

-She clutched his hand, fearing he might break her neck in the next second.

“Mr. Shaffer, I didn’t... Mmph!” Just as she was about to defend herself, he tightened his hold around her neck, making it difficult for her to breathe.

Her eyes went wide as she instinctively struggled, even attempting to kick him.

However, Isabella’s feeble struggles were nothing to Seth. He just needed to use a few simple tricks, and it was enough to render her struggles useless.

“L-Let go!”

“I don’t want to hear nonsense again.”

As he softly spat that out, he coldly watched her struggle before casually

tossing her to the side.

Sprawled on the floor by his feet, she gasped and panted. Her heart was

racing so fast that it felt like it was going to leap out of her throat.

Her mind whirred as it pieced together her answer.

Seth glanced down at Isabella before turning to walk across the tatami mat

to sit on the wooden chair nearby. With his legs crossed, he languidly leaned

back.

“Grandpa took Lara back to the old residence. Louis has been captured. Either

of them could sell you out. What do you think will happen to you then?”

She gulped and reached up to straighten her sunglasses. “They would never

do that, and they would not have the chance to do so.”

He crossed his arms and observed the foolish woman who was wearing

sunglasses in the middle of the night. It has been hours since 7.00PM.

Perhaps Louis has spilled the beans already.”

Pursing her lips, Isabella lowered her head to allow her hair to hide her facial

expression as she blandly replied, "Of course, he has done that. However, even if he sells me out, Old Mr. Shaffer would not hear his words." There was a hint of glee in her calm voice.

Seth looked at her with a dark face while his heart twitched with a hint of psychotic interest. He was not familiar with this side of her.

She crawled to her feet and sat back down on the tatami mat, keeping around three feet away from him.

wow

After pouring herself a cup of tea, she tilted her head back to down it in one go before turning to smile at him. "No matter what Louis says, you'll make sure his words don't get through, right?"

Due to the sunglasses, Seth could only catch a glimpse of the slightly tilted corners of Isabella's lips. Nevertheless, he could still sense the triumph radiating from her tone.