

## **I QUIT MR 120**

### Chapter 120

“Behave and stay here. Do not pull any tricks,” Seth commanded before quickly exiting the room.

Isabella was lost as she did not know what had happened. Just as she contemplated making a quick exit from the room, the vigilant guard at the door astutely anticipated her intentions. With a rather “courteous” gesture, he gently pushed her back.

She frantically paced around the room. When she calmed down enough to think of calling Natasha, she discovered that her phone had no network connection whatsoever.

As she paced, she occasionally glanced at the papers on the floor. Her fury could not be suppressed at all once it had been sparked to life. She would have thrown and smashed something if not for how luxurious and expensive the decor was.

Isabella did not know how much time had passed. Seth never returned. The men outside did not seem like they would let her leave either.

She had checked every nook and cranny in the room. There was not a single gap she could use to escape through. The moment she opened the window, a bright red light would shine on her face, causing her eyes to hurt from the strain of looking at it.

Just where on earth was she? Why did this place look like something out of a horror movie?

As she cursed Seth out under her breath, the door suddenly slammed open.

She froze and confusedly stared at the man who had suddenly appeared in the room. "..."

Jordan did not wait for Isabella to finish her sentence and turned to gesture for her to walk to the door. "This way, Miss Symons."

She was absolutely confused, "What?"

"It is not suitable for you to be here now. If you like this place, you may ask Mr.

Shaffer to bring you over next time.” He tried his best to sound polite so that

he did not hurt her feelings at all.

Her eyes widened with shocked glee. “Am I free to go?”

There was a complicated look on his face as though he did not understand

her at all. “Yes, Please hurry.”

Without a moment of hesitation, she dashed out of the room. She had even

forgotten all about her sunglasses.

Jordan was stunned. When he finally snapped out of it, he hurried after

Isabella. “This way, Miss Symons.”

She did not care where he wanted her to go as long as it meant she could

leave.

She followed him out through the garden in the back. They kept walking

faster and faster as though in fear of Seth suddenly returning.

As the car she had boarded smoothly pulled away into the quiet night, she

released the breath she had been holding.

The driver did not ask her where she wanted to go and drove straight toward

Natasha's place.

"Things might be rather chaotic for the next two days. For your safety, you

had the best stay with Miss Mills."

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That was the warning Jordan gave before Isabella could step out of the car.

She dazedly stepped out, still confused by Seth's actions. First, he captured

her. Then, he released her.

He was both a good cop and a bad cop now.

She was in no hurry to head into Natasha's home. Instead, she stuck to the

car door to ask Jordan, "Can you tell me what Mr. Shaffer's exact orders

were?"

Behind the sunglasses and emotionless face, Jordan was giving her the

side-eye.

“He said nothing.”

Isabella was shocked. “Do you mean to say you set me free against orders?”

He found her question rather confusing. Thus, he gave into the urge to grab

the car door she was holding to and tugged it out of her grip.

With a loud bang, the door slammed shut before the car drove off into the

distance.

She stood there with a mind filled with questions and shock.

Her mind was still stuck in a dazed state as she walked to Natasha’s home

and knocked on the door. It still felt like Seth was standing behind her since

she kept feeling chills running down her back.

When Natasha opened the door, she found Isabella glancing behind her with

a panicked look on her face.

Natasha instinctively thought something bad must have happened, so she

hurriedly dragged Isabella into her home.

Isabella only fully accepted her escape from the estate when she stopped into Natasha's hope. She swiftly sat down on the couch and let out a long sigh.

As Natasha was worried Isabella might be in trouble, she waited a long while before asking Isabella what happened.

"You set Lara up and used the power of the Shaffer Family to get rid of Louis?"

Natasha shrieked.

The first half of the story was enough to make her shoot to her feet while she stared at Isabella in shock.

"Yes..." Isabella covered her eyes as her head pounded.

In awe of what Isabella did, Natasha let out a few curses before she was filled with fear for Isabella's sake.

As Isabella recounted what happened in the estate along with the contract, she opened her eyes and stared up at the ceiling.

Natasha crossed her arms before her chest and scoffed. "He took up five

years of your time, and now he wants another five years? It's clear he has no consideration for your future as a woman."

Isabella let out a laugh full of helplessness and conflicted feelings. "Naturally.

It's all about his physical desires, so why would he consider anything else?"

Natasha looked at her. "Money then?"

Isabella rested her hands on her neck and shook her head. "I've asked for that five years ago. I must give him a little surprise, at least."

"It's 150 million." Natasha raised an eyebrow.

Isabella stood up and started listing out her plans. "I'll sell the two properties I have in the city center. I plan on starting my own company."

"Then, in another decade or two of hard work, you might have 150 million,"

Natasha swiftly said, popping her bubble.

Isabella fell silent. "Let's not talk about that for now. My ability to stay alive is still a question." She wrapped her arms around herself as she rested her chin

on her knees before sadly saying, "If Old Mr. Shaffer finds out I'm the mastermind, I'll be skinned alive for sure."

Natasha did not speak. Isabella had gone so far over the line that Dariel was unable to help her, let alone Natasha.

"We can talk about the Shaffer Family later. Are you sure Louis is dead for sure?" Natasha thought hard as she placed a hand on her chin.

After a few moments of pondering, Isabella replied, "It depends on Seth's mood." If Seth were in a good mood, he would even help kick Louis straight