

I QUIT MR 124

Chapter 124

After throwing her phone away, Isabella turned around and was greeted by

Keira's smiling face.

A shiver ran down her spine as she felt that Keira was paying too much.

attention to her. They had exchanged glances multiple times that afternoon.

However, Keira simply gave her a faint smile and continued talking with the

clients.

Isabella thought she might be overthinking it and shook her head.

Just then, Alex called and informed her that Jonas had a minor concussion

and had to be hospitalized.

Isabella found it amusing and joked with Alex over the phone. "This guy

seems to be having a string of bad luck lately. It wasn't long ago that he was

admitted to the hospital."

Alex grumbled on the phone, saying that what goes around comes around.

She wasn't interested in staying at the hospital, so she left halfway through.

Isabella didn't plan to interfere either. She thought she might visit him with a fruit basket when the car exhibition ended tomorrow. She wasn't willing to keep him company late into the night.

After making sure everything was fine at the venue, she left quietly.

Natasha usually came home late, and Isabella didn't want to be alone. Plus, her facial injuries had healed considerably, allowing her to go out for a walk.

She had dinner at the mall and then bought herself a cup of milk tea.

As she left the mall, she heard enthusiastic cheers coming from the direction of the mall's electronic display.

She usually didn't pay much attention to such events, but this time, she looked towards the crowd.

On the electronic screen, a female celebrity was being interviewed.

In front of the camera, a woman who was almost fifty years old still exuded a youthful aura and looked no older than thirty.

“Look, it’s Érin. She hasn’t appeared in public for a long time.”

“Well, she married into a wealthy family and is doing so well in her career. Of course, she wouldn’t bother showing her face.”

Listening to the conversation, Isabella quietly slipped away from the crowd while holding her milk tea and headed towards the subway.

Erin was Seth’s mother. Isabella had the fortune of meeting her a few times, and indeed, she was a goddess-like figure.

However, the media’s rumors about Morgan Shaffer being a doting husband were false; Seth’s parents had divorced more than ten years ago.

Lost in her thoughts, Isabella exited the subway and leisurely made her way towards Natasha’s house.

When she arrived downstairs, she noticed that the lights were on in Natasha’s house.

Isabella’s mind sharpened, and she became more alert as she silently

pushed open the gate.

Natasha's residence was a detached villa, and the master bedroom's rear window faced the backyard, making it relatively easy to climb in.

She was concerned that there might be someone inside, so she planned to quietly climb in through the window at the back and check.

She hadn't reached the backyard yet when she faintly heard the sound of things being thrown inside the house.

"Dariel, you despicable... Mmm..."

"You went wild in Bleaktown for a few days and forgot your family name, huh?"

"Did I allow you to flirt with another man?"

"Which eye of yours... Mmm... Are you blind?"

Natasha's words came out intermittently. Her anger was mixed with a difficult-to-articulate sense of shame. She could manage to curse at first, but as it progressed, it was obvious she was being suppressed, and her voice

was being stifled with one word following another.

Isabella stood beneath the window and was petrified. She took a deep breath to compose herself, and her face immediately flushed red.

The sounds from the bedroom grew more unrestrained. Natasha, who was struggling with her anger, occasionally uttered a few more curses while Dariel seemed to be thoroughly enjoying himself.

Isabella clenched her fists and stormed towards the front door as her face grew cold.

She raised her hand and hesitated repeatedly, with various thoughts and ideas racing through her mind.

Suddenly, courage surged within her.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Three consecutive knocks echoed loudly.

There was silence from inside the house, and the faint noises from the

backyard had ceased.

Isabella huffed with one hand on her hip and the other still knocking on the door.

“Mr. Wells, good evening!”

“Open the door! It’s been so long since we’ve seen each other.”

She continued knocking and used a sarcastic tone as if she were about to call out Dariel’s name loudly.

As expected, hurried footsteps sounded from inside the house within a few minutes.

Then, with a swift motion, the main door swung open.

In the foyer stood Dariel, whose shirt was disheveled. There were traces of vivid lipstick still evident on his lips. His usually captivating eyes were now brewing with intense fury as he glared fiercely at Isabella, who was standing at the door.

Isabella had the guts; she dared to provoke Seth, so why should she fear

Dariel?

She maintained a smiling face as she blinked at Dariel. "What a coincidence,

Mr. Wells. Are you here to see Natasha as well?"

Dariel glared at her and was boiling with rage. Suddenly, a distorted smile

formed on his lips.

"Didn't Seth buy you a house? Why did you come here at this time of night to see Natasha?"

Isabella shrugged as she approached and barged past Dariel into the house.

"It doesn't matter if I have a house or not. I like to stay with Natasha."

She turned around, faced Dariel, and shrugged again. "Mr. Wells, you have a house too, right?"

Dariel snorted coldly and turned blue in the face. Then, he turned to look at

Isabella, his lips curling into an unsettling smile.

"Isabella, I won't make things difficult for you for Seth's sake. Leave

immediately!”

“It’s not happening.” Isabella crossed her arms, and there was a mischievous grin on her face. “I’ve decided to stay here tonight.”

As she finished speaking, Natasha put on a coat and emerged from the bedroom.

“This property is under my name. Dariel, you have no right to kick her out.”

The two women stood together and presented a united front against the adversary.

Dariel was completely deflated by this point. He wiped his mouth and then pointed at the two women. “You two have guts.”

Then, he turned to face Isabella while sneering. “Isabella, I might not be able to deal with you, but someone else can.”