

I QUIT MR 125

Chapter 125

“Could he really be going to find Seth?”

Isabella successfully drove Dariel away, but she started to feel scared

afterward. Her life was still in Seth’s hands.

Natasha chuckled and drank a glass of wine as she leaned against the stairs.

“Why fear Seth? Even if you annoy him, he’ll sleep with you a couple of times at most.”

When Isabella recalled the sounds she had heard in the backyard earlier, her face flushed, and her heart raced. She opened her mouth but couldn’t find the right words, so she quickly changed the subject.

“Did you and Dariel break up?”

Natasha shrugged. “We broke up long ago. We were only using each other.”

Upon thinking about the child, Isabella found it difficult to comprehend such a dysfunctional relationship. It was better for her to keep quiet.

After descending the stairs, Natasha looked relaxed as she sat at the bar.

“He’s the father of my child and also the culprit who killed my child. I’ll stab him sooner or later.”

Her voice was soft, but the hidden hatred finally seeped out at night. It was both captivating and terrifying under the dim lights.

Isabella couldn’t find words to say. She had been with Seth for five years, and she always took strict precautions to avoid awkward situations. She couldn’t imagine how she would react if she were in Natasha’s shoes.

The child and the future were both crucial.

Natasha eventually fell silent with her head resting on the bar. She seemed to have drifted off to sleep.

Isabella sighed. She carefully helped Natasha up and struggled to get her upstairs.

“Don’t follow in my footsteps...”

Natasha spoke in her sleep while grabbing Isabella’s hand and muttering a

few repeated phrases.

Isabella felt distressed after listening to Natasha's words. She covered
Natasha with a blanket and settled on the nearby couch to get some rest.

It was a sleepless night as she was weighed down by numerous thoughts.

Early the next morning, Natasha was up earlier than Isabella. She made
breakfast and woke Isabella up.

"Today's the car exhibition. Don't be late."

Natasha was unaffected by yesterday's events. She ate and drank well.

Before leaving, she even applied a perfect, bright lipstick as if nothing had
happened.

Meanwhile, Isabella, who was the spectator, looked miserable and
pale-faced, resembling an apparition.

Upon watching Natasha leave, Isabella remained in place, feeling
exasperated. She wondered why she couldn't learn Natasha's composure.

She let out a long sigh while trying to stabilize her emotions. Then, she went to the washroom to freshen up.

At 8.00AM, Alex called to urge Isabella, and she was prepared to leave.

“Hurry up. Many important people are inquiring about Seth.”

Isabella’s scalp tingled when she listened to the voicemail on the subway.

She wished the subway would malfunction right now so she wouldn’t have to go to the car exhibition.

How could a person as busy as Seth possibly show up?

She felt miserable the entire journey on the subway.

Alex’s calls were incessant. She kept reminding Isabella to dress well and not ruin the event.

Isabella’s head was pounding. Her steps toward the venue felt heavy.

She was wandering on the sidewalk and was not paying attention to the approaching car. Suddenly, a honk startled her, and the heel of her high-heeled shoe almost broke.

“Miss Symons.”

A red Ferrari stopped in front of her, and the door opened to reveal a young and wealthy man.

Isabella hadn't expected to encounter Christopher so soon. She was momentarily stunned but quickly composed herself.

“Mr. Larson.”

“Why are you so formal? Just call me by my name.” Christopher was friendly as he gestured for Isabella to get into the car. “Get in. I'll give you a ride to the venue since I'm going that way.”