

I QUIT MR 151

Chapter 151

After Isabella made that statement, Seth rolled up the car window, revved up the car, and stepped on the pedal. Imperia was a bustling city. Even at night, the traffic on its outskirts was still congested. Seth maneuvered through the highway and entered a tunnel. He skillfully navigated past other cars as if he were driving a go-kart. Isabella, sitting in the passenger seat, was jostled around. She tightly gripped her seatbelt, fearing for her life.

Isabella replayed her answers in her mind. Hey, my response was perfect. I told him that I was toning down my ambition and marrying someone else so he wouldn't think I had any intentions towards him. So, what's his problem?

The car accelerated, and Isabella thought she heard police sirens. "If you keep speeding like this, Mr. Shaffer, you'll be making headlines tomorrow."

"I won't be the only one making headlines," Seth replied.

Damn it. What did I ever do to deserve this treatment from you? Isabella felt like she was going crazy. She had been starving the entire day and thought

she might die. Now, with Seth tormenting her, she genuinely believed she might not make it. She wanted to vomit, but she couldn't if there was nothing to throw up.

"Seth..."

Seth thought he heard someone calling out to him from the passenger seat.

He was about to say something when he heard Isabella retching. His eyes widened as a painful memory flooded his mind. "Please don't throw up."

Isabella was on the verge of tears due to frustration. "I can't hold it in..." She retched again, but nothing came out.

Seth couldn't ignore his frustration any longer. He turned the car around and drove to the hospital. Isabella continued retching in the passenger seat. Her head was spinning, and she felt cold inside. She thought she might die because she could hear her mother's voice in her head.

Damn it. If I die here, it'll probably be due to starvation. Former head secretary

of the Shaffer Group dies from starvation. How ridiculous! I've lived my whole life as a law-abiding citizen, and this is how it ends? The internet will find out how I ended up in this mess. They'll discover that I've been fatherless since I was little and start writing online theses about it, only to conclude that children are influenced by the families they grow up in.

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"Mr. Shaffer, enter the hospital through the backdoor."

Seth thought Isabella was acting strangely. He stared straight ahead, not responding to her.

Isabella closed her eyes, her voice barely a whisper. "Mom..."

Seth couldn't hear her clearly, but he caught the word 'Mom.' He felt conflicted. Realizing that he would soon be blocked by the traffic ahead, he pounded his steering wheel a few times. The McLaren was an imposing presence, causing the cars in front to make way for Seth.

Seth pressed down on the accelerator, and the car sped ahead like the wind.

It took him twenty minutes to reach the hospital in the city center. He opened the door, and the cool night breeze rushed into the car. Isabella was already drenched in sweat, shivering from the cold. She lifted her head in a daze and thought she saw Seth leaning over to pick her up.

“No.” Isabella moved away.

He let out a sigh and said patiently, “Come here, Isabella.”

She shook her head. Despite her sickly pale complexion, she refused, “This won’t do.”

Seth’s expression fell, and he got back into the car. “Come. Here,” he growled.

Still in a daze, Isabella, feeling wronged, said, “You’re going to hold me and