

I QUIT MR 181

Chapter 181

Gordon preferred not to push things too far, so when Isabella told him to wait, he simply lay down on the bed and started playing with his phone.

It wasn't until 6:00 PM, when the sky darkened, that Isabella packed up and prepared to leave.

Outside the hotel, a black Bentley was parked under a tree, resembling a patient predator waiting for its prey to appear.

Unfortunately, the person inside the car didn't share the same patience. His face had darkened to a shade akin to an inkstone.

Nicolas and the driver exchanged a glance, and Nicolas mustered the courage to speak. "Mr. Shaffer, it's been three hours. Do you need..."

The person in the backseat raised his gaze, and his piercing eyes reflected from the rearview mirror. He silenced Nicolas, forcing him to swallow the words on the tip of his tongue.

Nicolas felt a cold sweat on his back and wisely shut his mouth.

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He prayed for Isabella to hurry out, hoping she wouldn't spend the night with

Gordon inside.

In the backseat, Seth's hands were clasped, and his elbows were resting on

his knees. His lips were pressed tightly together, and an aura of tension

surrounded him.

After discussing some matters with Xavier, he left the study. Then, he

scanned the area and found no sign of Isabella.

Jordan reported that Isabella had gone to the hotel with Gordon.

He couldn't help but sneer with a twisted smile.

Isabella, you pretend to be a chaste and virtuous woman in front of

me,

but

you're at a hotel with a man right now!

“Isabella probably has a legitimate reason to go to the hotel during the day...”

Nicolas spoke up again.

Seth chuckled lightly. His laughter was eerie and unsettling.

Tears welled up in Nicolas’ eyes. He almost kneeled and prayed on the spot.

At the hotel entrance, people went in, but no one came out.

As time passed and darkness fell, there was a good chance she would spend the night at the hotel if she didn’t come out now.

Nicolas started to feel anxious. He turned to Seth and said, “Mr. Shaffer, let’s go in and get Isabella out!”

Seth looked up at Nicolas, wearing an expression as if he was looking at a fool.

“Me? Why would I go in and grab her?”

Nicolas was speechless.

”

This would seem too much like catching someone in the act. It was not in line with Seth's composed persona.

Seth closed his eyes briefly and weighed the situation. He would never use anything someone else had touched, but if Isabella didn't come out, it probably meant that...

He rarely found himself hesitating like this. Upon reflection, he realized it had happened several times recently, and it was all because of Isabella.

She was just an ordinary woman and not his wife. Why should he waste time like this?

He suddenly opened his eyes and spoke in a deep voice. "Let's go back to the Shaffer Group."

Nicolas was dumbfounded and utterly shocked. "Are we leaving?!"

They had been waiting for several hours. What if she came out right after

Once Seth made a decision, he wouldn't hesitate anymore. He leaned back against the seat, his face dark.

“Since when have you started questioning my decisions?”

Nicolas choked. He quickly swallowed the words he was about to say.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Shaffer.”

“Mr. Dahn, is that Miss Symons?”

The driver, who had been silent the whole time, suddenly spoke up.

He didn’t even

bother to glance ahead.

At the mention, Nicolas was incredibly excited and looked outside quickly.

“Mr. Shaffer, it’s Isabella!”

Outside the car, Isabella and Gordon emerged from a side door, walking side

by side and engaged in a conversation.

Gordon said, “The security guard earlier wouldn’t let me park outside, and I

couldn’t be bothered to argue with him, so I just parked across the street.”

Isabella shrugged. “It’s fine. Let’s walk over.”

Gordon nodded. As they walked, they discussed food options.

Neither of them noticed the Bentley parked by the roadside. They hadn't

reached the opposite side yet and were waiting for the moment when the

traffic passed. The Bentley's engine suddenly started before carelessly

brushing past them and speeding over the puddles left by last night's rain.

As if in a dream, Isabella and Gordon stood in place while they were