## **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.

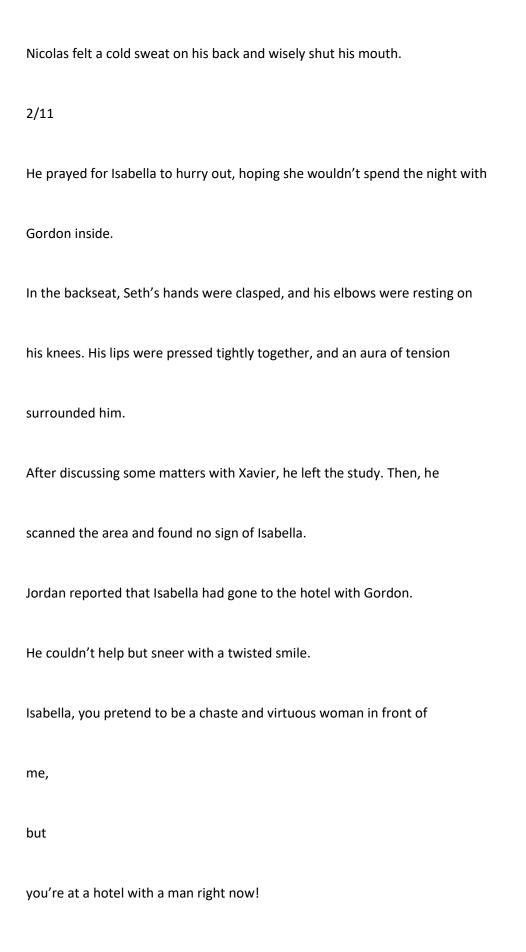
Nicolas and the driver exchanged a glance, and Nicolas mustered the

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

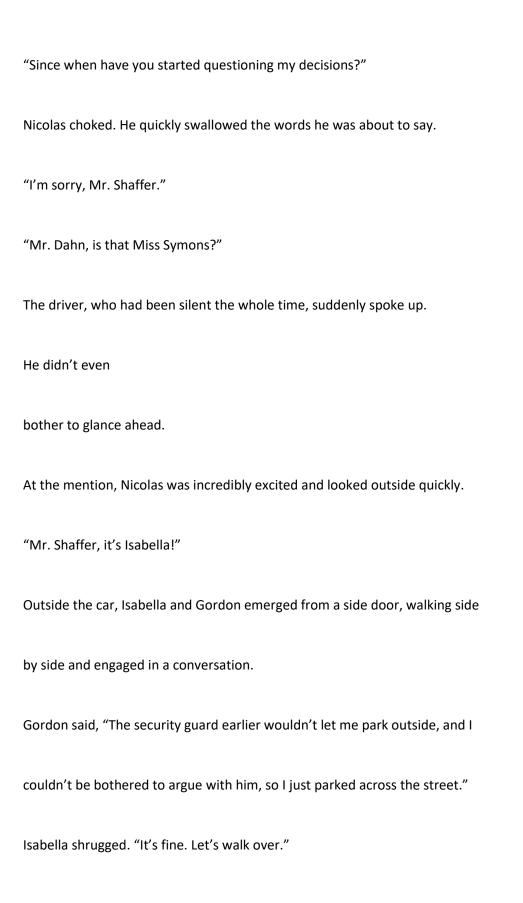
words on the tip of his tongue.





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 already?!" 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.



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