

## **I QUIT MR 185**

### Chapter 185

Isabella drove towards the police station, but the two cars behind her quickly realized her intentions. They sped up and attempted to ram into her car whenever they had the chance.

Despite her excellent driving skills, she couldn't outmaneuver drivers who were willing to risk their lives. Her car was hit several times from behind, but fortunately, the Cayenne's performance was good enough for her to regain control each time.

There were only three intersections left until the police station.

Her phone, connected to the car's Bluetooth, suddenly rang to indicate an incoming call.

Isabella couldn't afford to be distracted, so she didn't even glance at the caller ID.

The phone continued to ring incessantly as she accelerated while the two

cars closed in on her. The fear of death slowly crept in

Through the rearview mirror, she saw the manic look in the pursuing driver's eyes.

She held her breath, reminding herself to stay calm and focus solely on the road ahead.

Nonetheless, she was most worried about the intersection, fearing that a car might suddenly rush out. However, with two Hyundai cars behind her this time, she assumed no other cars would appear.

The traffic light was green, and the road ahead was clear.

Isabella floored the accelerator and intended to pass through directly.

However, a powerful beam of headlights appeared, and a car rushed out from her right.

In that split second, their eyes met-the desperate and triumphant smile on the other driver's face was evident.

Isabella couldn't control herself. She instinctively turned the steering wheel

while letting out a scream!

She felt as if her soul had shattered, and her car spun several times before crashing into a flower bed.

She was trembling in fear, unable to close her mouth properly.

However, she hadn't been hit...

At the intersection, the Hyundai aiming at Isabella was rammed by a black modified car. It spun several times and billowed smoke before catching fire on impact.

The other two Hyundai cars attempting to rush forward were stopped by several cars that followed, and black-clad bodyguards apprehended the drivers.

Isabella, still inside her car, witnessed this sudden turn of events and was unable to process it. She had narrowly escaped death just a moment ago.

A man stepped out of the black modified car and walked towards the red

Cayenne. His face was cold as he forcefully opened the car door. "Are you dead already?"

Isabella's lips quivered, and she was unable to move. She wanted to look at him, but tears were streaming down her face uncontrollably.

Seth was hot-tempered, and it made him even more impatient when he saw her not moving. He leaned in to pull her out but was stunned to see the tears on her face.

Tsk...

He pursed his lips, annoyed. "What are you crying for?!"

Isabella wanted to move, but her body wouldn't obey. Extreme fear made her tears flow uncontrollably.

He leaned against the car roof and sighed deeply. "Come on, you should get out first. It's not safe here."

She tried to speak but only managed to say a few words. "I-I'm sorry, my legs..." she stuttered.

Seth lowered his gaze and furrowed his brows. "Did you injure them?"

Isabella shook her head. "I can't feel them."

His expression tensed briefly. Then, he leaned in to open the car door and

carefully inspected her condition under the streetlights.