

I QUIT MR 197

Chapter 197

As 7.00 PM rolled by, the street lights flicked on.

Jordan drove off with a stoic Seth in the backseat.

“Mr. Seth, Madam only wanted to spend time with you.”

“I’m not accustomed to it.”

“In that case, tonight...”

“To the unit in Harmony Residence.”

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Jordan’s lips twitched as he solemnly glanced at Seth through the rearview

mirror. “Miss Symons just moved into that unit.”

Seth’s lips turned downward as silence fell.

Jordan observed the emotions playing out on Seth’s face as he pondered

Seth’s train of thought.

Seth definitely knew that Isabella had moved Into Harmony Residence. So,

did he actually forget about it, or was he trying to find a chance to go there?

Jordan had been mocking Isabella for being paranoid. Now, he had to admit.

that she truly had a right to be wary.

“It’s a huge place, several thousand square feet. She couldn’t possibly take up

the whole place,” Seth abruptly commented after minutes of silence. Hence,

he decisively ordered, “To Harmony Residence.”

There was a complicated look on Jordan’s face as he helplessly drove in that

direction.

20 minutes later, the car arrived at Harmony Residence.

Jordan got out of the car to open the door for Seth, filled with excitement. His

instincts told him that Isabella would not let Seth in that easily.

The two men entered the elevator and headed straight up to the 17th floor.

When they reached the door, Jordan intentionally moved closer instead of

stepping away.

Seth shot him a look and unhappily pursed his lips before pressing his finger

against the door lock.

Beep. Beep. Beep.

“Fingerprint not recognized,” the door lock chimed unforgivingly.

“Hah,” Seth scoffed.

Jordan scratched his nose awkwardly. “Miss Symons probably changed the lock code and fingerprint registry.”

Seth’s lips twisted into a smirk.

“Knock on the door.”

Jordan remained professional, hiding his smile behind a calm facade. Then, he knocked twice on the door.

There was no response.

He knocked again. Once more, they received no answer.

“Miss Symons might not be home,” he suggested.

Seth frowned and walked over to look at the exterior electrical box. “She’s

inside.”

“Keep knocking,” he continued.

“Yes.”

Isabella lay in the bathtub, slowly sinking into the hot water. After being wound up tightly for so long, her brain instantly fell asleep the moment she started to relax.

Why is it so difficult to breathe here? Her chest felt heavy, as if something was weighing her down. For some reason, she just couldn't open her eyes.

Her head felt dizzy as her body refused to respond to her brain.

What's happening?

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The series of loud bangs felt like a hand had reached down from the sky, pulling her soul out of its dazed state.

Her eyes snapped open abruptly. She choked on the water that had gone up her nostrils, causing her to spit out bubbles.

Dazedly, she crawled out of the water with a loud splash.

Had she fallen asleep?

Fear struck her, causing her mind to go blank as she registered what had just

happened. She sat in the bathtub for several long moments, lost in her

thoughts.

Thunk! Thunk! Thunk!

There was a commotion outside.

She snapped back to reality, hastily putting on the robe she had brought with

her into the bathroom.

Jordan had told her that Seth would never be here. So, she was wary and

worried that it might be someone with ill intentions. Thus, she put on another

robe hanging in the closet, attempting to cover herself up.

But the knocking never ceased. If anything, it seemed that whoever was

causing such a ruckus was growing impatient.

She jogged out of the bedroom and through around seven to eight rooms.

before reaching the foyer.

When she peeked through the peephole, she found herself met with Jordan's

expressionless face. Is that Seth?

Now on guard, she clutched the robes to her chest. Then, she cautiously

opened the door to poke her head out.

Seth had been standing in the corridor, listening to Jordan knock for over ten

minutes. Hence, he was in a foul mood.

“Are you deaf?”

Annoyance flared within her as she continued to hold onto the door handle

before replying, “My apologies. I was in the bath.”

Seth glanced at her, noticing her wet hair and flushed cheeks.