

I QUIT MR 247

Chapter 247 Taking Risks And Embracing Life

The cabin buzzed with a lively atmosphere as several bottles of wine were uncorked.

Isabella had only taken a few sips when she noticed that Seth had already downed several glasses. She thought to herself, He seems truly bored. Now, he's even toying with his own life.

The meal stretched on for over two hours, and the cabin was filled with the aroma of red wine. The men were more or less intoxicated, and with the boat swaying, Isabella felt rather dizzy.

"Why don't we take a nap and reconvene in the evening?" suggested Leonard.

No one objected. This group of affluent young men had no interest in fishing; their sole focus was on enjoying the company of beautiful women.

Tyrone went to operate the boat alone while Isabella and the others stayed behind. The boat slowly approached the shore, and the gentle sea breeze was quite pleasant. She closed her eyes, and her head began to droop. Suddenly, the boat jolted, startling her

awake.

“We’re almost at the shore. Anyone up for a race?” someone exclaimed, and the atmosphere in the cabin heated up once again. With the alcohol taking effect, these individuals were acting a bit recklessly.

Isabella squinted and looked around. Everyone in the cabin had stood up, and the men were joking and laughing as if they had made a decision. Natasha stood beside her, biting into a piece of fruit and snorting. “They’re playing with their lives, daring to swim after drinking.”

Isabella was taken aback. “What?”

Natasha nodded towards the group of men. “Those idiots are planning to swim to the shore.”

Isabella frowned. These people had all been drinking, and if anything were to happen, it would make headlines.

“What are we supposed to do while you guys swim?” Caitlin pouted. Before anyone could answer, she hugged Harold and said, “Harry can’t go. He must stay with me.”

As a result, Leonard and the others teased her for being a spoilsport.

“Fine, I’ll stay and drive the boat back. Mr. Dunkstein can take my place.” Harold was easygoing. He turned to Gordon and asked, “Mr. Dunkstein, can you swim?”

Gordon shrugged. “I can manage.”

“Perfect.” Harold patted Caitlin’s back, smiling and greeting everyone.

The couple’s affection for each other was evident, so no one said anything more. The group began planning the route and placing bets on who would reach the shore first.

Isabella stood up and looked at the shore. It was at least 700 to 1000 feet away, maybe even more. If anything were to happen in between, it would be a serious matter.

“Everyone has been drinking. Maybe we shouldn’t do this.” Her sudden remark drew everyone’s attention.

Seth was reclining on a chair, wearing sunglasses, and was the only one who didn’t turn to look at her. However, as Isabella shifted her gaze, she caught a glimpse of a cold smile at the corner of his lips.

Caitlin rolled her eyes and sarcastically said, "What's the matter? Are you worried about Gordon or Seth?" Her words were too direct, and everyone couldn't help but show expressions of anticipation. All eyes were on Isabella, waiting for her reaction.

Natasha slammed her cup down and said irritably, "Mr. Shaffer has a serious injury on his back. Is he planning to swim as well?"

"Injury?" Dariel raised an eyebrow and looked at Seth. "It should be almost healed by now. If you're using this as an excuse not to swim, you might as well change your name to Sad Shaffer."

Seth ignored him, neither agreeing to swim nor refusing.

Isabella stood awkwardly, maintaining a calm expression. "I just think it's unsafe to swim after drinking. If you think I'm being meddlesome, just disregard what I said." After uttering these words, she sat back down, deliberately giving Freya a meaningful look, Freya understood the message and quickly raised her hand. "Gordon, you should also stay. It's not easy for you to come out, and if you overexert yourself and get scolded by Mrs. Dunkstein..."

Dariel let out a surprised sound, playfully teasing with his eyes. "Mr. Dunkstein is quite lucky. There are many girls who care about him."

Gordon, in a cheerful mood, raised his hand. "Sorry, but I won't be joining in."

Leonard and Jerry teased him, but didn't say much. They left the cabin in pairs, forming a straight line outside. Corey had been leaning against one side, waiting for Seth to get up before following and casually asking, "Are you okay, Seth?"

Seth took off his sunglasses, gave Corey a cold glance, and questioned, "Do you usually show concern for your brother like this?"

Corey chuckled lightly, his eyes filled with youthful mischief. "If I did, he would kick me."

Seth's eyebrows twitched, but he didn't say anything further. He unbuttoned his shirt and took it off right away. Isabella didn't turn her head, but she heard Freya next to her speak in a restrained yet excited voice, "He's so handsome!"

Lyra clicked her tongue. "What a physique."

The speechless Isabella took a forceful sip of her juice, still not turning her head.

Natasha chimed in. "Dariel, that shameless devil, is having way too much fun."

Isabella paused, then smoothly turned around, using her conversation with Gordon as

an excuse to glance in Seth's direction. He was wearing a black tank top, with no

intention of taking it off. A thin scab had formed around his neck, revealing a hint of

pink skin underneath.

If he went into the water like this, there was a high risk of infection.