

## **I QUIT MR 251**

### Chapter 251

Isabella hesitated for a moment, unsure of what to say.

“Mr. Shaffer, I...”

She watched as Seth, with a cold expression, walked past her without uttering a word.

She was taken aback. Normally, he would have at least had someone kick her out. She

blinked, her mind filled with mixed emotions. She glanced at his retreating figure,

recalling the image she had just captured.

Although his face remained expressionless, his bloodshot eyes and flushed cheeks.

were hard to miss.

Corey was still standing nearby, calling Seth affectionately and gesturing for him to

come in.

Isabella felt that something was off about this kid. He had dared to pull Seth into the

water earlier, and now, he was offering him alcohol without considering his health. He

didn't seem like a friend at all.

As she pondered this, Natasha stormed in from outside, followed by a joking Dariel.

“What’s all the fuss about? It’s not like we haven’t...” He stopped mid-sentence when he

noticed Isabella standing at the door. Then, he patted Natasha on the waist and said,

“Come find me.

Natasha rolled her eyes in annoyance and pulled Isabella aside to talk. “I knew it.

wouldn’t be good when he brought me here. It’s full of troublemakers, so annoying.”

Isabella was equally annoyed. At that moment, she couldn’t solve other people’s

problems. She held her drink, absentmindedly taking sips, but her gaze remained fixed

on Seth through the mirror on the side.

Suddenly, a smiling face appeared in the mirror, catching her sneaky glances. She

frowned and quickly averted her gaze, her face displaying an unnatural expression.

Natasha noticed her odd behavior and asked, “What’s wrong?”

Isabella used her glass to cover her face and replied, “What’s the deal with Corey?”

“He’s Patrick’s younger brother.” Natasha glanced in Corey’s direction and lowered her

voice. “But they’re not blood-related.”

Isabella was surprised. “What?”

Natasha lifted her glass, covering her mouth as she spoke, “He’s an illegitimate child.”

Isabella couldn’t help but look in Corey’s direction and took a glance before withdrawing

her gaze. “Patrick and Seth are close. How can Seth get along with his half-brother?”

Natasha clicked her tongue. “I heard he was taken back to the Comptons when he was

young. The two brothers get along quite well.

Isabella was skeptical. In wealthy families, even blood brothers who grew up together

might turn against each other, let alone half-brothers. She caught a glimpse in the

mirror of Corey toasting Seth again while Seth raised his glass to clink with his but only

took a sip.

Huh. I thought you weren’t afraid of death. If you’re so brave, why don’t you finish it in

one go? As she pondered this, a seductive woman walked onto the dance floor,

stepping into the center. The room instantly fell silent.

“It’s supposed to be a masquerade, but it’s just a show for Corey.” Natasha scoffed,

casually saying, “They have everyone wear masks, move around in the dark, and when the lights come on, they find their dance partner. Isn’t it just to make it easier for Corey to find his Cinderella?”

Isabella frowned, subconsciously smoothing her hair. She had just washed it using the hotel’s shampoo, which was different from the one she used yesterday. “Even if he finds her, he’ll get bored after a few months.” Natasha snorted disdainfully. “He’s in his early twenties, good-looking, and quite the playboy.”

Isabella licked her lips and asked, “Can’t we leave?”

“Look behind you.”

She turned her head, only to realize the door had been closed without her noticing.

It was almost 5 p.m., and the red curtains of the French windows were drawn, casting the hall into darkness. The huge crystal chandelier on the ceiling emitted dazzling light as waiters brought in bottle after bottle of expensive wine, distributing exquisite masks. The masks only covered the upper half of the face and would be meaningless if the Nights weren’t turned off.

Isabella didn't immediately put on her mask as she was still fixated on Seth's direction.

He sat alone at a table, and no one dared to approach him. Occasionally, Leonard and a few others would go up to exchange a few words, creating their own world and excluding outsiders.

Knowing Seth as well as she did, Isabella was almost certain he had a fever but stubbornly refused to admit it. "Natasha, are the doctors still here?" she asked casually.

Natasha, wearing her mask, leisurely sipped her drink. "What's the point? Seth, the drama king, won't let anyone examine him."

Isabella was speechless. Drama king, how appropriate.

She held the mask in her hand, an idea flashed in her mind. Just as she was about to stand up, all the crystal lights on the ceiling suddenly went out. As darkness engulfed the room, Natasha muttered a curse.

The host's voice, pretending to be eerie, announced the time, followed by haunting music that filled the room. "Let the games... begin!"