

I QUIT MR 252

Chapter 252

Surrounded by darkness, Natasha had vanished, leaving Isabella to navigate her way along the walls. This immediately reminded her of the previous night at the hot springs.

Internally, she cursed these people for their mischievous behavior but dared not act impulsively. The walls around her were adorned with red curtains. Some areas were empty, and people would suddenly appear out of nowhere.

As expected, the men were likely wearing invisible night-vision goggles, choosing their partners for the night.

Isabella was worried about Corey's intentions. The kid might recognize her from the previous night, and if they crossed paths, it would be awkward.

As she pondered this, the sound of footsteps slowly approached. She instinctively stopped, even taking a couple of steps back. The person was emerging from the crowd, and with each step she retreated, he advanced.

She couldn't discern who it was. Her heart pounded like a drum as she continued to

back away until her body collided with a piano.

The music reached its climax, accompanied by whispers and an air of mystery. The

unspoken affection between men and women made her blush and her heart race.

He now stood in front of her, halting his steps.

Isabella calmed down, removed the mask from her face, and pointed it at him. She

couldn't see, and by removing the mask, she simply wanted him to stop advancing

had no interest in this game.

However, a soft laugh rang out, filled with teasing and amusement. She could sense

that he was reaching out his hand.

Suddenly, there was a commotion, and the person in front of her appeared to have been

knocked over and fallen. Taking advantage of the situation, she quickly made her way

to the side, hoping to blend into the crowd, which was preferable to being alone.

Before she could take two steps, a pair of hands suddenly grabbed her wrist. She felt a

burning sensation on her wrist, and before she could react, she was forcefully pulled

out of the red curtains.

The surroundings were still dark, but the presence of the person behind her was unmistakable. He asked, "Why are you running? Don't you want to be Cinderella?"

Isabella shivered, feeling his hot breath on her neck. Seth... She could detect the vulnerability in his voice. His mocking tone was intentionally harsh, which only revealed his current condition further. As she turned around, the warm breath from the man's nostrils brushed against her forehead.

The music outside was about to stop, and the lights would soon be turned on. By then, they would be trapped in the mezzanine, making it difficult to escape.

"There's a window. Climb out." His voice echoed in her ear.

She silently acknowledged, slowly moved away from him, and then turned to feel along the outer wall. Sure enough, there was a window. She was delighted, quickly unlocked the window, and then reached out to grab Seth's sleeve.

Perhaps due to the poor air quality in the mezzanine, he didn't bother to argue with her and obediently followed her lead. Isabella climbed out first, saw the light, and then

reached back to help him.

Seemingly ignoring her assistance, he skillfully stepped onto the window ledge and

effortlessly jumped out. Seeing that, she pursed her lips and withdrew her hand. The

man walked past her, moving swiftly under the glow of the evening twilight.

Unsatisfied, she jogged after him. Everyone was gathered in the hall, leaving the

corridor deserted, with not even a waiter in sight. Suddenly, the man stopped, and she

almost collided with his back.

“Why are you following me?”

Taken aback, she thought that since he had come to her rescue, they had reconciled.

His face was cold, his body on high alert, but his chest was heaving heavily, clearly out.

of breath.

Isabella swallowed, gathered her courage, and asked, “Mr. Shaffer, are you running a

fever?”

“What’s it to you?”

“It’s my concern,” she replied calmly and confidently. “If you have a fever, it’s likely due to

an infection on your back.” And I am responsible for the

Wound on your back.

She didn’t say the last part, but they both understood.

Seth looked at her disdainfully, thinking this woman was talking nonsense. Now, she acted all grateful and indebted, as if she hadn’t been the one to reject him a few days ago.

“You’re like a wolf, always going where there’s meat. What does it matter to you whether I live or die?”

Isabella was startled. These were the words she had used to scold Corey earlier. Now that Seth was using them against her, she had no response.

Seeing her expression made Seth even angrier. His head was spinning, and his vision was starting to darken. “Stop appearing before me and get as far away from me as possible.” He snorted coldly, speaking without thinking. Other than glaring at Isabella, he had no control over the rest of his body functions.

She looked into the eyes of the man in front of her, feeling a bit scared. Raising her hand, she waved it in front of his face. "Mr. Shaffer?" As soon as her words left her mouth, his pupils contracted, and he lunged towards her. The shocked woman raised her voice. "Seth!"

"What on earth... are you screaming for?" His last bit of defiance echoed in her ears.