

## **I QUIT MR 258**

### Chapter 258

Deal Bay, 2 a.m.

The room was dimly lit, and the air still carried the lingering scent of their previous lovemaking. The mess on the floor hinted at their intense activities.

Natasha, naked, lifted the quilt and got out of bed. Before she could stand up, the man behind her sensed her movement and reached out to hold her.

The man gently kissed her cheek, closed his eyes, and rested his chin on her shoulder.

She clicked her tongue and pushed him away, saying, "Stop being so clingy."

With a husky whisper that came from deep in his throat, Dariel laughed. He grabbed her fist with just the right amount of force to keep her from moving.

"Babe, try to control your temper when we're in public."

Natasha sneered in the dark, her tone harsh. "Why? Did I beg you to be with me?"

"You don't need to beg." The man opened his eyes, turned his face to kiss her neck, and murmured, "I like you just the way you are."

With his cool lips pressed against her artery, Natasha could feel the texture of his lips against her skin.

Being this close, she felt as if he were a vampire about to sink his teeth into her neck at any moment.

“Your personality is your greatest asset. Keep it that way; never lose it. I’ll always like you.”

her face with a smile to meet Dariel’s “affectionate” gaze and said, “The thing I like most about you is your wealth. You must also maintain your current financial status. Never go bankrupt, or else I’ll... look for a replacement.”

Dariel laughed softly, his eyes full of enchanting charm. He straightened her face and kissed her lips without hesitation.

Passionate, without any reservations.

Both of them tacitly hid some indelible things deep in their hearts, pretending to be a deeply in love couple.

The kiss ended.

Natasha lay on the man's shoulder, panting slightly, her expression lazy and seductive.

a good mood.

Dariel held her, kissed her hair, and lay down with her as usual.

They snuggled together, perfectly matched in every way.

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At Harmony Residence, Isabella stared at the ceiling for a long time. Her thoughts

finally returned, and she quickly got up, not caring whether Seth was dead or alive, and

locked him in the room alone.

She dashed back to her room, firmly patting her chest, recalling what had just

happened.

Men and women should maintain their distance from one another. It was not eno

simply wear more conservative clothing; she also must exercise greater caution goin

forward.

Isabella patted her forehead, and her emotions stabilized.

She took a blanket and pillow and went to sleep on the living room couch in case Seth suddenly needed something.

The lights were turned off, and darkness enveloped the room.

Moonlight spilled into the room, and her heart surprisingly felt calm.

Sleepiness came, and she fell asleep in no time.

She had a peaceful sleep, and it would have been quite comfortable if someone hadn't suddenly shouted.

At 5 a.m., the room was just starting to get light. Isabella was still sleepy when a shout came from the room.

She sat on the couch for a while, letting the person inside go crazy. After a while, she dragged her blanket to Seth's door.

"Mr. Shaffer, it's five o'clock in the morning."

The pain jolted Seth to full wakefulness after he had accidentally pressed on his back while asleep. He opened his eyes and found that the person who should have been watching by his bed was gone, and he was furious.

“Where did you go?”

Isabella opened her mouth and pointed behind her. “Living room.”

Seth looked cold, struggling to prop himself up. “Get me two painkillers.”

Realizing he was in too much pain to sleep, Isabella became more awake at that point.

She rubbed her face, went into the room, and rummaged through the medicine box.

After locating the painkillers, Isabella also filled a glass with warm water and

respectfully handed it to Seth.

Seth drank the water, took the pills, and returned the glass to her, still propping up his

upper body.

Isabella willingly ran errands, and when she had nothing to do, she sat down nearby,

gazing at Seth with lifeless eyes.

t are you

looking at?”

“Do you need any further assistance?”

Seth's back was aching and itchy, and his temper was on the verge of exploding.

"I need you to experience the pain for me!"

Isabella shook her head. "I can't do that."

She rested her cheeks on her hands and stretched lazily.

"Mr. Shaffer, calm down and let the pain subside."

Seth glared at her but didn't want to engage in such nonsense.

Isabella's eyelids drooped, and she leaned forward, almost falling several times.

She suddenly woke up, a bit disoriented, and blurted out to Seth, "Do you want some

vegetable bean soup?!"

Seth was taken aback by her sudden outburst.

"Why are you yelling so early in the morning?"

Isabella smacked her lips. "Sorry, I'm sleepy."

Seth's face darkened, suppressing the pain, just as a noise came from his stomach.

Gurgle, gurgle, gurgle...

The embarrassing sound reverberated in the room repeatedly.

Isabella blinked at Seth and asked, "There's vegetable bean soup. Would you like some?"

"Well, go get it!" Seth replied.