

I QUIT MR 291

Chapter 291

At four o'clock in the morning, the sky was still dark.

They were on their way to the airport and didn't board the plane until after six.

Seth had booked the entire first-class cabin, so fortunately, there were no individuals

like Briana to disturb his sleep.

They landed at around nine.

They got into a car and headed straight for Klinton Village in the Southern City.

The further they drove, the more remote it became. Eventually, even the navigation system was struggling. They rolled down the car windows to see green mountains and clear waters, with the air filled with the scent of fresh grass.

Isabella hadn't expected such a pleasant surprise. The Southern City was a well-known city in the south with decent development, yet it concealed such a paradise within.

Just as she was enjoying the view, the car suddenly jolted as if there was an earthquake.

Seth, who had been resting, opened his eyes wide in surprise.

Ollie turned his head and apologized, "The roads ahead are old."

Seth frowned but said nothing.

Isabella peered out the window, and a sense of foreboding crept up on her.

Sure enough, they hadn't driven two miles before the car could go no further.

The driver and Ollie were dumbfounded, and they did not dare to speak to Seth.

After a while, it was Isabella who broke the silence, "Mr. Shaffer, let's get out of the car."

Seth, still unaware of the situation, looked at her. "Are we there?"

Isabella smiled. "Almost."

Ollie and the driver didn't dare to breathe. They were still three miles away from the village.

Seth paused. "Let's get out."

Isabella exchanged a glance with Ollie and took a risk.

Once they got out of the car, Isabella heard a sharp intake of breath.

It must have rained recently; the grass underfoot was muddy, and one step could sink

half a foot deep.

Fortunately, Seth had dressed appropriately for the countryside, wearing sportswear and sneakers.

He could bear it; it was a minor issue, and he remained calm.

Isabella watched Seth's expression as she signaled Ollie to unload the luggage from the car.

Apart from the luggage, there were bags of all sizes covering the ground.

Seth stood at the front as he raised his eyes to signal Ollie to lead the way.

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Ollie was in a dilemma as he did not dare to lead Seth on a three-mile trek through the mud.

Just as he was about to take a step, Isabella said, "Mr. Shaffer, it's not appropriate for them to follow."

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Seth frowned and glanced at her.

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Isabella said, "If we go there with such a grand entourage, people will think we're wealthy individuals showing off. The previous gem buyers must have done the same."

Seth pursed his lips, and he remained silent.

It had to be said that Isabella had a more down-to-earth attitude when dealing with people, as she gave it more thought than he did.

"Miss Symons, there's too much stuff. You and Mr. Shaffer can't carry it all," Ollie reminded.

Isabella smiled with her hands on her hips. "That's okay; you guys can leave the stuff here and go. I have a plan."

Ollie was a bit worried, and he turned to look at Seth.

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Seth had a cold expression. "Leave the stuff."

"Okay."

The boss had spoken, and everyone else was eager to leave, lest Seth discover that

"we're almost there" was a lie and they would be the ones to suffer.

The group moved quickly and left all the stuff by the roadside, then quickly got back in

the car.

"Miss Symons, we'll be in town. Call us if you need anything."

Isabella nodded, then asked, "Do you have any cash?"

Ollie didn't understand what she meant, but he asked everyone to hand over their cash.

Among the dozen or so people, they only managed to scrape together seven red bills.

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Isabella sighed as she took the money and told everyone to leave.

Once the line of luxurious cars had vanished from view, only she and Seth remained

beneath the solitary tree by the deserted riverbank.

“What is your plan?”

Isabella cleared a few bricks for Seth to sit on. “We will wait.”