

## **I QUIT MR 306**

### Chapter 306 Where Did He Touch You?

Isabella immediately sensed that the man standing in front of her was a scoundrel.

Recognizing her vulnerability, she knew she had to extricate herself from the situation

as quickly as possible.

“Excuse me, could you please let me pass?” Isabella requested, trying to maintain her

composure.

“What’s the rush? I happen to be the only nephew of my aunt Alice. I can take

you

there,” the man replied with a seemingly polite tone, though his expression betrayed a

lewd intention, and his hand inched closer to Isabella.

After taking a deep breath, Isabella tried to step back. However, her leg accidentally hit

a nearby stall table.

Onlookers discussed the unfolding situation, with some expressing concern for

Isabella, yet none stepped forward to offer assistance.

The man clearly knew he was in control of the situation. After probing a couple of times, he reached out to touch Isabella's face.

Isabella was furious. She raised her hand. Just as she was ready to throw a punch, she caught sight of a man striding toward them.

"Seth!"

As soon as Seth appeared, he noticed that Isabella wasn't where she was supposed to

1. The area was small, and he quickly spotted her being confronted by a strange man.

Acting without hesitation, he advanced and delivered a swift kick to the man's waist.

With a resounding crash, Gasly collided with a fish stand, causing the bucket to overturn, and fish scattered all over the ground.

Seth had an imposing and stern demeanor, dressed distinctively. Everyone around appeared dumbfounded, including the old man selling fish, who could only sigh.

On the other hand, Gasly, despite falling, continued to grumble as he got up and charged toward Seth.

Seth remained stationary, delivering another forceful kick, terrifying in its intensity.

Gasly fell to the ground, groaning in pain, clutching his chest.

Seth contemplated delivering a couple more kicks, but Isabella, fearing further trouble, quickly grabbed his arm. "Let it go."

The surrounding people were all villagers, and even if they disliked Gasly, they wouldn't simply stand by and watch. In the end, it would be them who suffered the consequences.

Seth's gaze, initially icy, slightly softened as he looked down to see Isabella tightly clinging to him.

He glanced at the old man picking up the fish, took out two hundred dollars from his pocket, and casually placed them on the fish stand.

The old man was surprised. He attempted to return the money. "This is too much..."

Seth didn't respond. Instead, he pulled Isabella away from the square.

The surroundings were still filled with spectators as Isabella was being dragged by Seth. She kept her head down.

Finally, they left the square and walked down a quiet path. Neither of them spoke.

Isabella's heart continued to race. She could sense Seth's anger, so she refrained from saying much. Moreover, the memory of Gasly's lewd gaze reminded her of Louis, equally repulsive.

Midway through their walk, she noticed a house with cherry tomatoes growing by the door.

"Mr. Shaffer, please wait a moment..."

Seth didn't respond, maintaining his pace and pulling her along. Isabella sighed. She knew how to make focaccia and was contemplating making some for Alice.

However, with Seth still angry, she didn't dare to let go of his hand.

Upon reaching the yard, Seth kicked the door shut and led Isabella inside.

Isabella was a bit bewildered. Seth pressed her to sit on a chair, so she had to look up to see him.

"M-Mr. Shaffer?"

"Where did he touch you?"

Seth stood against the light, his eyes dark. His gaze shifted downwards, casting a large, oppressive shadow.

Isabella blinked. "No, he didn't touch me. You arrived before he could..."

Before she could finish her sentence, she noticed Seth's lips pressing down.

"Just... Just a little on my waist. But I dodged it right away."