

I QUIT MR 345

Chapter 345 He Crossed The Line Again

Isabella stumbled into Corey's arms, her body partially supported by him. Although she quickly regained her balance, everyone witnessed the incident. People were well aware of her relationship with Seth, and for a moment, the atmosphere became somewhat awkward.

Isabella clenched her teeth, a thin layer of sweat forming on her back, as she made her way heavily towards Seth's seat. Seth's expression remained unchanged, his lips pressed tightly together, and his eyes darkened.

He leaned over and lifted Isabella horizontally, bringing them into close proximity.

Isabella didn't dare to look up, but she could hear his heartbeat.

Bloom loudly counted Seth's squat repetitions, holding her breath as she silently calculated his heartbeat.

Perhaps due to the exercise, his heartbeat was rapid, accompanied by panting, creating an invisible tension that seemed to reverberate through Isabella's cheeks, making her

too afraid to move.

Twenty squats were nothing to Seth, and he completed them quickly.

He didn't immediately put Isabella down but continued to hold her as he walked

towards the round table, turning his gaze towards Ariana.

"Ariana, make some space."

Ariana was momentarily stunned, then stood up and pulled out another chair. Isabella

was placed back on her feet, but due to her tense body, she almost fell back like a

statue.

Seth gently pushed her back, stabilizing her, before taking his own seat.

"Let's continue."

Everyone exchanged glances, refraining from saying anything further except for Dariel,

who dared to click his tongue.

Isabella sat next to Seth, with Corey across from her and an aisle acting as a buffer

between them.

She pretended to be calm, picked up her cup, and poured herself a large glass of iced

drink. When no one was paying attention, she quickly gulped it down. Her body cooled down, and her heart gradually calmed.

Just as she was about to sigh in relief, an arm suddenly wrapped around her waist.

Hidden from everyone's view, Seth half-embraced her. Isabella widened her eyes, jerked her neck, and looked at Seth in shock.

Seth held her with one hand while lazily holding a glass of wine with the other. His expression remained calm and unaffected.

Isabella wanted to move away, but the arm around her waist tightened automatically, leaving her with no room to escape.

She was in a state of confusion, unsure of Seth's intentions. They had already clarified their boundaries, and both knew what they should and shouldn't do!

With so many people around, if she struggled too much to break free, it would not only embarrass Seth but her as well. Just as she was torn between her options, the next round began. She stiffly raised her hand, quickly drew a card, and then attempted

various methods to shift her body, hoping to quietly free herself from Seth's grasp.

However, the arm around her waist seemed glued to her, firmly attached to her body,

making it impossible for her to break free.

"Who is the king?" Bloom asked the group.

Isabella felt annoyed, and Seth, next to her, clicked his tongue and played his card. He

was the king. Isabella instantly became nervous again, and all her subtle movements

ceased.

Seth took a sip of wine, his gaze lightly sweeping over the exposed skin on the person

in his arms, unable to resist lingering on that fair complexion. He clicked his tongue,

looked down at the table, and said, "Who is number six?"

As soon as the question was asked, Simon reluctantly revealed his cards, saying, "It's

me."

Everyone awaited Seth's instructions.

After some thought, Seth spoke in a casual tone, "No one is allowed to reveal their

cards. Number six must perform a task for number two and must obey unconditionally."