

I QUIT MR 37

Chapter 37

Gordon regretted mocking Isabella the moment he

saw the look on her face. He couldn't relent,

however, not when she was looking at him like that.

He tensed up and pretended to be brave, then

flung the door open. Crashed by the door, Isabella

staggered backward.

Gordon's eyes flickered for a moment, but he didn't

care about her. He then slammed the door shut.

Once he was gone, Isabella locked the door and

leaned against it weakly. She wished to vent, yet

there was nothing to vent to. She followed Gordon

because she had a goal to attain. Of course, she'd

be humiliated.

The room was empty, so there was no point staying there. She'd be better off going back and making some calls. She calmed down and pulled the room's card out before heading to the reception.

When she came to the corner, she heard a conversation happening nearby.

"You've been busy lately. Get some rest and relaxation. Here's your room's card, Mr. Keller."

"Thank you, babe."

That was familiar. Isabella stopped in her tracks and froze up for a moment. Out of reflex, she ran back. She knew that it was Keller without even looking. This was a club in the outskirts. If he knew she was here, he might come to her room in the

middle of the night and take her away.

Isabella quickly went back to her room, her chest

heaving. She leaned against the door for a long

while before she snapped out of it. She couldn't go

around as she pleased. Once night came, she

would check out and leave quietly. Alternatively,

she would just leave the card here and escape

without checking out.

She had a plan, but night was still a long time

away, so she waited in her room. She had nothing

to eat in the morning, and she skipped lunch. Now

that she could sit and be quiet for a while, she was

overwhelmed by a sense of hunger.

Fortunately, there were water and snacks in the

room. Like a ravenous beast, she shoved everything into her mouth. Wolfing down a pile of food made her feel better.

Night came, and footsteps rang outside the door.

The waitstaff was asking if she wanted room service. Isabella was on high alert. She didn't even open the door as she refused the offer. The wait then went on until nine.

The night was getting quieter, and there weren't a lot of people in the garden either. Isabella wore her jacket and mask, about to open the door. The moment she touched the handle, someone knocked on the door violently.

"Are you there, Isabella?"

Selena? Isabella frowned, but she opened the door

impatiently, and she was met with a pale Selena.

“What is it?”

Selena was huffing and puffing, a sobbing mess, before she could get a word out.

Isabella hated it when people would start crying

before they even spoke. She rolled her eyes. “Talk.”

Selena took a deep breath. Through sobs, she said,

“Mr. Shaffer’s in trouble. You have to see him.”

“Please, nothing’s going to happen to him. Even if

he is in trouble, you should go to Dariel, not me.”

Selena was in panic mode. No matter what Isabella

said, she ignored it and dragged her toward the

elevator. “You have to help me. Come with me

upstairs. He’s in trouble, really.”

Isabella was furious. If it weren’t for the fact that a

tussle would've attracted too much attention, she'd have flung this woman away and left.

The elevator soon arrived. Selena dragged Isabella out and ran toward Seth's room. When she heard what was happening inside. Selena had a horrified look on her face, and she blanched.

Isabella was curious. She opened the door and ran into Dariel, who was coming out.

Dariel smelled like alcohol, and his eyes were slightly red. When he saw Selena, he looked cautious. "What'd you do to Seth?"

Isabella felt curious as well, and she turned to Selena.

Selena was crying and looking helpless. "I didn't do anything. He came back and had a glass of wine,

and that happened.”

Dariel looked at her quizzically, but he had no time

to waste. He turned to Isabella. “You know him

better than us. Go inside. Something’s wrong with

him.”

Isabella stepped into the room and tasted the faint

scent of fruit hanging in the air. Upon closer

sniffing, she concluded that it was the smell of

mango. Her heart sank, and she quickly entered the

deeper chamber. She then saw Seth lying on the

bed with one arm held before his eyes.

He seemed to hate light, and Isabella could see

him clenching his fist in pain. The part of his face not hidden beneath the blanket looked green.

Dariel came in and asked hesitantly, “So?”

“It’s an allergic reaction. Call the doctor,” said Isabella adamantly. She remembered someone

and unbuttoned her collar. Then, she took out her

necklace’s pendant and pressed it. A plastic ball fell

out. “Get me a glass of water, Dariel.”

Dariel did as he was told, and he called a doctor as

well. Isabella smashed the ball with an ashtray and

took out the special medicine within. Ever since

Seth’s condition acted up the first time, she’d

always bring the medicine around just in case.

She’d forgotten to throw it out because she’d been

busy lately, but now, it came in handy.

Dariel came in with a glass of water. He saw

Isabella holding some kind of medicine in one

hand and trying to hold Seth up with the other.

Seth was in pain. He felt someone touching him,

and he shoved them away, not caring who they

were. "Scram!"