

I QUIT MR 374

Chapter 374 Avoiding Her

At seven o'clock in the evening, inside the Goldland Lounge, the private room was dimly lit. Leonard and the others were enjoying themselves on the dance floor, while Dariel and Seth sat in a corner.

"I heard you were watching the national bid earlier today," Seth paused, holding a glass of wine. Dariel smiled like a sly fox, putting his arm around Seth's shoulder. "You didn't invest much in Nemotors, so you don't have to take it so seriously, do you?"

Seth showed impatience, shrugged his shoulder, and shook off the hand on it. Dariel didn't seem to mind and leaned in again.

"Not going home tonight?"

This time Seth didn't speak but simply responded with a faint hum.

Dariel chuckled, rubbing his hands. "How rare it is to see Mr. Shaffer indulging in nightlife."

Seth gave him a glance. "I'm just taking a break."

Dariel snorted, swinging his legs nonchalantly, and then leaned on Seth again.

“Are you avoiding Erin, or is there someone else?”

Seth was annoyed and impatiently brushed off his hand. “I don’t need to hide.”

Dariel rolled his eyes and continued, “There’s no point in playing coy with me.” He

propped his chin with one hand, looking at the man beside him, his tone suggestive.

“Isabella is at the villa, isn’t she?”

Seth didn’t speak, which was taken as a tacit agreement.

Dariel clicked his tongue, snapping his fingers. “That’s perfect; the early bird catches

it

the worm.”

Seth put down his glass and gave him a cold look.

Dariel spread his hands. “Wanting to be with her is not a problem. No need to worry.” He

leaned in again, glanced around, and lowered his voice. “But if you only want to be with

her, that’s a big problem.”

“What are you talking about?” Seth frowned and pushed him away. He used quite a bit

of force, almost pushing Dariel to the ground. The people in the room looked over.

Dariel, shameless as ever, pretended to be drunk, appeased the people around him, staggered back to Seth's side. "We address problems if we have them, and we can have a check-up if we don't. Consider it a physical examination; there's no harm."

Seth thought he was talking nonsense and couldn't stand to listen to another word.

"Get lost."

Dariel had a mischievous smile in his eyes. He smirked at Seth and said softly, "Okay, I'll leave."

After saying that, he really moved aside and conveniently hugged a stranger. Seth had never thought there was a problem with this scene before, but now he suddenly felt uncomfortable. He put down his glass, grabbed his coat, and walked out of the private room.

Outside, a bartender led him to a room upstairs. He had drunk quite a bit and was a little intoxicated. Upon entering, the room was pitch black, and only when he entered

the bathroom was there a bit of light.

He turned on the cold water and let it shower directly on his head. Isabella's face

appeared in his mind, each one vivid. Just thinking about it made him grit his teeth.

Thinking of her ungratefulness in leaving, he couldn't help but get angry.

The cold water couldn't wash away his anger. He walked out of the bathroom feeling

frustrated, and his head started to feel dizzy. The alcohol took effect, and he didn't even

bother to dry his hair. He just lay down on the bed.

He probably slept for about two hours. When he woke up, his mouth was dry, and his

eyes were filled with darkness. His heart felt empty, and he inexplicably thought of

Isabella.

Suddenly, a faint fragrance filled his nostrils. He frowned, immediately realizing it was

the scent of roses from Isabella's shampoo. He instinctively wanted to lift his hand but

found his arm being held by someone.