

I QUIT MR 392

Chapter 392 The Prey That Can't Escape

The room was cool with the air conditioner running, but Isabella, who had been gazing at Corey, started to feel increasingly warm.

"Bella, are you feeling warm?" Corey looked up, his eyes filled with a mysterious smile.

Under his gaze, Isabella felt a shiver and instinctively took a step back. She tightly gripped the cushion on the couch beneath her and stammered, "I... I'm fine."

"How can you be fine?" Corey's smile suddenly changed, his gaze fixed on Isabella like a predator eyeing its helpless prey. "You're so frightened that you're perspiring."

Isabella froze. For a moment, she was speechless, thinking that she had misunderstood something.

Corey sat across from her, casually tossing aside the file in his hand. He abruptly stood up and slowly approached her.

Isabella found it difficult to breathe. In a daze, she leaned her head back, looking up at the young face above her.

“Snooping on other people’s information is very impolite.”

A thunderbolt struck her mind. Isabella widened her eyes, unable to utter a word. She hadn’t expected Corey to find out.

The young man still had a smile on his lips, but his expression was like that of a devil toying with a puppet. He leaned over slowly and touched Isabella’s face. “Bella, why aren’t you speaking?”

Isabella clenched the fabric beneath her, her mind frozen, unable to think. After a moment of distraction, she noticed something strange about her body.

“The milk tea...”

“Yes, milk tea.” Corey laughed and clicked his tongue. “I just wanted to offer you a drink, but you’ve been so naughty, forcing me to take action ahead of time.”

Isabella understood. There was nothing wrong with the milk tea initially. It was when he bumped into her in the corridor, discovered that she had snooped on his information, and then called Mandy.

hehe special substance was added when he inserted the tube into the milk tea. Regret

her. She had been too careless. "What do you want?" she yelled with all her

but as soon as the words left her mouth, she felt drained.

Corey clicked his tongue, admiring the blushing woman in

to her and said, "What do you think the look on Seth's face

Isabella glared at him, unable to utter a word.

Corey laughed out loud, showing no fear. "I guess he would want to kill me." He paused

halfway through his sentence, then added, "But unfortunately, I'm a Compton, so he

can't kill me."

Isabella clenched her teeth, her fists tightened, and her nails dug deep into her palms.

The pain brought her back to her senses.

Corey was stimulated by her expression, his blood boiling as he watched her for a long

time.

Suddenly, Isabella abruptly stood up and forcefully pushed the man in front of her

She quickly ran towards the door. "Help!"

“There’s no need to scream.” Corey closed his eyes, stepped forward, effortlessly grabbed the woman’s arm, and, with a twist of his hand, threw her heavily onto the bed. Isabella saw stars from the impact, and before she could get up, Corey was already on top of her, one hand around her neck. The intense feeling of suffocation made her tears flow rapidly.

The fear of being assaulted by Louis surged up, even more intense this time. She was drained of all strength, her mind not functioning properly. Her only chance was to scream for help.

“There’s no one on this entire floor, Bella. You can scream all you want, but no one will come to disturb us.” Corey chuckled, leaning down to plant a kiss on her crimson lips.

“Don’t be afraid, I’ll be very gentle.” He suddenly let go, giving Isabella a chance to breathe.

However, the next second, just as Isabella was about to scream, he once again grabbed her. Back and forth, tirelessly, treating her like a toy.