

## **I QUIT MR 393**

### Chapter 393

No amount of wisdom or scheming could stand against sheer violence. Isabella could handle Louis, but when it came to Corey, she didn't even have a chance to think.

The buttons on her collar were undone, and she struggled to evade Corey's kisses, but it was futile. Despite Corey's slender appearance, his strength was terrifying. Isabella couldn't even budge.

"Help..." She didn't get the opportunity to finish her sentence. Despair engulfed her like a tidal wave, and tears streamed down her face.

Her mind was empty, but then, Seth's face flashed in her mind. "Seth..."

"Do you want to call Seth?"

Corey suddenly halted, planting a cruel kiss on the person beneath his gaze.

"He's abroad; he can't interrupt us."

B\*stard! Isabella's voice caught in her throat, and her eyes turned red as she shook her head, but she could only watch as the man on top of her approached again.

His movements were gentle, but they felt like deliberate mockery. Slowly and deliberately, he unbuttoned each button on her shirt, starting from her forehead to her neck.

Isabella was gagged, her eyes fixed on the crystal lamp on the ceiling. Feeling a chill on her chest, she saw that all the buttons on her shirt were undone, revealing her bra

“B

underneath. Corey clicked his tongue. “Bella, you’re truly beautiful...”

His gaze fell on the strip of white skin, and he slowly leaned down.

Isabella’s eyes widened, shaking her head vigorously. She wanted to scream, but muffled noises were all she could make. It was useless. No one was going to appe

She lost all her strength, closing her eyes in despair. Seth...

A loud bang exploded in the air. Isabella’s thoughts were hazy, thinking she was dreaming. Suddenly, someone burst into the room.

Corey was lifted off her. Everything happened so suddenly that Isabella’s eyes were vacant, only hearing the sound of fists hitting flesh.

“Seth!” A stern shout and another person rushed into the room.

Isabella finally regained her senses, instinctively wrapping her clothes around her, but she didn’t have the strength to get up.

The room was in chaos. Through her blurred vision, she saw Corey being held do the couch. The man was particularly ruthless but was stopped halfway.

She vaguely felt like it was Seth, but it seemed impossible. It must be a dream; Seth was far away in Peru.

Tears streamed down her face, and the next second, someone approached the bed.

“Isabella!” The man approached her, his face pale, his eyes bloodshot.

Isabella stared at him, but she didn’t immediately recognize him.

“Master Seth, let’s leave here first,” someone reminded him.

Then, Isabella felt herself being lifted. Leaving the room, they seemed to have switched to another one.

The surroundings were chaotic, and she couldn’t hear what everyone was sayin

Suddenly, she was thrown into icy water, the heat instantly receding, as if her whole body was frozen.

Cold water poured down from above; she looked up through the curtain of water. The man stood by the bathtub, his eyes gloomy, his whole body radiating murderous intent.

“Were you even using your head? Your schemes never ceased when you were around me!” he roared, his voice reaching Isabella’s ears, and she truly woke up.

It wasn’t a dream; it was really Seth.

He ran cold water, then sprayed her with the showerhead until her soul returned, then furiously smashed the showerhead and stormed out of the bathroom.

Outside, there were continuous loud noises, the sound of things being smashed. “I don’t care who he is! I’ll cripple him!!”

Isabella soaked in the icy water, her whole body uncontrollably shaking. She couldn’t guess who Seth was talking to, and her whole body was rapidly sinking into the water.