

I QUIT MR 394

Chapter 394 You've Thrown Me Out Before, Too

Isabella had been submerged in icy water for thirty minutes, her fingers starting to swell and her mind completely clear. There had been constant commotion outside.

Seth, who seemed to have appeared out of nowhere, had thrown her into the water but had forgotten to pull her out.

She struggled to climb out of the bathtub, her clothes drenched and clinging to her body. With a swoosh, the glass sliding door was pulled open. Seth stood by the door with a cold expression, taking in the woman's entire figure.

Isabella knew this was inappropriate, but she had to get out first. Otherwise, if Seth ignored her, she would freeze to death there. She tried to support herself on the bathtub, attempting to step out, but her feet lacked strength. With a slight slip tumbled over.

Her head spun, her body nearly hitting the pool, and her head throbbed terribly. Looking up, the man's leather shoes were not far away. She felt embarrassed, clenching her fists

and remaining on the ground for a long time.

Seth stood coldly for a while, casually throwing the towel in his hand onto the woman.

Suppressing his anger, he bent down and lifted her upper body by her waist. Isabella

sensed his anger and shrank, not moving.

The man carried her to the bedroom and unceremoniously threw her onto the bed.

Isabella, who had just been immersed in cold water, was suddenly thrown down and

couldn't help but cough hard, tears welling up in her eyes.

Her hair was soaked and stuck to her face in a mess. Combined with the unexpected

tears, she looked like a drowned puppy, pitifully shivering.

“And now you're crying. How many times have I told you to stay away from him?”

His voice wasn't loud, but it easily pierced Isabella's heart. She was scared but also

angry, shivering on the bed after being scolded.

Seth's expression was grim, his chest heaving heavily. Especially seeing Isabella in

such a pathetic state, his anger surged, wishing he could smash everything around

him.

He pressed his hands against his belt, turned around, and kicked over a chair, his tone harsh as he said, "You're always sharp and caustic around me, but you let them assault you time and time again? How foolish can you be?"

God knew what he felt when he walked in the door. The usually tough woman, lying disheveled on the bed, being assaulted without any power to fight back.

He heard her calling his name with a hoarse voice. The image flashed through his mind and he was furious, raising his hand and smashing another lamp on the bedside table.

The person on the bed trembled all over, finally unable to hold back her tears. The room fell silent, amplifying her crying. The man's eyebrows furrowed, his face gloomy.

Isabella wiped her face vigorously and climbed up from the bed, her eyes red, staring at the man's back. "You're the foolish one."

Seth was shocked, turning around in disbelief. Isabella sniffed, her lips trembling as she began to speak.

"You let Ariana into the finance department, allowing her to control my lifeline! Why

should I believe what you say? Are you any better?"

Seth's face darkened, and he took a big step forward, the oppressive atmosphere

instantly escalating. Isabella straightened her back, continuing to speak reckles

spilling beans.

"You think saving me once is a big deal, right?! Don't act like you're a saint. It's not li

you haven't betrayed me before!"

A heavy punch hit Seth's heart and knocked on Isabella's own head.

After Isabella finished speaking, her voice got stuck in her throat, relying on a breath to

maintain her composure and meet Seth's gaze.