

I QUIT MR 397

Chapter 397 Can't Dodge His Kiss

Isabella wasn't naive. Although she didn't fully comprehend the situation, she could infer the general idea. She was taken aback, not expecting that the Shaffer Family also had a stake in the illicit business.

Seth found it amusing to witness her wide-eyed surprise, and his hand, which was delicately cradling her face, moved downward slightly. Just as Isabella was about to breathe a sigh of relief, the man grasped her chin once again.

“Do you know why I came back today?”

His sudden change of topic caught Isabella off guard. Seth continued, “Because of the mistake you made, I had to take a seven-hour flight.”

Isabella remained silent, her gaze shifting to Seth's arm. Erin had mentioned that he had undergone surgery the day before yesterday, so he should have been recuperating in the hospital today. It was because he had to come back to save her that his wound had reopened.

Feeling a bit dazed, Isabella looked up at Seth and asked, "Did you have someone following me?"

Seth snorted, unapologetically admitting, "Yes."

Isabella was speechless. If it weren't for Seth's people tailing her, she would have been in trouble today. After a moment, Seth thought she was unhappy, but then he heard her speak. "Why didn't you send someone else? Why did you have to come back yourself?"

Seth fell silent. He was also frustrated about this. He didn't need to come back, but moment of impulsiveness, he did.

The woman before him was crying uncontrollably. There was nothing appealing about her.

But... He took a deep breath, his gaze falling on the woman's lips. Her lips were dry, and at some point, a cut had formed, revealing a faint trace of blood.

Isabella noticed his gaze, but her kneeling position made it difficult for her to retreat.

"Don't avoid it," the man said.

She was a bit confused, and then, a hand pressed against the back of her head. The

hand on her chin didn't release its grip, forcing her to tilt her face upwards. His cold lips pressed against hers.

There was no sweet mango scent like last time. There was only the taste of b

She didn't evade, not because she felt obliged to let him kiss her, but because h was in turmoil, and she was stunned.

His kiss began with an intense momentum, but the moment he made contact with h his movements became gentle.

He held onto her lip, sucking without restraint, until he heard her whimper in pain, then he changed his position.

The door of the room was still open, but no one dared to enter. The air was filled with the scent of blood, making the faint ambiguity seem somewhat awkward.

A sudden kiss.

Seth was still injured; maintaining the bent posture was actually quite challenging, but

Isabella rarely refrained from struggling, so he was reluctant to let go.

After all this commotion, all he gained was a kiss from her. If he didn't kiss enough would be a loss.

He felt uneasy, and so did Isabella.

She was tilting her head, her neck was sore, and Seth's kiss hadn't ended.

Her breath grew more and more urgent, and she couldn't bear it any longer, so she attempted to pull away.

Seth was displeased; his grip on her tightened, and he forcefully held her chin, making her open her mouth wide.

“Um...”

She had just taken a cold shower, and the room temperature was also low, so their breath was initially cold.

After a prolonged period of rubbing, the temperature rose, as did the mood. A hot flush appeared behind her ear, and she couldn't help but raise her hand, pulling Seth's arm away.

Seth clicked his tongue. He was displeased, allowing her to break free. “Isabella!”

The familiar voice resounded once more, bringing back Isabella's temper and sense of reason. She turned her face away, her cheeks flushed, and a feeling of embarrassment surged up instantly.

They had kissed. Didn't he know when to stop?