

I QUIT MR 48

Chapter 48

The room was dark. Someone knocking on the door at this moment was like getting smacked on the back when someone was walking in the night.

Isabella didn't make a sound. She went to the door and looked through the peephole. It was a waiter. She said nothing, just to be safe. Instead, she tucked her laptop away and turned on the faucet in the bathroom.

As expected, a while later, the lock started to creak. Isabella held her phone and stood by the window. She looked down and jumped off without hesitation. It wasn't asphalt but gravel waiting for her. She sprained her ankle on the way down, and the pain made her frown.

Worried she might be caught, she left in a hurry, holding down her pain. She reached the main road and hailed a ride. It was almost 9.00PM, and

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everything was dark. Isabella was in a city she wasn't familiar with, so she

had no place to stay.

“Should I stop right ahead, miss?” The driver was a little cautious, seeing that

Isabella didn't look alright.

Isabella thought the place looked crowded enough, so she told the driver to

let her get out there. Jonas would come after her once he found out she was

gone. He would not stop that easily.

She reached a quiet corner and called Natasha. It took Natasha a while

before she picked up. Natasha sent a couple of men over to her as promised,

and she said, “Don't do anything until my men get there. Stay safe.”

Isabella agreed. She then hung up and waited at the roadside. There were

people all around, and she felt awkward standing around like a mannequin.

In the end, she went to a street that had cafes and restaurants in it. It was

quiet but not remote.

She stood outside an eatery and got a call from Jonas. Panicked, she didn't

realize someone was closing in on her from behind.

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Ice-cold water fell down her back, and Isabella almost jumped. She whirled and was met with a terrified young lady. She probably came out of a restaurant after having dinner, and she was holding a cup of something. She didn't see Isabella since she was fooling around with her friends, and she bumped into her.

Isabella was grumpy, but she had no time to waste, so she let the young lady go, much to her annoyance. Her phone was still ringing, but she ignored it.

He'll get annoyed.

Her back was drenched, and a gust of icy breeze blew across the street. The cold seeped into her bones, and she felt goosebumps flaring all over her.

The streetlamps shone upon the water on the ground, making it look a little whimsical.

Isabella heaved a sigh and cursed Jonas in her heart. I'll make him pay! She

was spacing out, then her phone rang again. She looked down and saw that

it was from Natasha. "Hey."

"Um, Isabella..." Natasha hesitated for a moment, then she clicked her tongue.

"Seth went to find you."

Isabella spaced out for a moment. She stared at the empty entryway of the

street. "What?"

"Dariel's an idiot. He told Seth after he heard you calling me, and Seth's

nearby."

Isabella gulped. She had no idea what to feel, and she stared at the puddle

for a long time. Natasha kept calling her name, but she didn't hear her. It was

then that she heard the honk of a car coming near her. A bright beam of light

came from the street's entryway, crushing all the crimson dreamlike

aesthetic.

Isabella hung up and narrowed her eyes.

Someone opened the car door, and a lad came out. It was Nicolas, the guy

she picked that day to annoy Seth.

Nicolas quickly went over to her. Politely, he said, "Get in the car, Isabella."

Isabella was hesitant. "It's alright. I-"

Nicolas interrupted, "Mr. Shaffer is in the car."

That put a lot of pressure on Isabella. She looked at the black Bentley, and

she couldn't say no.

"Come, please." Nicolas made way for her.

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Isabella took a deep breath and stood up straight, then she made her way to

the entryway. She opened the door to the co-driver's seat, but there was

someone inside.

It was Selena.

She was in a yellow dress that showed a little of her chest. Her hair was styled

ter 48 Seth

like a princess, and there was a shining diamond tiara on her head. She

looked at Isabella meekly. "Hey, Isabella."

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Isabella smiled. She said nothing, but she was hesitating. She was drenched,

so if she took the backseat, Seth would complain again.

Nicolas stood outside the car. He whispered, "Take the backseat. Mr. Shaffer is

waiting."

Isabella smiled at him. She then reluctantly opened the door to the backseat.

Seth was leaning in the backseat, his eyes closed.

Isabella looked at him, and her heart skipped a beat. Seth was in a suit, and a

jacket was draped over him. His suit was custom-made and fit him perfectly.

His hair was slicked back, and since he was leaning backward, strands of hair

fell down his forehead. A hint of weakness was mixed in with his powerful

anyone let their guard down.

Isabella didn't dare get close to him, nor did she know why he came. Nicolas

started driving, but she had no idea where they were going.

They reached the hotel, and the manager came to welcome them. Only then

did Isabella start coming up with a counterplan.

She was about to speak up, but Seth opened his eyes. Their eyes met

through the reflection in the rear-view mirror.