

I QUIT MR 72

Chapter 72

Isabella was shocked and speechless as she stared at Natasha.

They had always been open about everything, but Natasha had never mentioned being pregnant.

“How is that possible? I see you every week...” Isabella tried to comprehend.

Natasha lit a cigarette and remarked casually, “I aborted the child on Monday and was back at the store to work on Friday.”

Isabella’s heart skipped a beat. She clenched the clothes in her hands tightly.

“Dariel... he.

“He’s a b*stard.” Natasha took a deep drag from her cigarette. She was still smiling, but her tone was icy. “But he’s a b*stard who keeps his promises.”

Abort the child, and you’ll get 100 million.

The coldness of those words made Isabella shiver when she thought about it, let alone what Natasha had to face firsthand.

“That’s enough. Don’t be sad.” Natasha helped fix Isabella’s hair before patting her shoulder. “I don’t feel anything anymore. Now, I’m only interested in money.”

Isabella shrugged, and her expression was calm as she changed the subject quickly. “Are there handsome guys here?”

“Yes!” Natasha clicked her tongue twice before leaning in and hooking her arm around Isabella’s shoulder. “The second young master of Cliffgate Construction has a striking appearance, but when he gets on stage and starts to move his waist... it’s just incredible!”

“I’ll wear a mask later and try to flirt with him.” Isabella laughed.

“Hurry! Otherwise, he will soon be snatched up.” Natasha clapped, and she seemed unaffected by the previous conversation as she swayed slightly with a hint of allure.

Isabella didn’t reveal her emotions, as Natasha didn’t seem to want to talk about it. Instead, she focused on choosing clothes, fixing her hair, and

repeatedly checking her makeup.

After a few more exchanges, the atmosphere returned to normal.

Natasha embraced her as they left, and they were talking through their masks.

“Except for not getting intimate with others, you can do whatever you want to do here today. Don’t hold back.”

“Those who come to your place aren’t here to avoid getting intimate with others.” Isabella chuckled.

Natasha laughed and playfully tapped Isabella’s butt. “Whatever. Just hold onto yourself. If you can’t, don’t suppress your nature.”

Humans were primal.

Isabella smiled and descended the stairs with Natasha. They encountered two young men on their way down. She could tell that both men were quite handsome even though half of their face was covered.

They exchanged greetings, and the men kissed their hands. Both sides

looked presentable before entering the dance floor together.

Isabella was a good dancer and was even proficient in pole dancing.

Coincidentally, her injured foot didn't hinder her much in pole dancing since it

involved less contact with the ground.

She paid no mind to others while dancing joyfully for herself. She was in high

spirits and even grabbed the spot of the pole dance performer on stage:

She forgot about being ashamed while wearing a mask and effortlessly

executed daring moves.

The cheers nearly lifted the roof. A group of men surrounded the dance floor,

and their eyes were gleaming through their masks, almost wishing to devour

Isabella.

She looked stunning. With half her face covered, it emphasized her

captivating red lips and her outfit accentuated her figure. Her moves were

fiery yet mysterious, and they left the onlookers enraptured.

During the performance, some men attempted to join the dance but couldn't

keep up and ended up retreating in embarrassment.

The crowd cheered, and the entire atmosphere was under Isabella's control.

She licked her lips, and this action was projected onto the screens in a

close-up shot. Her lips and tongue captivated the men below.

She was drenched in sweat from her dancing and felt thirsty midway, so she

headed to the bar for a drink.

The onlookers made way for her as if she were the center of the universe.

The bartender served her cautiously. "A drink with a lower alcohol content?"

"Just a little." Isabella nodded.

The bartender was aware of her relationship with Natasha, so he used

minimal brandy and mostly fruit juice in her drink.

However, perhaps due to the atmosphere, Isabella felt a bit flushed, and her

emotions began to fluctuate after a few glasses.

Someone came to offer her a drink, and she downed it in the heat of the moment.

Once she started, others followed suit and toasted her one after another.

Isabella ignored them. Those who were daring wanted to approach her, but before they could, a bodyguard came and escorted them away.

Her mysterious aura and impressive background stimulated the men's desire for conquest. Several affluent young men attempted to strike up conversations.

Isabella merely touched her glass symbolically and was even unwilling to drink.

She stared at the bartender's array of colorful liquids and suddenly got interested.

"Can you teach me how to mix drinks?"

The bartender complied and invited her inside the bar counter.

Stepping inside the bar counter meant entering a safe zone where outsiders

couldn't reach her.

However, those who were clever immediately sat in front of her.

"Give me a drink."

Isabella, who was already feeling the effects of the alcohol, squinted her

eyes. She felt her excitement rising.

"Wait a moment," she blurted out.

So, when she looked down and saw the array of bottles and jars, she felt

clueless. Luckily, the bartender was clever. He guided her step by step and

discreetly indicated which drinks were the strongest.

She intentionally played a trick by stealthily adding the strongest liquor into it,

then covered it up with various fruit juices.

Upon seeing that she was alert, the bartender stepped aside.

"Here's your drink."

"

Isabella placed the first glass on the counter, and the man who had been

staring at her shifted his gaze reluctantly.

He glanced at the drink and took it in without a second thought.

Isabella raised an eyebrow while silently counting down in her mind.