

## **I QUIT MR 73**

### Chapter 73

The man swallowed the drink and barely registered the taste before suddenly feeling dizzy and nearly falling backward.

Upon seeing Isabella adding extra alcohol to the man's drink, the bartender knew he wouldn't last a minute and signaled the security to take him away.

Indeed, the man collapsed as soon as the security intervened.

A group of men whistled as their gaze toward Isabella changed slightly.

Isabella felt relieved and a bit woozy as she remarked coolly, "You can't even handle a drink, yet you want to take me away."

She didn't lower her voice, so many around heard her words.

"Does that mean if someone doesn't collapse after drinking your drink, they can take you away?" Someone seized the opportunity and challenged

Isabella.

She glanced at the bartender, who discreetly handed her a bottle from under

the counter. The message was clear.

Add a lethal dose, and no one can take you away.

“Sure.” Isabella gained confidence and played along immediately. “As long as

someone can drink three consecutive glasses, I’ll leave with him.”

The present crowd were experts at drinking. Facing Isabella’s exceptional

allure, plenty of them were eager to offer themselves.

Isabella skillfully mixed drinks. Each glass was seemingly different but had

essentially the same base.

Each challenger failed after just one glass.

As she reached the fifth challenger, the atmosphere heated up. Men didn’t

back down when their pride was challenged.

A muscular man stepped up and surprisingly didn’t collapse after a single

drink.

The crowd erupted in cheers as they cheered the man.

“Go with him. He won’t disappoint you!”

There were jests and playful remarks all around.

Isabella wasn't afraid. Even if he didn't fall after the first two drinks, he would

fall after drinking the third drink as it wasn't alcohol anymore. She wouldn't

leave with anyone, no matter what.

She prepared the second glass and placed it in front of the man.

"Sir, please."

The muscular man was already dazed. His hand trembled as he reached for

the glass, and his eyes were fixed on it.

Despite his hesitation, the cheering crowd pressured him, and he managed

to down the second glass.

One, two... He remained standing!

He was surprised, and the crowd cheered.

"Third glass! Third glass!"

The chanting echoed in perfect unison as if rehearsed.

Isabella smiled subtly while secretly holding the special item the bartender had given her.

Suddenly, there was a loud bang.

The muscular man crashed onto the bar counter and was completely unconscious.

A chorus of disapproving sounds filled the room.

Isabella sighed in relief as she knew she didn't need to waste the special substance.

The security carried the unconscious man away, and the daring acts came to an end. Others, who saw how potent the drinks were, became a bit wary.

They were here to have fun. They did not want to end up in the hospital.

Isabella scanned the area and noticed no one dared to approach anymore.

She sat at the bar counter and mixed herself a glass of fruit wine while enjoying it so much her eyes narrowed.

She felt a bit tipsy and lightheaded, but her mind remained clear. She

hummed a tune absentmindedly and felt completely relaxed.

Knock. Knock.

There were two tapping sounds.

She squinted while lifting her head in a daze.

A man wearing a silver mask stood at the bar counter, and his fingers were

tapping the surface as he stared intently at her face.

Isabella leaned on the counter while facing the man. It was hard to discern

his features as the colorful lights were behind him. Even the lower half of his

face, which was revealed by the mask, only showed a pair of thin lips.

His lips were aesthetically pleasing, with a delightful shade of red.

“Drink,” He prompted her after seeing her lack of response.

Isabella was startled and felt the voice was familiar. She jolted up from her

seat while looking at the man in front of her with blurry eyes.

Se... Seth?

No way. He couldn't teleport. He should be in Imperia right now.

She stared straight at him, but he seemed even more impatient as he tapped the table repeatedly.

"Drink."

Isabella murmured in acknowledgment. She had almost forgotten the promise she made about the three drinks.

She made a drink for him casually while refraining from using the black bottle's contents.

The man took the drink before rubbing the rim gently. "Three drinks, and you'll leave with me?"

Isabella was momentarily puzzled and then remembered the earlier bet. She regretted her casual drink preparation.

She watched as the man downed the drink in one go. His expression remained unchanged as he returned the glass to her. "Second glass."

Isabella felt a bit panicked under his gaze but was forced to maintain a smile.

Their actions drew the attention of the crowd again, gathering those who were about to leave. Upon seeing it was the second glass already, the crowd quickly started chanting.

Isabella glanced at the black bottle and realized there wasn't much liquid left.

It was barely enough for one more glass.

She looked at the bartender, who oddly avoided eye contact.

What was going on?

"You dare not make the drink? Weren't you arrogant earlier?" The man's thin

lips lifted slightly, and his tone was tinged with mockery.

Isabella swallowed hard as she scrutinized the man repeatedly. She was

trying to confirm if he was indeed Seth.

"Second drink. Hurry up!" Someone from the crowd cheered while urging

Isabella.

She was unable to decline, so she poured all the contents from the black

bottle into the glass. If this man didn't fall, she still had her trump card.

"Your drink." She handed the prepared drink to the man once again before

locking eyes with him.