

I QUIT MR 74

Chapter 74

The man's gaze remained fixed on Isabella's eyes as he drank the entire content of the glass. Then, he flipped the glass upside down.

The surrounding crowd erupted into cheers. It was more intense than when the muscular man had his turn.

Isabella lowered her head and rolled her eyes, becoming even more suspicious that the person in front of her was Seth. Other than Seth, she wouldn't experience this kind of physiological fear toward anyone else.

"Only one drink left." The man reminded her.

She snorted and continued to mix the drink. She planned to discreetly add the 'good stuff' to the glass, but just as she reached out, the man standing in front of the bar suddenly stretched his hand across and grabbed her arm.

"What are you taking?"

Isabella's heart skipped a beat, and she was momentarily flustered but

quickly forced a smile.

“I’m just adding some fruit to decorate it and help you ease the alcohol buzz.”

“Why are you so nice to him?” Someone nearby grumbled in jealousy. “Is it because he looks handsome?”

Laughter ensued.

Isabella was unfazed as she glanced at the man in front of her. “Could you please let go first? You’re hurting me.”

A glint of darkness flashed in the man’s eyes, and the next moment, he released her arm.

Though the restraint on her arm loosened, her heart tensed up.

That touch just now confirmed her suspicions—the man before her was indeed Seth!

Damn it! Why was he meddling in this?

“Are there no more drinks?” The man lifted his chin slightly, and his words carried a hint of provocation.

Isabella bit her lip, scanned the bar, and eventually settled on a bottle of vodka.

Without bothering to mix a new concoction, she switched to a larger glass, filled it to the brim with vodka, and put a lemon wedge on the glass.

“Enjoy.”

“Will you leave with me after I finish this drink?” The man spoke softly. He was deliberately prolonging the suspense just to play with her emotions.

Isabella could sense the mockery in his eyes even though she couldn't see the rest of his face. She was nervous, but she had to maintain her composure.

“After you finish without falling.”

“Fine.” The man snorted and picked up the glass in front of him.

Numerous eyes were fixated on the glass in his hand. There was a mix of excitement and reluctance. This thorny rose might actually be plucked by

someone else.

Isabella couldn't help but look at the glass. She saw it slowly deplete as the man consumed every drop.

A large glass of vodka like that should be quite challenging, even without any drug.

Isabella knew Seth had a good tolerance for alcohol, but he wasn't invincible.

This glass might just be enough to take him down.

Yet, there was no sign of him being affected by it even after the man handed the glass back to her.

He reached out to her. "Let's go."

Isabella found herself in a difficult situation. The crowd around them was

94%

cheering, and if she didn't go along, the bar would probably be stormed by people.

She had no choice. She could only open the small door behind the bar and

walk out to join the man.

He pulled her close abruptly, his hand encircled her neck, and he leaned in to

kiss her without any warning.

Isabella's mind went blank, and she forgot to push him away. Amidst the

uproar around her, the taste of alcohol transmitted from the man's lips

overwhelmed her and made her almost lose her footing.

After exploring her mouth thoroughly, the man suddenly released her and

pulled her through the crowd before heading straight upstairs to a private

room.

The remarks from the surrounding onlookers were like a wedding night

celebration as they witnessed the two of them going upstairs.

Isabella's head felt hot as if it were about to explode. She was forced to follow

along while contemplating whether or not to expose Seth.

If she didn't expose him, this b*stard might actually do something to her, but

if she did, it might not necessarily stop him.

Ah!

Her mind was in turmoil. She was already pulled into the room at this point.

With a bang, the door closed behind her, and she was pushed up against it.

A passionate kiss engulfed her without giving her a chance to catch her

breath.

She closed her mouth, but the man ruthlessly bit her, forcing her to open her

mouth.

“Um...”

Isabella was cursing inside. This b*stard was probably reminiscing about

their previous encounters, so he was using her as entertainment.

She struggled and managed to free her hands before pushing him away

forcefully!

The man took several steps back and steadied himself. His eyes scanned her

with an intense gaze.

Isabella was tense all over as she leaned against the door. "Aren't you going to take a shower?"

"Can we continue after I take a shower?" He didn't seem inclined to expose her. His cold and scrutinizing gaze shifted to a playful one.

Isabella swallowed hard. "I don't like the smell of alcohol on men's bodies, and I don't like kissing men with the taste of alcohol in their mouths."

"Okay."

He agreed readily and suddenly opened his arms.

"Come here."

Did he want her to undress him?