

## **I QUIT MR 75**

### Chapter 75

Isabella gritted her teeth. She remembered this scene from before when he insisted she sit on him and undress him piece by piece.

The memory of that moment flashed through her mind, and her face flushed red. Luckily, the room only had a small lamp, so he probably couldn't see the color of her face clearly.

She approached him, swiftly unfastened the buttons of his coat, and took it off him without much courtesy.

When his upper body was bare, she stepped back. She didn't want to do this anymore. "You can take off the rest yourself."

The man let out a disdainful snort, which was full of mockery, as his gaze was fixed on her face. He didn't move from his spot, but he started to remove the remaining clothing on himself.

His actions were slow, almost like he was intentionally prolonging each

movement while adding a touch of casual flirtation.

Isabella shot him a glare and turned away.

Even though she turned away, she could feel his scorching gaze on her back,

as if he was about to devour her at any moment.

Finally, the man moved his steps and quickly entered the bathroom.

Isabella breathed a sigh of relief, and her shoulders immediately relaxed.

Her first reaction was to run, but when she reached for the door, she found it

wouldn't budge.

Damn it!

This guy came prepared.

This place belonged to Natasha, but most of the people here were

associated with Dariel. Seth's words carried weight here.

She hesitated for a moment, opened the window in the room, and looked

down. She was only on the third floor, and there was a ledge below. Jumping

down should be fine.

Since they hadn't exposed each other, she figured she could just leave, and

he couldn't say anything as he had no evidence.

"B\*stard, there's never anything good when you show up..."

Isabella muttered under her breath and was about to run away. Before

climbing out of the window, she remembered something.

She walked to the front of the bathroom and locked the door shut.

Water gushed inside, and the man didn't notice this small disturbance.

Isabella chuckled softly. She also turned off the water heater switch, knowing

that it wouldn't take long before there was only cold water left inside.

"A cold shower might help you sober up."

She snorted heavily and quickly went to climb out of the window. Then, she

jumped down without hesitation.

Thud! A sharp pain shot up her ankle.

She had an old injury that hadn't healed completely, and she added a new

injury within three days. The pain was unbearable to her.

However, a beast was chasing after her. If she didn't run, she would be worse off than being swallowed whole.

Isabella gritted her teeth and limped out of the alley. Luckily, Priceton was in the city center. She reached the entrance of the subway station in a few steps and went inside without thinking twice. Then, she bought a high-speed train ticket back to Imperia.

She had been running around, and her feet were almost done for. Her heart was struggling to keep up, too.

After finally arriving at the airport, Natasha called Isabella relentlessly and asked where she was.

Isabella helplessly recounted the recent events to Natasha.

Natasha was shocked. "How is that possible? I should have known if Seth came in!"

Isabella thought to herself that Natasha might not have known as many

people there were affiliated with Dariel.

She clicked her tongue and pretended to be uncertain. "I might have made a mistake, but it looked so much like him."

Natasha was speechless. She accused Isabella of being overly cautious and then quickly asked about her foot before arranging for someone to meet her at the station and take her home.

Isabella felt a warm sensation in her heart. She asked for the password to Natasha's gate as she intended to hide at her place for a few days. She made up an excuse, saying there was an issue with that waterproofing in her home. Natasha didn't probe further.

After ending the call, she boarded the train just in time.

Isabella hurried onto the train for fear that someone might chase her down again.

She remained on edge the entire journey until the person arranged by

Natasha dropped her off at Natasha's house. That was when she could relax.

Her foot was in severe pain. She took two painkillers, applied ice on her foot

for a while, and then applied medication before managing to endure the

pain and fell asleep around 2.00AM.

In her dream, the overpowering presence of the man overwhelmed her

again. The dream intensified the sensation of friction on her lips. It began to

seep in and evolved into an image she didn't dare to scrutinize.

Isabella was startled awake. She opened her eyes with a sheen of sweat

coating her back. Her cheeks were burning hot; she could sense the flush

without even looking in the mirror.

She reached out into the dim space and clenched her fists while kicking the

sheets in frustration. It was all Seth's fault. He didn't even leave her with good

dreams!

The clock on the wall had just struck 6.00AM. She had slept for less than four

hours.

After tossing and turning for half a month without good sleep, she felt as

though she might die if this continued.

Just as she was feeling despondent, her phone vibrated. Isabella glanced at

it-it was a message from her mom.

'How do the flowers we planted at the nursing home look?'

Her mom's unusually good mood lightened her heart, too. She placed the

phone on her chest and closed her eyes slowly.

Once she got out of the contract with the Shaffer Group, she was determined

to take her mom out for a trip.

She felt more relaxed and drifted back to sleep unknowingly.

Suddenly, a hurried ringtone, like a hand grabbing her by the throat, abruptly

pulled her out of her dreams.

"Hello?"

Alex's voice came through. "Isabella, Jonas has returned. Why are you late

again?