

I QUIT MR 79

Chapter 79

The Goldland Lounge at 8.00PM.

In a spacious and luxurious private room, Dariel and Simon were playing billiards while frequently glancing in the direction of the couch and trying not to burst into laughter.

“Why don’t you be straightforward if you want to sleep with her? Why go through all this trouble? Getting a cold and fever isn’t worth it.” Dariel was rejoicing in Seth’s misfortune.

Simon chuckled while playing the role of the good cop. “Mr. Shaffer is a man of taste. Stop harping on whether he sleeps with her or not.”

“Sorry for being superficial.” Dariel shook his head and lit a cigarette. “I won’t

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wrong myself. When it’s time to act, I won’t show mercy.”

“Not everyone is a pervert like you.” Simon laughed.

Their banter continued, but Seth, who was sitting on the couch, didn't even respond. He had been sitting there motionlessly since 6.00PM.

"Achoo!"

There was a sneeze occasionally.

"Go to the hospital. Don't catch some contagious disease." Dariel teased him.

Seth took a deep breath and smashed the cup in his hand onto the ground.

"That cup is my property; you'll have to pay for it." Dariel continued being mean.

Seth was speechless.

The atmosphere in the room was rather strange. Dariel and Simon kept joking about this matter regardless of how unpleasant Seth's expression became.

Just then, there was a knock at the door.

Dariel said casually, "Come in."

A bartender entered before whispering, "There's a Miss Symons outside. She said she wants to see Mr. Shaffer."

Oh!

Dariel and Simon exchanged a glance, and their eyes were gleaming with curiosity. They were eager for some gossip.

Seth, who was sitting on the couch with his back facing the door, furrowed his brows instinctively at the mention of Isabella's name. After a brief pause, he immediately adopted a stern tone. "Tell her to leave!"

The bartender was taken aback and quickly nodded.

"Wait." Dariel stopped the bartender, dropped his cue stick, and said to Seth with a smile, "Don't do that. Maybe she's mustered up the courage to come see you. Being so heartless might hurt her feelings."

Seth glanced at him coldly. "It's none of your business."

"I won't interfere then." Dariel shrugged while pushing his luck. "This is my territory, so I'll let Isabella in."

After saying that, he blatantly ignored Seth's expression and instructed the

bartender, "Let her in and bring a few bottles of good wine."

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The bartender avoided eye contact with Seth and hurriedly left the room. He

didn't want to stay there another second.

Isabella gathered her courage to look for Seth. She was waiting downstairs,

but there wasn't any response. Suddenly, she was approached by someone.

It was the bartender who had gone up to deliver the message moments ago.

"Miss Symons, Mr. Shaffer and the others are waiting for you upstairs."

Isabella was surprised. "Mr. Shaffer is willing to see me?"

The bartender avoided eye contact and chuckled nervously. "Of course.

Please go up."

This made Isabella even more nervous. Something seemed off; Seth might

be planning to make things difficult for her.

With numerous thoughts swirling in her mind, she cautiously made her way

upstairs. The quieter it was, the more uneasy she felt.

She knocked, and the door opened immediately.

Dariel came out smiling and pulled her into the private room. "Mr. Shaffer is waiting for you. Hurry in."

His teasing tone sent shivers down her spine, and goosebumps formed on her arms.

She glanced around the room and finally spotted the indifferent figure on the couch.

Seth had his back turned toward her. He showed no intention of turning around.

"Mr. Shaffer?" she called.

There was no response.

"He took a cold shower last night and caught a fever and a cold. He's probably not in the right state of mind." Dariel gestured toward his temple playfully while looking at Isabella with an insinuating gaze.

Her heart skipped a beat, and she swallowed hard before quickly putting on a smile.

“A cold shower?” She exaggerated her tone while adopting a fawning manner. “Mr. Shaffer, why don’t you take better care of yourself?”

Pfft!

Simon couldn’t contain his laughter. He raised an eyebrow at Isabella and said, “Someone played a trick on him.”

Isabella suppressed her urge to smile and looked in Seth’s direction. This jerk had treated her like air ever since she entered.

She summoned her courage to approach him and stood next to the couch.

She leaned forward and suddenly brought her face close to Seth’s. “Mr.

Seth was determined to embarrass her initially. He had no intention of saying a word to her, but when she suddenly appeared in front of him, he couldn’t help but glance at her.

Her black belted long dress highlighted her exquisite figure, and every curve

was perfectly defined. She had a perfect figure, which made her very alluring.

He felt a dryness in his throat. He immediately recalled the kiss from last

night and the cold water pouring down from above. Any romantic thoughts

vanished instantly.

“Stay away from me, and stop flashing your ghostly face in front of me.”

She felt his temperature and then hers before saying with great concern, “Oh

my! The fever hasn’t subsided yet.”

Seth was speechless.