

## I QUIT MR 81

### Chapter 81

Isabella guessed that Seth wouldn't easily agree to her request, but at this point, even if he asked her for a star in the sky, she would have to immediately get a ladder.

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The man sat next to her, a hint of malicious intent flashing in his eyes. "Do you know who caused me to get drenched in cold water last night?"

His tone sounded casual, nothing like an accusation, but that still sent chills down Isabella's spine. Don't tell me he wants me to take a cold shower.

She clenched her skirt, forcing a stiff smile. "I don't know."

"A woman who doesn't know better." The man suddenly turned serious and emphasized each word, "If I catch her, I'll make her regret her actions."

Isabella remained silent.

"Do you agree?" Seth asked.

Isabella awkwardly chuckled. "You're right. Serves her right."

"But before I was drenched, I had to drink three glasses of strong liquor

because of her." Seth snorted and asked, "How do you suppose I get even

with her?"

Isabella felt a shiver run down her spine as she closed her eyes, boldly

suggesting, "Make her drink the same amount of drinks!"

Seth clapped. "Good idea."

In the meantime, Isabella was bleeding inside. Staring at the man's neck, she

felt an urge to bite him, splattering his blood everywhere.

"Do you need some liquor?" Dariel, who had been watching the scene, came

forward with glistening eyes. "I have plenty here. You can drink whatever you

want."

Getting up, Seth strode toward the bar. "How about I personally make you a

cocktail?"

Those words were obviously directed at Isabella.

Isabella got up and approached him, feeling nervous. "It would be my honor to drink a cocktail you made."

While she spoke, her eyes were fixed on the various liquor bottles beside Seth's hand. They were all strong liquors, including vodka and brandy.

Seth went behind the bar and randomly took out three glasses. Then, he said to Isabella while looking at her, "You shouldn't drink too much. Three glasses is enough."

The glasses weren't large, making Isabella think Seth was going easy on her, but just as she felt relieved, Seth opened the vodka bottle and filled all three glasses to the brim without hesitation.

While Isabella looked at the three glasses, a train of curses popped into her head. "Is this the cocktail you made?"

Seth leaned against the bar, remarking, "It's called minimalism."

Bullsh\*t! Isabella released a breath. "Very sophisticated."

“It’s good that you understand.” Seth didn’t seem the slightest bit embarrassed.

Their banter continued as they continued to play dumb. In the meantime, Simon and Dariel enjoyed watching them and would intervene occasionally.

“Drinking three glasses of that might harm a woman’s health.” Simon somewhat disagreed with this and looked toward Seth. “It would be better to mix some fruit juice into it.”

Seth turned to Isabella and smiled. “Would you like some juice?”

Isabella pursed her lips and shrugged at Simon. “Thank you, Mr. Gates, but I don’t particularly like fruit juices.”

“Right.” Seth leaned on the bar lazily, pushing a glass of vodka toward

Isabella. “Vodka should be drunk pure, or else it’s a waste of such a refined spirit.”

You’re the boss; whatever you say is right. Isabella looked at the glass in front of her and raised it to Seth. “Thank you, Mr. Shaffer, for lending me money.”

After saying that, she raised her head and downed the entire glass without giving herself a chance to regret it.

Cough!

It felt like a fire was burning her throat down to her stomach, and Isabella immediately curled up, gritting her teeth to endure the indescribable sensation. She felt like her whole body was on fire, and her brain was a mess, feeling like it would burst in the next second.

“Are you okay?” Dariel was a bit worried, so he picked up a plate of fruit and gave it to her. “Eat something to ease the feeling.”

Though Isabella wanted to have some, her peripheral vision caught Seth’s expressionless face, and she gritted her teeth, shaking her head silently.

“Tsk! So ruthless. She even came all the way here to give you a gift.” Simon appeared as if he couldn’t take this anymore and rapped on the table. “You almost couldn’t stand drinking one glass, so having two more might cause

you to drop instantly.”

That was the same as what Isabella estimated. She was still clutching her stomach since she finished her first glass of vodka.

On the other hand, Seth stood tall with one hand in his pocket, his gaze fixed on the top of the woman’s head.

“I drank three large glasses last night, and the last one was a glass of vodka,” he suddenly said coldly.

Isabella gritted her teeth. Now that she was going through the same thing, she instantly felt that she had gone too far last night, but after thinking about it, she hadn’t forced Seth to drink that. He came over himself.

Afterward, she straightened her body, biting her lip while looking at the two glasses, about to reach for them.

“I’ll help her drink one glass.”

Simon suddenly came forward, stopping Isabella from taking the glass.

Shocked, Isabella couldn’t help but look at him.

Seth stood behind the bar, his gaze moving between the two people as his expression quickly turned gloomy. “Who is she to you? Why would you drink a 300-thousand-dollar drink for her?”

Realizing that the tone sounded off, Dariel quickly went over to mediate the situation. “Hey, what’s going on? Why are you taking this so seriously?”

Then, he grabbed a glass and downed it in one go. He gazed at Seth and said, “Hurry up and drink that. Go easy on the young woman.”

However, Seth didn’t move, his gaze fixed on Simon.

Simon had no choice but to withdraw his hand and gesture that he surrendered.

Seeing that, Isabella pouted before grabbing the glass, ready to finish it on her own, but before she could touch the glass, a man’s hand had already taken it away.