

## **I QUIT MR 82**

### Chapter 82 Deal With That Man Sooner or Later

Seth grabbed the glass before Isabella could, raised it to his lips, and finished it in one fell swoop.

Tap!

He placed the empty glass on the table and met Isabella's confused gaze.

"Three cups are finished, so you can leave now."

Isabella had been eagerly waiting for that word 'leave,' and hearing it made her almost tear up out of gratefulness. She clutched her stomach, struggled

to get off the

stool, and stared at Seth. "Mr. Shaffer, you have to keep

your word."

But Seth bowed his head to mix another drink, not bothering to acknowledge

her. He casually mixed a few different liquors into a glass and brought it to his

lips.

Isabella reminded him, "You still have a fever. It's better not to drink." If you get sick because of this, I'll be implicated.

Impatiently raising his head, Seth rebuked, "Are you not leaving?"

Isabella gritted her teeth and hurriedly headed out the door.

Behind her, Dariel clicked his tongue. "So ruthless."

Isabella ignored him and gently closed the door before turning around and weakly leaning against the door.

Now that the door separated them, she was finally spared from letting Seth

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see her embarrassment.

It was nearly dawn, and she hunched over to relieve her drowsiness before making her way downstairs step by step.

Since it wasn't easy to hail a cab at this hour, Isabella stood beside the road for a long while before finally stopping a cab. When she got in, the sudden temperature drop made her shiver.

In the end, she still returned to Natasha's place, lest she bump into Louis' men.

Once they arrived at the residential area, the driver stopped the car.

In her daze, Isabella instinctively tried to open the door.

"Miss, you'd better not get down. There seems to be a group of hooligans up front," the driver remarked.

That comment seemed to have cleared up Isabella's mind, and she followed the driver's gaze.

There were indeed several men standing close to where Natasha lived, all of whom she didn't recognize. She couldn't be sure if they were Louis' men, but she didn't dare risk her own safety, so she asked, "Sir, can you go back to where we came from?"

The driver didn't ask anything and immediately turned around, nagging about safety issues along the way back.

Isabella's tense state forced her drunkenness into a corner.

Once they returned to Goldland Lounge, she stumbled out of the car and felt

her ankle starting to throb in pain again.

Although Natasha wasn't around, the receptionist recognized Isabella, so it

wasn't a problem for her to get the key card. Then, Isabella limped to the door

and bumped into someone. She narrowed her eyes and realized it was

Nicolas.

Nicolas was stunned as he almost didn't recognize Isabella. "Isabella, why are

you here?"

Forcing a crooked smile, Isabella replied, "I have some business here."

Nicolas noticed her stance and looked at her ankle. "Is your foot alright?"

Since Isabella desperately wanted to sit down, she replied, "I accidentally

sprained it again."

"Then why don't you take a seat inside the car?" Nicolas jiggled the car keys in

his hand and beamed. "I came here to fetch Mr. Shaffer."

No way! Isabella subconsciously rejected that idea and even took a step back. “No, thank you. I’m heading inside to look for my friend. There’s no need to trouble you and Mr. Shaffer.”

“It’s fine.” Nicolas insisted and came forward to support her. “I’ll help you get inside the car first.”

Isabella’s head hurt. Along with the discomfort in her stomach, brain, and ankle, she felt her whole body was aching and didn’t have the energy to argue with Nicolas.

Before she could even say no, Nicolas had already led her into the car.

This black Bentley was one of Seth’s favorite rides. When Isabella got in and was surrounded by the man’s scent, she felt her headache worsened. The drunkenness she had forced to the back of her mind returned, and a sly idea popped into her head, soon taking up a large part of her brain and seizing control.

Bending over, Isabella hugged her head while propping her arms on her knees. Her thoughts were a mess, and she didn't feel like moving. She felt like something was stuck inside her heart, making her want to curse at someone.

When she raised her head and noticed no one around, the impulsiveness inside her swarmed out, and she parted her lips.

Meanwhile, Nicolas was leading Seth toward the car, saying as he walked, "I just bumped into Isabella. She seemed unwell, so I took it upon myself to let her rest inside the car."

Seth, who was walking toward the backseat, stopped in his tracks. "Unwell?"

Nicolas nodded and helped Seth open the car door.

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The moment it was opened, a woman's angry voice came from inside. "Seth, you b\*stard. I'll deal with you sooner or later."

Nicolas was taken aback.

Seth's pupils narrowed. His tall body blocked the already very faint light, so he

searched inside the car for a bit before his cold gaze landed on the woman

inside. "I lent you so much money, yet you're calling me a b\*stard?"

Isabella felt better after that scream, but the voice that suddenly appeared

out of nowhere had her turning around in confusion.