

I QUIT MR 83

Chapter 83

Outside the car, the man was wearing only a shirt with sleeves rolled up to his forearms. He exuded a formidable aura, and while his face was mostly hidden in the shadows, he cast a terrifyingly oppressive aura without having to say anything.

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Isabella's head was spinning, but she instinctively shrank her neck a little and withdrew her gaze. In fact, she didn't really remember who Seth was and stiffly repeated, "B*stard."

Seth didn't speak a word. Instead, his first thought was to pull the damn woman out of his car.

Upon seeing the situation, Nicolas hurriedly reminded, "Mr. Shaffer, Isabella looks drunk."

Seth's hand hung in the air. The sound of Isabella monotonously repeating a

particular word filled his ears, making him frown as he looked at Nicolas. With

disgust, he said, "You get in the car and open the window for ventilation."

After getting his orders, Nicolas hurriedly got in the car.

Seth was impatient and didn't even wait half a minute before getting in the

car with a cold expression.

"Mr. Shaffer, where to?"

"Shaffer Residence," Seth replied frustratedly. He finally had two days off but

was forced to take a cold shower yesterday and had to bring the drunk

woman back home today.

"Stop the car," he suddenly ordered.

Nicolas stepped on the brakes and parked the car by the roadside.

Seth glanced at the dazed woman beside him and felt the urge to throw her

out of the car but couldn't bring himself to speak his mind. He thought that

since they had slept together for five years, it would be cruel to throw her out

of the car in this state. "Return to the Shaffer Residence. Quick."

Though confused, Nicolas hurriedly started the engine.

Seth's expression eased after he figured things out, and his gaze occasionally shifted toward Isabella's face. Since she was drunk, her cheeks were flushed, and her lips were pursed into a slight pout. Besides that, her drooping brows made her look very pitiful.

Seth couldn't help but mock, "Why are you pretending to be pitiful?"

Hearing the movement, Isabella turned to him and blinked. When she didn't receive a response, she turned back around to look out the window.

Meanwhile, Seth observed her expression, trying to judge if she was pretending or not, but after a long while, he noticed Isabella was still pouting pitifully and showed no traces of pretense.

"Your alcohol tolerance still hasn't improved after five years." He snorted before withdrawing his gaze.

As the car continued toward Shaffer Residence, the surroundings gradually

became quiet. The roads winding up the mountain were perfectly engineered and had breathtaking night views along the way.

Isabella leaned on the window, unable to contain her exclamation, "Seth Shaffer, you b*stard." That guy is loaded.

Seth heard her loud and clear, and he snapped his head around to look at her in shock. She was so drunk, yet she could still call him a b*stard. Exactly how much hatred did she have for him?

"Isabella," the man called out.

Isabella propped her chin up while glancing at him coldly. "Mm-hmm?"

It was rare for her to have such a dazed expression. Seth was inexplicably stunned and then frowned a little while turning his face away in irritation. His hand on his knee gently touched the cloth of his pants as inappropriate thoughts filled his mind.

Meanwhile, Isabella leaned to the side. Her lips gradually stopped moving, and she sat there quietly and obediently.

The car arrived at the villa on the mountain, and Nicolas stopped the car by the road. "Mr. Shaffer, we've arrived."

Seth glanced at Isabella beside him, his mind filled with conflicting thoughts.

"Isabella is drunk and can't walk straight. Should I send her inside?" Nicolas asked.

Seth looked displeased, seemingly unwilling to accept that idea. "Help her inside and get the butler to bring her to a guest room."

Nicolas nodded. "Sure."

After Seth spoke, he seemed to disregard Isabella, getting out of the car alone and heading straight into the villa.

It was nearly midnight, and Isabella was drunk and tired. Her body felt as soft as cotton candy, and even Nicolas found it hard to support her.

Nicolas felt helpless and couldn't get too close to her either, so he could only get help from two female servants.

Meanwhile, Isabella felt weak and leaned on anyone she could, refusing to move her legs. The two servants worked together to help her inside the villa, where they encountered the butler.

“Mr. Shaffer, what do we do with her?”

The butler was a senior employee of the Shaffer Family and was nearly seventy years old. He adjusted his glasses, thinking Isabella looked familiar.

“She used to be Mr. Shaffer’s secretary.” Nicolas reminded the butler.

The butler instantly understood and slightly raised an eyebrow. “Send her to the third floor.”

Hearing that, the two servants exchanged glances, a bit surprised, but they didn’t say much. Instead, they carefully carried Isabella upstairs.

Isabella felt like she was floating in the air. Though she was moving, she wasn’t using any strength. It felt wonderful, and she let out a bizarre giggle as she felt like she was lying on cotton candy.

“Is it okay for us to leave her here?”

“Wouldn’t Mr. Seth get angry?”

“I don’t know.”

Vaguely hearing someone speaking, Isabella tried to open her eyes, but her eyelids were too heavy. She took a deep breath, and between her breaths was the pleasant scent of sunlight. It seemed like the bedsheets had just been sun-dried.

Forget it. I’ll just sleep here. Even if I’m in danger, this treatment is too perfect.