

I QUIT MR 85

Chapter 85

Seth couldn't quite figure out if Isabella was drunk or not, so he stared into her eyes for a long time, hesitating.

His mind quickly analyzed the consequences and reasons and concluded that sleeping with her was reasonable.

With that thought in mind, he leaned over and kissed Isabella's lips while her eyes were opened. However, before that, it was only a peck, but now it was a stormy, intense kiss.

Isabella was already dizzy in the first place, and after holding her breath for so long, she started to feel dazed.

With his lips pressed against hers, Seth met her eyes and stared into them as he slowly undid the zipper of her dress.

Click! Came the sound of her bra being unclasped.

Isabella frowned as if a switch in her mind had been turned on, bringing a

moment of clarity. She suddenly grabbed Seth's hand, asking coldly, "What are you doing?"

Seth stopped moving and observed her eyes, sensing that she seemed awake. He parted his lips and licked them. "Isabella, be good, and I'll grant you one more request."

Two requests? That sounds tempting. Isabella blinked and raised her hand, looking quite foolish.

Seth didn't know what she was up to, but his face was hit the next moment. It wasn't a slap but a real, hard hit.

Isabella rebuked, "If I wanted to sell my body, I would choose a new client.

Why make you my only client?"

Without saying anything, Seth took a breath, and his anger turned into a wry smile. As he pressed down on her, he skillfully restrained her hands above her head. "No one you find will be as accommodating as me, so be more -obedient and speak nicer, and I may agree to any of your requests."

His voice was soft and deliberately lowered. As his breath brushed against

her ear, she felt a tingling sensation.

Isabella struggled, but to no avail, so she let out a long, alcohol-infused

breath. "I want to take a bath."

Upon hearing the word 'bath,' Seth scoffed and retorted, "That's unnecessary.

I don't mind."

"How could I satisfy you in this state? It would be terrible service," Isabella

mocked.

Thinking she had agreed, Seth continued to take off her dress.

"Did you wear this dress specifically for me?" Even though it was a question,

his tone sounded certain.

Isabella narrowed her eyes and yawned. "Isn't it reasonable to package

something before selling it?"

"If you had been this sensible from the start, you wouldn't have gone through

half a month of hardships.” Seth maintained the condescending tone, sounding as though he was granting her something.

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Isabella’s head was spinning, and her stomach was churning, especially with the heavy body on top of her. She exhaled and forcefully withdrew her wrist from Seth’s hand. Then, while Seth was distracted, she used all her strength to turn them around and sit on top of him.

After being momentarily stunned, Seth furrowed his brows. He had not -expected her to be so strong.

Isabella placed her hands on either side of his body and leaned down to ease her dizziness. Then, she swallowed hard.

“Are you taking charge?” Seth raised an eyebrow while asking.

Understanding what he meant, Isabella guessed he was asking her to take the lead. She bowed her head, her hair dropping onto Seth’s cheek while also covering most of her face.

The hair tickled Seth's face, and the inexplicable desire inside him surged

wildly. Even his gaze became passionate as he looked at her. His Adam's

apple bobbed, and he demanded in a raspy voice, "Hurry up."

In your dreams. Isabella's stomach was burning, and she was only bending

-over to ease her nausea. There was no energy left inside her to speak.

Seeing that she wasn't moving, Seth felt frustrated and couldn't help but lick

his lips. "Isabella-"

"Shut up." Isabella suppressed her voice.

Seth frowned. "Still thinking about what to ask from me?"

Gritting her teeth, Isabella got up with difficulty. Her stomach seemed to be

churning uncontrollably.

With a pale expression, she suddenly parted her mouth and gagged.

Seth's eyes widened as he grabbed both her arms. "Isabella!"

Seeing that he was spooked, Isabella grinned mischievously. "Don't worry. My

stomach is only filled with alcohol.”

“Don’t you dare puke!” Displeasure crept onto Seth’s face, and the intimate images in his mind instantly disappeared. He grabbed her arm and started pushing her away.

However, Isabella ignored him and continued sitting on him, suddenly leaning forward and lying in his arms. “Didn’t you want to.... sleep... Blargh!”

Before she could finish her words, she gagged twice.

Since Seth was in very close proximity to her, he clearly smelled a foul alcohol smell and stiffened.

“Isabella, get off of me!”

His angry roar didn’t make Isabella leave but instead irritated her.

After gagging several times, she suddenly turned toward Seth with her lips slightly parted.

Seth had a bad feeling about that. “You-”