

## **I QUIT MR 250**

### Chapter 250 What Good Will My Death Do?

Isabella stood by the door, listening to the conversation, her hands unconsciously clenched. She wanted to rush in and curse, but considering the consequences, she realized that rushing in would only embarrass herself.

Dariel and Corey were simply mocking her. Even if she exposed them on the spot, they would only think she was angry out of embarrassment and dismiss her with a few teasing words.

She took a deep breath, suppressed her anger, and quietly tiptoed downstairs again. As she turned the corner, she bumped into Natasha.

“What’s wrong?” she inquired.

Isabella didn’t change her expression, pulled her friend back into the room, and shared what she had overheard.

“Oh my goodness! Those idiots were playing with their lives!”

Isabella poured a glass of water, took a big gulp, and leaned against the edge of the

table to compose herself. Natasha sat next to her and said, "Seth probably doesn't know about this."

In all honesty, Isabella didn't care whether Seth knew or not. What bothered her now was what he would think. She had been giving him the cold shoulder for several days, but out of nowhere, she felt the urge to rush out and give him CPR.

Considering all these events, it felt like a game of cat and mouse.

"Natasha, if you ever get the chance, don't let Dariel off the hook," she said through gritted teeth as if Dariel was right in front of her.

Natasha sneered. "I don't need you to tell me that. I want to strangle him!"

Just as she finished speaking, there was a knock at the door. Isabella composed herself and went to open the door. Then came Freya peeking in. "There's a buffet upstairs and a masquerade later. Bella, why don't you take a shower and join us?"

Isabella was in no mood for fun and instinctively looked for an excuse to refuse.

Freya replied, "I heard Mr. Shaffer woke up. It doesn't seem too serious. He even went upstairs to eat."

Isabella was shocked. "That fast?"

Freya nodded. "It seems he just choked on water. The doctor said it's not a big deal."

Before Isabella could speak, Natasha's voice floated out from inside. "He doesn't value his own life."

Isabella frowned and then said to Freya, "We'll head up after we shower. You go ahead."

Freya sensed her mood was off and hummed without sticking around.

Closing the room door, Isabella cursed under her breath. Natasha stretched lazily, came over, and patted her shoulder. "No need to get angry with those idiots. It's nice that we'll eat something up there."

Still, Isabella nodded sullenly. "I need to take a shower."

"Then, I'll head up first and wait for you." Natasha left the room.

Isabella stood in the room, her mind in turmoil as she prepared her bath items. She tripped and fell when she entered the bathroom, luckily only landing on her back.

After all the commotion, she finally left the room. It was already close to 4 p.m.

walked upstairs, constantly looking around, afraid of running into Seth.

The fifth floor was the banquet area, spacious and decorated in a European style, with

candles and crystal lamps everywhere. It was only 4 p.m., but the atmosphere

resembled the nightlife. Isabella wanted to find Natasha, but she couldn't see her

anywhere.

"Bella, are you looking for Seth?" The clear voice of a young man came from behind her.

Isabella felt a chill down her spine, turned around, and unmistakably met Corey's deep

eyes.

"No, I'm looking for my friend."

"Gordon?" He raised an eyebrow, his eyes slightly playful. "I just saw him looking

unhappy playing ball on the third floor. Did you two fight?"

She frowned, her words sounding impolite. "What's it to you?"

He chuckled. "I don't think I've offended you. Why are you so fierce, Bella?"

Calling Isabella Bella was not a big deal, but his playful tone, repeatedly using her name,

inevitably evoked a hint of flirtation.

Isabella felt goosebumps on her arm. This young man's face was aesthetically pleasing to her, but his personality sent shivers down her spine. She didn't want to have much interaction with him.

Without saying much, she attempted to walk past Corey, but he suddenly reached out and grasped her arm. It felt just as cold as when he held her on the boat.

"Seth just drowned. Aren't you going to check on him, Bella?"

At that moment, she was genuinely frightened. She pulled her arm back, unaware of the person who had entered behind her. "Whether Seth lives or dies, that's your concern. Why do you have to involve me?" She had barely finished speaking when her back collided with someone's chest.

The man's raspy, cold voice came from above her head. "What would my death accomplish for you?"

Isabella was startled, and her body froze in place. She didn't even dare to turn around!

As she looked up, she met Corey's teasing gaze and screamed internally!

