

I QUIT MR 375

Chapter 375 She's Waiting For Him In Bed

Seth froze, his hand still raised, and it took him almost a minute to regain his composure. He turned his face slightly, squinting at the person next to him. With long hair covering half of her face, he instantly recognized her silhouette. It was Isabella!

The woman who had dared to move out of his territory was now lying quietly beside him. The room was pitch black, and he gently raised his hand, wanting to touch her face. Suddenly, the person beside him sat up and silently embraced him.

The effects of the alcohol hadn't worn off yet. He took a slight breath, shook his head, and tried to sober up a bit. However, the person beside him had already made her next move. She skillfully turned over and sat directly on top of him. They were close, and a sense of unfamiliarity hit him like a wave.

"Mr. Shaffer?" A voice that seemed both real and unreal, making it hard to distinguish between truth and fiction. Seth was startled; his motion to push her away halted mid-air.

The woman slowly approached, boldly unbuttoning his shirt. A cold sensation from her palm traveled all the way to his heart. Seth didn't move, watching her lean down, intending to kiss him.

Isabella... Perhaps he had drunk too much; the thought of it being Isabella actually made him somewhat happy. Their breaths mingled, and the unfamiliar scent beneath the rose fragrance became apparent. In the darkness, the man's eyes turned cold.

The woman, oblivious to the danger, continued to approach. Suddenly, there was a loud bang! The woman's scream echoed in the room.

The next second, the bedside lamp was turned on. The man slowly sat up, his eyes 1

of menace. He rested one hand on his knee, squinting at the woman behind the light.

Her figure and profile were similar to Isabella's, but it was clearly not her.

"Get out!!"

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His harsh shout scared the woman pale. She didn't dare to say a word and scrambled towards the door. The room door closed, and the surroundings quieted down. Behind the light, the man exhaled in annoyance, his head hanging down on the bedhead.

The scent of roses still lingered in his breath, which had excited him just now, but now it made him feel a bit sick. The alcohol was dispersed by his anger, and his fatigue and sleepiness vanished instantly. He couldn't stay in bed any longer, so he stepped on the floor.

Suddenly, the phone under his clothes vibrated continuously. He walked d

His first thought was that this was about Erin. He hadn't come home tonight, so there must have been some commotion.

The old butler's voice was urgent, and there was chaos on the other end of the phone.

"It's not the lady. It's Miss Symons. She followed the lady into the kitchen and got hurt!"

Seth's pupils contracted, and he stood up abruptly.

"Master Seth, you better come back quickly." The old butler had just finished speaking

when there was another scream from the other end of the phone. Seth clearly heard the words 'Get the gauze.'

His temples throbbed, and he cursed loudly. He hung up the phone, couldn't find his coat after a quick search, and left with just a shirt on.

As soon as he opened the door, he came face to face with Dariel. Dariel was leaning against the wall with an expression of anticipation. "Such a beautiful woman was lying next to you, and you just chased her away?"

Seth's face was grim, his jaw clenched as he stared at the man in front of him.

Dariel didn't really want to push him to the edge. He shrugged, his tongue against his cheek, completely enjoying the show. "You better hurry back. Your illness is serious, but it's not incurable. The cure might be waiting for you in your bed."