

LEAVE ME ALONE, MR SHAFFER BY DIANA TENNY

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“Babe, don’t be afraid. I’ve always been gentle to pretty women like you.” Sensing Isabella’s reluctance, Louis tightened his grip on her waist and led her away.

The lounge area was a private space, and as they approached, the attendant promptly closed the door and left them alone.

Once the door was pushed open, she felt Louis shove her toward the door, and she could sense him getting closer, his breath unsettlingly warm against her skin. She instinctively turned her face, and his kiss landed on her cheek, slowly trailing down.

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The man was too strong and was well-experienced in such acts, so he easily trapped Isabella’s hands and reached under her clothes. “Babe, I’ve been anticipating this the whole night.”

She struggled to grit her teeth but couldn’t stop the man from groping her. “Stop... We’re in the lounge...

“Don’t worry. No one will come to bother us.” He chuckled. His words were a mix of warning and

mockery as his disgusting tongue traced her neck. She lifted her head to avoid his kiss, and tears streamed down her face. She couldn't help but think, Seth Shaffer, how could you give me up to this man?

Suddenly, there was a snap, and Isabella's eyes widened as Louis' cold hands skillfully undid her bra.

"Be a good girl and let me love you..."

In her mind, she was resolute, thinking, No way, not a chance! With an unexpected surge of courage, she screamed and sank her teeth into his shoulder. He couldn't believe it and quickly released her.

Then, he cursed in his native language, "Are you f*cking looking for death?"

As Louis processed the unfolding situation, he instinctively cradled his throbbing shoulder.

Frustration welled inside him, and he wanted to kick Isabella. However, she remained seated on the ground, strangely unperturbed by the impending kick. Instead, she suddenly looked up at him and uttered, "Lana Shaffer."

He stopped his actions, squinted at her, and slowly squatted down. He grabbed her by the neck and pulled her toward him. "What did you just say?"

"You have feelings for Lana Shaffer, don't you, Mr. Keller?" She gulped and used her fingers tremulously to tidy her frazzled hair. With her cheek

toward the vile man, she smiled at him.

He ran his tongue across his teeth and chuckled.

He tightened his grip on her neck. "So, what if I do?"

She's as insensible as you and lacks proper training."

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With a strained smile, Isabella met Louis' gaze with teary eyes. "Only those who plan to be together or get married require affection. Satisfying one's sexual desires doesn't require affection, right?"

His eyes lit up as he followed her implication. "Can you help me with that?"

With trembling lips, she promised, "Miss Shaffer is returning to Imperia soon and will surely visit the Shaffer Group. I can arrange to be in charge of welcoming her."

"Why should I trust you?" He seemed skeptical.

"Miss Shaffer is Mr. Shaffer's aunt and the Shaffers' eldest daughter, the gem of the Shaffer Family."

Isabella tugged her lips and pulled up her collar,

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coldly retorting, "Isn't that worth the risk of believing me?"

"Aren't you afraid of what will happen to you if you

help me scheme against Seth Shaffer's aunt?" Louis studied her expression.

Her expression fell, and she said impassively, "I wouldn't be here if it weren't for Mr. Shaffer."

A sly smirk played on his lips, and he burst into laughter. "Very well. I'll spare you this time!"

Isabella breathed a sigh of relief, but Louis abruptly pulled her back into his embrace. He whispered menacingly into her ear, "If you dare to deceive me, I promise I'll make your life a living hell."

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Meanwhile, the driver glanced at the rearview mirror in a black MPV. Since Seth had drunk some wine, he was resting with his eyes closed, but his eyebrows were deeply furrowed, and he was exuding an oppressive aura.

"Mr. Shaffer, Miss Symons-

Seth opened his eyes, revealing his dark pupils filled with ruthlessness. He frowned and said, "She won't be coming out tonight."

"Then, what should we-"

"Drive," Seth ordered, his tone now stern and cold.

Not daring to defy his orders, the driver was about to start the car's engine when he suddenly spotted

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a frail figure emerging from the hotel.

“Mr. Shaffer, it’s Miss Symons.”

Seth’s eyebrows relaxed as his stern gaze shot outside the window and quickly fell onto a familiar figure under the streetlights.