

I Quit Mr. Shaffer (Isabella Symons)

Chapter 1

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Isabella Symons frowned as she awoke from a restless dream and turned over uncomfortably. As she moved, she suddenly realized there was someone else beside her. She clenched her teeth and reached for the bedside lamp, which, when turned on, caused the man next to her to exhale in frustration.

The dim light revealed the man's naked back, casting intriguing shadows on his well-defined profile.

She got out of bed and tiptoed to the closer to change clothes before returning to the bed. She touched the man's back and said, "Mr. Shaffer, it's

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6.06AM. You have a meeting at 7.30AM."

The man let out an exasperated sigh and brushed off her hand. In a raspy voice, he ordered, “Go away!”

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Isabella was accustomed to such treatment, so she calmly got up and quietly headed downstairs to prepare breakfast. She ate her meal stoically and then hailed a cab to the company. All of that was done without disturbing Seth Shaffer.

Once the lights were switched off in the room, she transformed into Seth’s personal plaything.

However, once outside the room, she was the executive secretary for the Shaffer Group’s president.

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After arriving at the company, she efficiently organized everything and stood outside the conference room with a cold expression, waiting.

Everyone who walked past her would respectfully greet her.

At 7.28AM, the president’s private elevator chimed,

and Isabella felt relieved. She then left the conference room and stood in anticipation.

Seth was nearly six feet tall and appeared imposing from a distance. With his thin lips and fair complexion, his face always seemed stern, giving the impression of a naturally cold personality. Even though she stood at just 168cm, she appeared frail when facing him.

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Without glancing at her, he acted as though they hadn't been in bed together last night.

Since it would be a long meeting, she returned to the secretarial office to order breakfast for him.

While perusing the menu, another secretary, Fiona Knox, approached her and inquired, "Isabella, have you seen Mr. Shaffer's schedule for this afternoon?"

Isabella shook her head. "Is there something wrong with it?"

After smacking her lips, Fiona whispered, “Mr. Shaffer has a business dinner tonight with Louis Kessler, the Shine Corp.’s regional executive director.”

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Isabella racked her memory for information on that name and instantly recalled it. Louis was notorious for using his status to harass female employees.

There was even once when he drugged the head secretary of a partner company. According to rumors, he had audaciously pursued Seth’s aunt, Lara Shaffer.

If Seth was meeting Louis, he would surely bring a secretary with him. Given the circumstances, it was apparent that the other secretaries were likely hesitant to accompany Seth. This was the reason Fiona had come to discuss it with Isabella.

Isabella pursed her lips and calmly replied, “Don’t worry. Mr. Shaffer may not choose any of us.”

However, once she finished speaking, the door to

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the secretarial office was pushed open, and the newbie, Norah Monroe, peeked out before cautiously glancing at Isabella. “Isabella, Mr. Shaffer is looking for you.”

After quickly placing her food order, Isabella left the secretarial office impassively. It had been five years since her relationship with Seth started. She had just joined the company not long ago and was already tricked into sleeping with him inside his lounge. Though he had encountered several demanding customers, he had never made her do anything despicable.

Inside his office, Seth calmly signed a document without lifting his gaze. “Get ready. There’s a business dinner tonight.”

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Her steps faltered momentarily.

Not hearing her response, he frowned and raised

his head to look at her. “Isabella?”

She quickly returned to her senses, but she

remained unfazed. “Yes, Mr. Shaffer.”

He threw the document at her with a cold

expression. “How long have you been with me?”

Not understanding what he meant, she replied

calmly, “Five years.”

“Then, act like it and do your job properly.”

“Yes, Mr. Shaffer.” Without showing any change of

expression, Isabella’s hands felt cold as she