

## **I QUIT MR 105**

### Chapter 105

What kind of joke is this? How can I possibly send this when the contract sent to Seth's office starts from at least one billion? Isabella was self-aware enough to know that she could never do something like that. So, she quickly placed the contract down and still hovered the pen before Seth.

Seth noticed she wasn't moving a muscle and opened his eyes to shoot her a smirk. "I'm giving you a chance to satisfy your dream of being the CEO. Why aren't you happy?"

"I'm afraid I'll carry unnecessary burdens after satisfying my dream."

Isabella's mind was clear. She was not falling for Seth's tricks.

"And here I was being generous," Seth sneered. Then, he took the pen from

Isabella's hand and signed his name on it.

Isabella collected the contract and sat by the side. "Since you've finished your meal, I'll be taking my leave."

“Did I say you can go?” Seth looked at her coldly.

Isabella paused and was confused by what he was implying.

Seth glanced behind him and ordered, “Bring all those documents over and read them.”

Isabella glanced at the clock and was displeased. “I still have things to do at the company. Plus, your documents are important. It’s better if-”

Seth interrupted her impatiently, saying, “I’m giving you half a day off. Stop talking and get to it.”

Isabella gritted her teeth and contemplated ramming his face into the bowl of unfinished instant noodles.

Seth raised his head and noticed her annoyed gaze. He couldn’t help but curl his lips into a cruel smirk, displaying his teeth while he was at it. “Why are you still hesitating? If it weren’t for you, I wouldn’t have been called to the house last night and forced to listen to those idiots talking nonsense for four hours.

Also, because of you, I had to deal with an emergency board meeting early in the morning.”

Isabella took a deep breath and retorted, “Miss Shaffer provoked me first!”

Seth glanced at her faintly. “Why didn’t she provoke others? Why is it always with you?”

Isabella felt her temper flare as she snapped, “How would I know what’s wrong with you Shaffers?”

Seth’s face darkened instantly. “What did you say?”

As soon as Isabella uttered those words, she felt a sense of dread as she met his dark gaze. The words were stuck in her throat. She stood up abruptly and tried to maintain her composure. “I...”

Seth stared at her, waiting to see what she would do.

Isabella clenched her fists and said, “I’ll get the documents!”

She had ‘accidentally’ spat a mouthful of saliva on his face, causing him to

instinctively close his eyes.

“Isabella!”

Isabella ignored him and ran to fetch the documents. Then, she returned with a high stack of papers and placed them in front of Seth, effectively cutting off any eye contact between them. She sat behind the papers so Seth could only see the top of her head.

“I’m going to start reading. Listen carefully.”

Seth remained expressionless as he wiped the saliva off his face with a tissue. Even through the mountain-like stack of documents, one could imagine the triumphant look on her face.

Isabella’s gentle voice echoed from across, enunciating each word clearly and emphasizing key points. Years of experience as a secretary were evident in her performance. After she read through each document, she would offer suggestions and skip those she believed were not worth signing. On the other hand, Seth closed his eyes. Although he was irritated by her tricks, he also felt

himself relaxing as he listened to her. He leaned back, calling her to a halt when he had doubts and immediately signing the contracts if they were acceptable.

Each document was read and signed or set aside. Soon, the paperwork was quickly reduced to nothing.

Isabella's throat was dry after all the reading. Just as she thought about getting some water, Seth's voice sounded. "Don't you want to have some soup? It's priced at one hundred thousand per serving."

Isabella felt her blood boil. Die!

Nevertheless, she wasn't about to stoop to his level. Instead, she stood up and poured some water for herself. At the same time, she made a cup of coffee for Seth, hoping he would become energized as soon as possible and handle the documents on his own. That way, she would finally be able to leave this hellhole.

The clock struck 4.00PM, and dinner would be served in two hours. Isabella stretched her back and felt utterly exhausted. She shot a glance at Seth, who was lounging comfortably in the chair, and sighed. She was truly tempted to sit in that chair as it looked really comfortable.

“Do you like this chair that much? Why don’t I lend you money to start a business?” Seth’s faint voice sounded from behind, startling Isabella. Then, she forced a smile and said, “What kind of business can a secretary start? A secretary’s company?”

Seth hated it when she started playing dumb. So, he scoffed before suddenly changing his tune and said, “Why don’t I make you vice president?”

Isabella was stunned. She almost turned her head to grab Seth’s collar in excitement, asking if he was serious. Still, she took a deep breath and restrained herself. “Someone like me wouldn’t become successful even if I had the title. There’s no need for you to bother, Mr. Shaffer.”

Seth looked at the floor-to-ceiling window, which reflected Isabella’s

expression perfectly. Her expression was calm and not as excited as he had

imagined. Then, he snorted and said, "You don't know what's good for you."