

I QUIT MR 116

Chapter 116

Isabella had everything all planned out. She would not fight against Spencer on this matter because the two people involved would not have a chance to speak.

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Lara would be too afraid to do so because once she told the truth, people would know about how she tried to use a problematic financial report to frame Seth for a crime. When that happened, she would be in deep trouble as well.

Isabella’s most cunning strategy was to subdue everyone first and then discreetly conduct her investigation.

As for Louis, he had a high chance of being captured. He would also fall into Seth’s hands before Spencer could confront him.

Seth would never let Louis shoot his mouth off because...

“I’m yours. Do you think Old Mr. Shaffer would believe that I was the one who hurt Miss Shaffer?” Isabella said.

The dim light on the ceiling shone on her face, casting long shadows down her cheeks. When she looked up, the sly, scheming glint shining in her eyes was terrifying.

Seth let out a snort of laughter. “Mine?”

Her gaze flickered as she smiled. “Who would believe that I’m not yours?”

With a fake smile on his face, Seth stared into Isabella’s eyes. Instead of being angered by her claim, he was amused. “If you’re so skilled that you can use me in your schemes, why are you asking me for two favors?”

Her throat felt dry. Guilt flashed in her eyes as she swiftly suppressed her fear.

She was not actually as calm as she looked. It was all just a facade.

“There’s no harm in being prepared.”

He gave a cold smirk and casually turned away, then extended his hand with a subtle gesture, beckoning her to come closer by moving his fingers. She

hesitated, glancing at his inviting hand.

“You’re mine, right? What are you afraid of?” Seth asked in a taunting tone.

Isabella gritted her teeth and forced herself to reach out for his hand.

Just when her entire balance had shifted forward so that she could grab his

hand, he abruptly pulled back.

Mon,

Unbalanced and without support, she was now half-sprawled out across the

tatami mat.

Scoundrel!

She lowered her head and bit her lip in embarrassment. She did not want to

look at the mocking look in his eyes at all.

Seth uncrossed his legs and leaned closer. He even reached out to tuck a

strand of hair behind Isabella’s ear. “Tell me, just where did you get your

audacity from?” While his voice sounded warmer than it had ever been

before, it sent chills running down her spine.

The contrast between the sight of her with her sunglasses and the luxurious decor of the room made the entire situation seem even more ridiculous.

“As if I need to dig hard for it. I’m already being forced into a corner.”

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She bitterly laughed. After taking off her sunglasses, she slowly looked up at the man.

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When he finally had a clear view of her face, he could not help but frown as the mocking smirk lingering in his eyes gradually faded.

Isabella held a hand up to her face and mumbled to herself, “It’s only the face this time. If I didn’t hit back, she would have taken a whole mile and killed me right away.”

Seth looked away and retorted coldly, “You went to the alley alone, giving her the opportunity.”

“If I didn’t give her the opportunity, she would’ve found other chances,” she

immediately responded, steadfastly staring at him.

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“That’s why you had someone ruin her and even chose a man like Louis?” His

gaze shifted lower.

After hearing that, she heaved a sigh of relief and stood up to kneel by his

feet.

“You’re too paranoid. I’m not that brave. If I really did that, Miss Shaffer would

risk everything just to kill me.”

His lips tilted upward in a mocking smirk as he sassily said, “You think you

have everything in hand. Aren’t you afraid of the unexpected?”

When Isabella looked up at Seth, her eyes were blank and emotionless. “I

have a very good sense of timing. Since she suffered even after all my

efforts, then it’s simply karma biting her back. Lara deserved it.”

Surprised, he turned around to gaze directly into her eyes. "Is it because of the car and the fact that she crashed into you?"

She shook her head and said with a slow sigh, "There's also the incident with the hot coffee from two years ago." She vividly recalled what had happened.

It was a day like any other in the secretary department when Lara, in a fit of anger, threw a scalding cup of coffee right at her face. The sensation of that moment was something she could never erase from her memory.

After a moment of silence, Seth suddenly leaned over and grabbed Isabella by the chin. "How have I never realized how scheming you can be?"

With her chin proudly tilted up so that she could stare back into his eyes, she replied, "I wouldn't be able to be your personal secretary if I let you see just how ruthless I can be." She did not know if her heavy emphasis on the phrase "personal secretary" was done to provoke him or to disgust herself.

He pursed his lips and silently stared at her as he absentmindedly brushed his finger across her jaw over and over again.

His staring caused her heart to start racing again when it had just calmed down.

At first, Seth was only staring at Isabella. Suddenly, he leaned down and kissed her on the lips. It was so sudden that she couldn't even react in time.

When he pulled back, he softly cupped her face, gazing at her with warm eyes.

Yet, it left her feeling uneasy. His look made it seem like he was teasing a pet, and it instantly put her on guard. She almost gave in to the urge to swat his

With narrowed eyes, he scanned her face. "Isabella, if you showed yourself to be this interesting earlier, you wouldn't have needed to suffer so much."

Interesting?

She did not understand what he meant and leaned back to dodge the hand about to pat her on the head.

Seth pulled his hand back and leaned his elbow against his knee as he

continued to look Isabella in the eyes.

“Come back to the secretary department. I’ll have you double what I paid you before.”

Realization struck her, causing her heart to stop racing as well.

She silently straightened her back and shuffled further away from him.

“No.”