

I QUIT MR 117

Chapter 117

Selena anxiously waited for Seth at the hotel, but he never showed up.

Wrapped in just a bathrobe, she sat on the couch, feeling the chill seeping

into her body while resentment surged in her heart.

Throughout her youth, she had crafted an image of herself as a sweet and

obedient girl, receiving protection and adoration both at school and at home.

There was no reason for all of that to lose its value in the man's eyes.

When she recalled his aloof yet handsome face, she clenched her jaw.

“You're mine...”

Before she could finish her sentence, someone was frantically knocking on

the door.

As Seth had left the room while angry, Selena subconsciously assumed the

person at the door was him.

Joy filled her heart. It did not matter if he was happy or upset. As long as he

returned, she still stood a chance.

“Mr. Shaffer!” she called out as she opened the door.

Outside the door was a middle-aged man who was incredibly drunk and

squinting at the abrupt appearance of a woman at the doorway.

Out of shock, she instinctively slammed the door shut. She knew that man, for

he was the deputy manager of this hotel. At parties, she had even witnessed

how he would hit on the female secretaries.

However, Selena was not fast enough. The deputy manager swiftly barged

into the room, using his weight to force the door open.

She hurriedly retreated in panic. “Mr. Grant, this is Mr. Shaffer’s room. You

cannot come in.”

The deputy manager had too much to drink, so he did not care whose room

it was. All he could think about was the womanly scent filling his nose and the

beautiful face within his view. As he looked down, he noticed her fair and

slender legs.

“Babe, let’s have some fun.”

Selena was stunned, unable to believe that the rumors were true. After

wrapping her bathrobe tighter around herself, she tried to escape by

squeezing past him. After all, he was drunk.

Just as she took one step, he forcefully wrapped an arm around her waist

and trapped her in an embrace.

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“Let me go! Help! Mmph...” She had only yelled twice before a hand clamped

over her mouth, making it difficult for her to breathe.

Due to how drunk he was, the deputy manager possessed an unusual

strength and didn’t care about logic; he just wanted to follow his desires. With

a hand covering her mouth and his other arm around her waist, he carelessly

dragged her further into the room.

She kicked hard, but she could not escape her fate of being dragged away.

While she struggled with all her might, she was exceedingly helpless in the face of brute strength.

The door slammed shut with a loud bang.

“Don’t touch me!”

The scream echoed from the room.

The two employees walking past the door looked at each other.

“Should we check it out?”

“Mind your own business. The rich have a lot of kinks. This is just one of them.”

“True...”

Inside a dimly lit room.

When Seth heard Isabella’s response, his eyes instantly turned icy. As he

95%

slowly moved away, he aloofly glanced at the woman kneeling by his feet.

“You have worked with me for five years. You know that I detest women who play hard to get.”

She pursed her lips and smiled. "You've slept with me for five years. You should know my temper." As she raised her head, the wound on her face stood out against her skin while her black eyes shined, and her lips spread in a rather pleasant smile. "I truly wanted to quit. It's not to play hard to get."

Seth pressed his lips together and fell silent as he continued to stare into Isabella's eyes. He turned and picked up the phone from the coffee table to make a phone call. "Bring it over."

She lowered her head and fidgeted with her hair. Her instincts told her this was not going to be good. Her mind swiftly raced as she tried to prepare herself for all possibilities.

After hanging up, he continued to lock his fiery gaze on her face as he examined her. He only looked away when someone knocked on the door.

"Come in."

Isabella narrowed her eyes at the doorway, which was now occupied by the

man who “invited” her to get into the car.

The man placed a folder by Seth’s hand with more respect than Ollie showed.

In fact, his attitude could be considered somewhat cautious.

When Seth shot him a look, the man left the room.

She looked at the folder by Seth’s side, wondering what scheme he had in

mind now.

“You once said that you loved Imperia.” He looked at her with a raised

eyebrow instead of looking at the folder. The abrupt subject change was

strange.

She was used to being talked to in a cold and aloof manner, so any slight hint

of warmth from him had her extremely uneasy.

“That’s in the past. I don’t love it anymore.”

He was resting his chin on one hand while his eyes were half closed. He was

likely tired.

“Why?”

Resisting the urge to roll her eyes, Isabella bluntly replied, "There are too many rich people in Imperia. It fills me with resentment."

Seth let out a snort of laughter and looked up at her. "Do I not pay you enough?"

She licked her dry lips. "That money should be worth nothing to you."

"You want more?"

He suddenly leaned in close and caressed her cheek. His fingers wandered downward until they rested on her lips.

Isabella went stiff, too afraid to even twitch. She just did not understand what was going on in Seth's mind.

"I'll give you one more chance. This time, you'll gain much more than before."

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His voice was deep and very attractive. If he wished to, he could easily turn his voice into the type of voice that recently charmed the internet.

She was a woman who was easily swayed by a man's looks and voice.

Putting aside all sense of logic, the man was actually extremely tempting

right now.

"There's no need."