

## **I QUIT MR 118**

### Chapter 118

Isabella's sense of rationality returned to her, and she retreated slightly from

Seth while timidly looking away.

"Any chance to be close to you is very precious. I believe it's best left for the young."

His hand hovered in mid-air as all traces of a smile vanished from his face.

He returned to his chair and impatiently unbuttoned two of his shirt's buttons.

Then, he gently clicked his tongue. "Do not be ungrateful, Isabella.",

Just by the tone of his voice, she could tell that he was starting to get angry.

She did not dare shoot her mouth off now as she started thinking about ways

to get herself out of the situation.

After taking two deep breaths, he was surprisingly able to remain calm

instead of flying into a fit of rage.

However, the calmer Seth was, the more scared Isabella was.

She watched as he gently picked up the folder and opened it before slowly pulling out the documents within.

“I picked these out on the way back here,” he said, seemingly talking to himself but also, it seemed, to her.

As she bit the inside of her cheek, she could not resist glancing at the documents.

Seth did not look at Isabella as he continued, “The contract is for five years. You’ll gain 150 million in exchange.” As he said that, he glanced at her. “Of course, if you think that’s not enough, it could be higher.”

She immediately understood the content of the document. It was an employment contract, specifically outlining her role as his lover. Her breathing slowed to a crawl. It felt like she could hear her heartbeat as she cautiously responded, “Mr. Shaffer, I’m sorry. It’s still a no.”

He ignored her response and placed the document down on the table by his arm before standing up to walk toward the bookshelf.

As she watched, he pulled out a pen used just for signing documents. In one smooth motion, he uncapped the pen. Then, he walked over and threw the pen and the document at her.

“Sign it. Do not make me force you.”

Isabella held her breath as she kneeled to pick up the document. She glanced up at Seth. Suddenly, her arms twisted as she tried to tear the document into pieces.

“Isabella!”

His reflexes were fast as he instantly dropped to one knee and grabbed her hands.

“I have backup copies. Tear one contract to pieces, and I’ll have 10,000 more printed.” He frowned, looking at her like she was a fool.

She tried to pull her hands out of his grip, but he was so strong that she had no choice but to remain on her knees in an extremely uncomfortable

position.

“Sign it, and I’ll let you go.” Seth could tell Isabella was uncomfortable.

She spat out through gritted teeth, “Let go of me first.”

He did as she asked. It was clear he was not worried she would pull a trick of

any kind.

Deep down, she was going crazy. At the moment, she was out of ideas. He

had left her without a single shred of hope of escape.

From his spot beside her, he coldly watched every twitch and shuffle of hers.

His presence was unyielding.

Isabella found herself with no alternative but to make one last futile attempt.

As Seth observed her, she sprang to her feet, risking it all by charging toward

the door. His response was swift; he looked up and reached out, wrapping an

Mon,

arm around her waist.

There was a loud bang.

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She went from running to crashing back onto the tatami mat. His patience wearing thin, he leaned over, picked her up from the ground, and pinned her down by the waist next to the table. Now trapped in an embrace from behind, she had lost any chance of objecting. Before she knew it, he had stuffed the pen into her hand.

With her hand held in his, he forced it over to the line on the document as he frostily said into her ear, "Sign."

Still, she struggled hard, causing her entire arm to tremble from the effort.

Isabella gritted her teeth. "Force will only give birth to sour grapes."

Seth huffed in response. "When did I tell you I don't enjoy sour grapes?"

She was rendered speechless.

"Seth!"

Out of fury, she violently turned around.

Her abrupt reaction might have surprised him, but he was still able to keep her pinned down. However, the pen was temporarily lost.

They locked eyes while her breath brushed against his jaw.

Her entire body was covered in a sheen of sweat as she took a deep breath to force herself to calm down.

“I cannot sign the contract. Even if I sign it now, I will file an appeal against it.”

Isabella steadily looked into Seth’s eyes. “Mr. Shaffer, I have humored you for five years. You won’t make me play along for another five years, right?”

“Work is work. Who else can pay you 150 million?” He kept his eyes trained on the woman in his arms.

Isabella’s eyes curved as she mockingly laughed. She made sure to look Seth in the eye as she slowly spat out, “Is the job you’re offering even a proper job?” She knew full well that he was only fooled by lust. Paying her was just a way for him to find some fun in life.

“Well, you’ve done this job for five years already,” he calmly replied. He could

not empathize with her at all.

Mon,

She clenched her fists. “I’m tired of it, so I quit!”

“Are you going to sign?” He scowled, having run out of patience to argue with

her. His gaze dropped to her moving lips.

Sensing what Seth was looking at, Isabella hurriedly leaned back. However,

the table was right behind her. As expected, he immediately leaned in and

brusquely covered her pink lips with his.