

I QUIT MR 139

Chapter 139

Abigail had been involved in the game of love for many years. She had encountered many men like Seth before, but he was the first to speak so harshly to her. She was momentarily stunned, her eyes adorned with red eyeshadow, finally revealing a touch of genuine pity.

Everyone was shocked. While they believed she deserved it, they remained silent out of fear of Seth's anger.

Isabella sat by the bedside, glanced at his expression, and mentally cursed Abigail.

Despite his cold demeanor, he rarely used such harsh words towards women. The fact that Abigail could provoke such a reaction was indeed surprising.

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In the dead silence, Jonas was the first to react. He went to pull Abigail aside

and scolded, "Why are you still standing there? Hurry up and move away from Mr. Shaffer."

Her expression completely collapsed. With a crooked mouth, she burst into tears on the spot, stomped her foot, and rushed out of the room.

Isabella rolled her eyes, secretly applauding Seth for getting rid of a nuisance.

"Don't just stand there, blocking the doorway and hindering the airflow." Jonas took the initiative to call everyone, pushing them into the room from Seth's side. He carefully leaned against the door.

Alex and Keira exchanged glances. One rolled his eyes, and the other smiled helplessly as both stood stiffly in the room.

"Isabella is amazing. Even with an injury, she still won against Mr. Shaffer,"

Keira spoke softly, her tone calm and measured, showing no signs of nervousness.

was only then that Isabella remembered she had indeed won the bet.

Feeling pleasantly surprised, she glanced at Keira. ‘So, what about the prize?’

After uttering those words, a sense of guilt washed over her. She quickly

looked at Seth beside her and only breathed a sigh of relief after confirming

his lack of reaction.

“Don’t worry,” Jonas reassured Isabella before Keira could speak. He hurried

over with his head bandaged and kindly added, “The car is for you. You can

pick it up when you’re out of the hospital.”

Isabella was thrilled. Paired with the diminished pain in her leg, she

immediately felt that the gamble she had taken earlier was worthwhile. A

true sense of joy lit up her face, a moment Seth captured as he turned his

head.

The man snorted, shattering the recently lightened mood in the room,

instantly casting a chill over the rejuvenated crowd.

The noise abruptly ceased.

Gordon was displeased and looked at Seth. "What's the matter? Are you intentionally trying to kill the vibe?"

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Ignoring Gordon, Seth calmly adjusted his cuffs, lifted his head to give a slight glance at Isabella, and then turned around.

She thought Seth was finally leaving and breathed a sigh of relief. However, he didn't reach the room's door when it swung open.

An unfamiliar-looking man in a suit and dress shoes stood at the doorway.

The man stared blankly for a second when he saw it was Seth. "Mr. Shaffer?"

Seth frowned, not recognizing the man. "Are you from the Shaffer Group?"

The man in the suit stepped back, quickly introducing himself. "I am Jason

Bailey, a performance review specialist subordinate to the Shaffer Group's internal control department. Hello, Mr. Shaffer."

After catching the words "Performance review specialist" from behind,

Isabella immediately felt a sense of impending doom. Her happiness and enthusiasm disappeared, giving way to alertness and tension.

Seth stood at the doorway, noticed the documents in Jason's hands, and asked, "What's the matter?"

"We received a report." Jason paused, glanced at the room, and finally fixed his gaze on Isabella's face. He slowly and deliberately said, "Miss Symons, a