

I QUIT MR 141

Chapter 141

Seth faced Isabella, and the bodyguards with the stretcher hesitated to come closer. They seemed uncertain, changing directions and looking somewhat comical.

Nicolas suddenly reminded Seth, “Mr. Shaffer, there’s a routine board meeting today. It might be inappropriate to go in on a stretcher.”

She frowned, wondering why Nicolas was saying such things. Is he blaming me for affecting the company’s image?

“You’ve been a constant source of trouble. Things are getting complicated because of you,” Seth said with a cold expression, sounding impatient.

A screen full of question marks flashed over Isabella’s mind. She didn’t understand the meaning behind his words.

Then, he lifted his chin, lowered his gaze, and with a reluctantly respectful tone, he said, “I can carry you inside.”

She hesitated and said, “No, it’s okay.” She knew she’d rather die of embarrassment. She raised her hand, motioning toward him. “Could you please move aside? The stretcher can’t come through.”

Seth crossed his arms over his chest, showing no intention of moving. “Didn’t you hear what Nicolas said? Do you want to ruin the Shaffer Group’s image like this?”

Isabella was left speechless. She wiped her face, feeling extremely frustrated, and turned to look at Jason beside her. “You go ahead. I’ll walk over by myself, but it might take a while.”

Jason cleared his throat, sneaking a quick look at Seth. He thought momentarily before carefully saying, “We need to be quick. The audit team is pretty busy with their work.”

Isabella clenched her teeth, her mouth twitching. “Oh... Really?” She grumbled inwardly, “Come on, does he think I’ve never worked at Shaffer Group?

Internal audit folks are the most laid-back, dealing with the same stuff all

year. Despite her inner frustration, she forced a smile as she glanced around.

Everyone present was Seth's men.

Seth lifted his leg and kicked her foot. "Don't waste time."

She was ticked off, and her cheekbones swelled up like a pufferfish. After

holding it in for a bit, she finally looked at Seth. She thought, Can't lose my

cool; it won't fix a thing. She eased up on her expression and gave a sly grin.

"Mr. Shaffer."

Seth raised an eyebrow. "Yes?"

Isabella extended both hands, eyes filled with a playful smile. "Hug me."

A collective gasp sounded.

He stood before her, lowered his head, and faced her smiling face. Two arms

reached out to him as well. He raised a corner of his mouth and quipped,

"Has your stomach acid eaten away at your brain?"

Isabella was speechless.

Beside her, everyone but Nicolas let out an inexplicable sigh of relief. He

thought, Thankfully, Mr. Shaffer declined; otherwise, the whole perspective

would have crumbled. This woman is just nuts, too reckless.

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She expected to be turned down by Seth. She only aimed to gross him out a

bit, and now that she had achieved that, she dropped her hands. She

shrugged, looking childish, and gave Jason a playful glance. "I can't sit on the

stretcher, no hugging allowed, and I can't walk. What should I do now?"

Jason hesitated, concerned about saying the wrong thing, and wisely opted

to stay quiet.

Seeing no response from Jason, Isabella looked up at Seth and made a bold

suggestion. "How about letting the audit team audit me in the car?"

Seth glanced at her and let out a disdainful snort, not bothering with niceties.

"You think you deserve such treatment?"

She pursed her lips, thinking, Yeah, I don't deserve that. She shook her head,

wanting to say more, but Seth, facing her, abruptly turned around. Before she