

I QUIT MR 142

Chapter 142

Seth carried Isabella to the fourteenth floor. When the elevator doors opened, the people waiting outside were completely surprised, unable to offer any greetings.

Isabella was piggybacked on Seth's back. She intentionally lowered her head, her hair draping down to hide her face.

Despite carrying her, Seth maintained an upright posture, exuding a terrifying presence with just a single glance. He said, "Don't you people have anything better to do?"

The stunned crowd quickly regained awareness. In an instant, people scattered in all directions, chaos erupting once again. They forgot their intended destinations, colliding with each other.

Seth observed the chaotic scene with annoyance. He was about to scold the supervisor when he suddenly felt pressure on his neck. Isabella, without

realizing it, tightened her grip around his neck. Their skin briefly made contact, and she swiftly withdrew her hand, reacting sensitively.

He thought she was overreacting, considering they had already been more intimate. A slight touch like this shouldn't matter much. With that in mind, he tilted his head backward, pressing against her arm.

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Isabella leaned in, and with the sudden movement, Seth's hair lightly brushed against her cheek, feeling soft and ticklish. It sent a shiver down her spine, and goosebumps appeared on her arm.

With steady steps, Seth entered the small meeting room. Once the door closed, he unexpectedly released the person on his back. Caught off guard, she almost stumbled. Thankfully, Nicolas was behind her, extending a hand to help her regain balance.

Seth straightened his clothes, and his expression showed no guilt. He looked directly at Jason, who stood by the door. "Arrange for someone to interrogate

her. Don't waste time."

Jason hesitated, trying to read something from Seth's face. Suddenly, Seth lifted his gaze, and his vigilant eyes pierced through, prompting Jason to quickly look away.

"Although it's just an inconspicuous sales point under the Shaffer Group, it concerns the company's reputation. Don't show any courtesy to anyone."

Seth deliberately emphasized "anyone," making his intentions quite clear.

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Isabella, standing nearby, muttered curses under her breath. When she was done swearing, Seth seemed to sense something and swiftly turned his head. Her lips slightly parted, and she was caught in the act. Even the motion of closing her mouth froze. Awkwardly tugging at the corner of her lips, she pretended to be unaware, forcing a smile.

Seth withdrew his gaze, hands in his pockets, and walked out of the meeting

room with long strides. Surprisingly, he didn't give her any attention.

With a click, the meeting room door closed.

She peered through the glass door, observing him walking away. He seemed uninterested in turning back, almost as if the playful antics from earlier had nothing to do with him. At that thought, she licked her lips, feeling inwardly repulsed. She realized she was losing her composure.

"Miss Symons, please take a seat," Jason reminded her. Despite Seth's earlier impoliteness towards Isabella, Jason felt it was unwise to offend her and thus maintained a courteous attitude.

She paused, feeling numb and sore in her knees. The thought of sitting down struck her, but it seemed like her knees refused to bend. Taking it step by step, she made her way to the edge of the table, breaking down the simple act of bending her legs into various details. It took some time before she finally settled into the chair.

Once she was seated, Jason went outside to call someone.

While in the meeting room, Isabella thought about a plan. She clenched her fists to bear the pain in her legs. The audit team and even Jason didn't show up as time passed. She thought about checking around but felt it was embarrassing to do that right now. So, she decided not to interfere. Gritting her teeth, she pulled out a tissue and wiped the cold sweat from her forehead. Then, she silently gave herself a pep talk.