

I QUIT MR 146

Chapter 146

Dariel paid an unexpected visit and walked into the president's office as if it were his own home. He disregarded Seth's cold gaze and casually lounged on the couch.

On the screen, Isabella boasted, "How do you know he didn't ask me to stay at home and take care of the kids?"

Dariel let out a surprised sound and turned to Seth. Mimicking the manners of a young lady, he said, "Oh, is that true?"

Seth remained silent.

"You guys have children?" Dariel clicked his tongue, boldly testing the waters.

Seth stared at Isabella, impressed. She truly has no shame.

On the screen, Isabella and Angelina continued their argument.

"You want to marry him and become Mrs. Shaffer? In your dreams."

"Sorry, but dreams might come true soon."

Dariel clicked his tongue and playfully approached Seth. "Ooh, she's a schemer. She wants to marry you."

Seth pursed his lips tightly, his brows subtly furrowing. He gazed at Isabella, feeling conflicted. He might feel happy if she agreed to return as his secretary. He wanted their relationship to go back to how it was. But she wants to marry me? "She's delusional," Seth said. The stirring Isabella caused in him was extinguished. He disliked women who didn't know their place.

Dariel was a little surprised. He could see that Seth's coldness was genuine.

"You don't want to marry Isabella?"

Seth looked at Dariel as if he were a fool. Refusing to waste any more time talking to him, he pushed his chair back, opened his drawer, and searched for some cigarettes. Seth lit one for himself and tossed the box to Dariel.

"Will you marry Natasha, then?"

It was the same question, but asked by a different person. Without hesitation,

Dariel said, "No way."

Seth exhaled a ring of smoke. Looking inscrutable, he said, "There's your answer."

Dariel had nothing to say. He lost his mood to watch the drama. He only wanted to have fun with Natasha, and he thought Seth was different, but he was mistaken. We're similar in nature. "Killjoy." He didn't even feel like lighting his cigarette. He gathered his belongings, stood up, and waved goodbye to Seth. "Bye." He had just reached the doorway when the sound of someone crashing against a door came from the speakers.

"Isabella!" Gordon appeared on the screen. Seth stopped smoking, and Dariel froze in his tracks.

"Ah, the hero comes for his princess."

Back on the fourteenth floor, Isabella was surprised by Gordon barging in and was somewhat at a loss.

"Who are you? How did you get in here?" Angelina was shocked. Frightened

by the man who stormed in, she retreated, shouting, "Guards!"

Gordon saw this woman arguing with Isabella the moment he entered. He

turned around and noticed how pale Isabella was. "Forget your questions!

She's dying!" Gordon charged forward and kicked Angelina in the stomach.

Angelina screamed in pain and fell through the gap between the desk and

chair. Her glasses were shattered. Isabella stood before her. When Angelina

pushed the desk, it struck Isabella's leg, and she gasped.

Gordon quickly crouched down beside Isabella. "How are you feeling?"

Isabella felt conflicted as she had planned this deliberately, yet Gordon

managed to resolve the problem with just one kick. She felt no pity for