

I QUIT MR 148

Chapter 148

Gordon and Selena's eyes widened. Only Dariel wore a strange smile. Isabella shrank back, feeling a little confused about the situation. She gulped and said, "There's no need--"

"The company's share prices cannot afford another one of your pranks," Seth interrupted.

Isabella couldn't say anything. She looked at Gordon, silently urging him to put her down.

Gordon sensed that something bad was about to happen and objected, "Are you going with him? He could take you anywhere."

Isabella agreed, but she couldn't say it out loud, or it would sound like she was trying to avoid Seth in case he tried to come after her. She patted Gordon's shoulder and quietly said, "Just put me down."

Annoyed, Gordon glared at Seth. He then lowered his head and threw a little

tantrum. "I will not."

Suddenly, Seth emerged from the elevator. Dariel followed him and

exaggeratedly blew on his fingers. "Pressing that button for so long killed my

finger."

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Isabella pursed her lips and tensed up. With hesitation, she looked at Seth

and said, "Give us..." a moment. She couldn't finish her sentence before Seth

approached them and kicked Gordon without warning.

Caught off guard, Gordon's legs buckled, and he fell to one knee. He was

holding Isabella, but as he fell forward, Isabella was thrown away. With the

higher ground, Seth raised his hands and easily caught Isabella.

Isabella felt disoriented. Before she realized it, she was already in Seth's arms.

Surprised, she grabbed Seth's collar.

"Mr. Shaffer," Selena cried, dismayed.

Dariel stepped forward. Before Gordon could stand up, Dariel stood in front of

Seth and put an arm around Gordon's neck. "Calm down, lad."

While Gordon was distracted by Dariel, Seth turned around and entered the elevator with Isabella. Selena tried to follow, but Seth shot her an icy look.

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"You may clock out now," Seth said coldly. He pressed the elevator button.

with the hand he was holding Isabella's waist with. The elevator doors slowly closed, blocking Selena's shocked expression and dashing Isabella's hope of escape.

Isabella was trapped in Seth's arms, and she tensed up. Instead of holding her gently, Seth was more like handling her as if she were a platter. "If you go out holding me like this, the company will still make headlines tomorrow."

Seth didn't even look at her. He said, "Every wealthy man has a scandal or two."

Isabella said nothing and didn't move her arms or legs. Remaining in this awkward position, she let Seth take her downstairs. There were many people working overtime, and Seth walked through the path with the most people around.

Isabella felt her heart pounding as she was stared at, and a hint of color returned to her face. When they finally left the crowd behind, Seth led her to the underground car park. Isabella quickly sat up and reminded Seth, "Paparazzi love staking out car parks."

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Seth gave her a look and sarcastically replied, "What a coincidence. My car loves the car park too."

Isabella's lips twitched, and she stopped feeling nervous. Instead, she decided to go with the flow. She relaxed and leaned closer to Seth's chest. Quietly, she said, "You don't have to keep attacking me, Mr. Shaffer."

Seth frowned. He was going to tell her that she was overthinking things. He

had no time to deal with insignificant people like her.

Isabella continued, "We've been intimate for five years. That counts for something, doesn't it?"

Seth entered the car park. The moment Isabella said those words, Seth heard someone clicking the shutter. His expression darkened, and he headed towards the sound.