

## **I QUIT MR 150**

### Chapter 150

Silence enveloped the car, and the atmosphere grew heavy. Isabella

moistened her lips. Her voice emerged, husky from her parched throat. “No.”

Seth anticipated her response. He warmed up slightly, and he brushed his

fingers across the steering wheel. “I observed your performance throughout

the entire time you were in the conference room.”

1/5

Isabella felt a tremor in her soul. She tried to recall everything she had said

that afternoon. All the things she had said just to spite Angelina now became

her own punishment, biting her in the rear.

“I had no idea you were so... ambitious,” Seth continued mercilessly.

Isabella closed her eyes and opened her mouth, but she couldn’t utter a

word. She didn’t even need to watch the surveillance footage to know that

she had put on a perfect act for Angelina, and everything she had said was

ambitious.

Seth pulled over by the roadside and listed out all of Isabella's actions, tormenting her. "Your resignation and refusal to continue your contract were just a ploy to gain my attention?" He rolled down the window and leisurely rested his hand on the edge. With his other hand, he opened the glovebox and retrieved a packet of cigarettes.

Isabella remained lying on the seat. She could hear Seth smoking, and she could imagine what he looked like. She said nothing, but she felt as if the heat of the cigarette smoke was scorching her skin, burning her. She felt like a young girl who had a crush on a boy, only for her crush to find out about her feelings and reject her.

It felt as if he was saying, "Sorry, we're not a good match."

Even though Isabella was tough, she still couldn't easily resolve this awkward situation. If she told him she had said those things on purpose as a ploy, it

would sound too much like an excuse. No one would believe that, let alone

Seth.

Isabella raised her hand and wiped her face while Seth wasn't looking. She

forced herself to calm down. You have nothing to be afraid of. You've seen

worse. After that pep talk to herself, Isabella slowly got up from her seat. Seth

looked into the rear-view mirror and met her gaze.

Isabella said, "Any woman would kill to be the wife of the company president."

The president's wife... Seth frowned, something stirring in his heart. He

replayed the scene he had witnessed in the afternoon and confirmed that

the conversation explicitly stated Isabella wanted to be Mrs. Shaffer, not just

the president's wife.

"I stayed by your side for five years and tended to your needs every day. I did

everything you told me to and never left you. Even if you were an ordinary

man, it would be hard for me not to fall for you." Isabella tried to be

reasonable and praised Seth to stroke his ego.

Smoke swirled around in the driver's seat. Some light passed through it, but

Seth didn't appear relaxed. Isabella tried to guess what he was thinking, but

all she saw was the back of his head. She could only rely on her intuition. "I

wasn't playing hard to get. Sometimes my mind snaps out of it, you know."

Isabella ruffled her hair, speaking calmly. "You're not going to marry me

anyway, so why are you holding me back?"

Everything else was fake, but the last part was true. Maybe she had some

emotions invested in it, so it sounded genuine. Seth was already annoyed by

her little schemes, and after she said the last part of that sentence, he was

reminded of what Gordon had said in the morning. That idiot wants to marry

Isabella. "You don't want me to hold you back because you think you have