

## **I QUIT MR 157**

### Chapter 157

Seth kept his gaze fixed on Isabella, making it clear that he wouldn't look away until she had finished eating.

Resigned, Isabella grabbed a spoon and began eating the noodles along with the broth.

Although the noodles were completely mushy, the soup was flavorful enough to swallow.

He watched her eat with a scrutinizing look, his eyes roaming from her eyebrows to her lips, and even to her hand holding the spoon.

He rarely hesitated. This woman in front of him met his standards as a lover but not as his wife. Yet, this annoying woman entertained thoughts of

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becoming his wife without any sense.

This realization ignited his annoyance and anger, making his gaze darken.

Upon seeing the change in Seth's expression, Isabella was puzzled. She didn't

understand what had set him off. His temper seemed to have no cause.

She swallowed a spoonful of soup and realized that Seth might be hungry

after being busy all night.

"Mr. Shaffer, should I have some food sent over for you?" After saying that, she

realized it wasn't appropriate, so she changed her statement. "I can manage

here alone. You can go rest."

Seth lifted an eyebrow. "Who told you I'm here just to keep an eye on you?"

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Isabella was speechless.

Damn it! I shouldn't have poked my nose into his business about whether he's

hungry or not!

She bit down on the spoon while reprimanding herself internally.

Work habits were hard to break. She had been like a lapdog to Seth for five

years, so she was habitually concerned about his life and habits. At times, it

was hard to control herself.

Soon after his retort, Seth noticed a trace of remorse in her expression. He

carefully pondered over this emotion and tried to analyze its cause.

"Are you worried about me?" The b\*stard detected something fishy.

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Isabella blushed slightly and tried to explain. "I'm sorry. It's just a work habit

that I can't shake off for now."

Seth's emotions eased a bit as he raised the corner of his lips slightly, his gaze carrying a hint of fascination. He softened his tone and said, "You don't have to change."

She couldn't read this man's mind. She took a sip of soup to calm herself. "I need to change. Otherwise, it won't help in future work."

Seth replied, "Who knows what kind of work you'll do in the future?"

Isabella hesitated and pondered the meaning behind his words but wasn't entirely sure, so she continued to pretend she didn't understand.

He noticed her intention to feign ignorance. His brow furrowed slightly. It was

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not out of anger but rather curiosity. He lazily remarked, "Isabella, the contract I offered you before is still valid."

She tossed the spoon into the bowl of soup and avoided eye contact with

him. "My previous decision stands, and I hope you respect it."

Seth raised his hand and used the back of it to stroke his chin. His gaze was

deep. "Were those five years unpleasant for you?"

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Isabella's expression turned cold. "Everyone in the company knows about our

history. How do you think I should explain it to my future husband?"

Frowning, he asked, "So this is what you're worried about?"

He thought Isabella was making concessions to gain advantages, but he

didn't expect it to be from the perspective of a future husband.

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An odd feeling surged within him. Impatience and annoyance rose without

reason. Images of Isabella and some other man forming a family flashed

through his mind.

“Mr. Shaffer, if you only want a suitable lover, you can easily find another

target.” Isabella suppressed her anger while still staring at the wall opposite

her with an expressionless face. She said, “Selena is more than willing to play