I QUIT MR 16

Chapter 16

Isabella was perched on the edge of the couch, her

head spinning and her body in disarray. She felt like

she was falling apart. A faint, cool scent enveloped

her–Seth's preferred cologne. It used to be alluring,

but now it was overwhelming.

"Miss Symons, Kate has a quick temper. Since I

offended you today, let me offer you a toast. hope

you can forgive her." Harold's tone was gentle as he

reached for a bottle of wine to pour himself a drink.

However, Caitlin interjected angrily, "What are you

apologizing for? It's not your fault."

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"If it's not his fault, is it your fault then?" With

Natasha in his arms, Dariel looked at Caitlin and

spoke as though he were joking.

Caitlin opened her mouth to retort but met Seth's

stern gaze. She shuddered and found herself

unable to speak. In the eyes of her peers, Seth was

like a tyrant from Hell. No one dared to provoke him

unless they were seeking death.

"There's no need for apologies." Isabella got up

from the couch and half–squatted in front of the

coffee table before taking the bottle of wine from
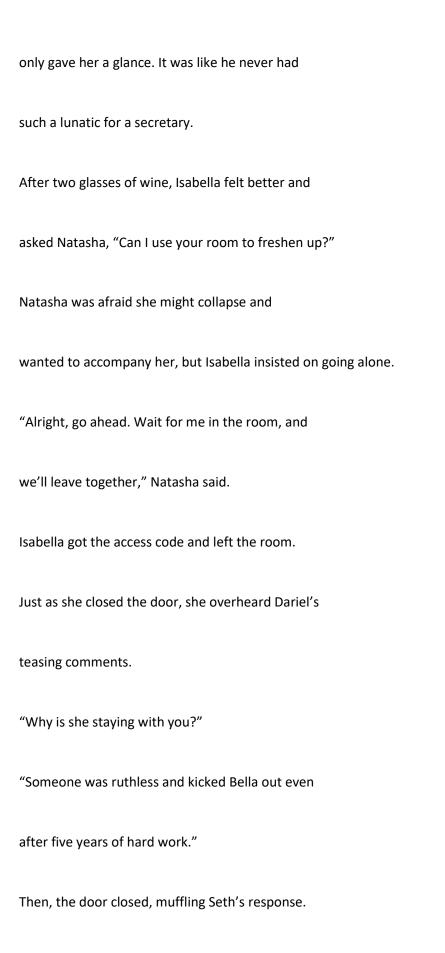
Harold's hand. Her voice was hoarse and

unpleasant to the ears. "It was my fault for standing

in the wrong place and causing Miss Hunter to

misunderstand. I'll make amends with a drink."

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The private room fell into complete silence, with

only the sound of Isabella pouring wine.

Caitlin tried to retort but found herself at a loss for

words. "Who asked you-"

Before Caitlin could finish her sentence, Isabella

had already downed a glass of wine.

"Apologies for the disturbance, everyone. I'll punish

myself with another glass, and let's put this matter

behind us." Isabella poured another glass and

drank it as if it were water.

Harold looked conflicted, wanting to intervene,

while Natasha clenched her fists, and Dariel

chuckled softly.

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only gave her a glance. It was like he never had

such a lunatic for a secretary.

After two glasses of wine, Isabella felt better and

asked Natasha, "Can I use your room to freshen up?"

Natasha was afraid she might collapse and

wanted to accompany her, but Isabella insisted on going alone.

"Alright, go ahead. Wait for me in the room, and

we'll leave together," Natasha said.

Isabella got the access code and left the room.

Just as she closed the door, she overheard Dariel's

teasing comments.

"Why is she staying with you?"

"Someone was ruthless and kicked Bella out even

after five years of hard work."

Then, the door closed, muffling Seth's response.

Isabella leaned against the wall to make her way to

Natasha's room. As the door shut, a heavy silence

settled, and she sank to the floor, her ears still

ringing from the hurtful words piercing her.

She touched her flushed face, trying to calm the

turmoil within her chest. Then, she clutched a

nearby small table, finding a glass on it. A thought flashed through her mind, and she didn't hesitate

to throw the glass, its shattering crash echoing sharply in the still room.

Isabella gasped for breath, her heart pounding. It

took a while for her to regain her composure. She

gave herself a sharp slap to snap out of it, then

pushed off the wall and stumbled into the

bathroom. Without bothering to undress, she

turned on the shower, the cold water drowning out the ringing in her ears. Yet, the voice inside her

head kept taunting her. Oh, Isabella, you'd better

make something of yourself, even if it costs your life. You have to return this beating, one way or

another.

As her racing heart gradually calmed, a numbing

coldness settled in.

Fed up with self–torment, Isabella started to

undress but remembered she had no clean

clothes. She sighed and, without hesitation, walked

back into the dimly lit room, completely naked. Her

intention was to borrow some of Natasha's clothes

temporarily.

While searching through the wardrobe, Seth's face

and indifferent expression flashed in her mind. She

couldn't help but start to mutter, "The Shaffer

Family is full of lunatics. Why don't they have any

physical illnesses? They should have some sort of

genetic disease. That b*stard. I hope he goes

bankrupt tomorrow!"

Her curses provided some relief, but she failed to

notice another presence on the nearby couch. The

man deliberately let out a light chuckle, startling

her. She froze, wide–eyed, staring at the dark

wardrobe.

If I go bankrupt, your two apartments will be gone

too."

Isabella gulped and quickly grabbed a piece of

clothing to put on. Turning her head, she saw Seth

sitting on the couch with his legs crossed.