

## I QUIT MR 17

### Chapter 17

Isabella was accustomed to being humble before Seth, so even though she was only wearing a thin shirt, she still walked up to him. Fortunately, there was a coffee table separating them.

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“You just left me, yet you’re already spreading rumors about me mistreating you?” Seth raised his head slightly and shot her a cold glare.

She clenched her jaw and pretended to be composed while pouring a glass of wine for him.

“It’s just a misunderstanding. Perhaps Mr. Wallace didn’t renew the rent in time, and I had no place to stay, so I stayed with Natasha temporarily.” While

saying that, she avoided his gaze and handed the glass across the coffee table.

Seth shifted his position and leaned against the couch. He rested his elbow on his leg and leaned forward, getting closer to Isabella. Instinctively, she tried to move back, but his firm grip caught her wrist before she could retreat. Flustered, she looked up at him. "Mr. Shaffer—"

Before she could finish her sentence, he suddenly pulled her from the other side of the coffee table.

She instantly found herself on his lap, in an awkward position. She was only in a shirt, and their closeness allowed them to feel each other's body warmth.

Seth didn't make any further moves. Instead, he

held Isabella and rested his chin on her shoulder. “I

heard you did a good deed and told Fiona about

my habits.” His tone remained calm and devoid of

emotion, making it hard to gauge his feelings.

Having spent five years with him, she understood

him well enough. This was his way of expressing

dissatisfaction, with a subtle hint of warning.

She stayed still, staring at the coffee table before

her, and replied calmly, “Your stomach hasn’t been

in good shape lately. Skipping meals affects your

work. And relaying my job responsibilities is part of

my duty.”

“You’re quite dedicated,” Seth commented with a

hint of sarcasm. Suddenly, he reached out, brushed

Isabella's hair aside, and gently touched her cheek, tracing over the area where she had been slapped.

His movements were gentle, but she couldn't shake off a sense of unease. Each touch seemed to send tingles and goosebumps across her skin.

"You're so dedicated and patient that you can even

endure being slapped," he continued, listing her

qualities as though he were genuinely praising her.

Then, his tone shifted. "Women like you excel in

selling cars and houses."

She tightened her fists and was baffled by his

words.

"Have you managed to sell a car?" he inquired.

Taking a deep breath, Isabella responded, "I've sold

just one car." She couldn't quite grasp his

intentions. She wondered if he was probing her

performance, perhaps concerned that she was

excelling and wanted to make things more

challenging.

“Just one? What can you do with that meager commission?” Seth’s voice carried a somber tone

laced with an unusual undertone.

She felt his voice as if it were a feather, lightly

brushing over every sensitive spot on her body,

causing her to tremble uncontrollably.

As she drifted into a daze, he took a strand of her

hair and used it to graze her cheek. “Do you need

my help?”

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Suddenly, a chord in Isabella’s mind quivered. A

familiar scene from five years ago flashed before

Isabella’s eyes, similar to the present but in the

past. She was inexperienced and had been

transferred to the president's secretarial office

without explanation. For some unknown reason,

she had been bullied, and Seth had seemed to

appear out of nowhere, asking her in the same soft voice, "Do you need my help?"

As that voice echoed in her ears, she shuddered,

and almost as if being electrocuted, she escaped

from his embrace.