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.

1/6

"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.

composed while pouring a glass of wine for him.

She clenched her jaw and pretended to be

"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.

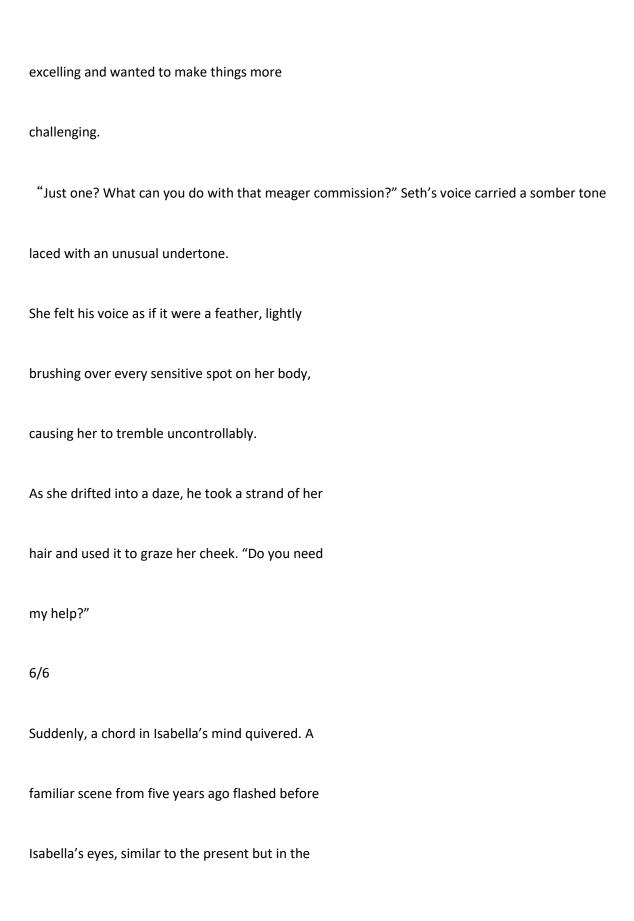
"Have you managed to sell a car?" he inquired.

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



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.