

## **I QUIT MR 18**

### Chapter 18

Seth had initially used his foot to hold Isabella in place. However, when she suddenly stood up, she stumbled over him and tumbled over. The shirt she wore only covered up to her thighs, so when she fell forward, more of her body was exposed.

Retracting his leg, he leaned back against the couch and unabashedly gazed at her. However, he remained unrelenting in his tone. "What's the meaning of this? Are you persuading me to help you by offering certain benefits in advance?"

Her face was burning, and she quickly got up from the ground. She stood upright in front of the coffee table. "No—"

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“No?” He let out a light chuckle and glanced at her.

“Then, what is it?”

“I’m no longer your secretary but an ordinary employee at Shaffer Group, so I shouldn’t receive special treatment.” Isabella managed to force out the words from her dry throat, word by word.

“Please don’t trouble yourself on my behalf.”

Meanwhile, Seth’s gaze remained fixed on her face, tracing from her flushed cheeks to slightly pale lips.

Suddenly, he turned his head and spoke in a tone devoid of warmth. “It appears you’ve developed some backbone.”

She wisely chose not to argue, as confronting the

tyrant head-on would be unwise. Patience was her best strategy when dealing with him.

“You mentioned handing over your work, right?”

Seth fell silent momentarily, seemingly thinking of another way to tease her.

Furrowing her brows, Isabella cautiously replied,

“Yes, I’ll pass on my work notes from the past few years to Fiona. I’ll ensure there are no mistakes in your day-to-day activities.”

“Do you think she can handle the tasks you do?”

The man’s body leaned forward slightly as he looked at the woman beside him with a smile that didn’t reach his eyes.

Isabella wondered if he still desired a “personal”

secretary to manage his intimate affairs. She

silently cursed him for being driven solely by his sexual desires but maintained her calm exterior.

“Mr. Shaffer, among the six secretaries in your office, four have boyfriends, and the other two have more exciting love lives and personal matters than you do.” She lifted her head, a smile playing at the corner of her lips. “Who do you think would be suitable for the job?”

Seth resumed his expressionless demeanor, calmly remarking, “Even if they had no romantic entanglements, I wouldn’t be interested in them.”

After hearing that, she took a deep breath. “Then, you should consider hiring a new executive secretary.”

“I already have,” he replied calmly as if discussing the weather.

However, she briefly felt a wave of suffocation,

though it passed so quickly that she barely noticed

1. it. All she experienced was a momentary daze.

Seth studied Isabella, catching a fleeting glint of determination in her eyes. Suddenly, he felt a

mischievous thrill. "How about this? Since you have

the experience, I'll let you handle tomorrow's

interviews."

"Me?" She was astonished.

He nodded, and his eyes narrowed slightly. "You've

been with me for five years, so you know best what

kind of secretary would suit me. It couldn't be more

fitting for you to choose one for me."

As soon as she heard that, she cursed inwardly,

B\*stard. She would have cussed him out loud if she

hadn't gripped the hem of her clothes. Letting his

former mistress select his new one—only he could

come up with such an idea. Then, she maintained

her composure and spoke honestly. “I have home

and work matters to attend to.”

“That’s something you’ll need to consider.” Once he

finished speaking, he stood up, hands in his

pockets, expressing clearly that he wouldn’t

tolerate nonsense. Then, he strode out and said,

“Tomorrow, 9.00AM. Don’t keep everyone waiting for  
you,”

In the meantime, Isabella remained crouched, her

feet feeling numb. Seth’s words had stunned her so much that she hadn’t even remembered to stand

1. up. After all, she had already resigned, so why should she work for him for free?