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-"

"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

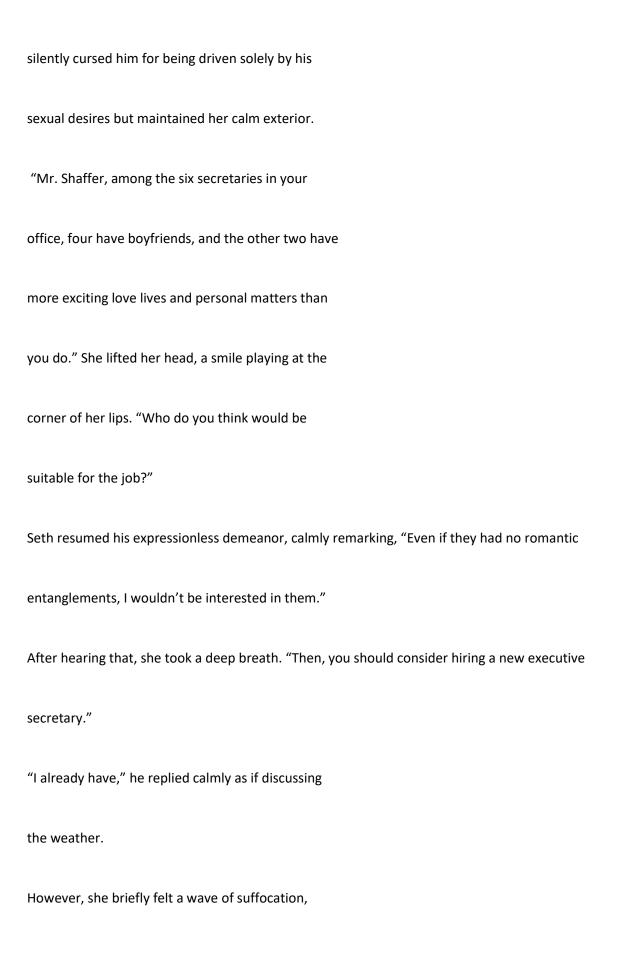
devoid of warmth. "It appears you've developed

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





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?