

I QUIT MR 186

Chapter 186

Seth had been gone for a while, leaving Isabella alone in the room. She maintained the same posture since the servant had left. It was noon when she heard the sound of the gate opening and a car driving in. The bright light shone through the curtains, causing Isabella to raise her hand to shield her eyes. As she moved slightly, she realized her whole body was numb.

Footsteps approached from outside, and Isabella attempted to stand up.

However, her knees gave out, and she fell onto the carpet.

Click!

At that moment, the door opened, and a tall figure blocked the doorway. The light cast a shadow over half of Seth's face. He pursed his lips together as he glanced indifferently at Isabella. Chills ran down her spine.

Seth entered the room and slammed the door behind him.

The loud commotion weighed heavily on Isabella's heart. Despite the

numbness, she gritted her teeth and forced herself to stand.

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Seth loosened his tie, tossed his coat onto the couch, walked to the bar, and poured himself a glass of ice water. Frustrated and having consumed a lot of alcohol, his body was heated.

Isabella stood in front of the couch, mustering the courage to explain. Seth put the glass on the marble surface with a loud thud and took a deep breath with his eyes closed.

“I remember warning you when you joined the company five years ago. Don’t overestimate yourself. I dislike women who try to act smart!” His voice was cold, and each word pierced into Isabella’s vulnerable heart.

Isabella clenched her hands and said, “Mr. Shaffer.”

“Not only did you act smart, but you also left traces. Are you trying to get yourself killed?” Seth turned around and said intimidatingly as he slowly approached Isabella.

The air around Isabella felt thin. She realized where the problem lay. She shouldn't have taken Gordon to the hotel immediately after Molly handled things yesterday. They would quickly find evidence of her actions as soon as they investigated Andy, so it was no surprise that she was a suspect.

Seth stood before her, intimidating her with his height. "You should be grateful that Nemotors is ruthless and wants you dead. If he weren't ruthless and wanted someone to teach you a lesson, you wouldn't have gotten away so easily!" He towered over her and said in a low voice, "Do you know what those people would do to a busybody like you?"

He was so close that Isabella could feel their breaths intertwining. However, there was no hint of intimacy. Instead, fear gradually turned into pressure.

Beads of sweat formed on her forehead as she thought about it.

“In order to save a foolish woman like you, I almost messed up today’s plan.”

Seth stared at her expression and emphasized each word coldly. Gradually,

his anger disappeared.

Isabella bit her lip and was unable to speak in the face of Seth’s blunt words.

This time, she had indeed been too impulsive, underestimating the ruthless

nature of people in business.

“I’m sorry...”

“How much is your apology worth?” Seth interrupted her, displeased. He

continued to lecture her. “I thought you would have learned your lesson when