

I QUIT MR 189

Chapter 189

Isabella stood frozen as a pen came flying straight at her. She braced herself to be hit, but Jordan quickly pulled her away, frowning in concern.

The pen crashed to the ground, breaking in two from the force with which Seth had thrown it.

Isabella's heart raced, and she felt a lump in her throat. She hesitated to enter the room. Jordan stood by her side and spoke through the crack in the door, "Mr. Shaffer, Miss Symons is worried about your injury and has come to see you."

Isabella bit her lip, looking at Jordan with a complicated expression. His words -implied that she was deeply concerned about Seth.

There was no response from inside the study. At least nothing else was thrown out, even though he didn't agree.

Jordan looked at Isabella and whispered, "Please."

Isabella clutched the medicine box tightly and cautiously entered the room.

The chandelier above illuminated the room, making it almost as bright as

day. The room had multiple levels, and Seth was seated on a higher level. As

Isabella walked in, she couldn't help but feel a sense of being looked down

upon.

Seth had his chair turned away, so she couldn't see his expression.

"Mr. Shaffer?"

No response.

Isabella sighed and placed the medicine box down. She took out an

anti-swelling spray and nervously climbed the stairs.

Seth sat with his legs crossed, his brow furrowed and his eyes tightly shut. He

showed no intention of opening them. Isabella let out a breath, thinking it

might be best if he didn't open his eyes. She didn't want to meet his gaze

right now either.

-Holding the spray, she approached Seth and said softly, "I'm going to apply

some medicine for you.”

He pursed his lips, visibly upset, but still didn’t react.

Isabella took a deep breath and leaned forward, attempting to brush his hair away.

However, as soon as she reached out, Seth abruptly opened his eyes and grabbed her wrist. Isabella yelped in surprise, met with his chilling gaze.

“Just a moment ago, you didn’t want me to touch you. Yet, now you’re trying to provoke me?” he scoffed, swatting her hand away.

His grip was so strong that Isabella staggered backward, She rotated her wrist, silently enduring the pain. Looking into his eyes, she gathered her

-courage and said, “I didn’t mean to offend you. Let me apply the medicine to your wounds, and then we can talk. Please?”.

“Talk?” Seth chuckled, his tone blunt. “Do you have anything to offer? You think you have leverage because I played along with your games a few times?

You know deep down that you're the only bargaining chip you have. I'm interested in you, and that's why you have any say in my world. Otherwise, what could you possibly have that's worth my time?"

Isabella stood her ground, gritting her teeth, telling herself not to act impulsively. Compared to his hurtful words, the slap she received earlier was nothing. His words felt like a double slap to her face, making her cheeks burn. She took a deep breath, suppressing her overwhelming sense of grievance, and approached Seth, stubbornly reaching out her hand.

"Let me treat your wounds first."

Seth frowned, casting a cold gaze at her. The hurtful words he had planned to say took a detour.

Isabella gently brushed aside his hair and sprayed the bruise twice before gently massaging his forehead.

He clicked his tongue in annoyance, unable to bear it any longer. He grabbed her wrist and forcefully pulled her into his embrace.

