

## **I QUIT MR 208**

### Chapter 208

Isabella stood in the corridor, clutching her purse, and took a deep breath of fresh air before making her way to the front door where Jordan was waiting. She greeted him with a smile, "Good evening."

Jordan replied, "Good evening."

Without further conversation, Isabella squinted as she attempted to enter her password, but failed multiple times. Growing anxious, she knocked on the door repeatedly and muttered under her breath.

Concerned, Jordan gulped and carefully grabbed her sleeve, pressing her fingerprint onto the scanner.

Beep.

The door opened, and Isabella giggled, patting the door, "Good boy..." With that, she promptly took off her shoes and entered the house.

Observing her condition, Jordan hesitated for a moment before deciding to call Seth,

was

Five minutes later, Isabella sat on the couch, looking at the man who had suddenly appeared before her. Her face was flushed, and she kept opening and closing her mouth like a goldfish, appearing rather foolish.

Detecting the strong scent of alcohol, Seth furrowed his brows. Nonchalantly, he removed his coat and attempted to bypass the peculiar sight on the couch to go straight to his room. However, Isabella unexpectedly stretched out her foot, blocking his path.

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Seth's expression darkened, and he coldly remarked, "Stop pretending to be drunk."

Isabella stood up and smacked him on the back of his head. Stunned, he stared at her, completely taken aback. She simply sat back down, her expression serious as she pursed her lips. "I don't know what's wrong with you. Is this your first day at work? Don't you know how to greet people?"

Seth questioned, "What on earth are you talking about?" His brain felt like it had

short-circuited. He could have stayed at the villa tonight, but he suddenly thought of this woman's first day at work and wanted to inquire about the specifics, only to find himself in this bizarre situation.

Isabella felt that this man was being unreasonable. With a sigh, she reached out and grabbed his tie, pulling it forcefully.

Caught off guard, Seth, who was standing in front of her, was pulled towards her. Just in time, he bent his knee and knelt on the couch beside her.

Their eyes met, and their breaths intertwined. His body tensed slightly, his gaze fixated on the woman's lips. Although there's a hint of alcohol, I can still taste them...

"Call me the president of the company!" Isabella exclaimed, stunning Seth. The emotions that had just arisen were instantly doused with a bucket of cold water.

His mouth twitched. "What?"

Isabella toyed with his tie, giggling foolishly for a while. She seemed to recall something amusing and pulled him closer to her. They were in close proximity, and he could hear

her breathing.

She leaned in, resting her forehead on his shoulder, and whispered, emphasizing each word, “I, Isabella Symons, am the President of Nemotors!”

Her tone was filled with pride, and Seth’s forehead twitched. This woman is indeed coveting my... position! He lowered his head, gazing at the giggling woman, and asked coldly, “Are you enjoying being the president?”

Isabella pouted and, as if she suddenly remembered something, sighed, releasing his tie. Seth raised an eyebrow, suspecting that she must have encountered some difficulties and was likely to complain to him. Thus, he removed his tie and sat beside her.

Isabella, who had been quite friendly with him moments ago, suddenly moved away, turning her back to him and gazing at the moon outside the floor-to-ceiling window.

She opened her mouth, murmuring something.

Composing himself, Seth leaned in to eavesdrop. Isabella was serious, reciting, “Dear