

I QUIT MR 209

Chapter 209

Late at night, Isabella stood on a chair in front of the floor-to-ceiling window, delivering her inauguration speech with great passion. The only audience, Seth, remained expressionless and on the verge of a mental breakdown. Although he didn't have the heart to accompany Isabella in her antics, every time he showed signs of leaving, she would immediately grab him-either hugging his leg or locking his throat-and if all else failed, she would bite him.

Two hours passed, and she was still not finished. She began with the current state of the company and presented a hundred-year plan, speaking seriously and showing no signs of drunkenness. Seth didn't know that this woman had a dream of making Nemotors the number-one company in the world.

In the middle of her speech, he coldly interrupted, "If Nemotors is so successful, what about the Shaffer Group?"

Her speech was abruptly interrupted, and she put her hands on the back of the chair,

not caring that she was standing on it, and put her weight on the back of the chair, causing it to fall forward. Her eyes widened, her brain froze, and she even forgot to scream.

Sitting in front of her, Seth rushed over and stabilized the chair just in time. "Get down!"

Unaware of the danger, Isabella waved her hand and smacked her lips. "Seth, that's a good question."

Seth took a breath. "You..."

Isabella clapped her hands, her tone excited as she said, "How about we acquire the Shaffer Group?"

Bewildered, Seth sneered to himself, What an ambitious idea. Rubbing his forehead, he pulled the drunken woman off the chair and sat her down before she could struggle.

"You... Sit and talk!"

Isabella laughed, seeming very satisfied. "Seth, you're very competent."

Seth snorted.

"When I acquire the Shaffer Group, I'll hire you as my chief of staff," she promised.

Seth held his belt with both hands, about to laugh out loud. This woman not only covets my position but also fantasizes about swapping roles with me. Have I been too oppressive over the years? Does it explain why her thoughts are so rebellious?

Isabella's face was still flushed, and her breath reeked of alcohol. She looked up at him and found that he didn't seem very happy. Patting his arm, she said, "Don't worry. You only need to focus on your work as my chief of staff."

Seth glanced at her, trying to decipher the deeper meaning in her words. Then, she added, "I won't be unfaithful or cheat on you. Although you are handsome, you are safe with me." She gave him a wink. "Are you moved?"

Speechless, he finally understood what she meant; this woman was mocking him, accusing him of cheating on her and complaining about him being unfaithful. However, other than these two points, he had no argument. Taking a deep breath, he looked down at the woman beside him. "Get up, go back to your room, and sleep."

Isabella pouted, patting her stomach. "No, there's still a problem to solve."

Seth frowned. "It's not possible to make a company strong overnight. Can you try harder tomorrow?"

Isabella looked up, her expression serious. "But if I starve to death, I won't see tomorrow."

His gaze shifted down to her abdomen, realizing what she meant by the problem. In the middle of the night, where was he supposed to find food for her? If he woke up his subordinates to make a fuss, he wouldn't be able to sleep tonight. "For the sake of the big picture, Miss Symons, you've got to bear with it."

Isabella shook her head, unwilling to compromise. "I can't do it."

"You won't be hungry once you fall asleep."

"Dying of hunger in a dream... Indeed, I won't feel hungry then." Isabella pursed her lips, her thinking clear.

Suspiciously, he leaned over, sniffing the air next to her face. The smell of alcohol was