

I QUIT MR 211

Chapter 211

Seth was not one to engage in self-reflection or harbor sympathy for the world. After a brief moment of guilt, he found a way to make it up to Isabella, and the slight negativity in his heart dissipated like smoke.

Isabella knelt on the floor, muttering to herself for a while, her voice growing softer and softer.

Seizing the opportunity, Seth gently guided her to the couch and covered her with a blanket. Once he was certain Isabella was asleep, he headed upstairs.

Isabella slept in the living room, experiencing fluctuations between cold and hot temperatures. The cold eventually woke her as morning approached.

With a pounding headache from the previous night's drinking, she sat on the couch for a while, attempting to recover.

The living room chairs were in disarray, but the floor seemed clean, showing no signs of being vomited on.

Isabella sighed in relief. This was Seth's house. If I vomited, I guess even the floor would be thoroughly cleaned.

Although Isabella could vaguely recall that something had happened the night before, she couldn't remember Seth being home.

After dragging the blanket upstairs, she went back to sleep, entering a realm of chaotic dreams with a complicated plot.

At eight o'clock in the morning, the alarm clock vibrated continuously.

Isabella, with a splitting headache, sat up to clear her mind.

She leisurely went to wash up, but midway through, she straightened up, feeling discomfort in her stomach.

Have I upset my stomach by drinking too much last night?

Sighing, she asked her secretary, Phoebe, to prepare some stomach medicine even before reaching the office. The benefits of having a secretary were fully demonstrated.

However, when she descended the stairs, the sight before her eyes was shocking.

As she rubbed her eyes in disbelief, Isabella suspected she was dreaming.

On the long dining table, a lavish spread of breakfast options from various countries

adorned from end to end.

Isabella's first thought was that Seth was at home. She became nervous, hesitating to

enter Seth's territory.

"Mr. Shaffer?"

No response.

Isabella knocked on the door of Seth's study but did not receive any answer.

There was no one in the house but her.

As she felt perplexed, she promptly called Jordan.

"You can enjoy it with ease. It's Mr. Shaffer's recognition of your work. I hope you enjoy

your meal."

Isabella was left momentarily stunned. What?

Just yesterday, she was reprimanded by Jordan for having lunch with Gordon. She was

taken aback by Jordan's sudden recognition of her work.

If it weren't for the tempting aroma of the food, she might have suspected it was . poisoned.

With an uncomfortable stomach, she packed two pastries and glanced regretfully at the table filled with food. What a pity; it is rare for Seth to be so considerate.

As she realized she was about to run late, she swiftly headed to the parking lot with her breakfast and drove to her office.

On the way, she tried to recall the events of the previous night, but her mind was blank.

There was nothing, and the occasional fragments couldn't be connected.

Upon arriving at the office, Phoebe had already prepared the medicine and reminded

Isabella, "The board of directors meeting is scheduled for 10 a.m."

After checking the time, Isabella responded, "I got it. Thank you for your hard work."

Phoebe nodded politely and left.

After taking the medicine, Isabella ensured she was well-prepared for the meeting. With some time to spare, she took out her breakfast and enjoyed it slowly.

While scrolling through her phone, she came across news about Seth.

Shaffer Group had just obtained the mining concession. Every move was under the national spotlight. Naturally, Seth became the target of paparazzi.

In the picture, he stepped out of a black Bentley with Selena carrying his briefcase before a group of people marched into the building.

There were a few comments under the article-either praising him or speculating about his relationships.

Isabella curled her lips, filtered out the unnecessary thoughts, stuffed the last piece of pastry into her mouth, and got to work!

The members of the board of directors were different from the executives she dealt