

## **I QUIT MR 213**

### Chapter 213

Isabella, who was feeling triumphant, suddenly found herself approached by a young boy, which made her very uncomfortable.

“Miss, your skin is so beautiful. How do you take care of it?”

“Miss, your hair is so silky. I love it!”

“I want to give you a kiss, Miss!”

Isabella felt her temples throbbing. As the young boy leaned in, she turned her face away and slapped him.

“Miss, you’re so heartless.”

Isabella was speechless. She swallowed and turned her head to look at Seth, who was sitting on the couch at the back.

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Seth put down the magazine he was reading, stood up with one hand in his pocket, and leisurely walked toward her.

Isabella sat in front of the mirror. As long as her eyebrows were raised, she would be unable to see Seth's face.

From her angle, she could see Seth raise his hand and gently lift a strand of her hair.

He said, "Make her hair curly."

"Mr. Shaffer, you have a good eye. She is perfect for a sexy style."

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Isabella heard Seth hum in agreement. Upon careful consideration, she detected a hint of warmth. She understood his suggestion and couldn't help but blush.

After being entangled for five years, Seth was familiar with every detail of her. He certainly knew what style suited her best.

She didn't dare to make any rash moves and remained aloof as the stylist did the work.

Celine didn't appear at first, and Isabella thought she must be busy. But when she came out after washing her hair, she saw Seth sitting on the couch talking to a woman.

The woman was elegantly dressed, and when she turned her head, Isabella recognized her as Celine.

“Miss Symons, it’s been a while.”

Isabella nodded politely. “Hello.”

Celine crossed her arms, wearing high heels and exuding a noble temperament. She walked around Isabella. “Seth has good taste. The dress he asked me to choose for you is tailor-made.”

Isabella was momentarily stunned and looked in Seth’s direction.

He was sitting on the couch, facing sideways to Isabella. He didn’t even glance over when he heard Celine’s words but simply picked up his coffee and took a sip.

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Not receiving a response, Isabella wisely smiled at Celine. “Thank you for your help.”

Celine shrugged. She walked over and put her arm around Isabella’s shoulder. “Poor thing. God has burdened you with a heavy task.”

Isabella didn’t understand the meaning behind her words and felt a little confused.

Celine didn’t elaborate further. She took Isabella to sit in the styling room, instructed the

staff to prepare the necessary items, and intended to do Isabella's styling herself.

Isabella felt flattered and a little unsure. "Miss Cline, you don't have to do it yourself."

Celine smiled. She reached out and touched Isabella's face. "Don't be nervous. I often

do styling for others."

She put her arm around Isabella's shoulder, leaned in, and looked at Isabella in the

mirror. "And for a stylist, a beauty like you is a godsend."

Isabella still felt embarrassed. Her mouth went dry, and she couldn't find the right

words to say.

"Don't be nervous; let's just be friends. You've recently been promoted to the executive

director of Nemotors, so let me style you as a gift."

Isabella was even more surprised. She opened her mouth and asked, "How did you

know?"

"Nemotors isn't just any ordinary company. There would naturally be some buzz when

the executive director changes." Celine laughed.

Isabella touched her face and sighed. "Thank you."

Celine shook her head, leaned in again to look at Isabella's face, and marveled at her

beauty. "Being beautiful is a wonderful thing, but it can also be troublesome at times."