

I QUIT MR 214

Chapter 214

Celine gestured for silence, putting her finger to her lips.

“There’s a surprise, don’t ask yet,” she said.

Isabella chuckled dryly, skeptical about Seth having a surprise. She would be content if there were no shocks.

She obediently sat there, enduring the manipulation by the group for a full three hours, nearly falling asleep.

Outside the glass door, Seth remained busy, constantly making and receiving calls.

When Isabella emerged after changing into her dress, a chorus of praises surrounded her. Even Celine couldn’t resist complimenting her.

“She’s a real model.” Celine then nudged Isabella and nodded toward Seth. “Go and show him.”

Isabella hesitated, suggesting, “Maybe I should...”

“Go ahead,” Celine insisted, pushing Isabella out of the dressing room.

As Seth finished his call and looked up, he beheld Isabella in a striking red dress.

Her hair was elegantly curled into waves, and her makeup exuded a vintage style.

Alongside the red dress, she wore black gloves, presenting a combination of nobility and seduction.

Satisfied with his own taste, Seth raised his hand and instructed, "Turn around."

Isabella, used to following his orders, didn't give it much thought and spun around on the spot.

But as soon as she finished, she noticed Seth frowning and rising from his chair.

He walked over and inspected her back.

Instinctively, Isabella covered her bare back as it was exposed with only a few red strings.

Celine came out, sensing trouble. She raised her eyebrow and asked Seth, "Is there a problem?"

Seth glanced at Isabella and said, "Get her a cloak."

"A cloak?" Celine disagreed, twirling Isabella around. "She's so sexy; what's the point of

adding a cloak?"

Seth responded, "It's enough that I can see."

Isabella blushed. Celine sighed, "Then why don't you just put your coat on her later?"

Seth retorted, "It's late at night; won't I be cold?"

Celine was left speechless. She expressed exasperation, crossing her arms. "I don't care. I'm not giving out cloaks here. It's absolutely not allowed to disrespect art."

Seth's eyebrows knitted together instantly.

Isabella, standing on the side, interjected, "I can wear my own coat when I go out."

Celine emphatically said, "No!"

She walked over, hugged Isabella's shoulders, and deliberately said, "He's not your boyfriend. Who cares about him? Wear whatever you want."

Isabella muttered quietly, feeling overwhelmed, "He's not my boyfriend; he's my benefactor."

Celine laughed and winked at Seth. "You figure it out. Either you take off your coat, or