

I QUIT MR 233

Chapter 233

The hallway was silent as Selena softly, yet distinctly, spoke her words.

Seated in her chair, Isabella felt as though what she had just heard might be a figment of her imagination. "What did you say?"

Selena chuckled, her voice carrying a tinge of vindictive satisfaction. "Didn't you hear me clearly?"

Isabella froze, momentarily uncertain of how to react. Instinctively, she believed that Selena was lying, unable to believe that Seth could be so careless.

Despite her thoughts, her hand resting on the chair slowly clenched into a fist.

"I'll arrange for someone to take you to the hospital for a check-up." The words escaped her mouth, but her mind was reeling in shock,

Isabella tried to stand but found her legs numb, blood having rushed to her feet upon hearing Selena's words.

Selena laughed triumphantly, staggering toward her bedroom. Her tear-stained face

glistened as she retrieved something from her bedside table and flung it at Isabella's

feet in a fit of madness. "Take a look."

Isabella shifted her gaze downward, landing on the laboratory report at her feet.

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She didn't understand the data, but the few words on the doctor's orders were clear-confirmed pregnancy.

Selena leaned against the wall, disregarding her appearance, provocatively watching

Isabella's overly composed face.

"Go tell Seth that I'm pregnant. Ask him what he plans to do."

Isabella couldn't express what she was feeling. She felt her chest weigh heavily. While

maintaining a calm demeanor, she picked up the items from the floor.

She stood up, pushed the chair aside, and headed downstairs.

Selena stood in the corridor, shouting downstairs, "I won't abort the child; I will give birth."

Isabella took a deep breath. Without looking at the bodyguard, she coldly said, "Keep an

eye on her.”

Upon hearing certain keywords, the bodyguard understood the situation and could only agree.

Isabella, clutching the items in her hands, stood at the doorway, vigorously wiped her face, and closed her eyes to calm herself.

This is strictly his matter. I am just his assistant, no longer his ‘personal secretary.’ I shouldn’t ask or think too much.

She reminded herself. With hands on her hips, she forcefully swallowed. As she looked up again, she forced a fake smile onto her face.

She walked briskly toward the car but didn’t let the bodyguard drive.

She called Seth to ask how to handle the situation.

At the hospital, Seth watched as Ellie, sweating profusely, searched for files. His inexplicable anger surged. Where is Isabella at such a crucial time?

Just as he was about to lose his temper, his phone on the bedside table rang.

Jordan swiftly handed the phone over.

Isabella's name flashed on the screen. Seth answered the call with an unpleasant expression. "Where the hell have you been?"

Isabella was taken aback and remained silent.

There was no response from the other end. Seth frowned, considering that his tone might have startled Isabella.

Just as he was about to speak, Isabella's calm and mechanical voice cut through.

"Mr. Shaffer, Selena is pregnant."

Seth's eyes turned cold, his lips pressing into an unusual curve. He didn't respond immediately.

Isabella asked, "What do you plan to do?"

Her tone was overly formal, just like when she was his secretary.

Seth had an instinctive aversion to such a voice, and his tone followed suit. "She's pregnant, and whether she keeps it or not is her business. What's the use of asking me?"

Silence prevailed on the other end.

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Growing increasingly displeased, Seth snapped, "Stop wasting time over there. Leave