

I QUIT MR 237

Chapter 237

At three o'clock in the afternoon, another shocking piece of news made headlines. A nurse from a hospital revealed that a woman, suspected to be the executive director's secretary of the Shaffer Group, had visited their hospital and was confirmed to be pregnant. Surprisingly, the woman was not Selena.

This revelation caused a frenzy among netizens, who eagerly engaged in wild speculations.

"Mr. Shaffer has complete control over all the secretaries in his office."

"Wow! He's spreading his seed."

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"No wonder B*tch Symons personally delivered the abortion package. She was clearing the path for her own child."

"I would venture to guess that the pregnant woman is B*tch Symons."

Amidst the chaos online, Isabella remained calm in the hospital room, scrolling through

her phone and observing the anticipated public outrage.

Seth sat with his arms crossed, unable to hide his sneer. "You're deliberately tarnishing your own reputation. Aren't you concerned that someone might expose our inappropriate relationship?"

Isabella took a deep breath and put away her phone. "The smartest way to deco mix truth with falsehood."

She smiled slightly and added, "The public only pays attention to negative news. Even there is clarification, most people will choose to ignore it. Whether you got Selenal pregnant or not is not important. What matters is changing the direction of public opinion."

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Seth snorted coldly, turning his face away in displeasure. "Stop smiling at me. Your hypocritical face annoys me."

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Isabella maintained her smile but sneered inwardly. Am I being hypocritical? Where is

your nobility? Someone who arbitrarily decides the life and death of their own child has no right to call others hypocrites.

“Mr. Shaffer, Selena is in the hands of the Zimmers, and she’s pregnant,” Isabella said.

Seth furrowed his brow, thinking that Isabella must have lost her mind.

“She has caused so much trouble. Do you expect me to care about the child in her womb?”

Isabella felt a pang in her chest, unable to describe the feeling. She took a breath. “The child is innocent. It’s a life!”

Seth glanced at her with cold eyes, as if looking at a fool. “I didn’t expect you to be a saint.”

Isabella gritted her teeth and remained silent. It’s hopeless. He doesn’t care about his child at all.

Isabella turned her head, picked up the tablet on the coffee table, and walked out with a cold expression. “I’m going to find a nurse to change your medication.”

Seth didn’t understand her mood and was very annoyed. “Could changing medication

really kill you?"

Isabella walked to the door, suddenly turned around, and said in a low voice, "I'm clumsy. If my hand shakes, I might accidentally kill you."

Seth was momentarily stunned.

He was completely confused, watching Isabella open the door and leave. His face filled with disbelief.

When the door closed, he realized what had happened and became so angry that he laughed.

Indeed, I have been too good to her recently, spoiling her to the point where she dares to say anything. Once this matter is over, we will settle the score!

Seth's face turned pale with anger. But the phone on the bedside table suddenly vibrated violently.

He turned around in annoyance, glanced at the caller, and was somewhat reluctant to answer,

“Hello-”

“Seth, I saw the news.”

“Do you want to give me several adorable grandchildren all at once?”

Seth said, “You’re overthinking.”

Erin sighed. “I am still young and not ready to be a grandma yet.”

Seth remained silent.

It was five o’clock in the evening-close to dinner time and the scheduled press

conference by the Shaffer Group. The audience was eager to indulge in the gossip.

She had made special adjustments to her abdomen, making it appear slightly

protruding.

Surprisingly, Seth sat on the bed in a better mood and playfully teased Isabella, “If your

were pregnant, you would definitely not look your best.”

Isabella remained unfazed as she gently patted her belly, but her emotions were mixed.

I I would definitely prioritize the well-being of my child.”

Her tone remained calm, yet carried an underlying message. "I would never be like someone who treats their own children casually."

Seth furrowed his brows, unable to grasp the sarcasm in her tone.

Isabella chose not to explain further. As she prepared to leave, her phone suddenly rang.

After answering the call, an excited voice came from the other end. "Isabella! What's happening? Are you carrying Seth's child? Damn! I just woke up from a nap, and now there's all this commotion! That guy is no good. Do you finally believe me? He got you pregnant, and now he definitely has no intention of taking responsibility!"

Isabella's mouth twitched. She looked up and met Seth's expressionless gaze. She smiled faintly. "Mr. Shaffer, please disregard that."

Seth responded with a puzzled "Huh-"

"Isabella!" The person on the other end of the phone continued to yell.

Isabella felt helpless and lowered the volume. "Gordon, it's not what you think."

"Then what is it?"

“I’m not pregnant.”

Gordon exclaimed, “Did you already have an abortion?!”

Isabella was speechless.

Seth remarked, “Seems like he was ready to help you raise the child.”

Holding the receiver, Isabella responded sarcastically, “Yes, he’s so concerned about a child that isn’t even his.”