

## **I QUIT MR 246**

### Chapter 246 Cinderella And Her Glass Slipper

Isabella followed behind Natasha, whispering, "Seth is here too?"

Natasha clicked her tongue. "Your intuition is right on point."

Isabella felt a sinking feeling in her heart, even considering the idea of escaping. She turned her head and noticed a group of people behind her, with even Gordon engrossed in Leonard's conversation.

"I was just saying that lunch would be less lively with fewer people, but now, it's quite the opposite." Leonard welcomed everyone inside, generously opening bottles of wine.

A skilled chef on the boat was sending out food carts one after another.

Caitlin sat down, observed Isabella talking to Natasha, thought about Seth's back injury, and couldn't help but feel slightly annoyed. "Hey, Isabella. Go upstairs and fetch Seth."

Her tone was commanding, as if she were ordering a servant. Moreover, everyone knew that Isabella had some connection with Seth, so all eyes were on her.

"Bella, go upstairs quickly. Mr. Shaffer hasn't eaten anything all morning. I heard his

back is in severe pain.” Dariel chimed in with a mocking tone.

Isabella didn’t look too good. Just as Gordon was about to explode, Natasha spoke up

first. “Doesn’t he have legs? Does Bella have to escort him?” She didn’t care about

Dariel’s mockery and gave Caitlin a sideways glance. “If you’re so concerned about your

brother, summon him yourself. I’ve seen you playing all morning, but I haven’t seen you

worrying about your ‘seriously ill’ brother.”

“You!” Caitlin jumped up, her face flushed red. Just as she was about to retort, her gaze

shifted upwards, and her expression changed. “Seth!”

The man, dressed in loose clothes with one hand in his pocket, descended the stairs

step by step, his handsome face displaying a frosty expression. “Who’s the idiot driving

the boat?”

Everyone burst into laughter.

Caitlin bit her lip. “It’s... my first time!”

Seth came down, seemingly not noticing Isabella, pulled out a chair, and sat at the head

of the table. “If you want to practice in the future, have your man buy you a private boat.

Don't embarrass me in public."

Harold helplessly defended his wife. "Seth, you know Kate. She just wants to try everything she sees. We have boats at home, but when have you ever seen her drive one?"

"Harold, it's clear who's in charge within your family."

Everyone laughed, and the atmosphere completely shifted. Isabella sat on the side, avoiding looking in Seth's direction. He always stole the spotlight; even with a crowd of outstanding heirs, everyone would still fawn over him as soon as he appeared.

New dishes were served, arriving before Seth and being passed around.

"Come on. Let's toast to Seth's return to the country." Dariel called out loudly, and everyone cheered.

Seth's face, originally cold, softened when the young man toasted him. He took a big gulp of wine.

Isabella watched from the side, thinking this man was asking for trouble. His back

injury probably hadn't healed, yet he indulged in seafood and wine. It would surely cause him pain when it flared up.

Lost in thought, Isabella's attention was drawn to a new topic among the men at the

"Last night, Corey met a mysterious woman. He didn't see her face clearly in the dark, with no glass slipper to look for his Cinderella. He'll have to go through the guest list from last night, right?"

Isabella paused in her shrimp peeling, reflexively paying attention to the conversation.

She only heard the young man sigh playfully. "There is a glass slipper, in a way."

"What do you mean?"

Corey chuckled. "I held her for a moment, and I remember the scent of her shampoo."

"Oh..." There was a chorus of intrigued sounds, and the men gathered around this topic.

Natasha whispered to Isabella, cursing these men as fools. Isabella responded quietly,

her mind already elsewhere. The person Corey's talking about sounds like...

Her mind was in turmoil, and as she looked up, she unexpectedly locked eyes with a piercing gaze. It appeared unintentional, as Seth merely cast a fleeting glance in her

direction, quickly diverting his gaze and paying her no further heed.