

I QUIT MR 259

Chapter 259

Isabella had prepared the vegetable bean soup before going to bed. Now that it was served, the bean paste had been stewed to perfection, making it look incredibly appetizing.

Seth, who hadn't eaten anything, devoured it and looked at Isabella suspiciously. "I thought you only had a talent for making garbage, but you surprised me."

"Thank you for the compliment," she responded with a smile.

She turned around, rolled her eyes dramatically, and went out to put the bowl in the dishwasher.

The painkiller Seth had taken started to take effect, allowing him to lean against the head of the bed and speak. Isabella sat next to him, fighting off sleepiness as she

"Why don't you wear gloves?" Seth suddenly asked.

Isabella was taken aback, then quietly searched for and put on a pair of disposable gloves before showing them to Seth.

She started again and casually added, “Mr. Shaffer, you don’t need to be wary of me.

Although we have a personal grudge, considering our current simple employment

relationship, I sincerely hope you live a long life.”

Seth glanced at her and didn’t say anything.

She turned her head and smiled. “Our interaction can also be more normal.”

“Like?”

“Like you can talk to me as you would to a regular subordinate. You don’t need to...”

Seth replied, “After five years, you now know how to make demands?”

Isabella said, “There was a time when you weren’t as provoking as you are now.”

He frowned, unable to recall a time when their relationship had been more relaxed. In

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his memory, their relationship cold, except for the forced intimacy in bed.

The rest of the time, they were no better than strangers, and he always wanted to find

something for her to do.

Seeing that he couldn’t remember, Isabella calmly reminded him, “The time when you

tried to seduce me.”

Seth’s expression was indescribable, and he turned his head to give Isabella a cold look.

Isabella shrugged and continued, “At that time, I had just entered society and wasn’t

She Talas

her head, paused, and said, “It’s the same now. As your subordinate, I have value to you, so you can still act a little.”

She finished these sentences in a plain tone, without any evasion, as if she were discussing a plan in a meeting room, and finally, she voted without any personal feelings.

Seth’s mood, which had been at least a little irritable, was instantly extinguished by her words.

The room fell silent.

Isabella prepared the ointment and got up to help Seth change it.

Seth didn't look at her and blocked her movement with his hand.

"I'll go to the hospital to change it during the day."

She was taken aback. "That works too..."

She squatted down to clean up, moving quickly.

"Do you need anything-."

"No need."

The man suddenly turned cold. Although there was no anger, he was clearly upset.

Isabella was confused, feeling that she hadn't said anything wrong.

She slowly exited the room, closing the door behind her.

eyes emotionless.

Isabella's words echoed in his ears, with the most important sentences standing out.

A simple employment relationship...

He wasn't angry, just a bit bothered. For the past two months, he had been displeased

with her and hadn't spared her any unpleasant looks. Upon reflection, he realized there

was no need for all that.

No one would waste emotions on a secretary unless they liked her.

He laughed in the darkness, knowing in his heart that it hadn't reached that point. At

most, it was like Dariel's twisted possessiveness toward Natasha.

He simply didn't want to go through so much trouble, leaving no room for dignity for

Knock, knock, knock-

There was a knock on the door.

Isabella informed Mr. Shaffer, "Jordan is here!"

Seth furrowed his brow and let out a deep sigh. "Let him wait."

"Alright."

Seth got out of bed, walked to the door, opened it, and met Isabella's gaze.

"You don't have to look after me. Go back to Nemotors and complete the bankru

reorganization as soon as possible; I don't want any unnecessary issues to arise."

Isabella was a bit slow to react. She took a step back, nodded multiple times to ensure

She felt that Seth appeared somewhat different, more business-oriented.

This was exactly what she desired, unrelated to the past, with both of them in their rightful places.

Her mood greatly improved, and the pressure of the past few days significantly diminished.

Just as Jordan was waiting outside, Isabella changed her clothes, went out, and greeted Jordan.

“Jordan, may I inquire about the progress of the house renovation?”

Jordan was taken aback. “For now...”

“Could you please help me find someone to do it as soon as possible?” Isabella asked

He was a bit puzzled, assuming that Seth had made another offensive remark. He was about to comfort her, but then Seth emerged from the bedroom.

He must have overheard what Isabella had said. He simply glanced at her and said,

“Help her find someone.”

Isabella smiled politely, nodding at both Seth and Jordan. She expressed her heartfelt gratitude before sidestepping Jordan to leave.

The entire polite, both parties were at ease, and it was conducted with
great dignity.

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Once she was in the elevator, Isabella finally allowed herself to pat her chest.

Goodness, maintaining a respectful distance from Seth is such an exhilarating
experience...