

## **I QUIT MR 271**

### Chapter 271 Even The Trustworthy Man Is Hard To De

In an unexpected twist, pasta, like all types of noodles, can indeed be cooked through braising.

Seth was displeased with his soggy pasta, while Isabella was quite satisfied as it was just what she needed for her sore throat.

Their moods were starkly different as they finished their late-night meal in silence.

After finishing his meal, he set down his utensils and went straight back to his room, presumably with the intention of taking a risky shower.

With a few hums, she turned off the water supply to his room as soon as he shut his door.

Go ahead and try taking a shower now.

Isabella then propped up her legs and lounged on the couch to digest.

Presumably undressing, Seth did not immediately notice the lack of water.

Five minutes later.

“Isabella!!!”

He emerged bare-chested with a towel around his waist and glared at Isabella.

She stood up, spreading her hands innocently. “Sorry, but you left me no choice with your lack of cooperation.”

Seth questioned, “Don’t you think you’re being too nosy?”

She simply replied, “I’m just trying to be helpful.”

He retorted with a snort, “Remember, you said we’d keep things purely professional, just boss and subordinate. My health is none of your concern.”

Isabella clicked her fingers in agreement. “Right.”

She stepped away from the couch, facing Seth confidently. “But you’re my

boss and

provider. I can’t just let you harm yourself. Most importantly, I can’t have you dying next door to me.”

He was taken aback by her forthright response.

“A day or two without washing your back is not a big deal,” she reasoned.

With his hands on his hips, he closed his eyes and inhaled deeply before commanding,

“Turn the water back on!”

Isabella moved to the water meter with her arms crossed. “Sorry, I can’t.”

Seth’s patience ran thin, and he stepped forward, swiftly moving her aside to turn on the main water valve.

“I’ll just turn it off again once you’re in the shower,” she warned.

He was rendered speechless and turned to face Isabella’s smug smile, his forehead veins pulsating with irritation.

So much for peaceful coexistence!

“Isabella, I’m warning you-”

She cut in, “I’m willing to risk my life to give you advice.”

Seth’s laughter was tinged with anger. He couldn’t believe Isabella’s audacity and self-praise.

“I’m going to shower. You’ll regret it if you interfere again.”

Slamming the water meter door shut, he shot her a fierce glare and stormed off to his room.

Once he was gone, she blinked and turned back to the valve.

After hesitating for a moment, Isabella still turned it off.

She rationalized that it would be serious if Seth's wound were to get infected. After all, there was no other boss who would promote her to president.

Determined, she turned her back to the water valve and prepared herself to face his wrath.

As expected, the door to his room banged open.

He stood there, initially furious. When he saw Isabella defiantly by the water meter, his expression suddenly twisted into a sardonic smile.

She gulped nervously. "Mr. Shaffer, I'm just looking out for you."

"Risking your life to give me advice, huh?" Seth smiled.

She inwardly regretted, realizing she might have pushed things too far.

Isabella instinctively stepped back, but it was too late. He closed the distance in

seconds and stood right in front of her.

“M-Mr. Shaffer!”

Before she could say more, Seth reached out and gripped her waist, pinning her against

the wall near the water meter box.

She exclaimed, frozen in place.

His breath brushed Isabella’s forehead, and he spoke through gritted teeth. “You’ve

been getting too bold. Do you believe you can keep crossing the line without

consequences?”

She shook her head vigorously. “Not at all!”

Fear was evident in her eyes as she looked up at Seth. “I’ll turn the water back on.

Please, go and shower without worry!”

He chuckled, his eyes revealing a mixture of amusement and coldness. “You’ve

angered me, and now you’re trying to back out?!”

Isabella attempted to justify her actions, shifting uncomfortably. “I was only concerned

about your health. My approach may have been incorrect, but my intention was good.”

He scoffed. “It seems more like you want to die!”

She recoiled slightly. “No, I value my life.”

As Seth observed her subtle retreat, his frown deepened. His anger subsided, but his displeasure remained.

Isabella managed a forced smile. “Please, let me go. I... I’ll turn on the water valve now.”

“No need.” His tone changed, and his gaze lingered on her face. “I’m no longer in the mood for a bath.”

She swallowed hard, her throat aching. “In that case-

“What’s the point of taking a bath?” Seth suddenly laughed, his eyes shining with an ambiguous emotion as they traveled from her neck to her collarbone.

Feeling the weight of his gaze, Isabella tensed. A shiver ran down her spine, and she found herself unable to find the right words.

He then released a hand, gently lifting her chin to face him. “Isabella, is this your way of seeking my attention? By causing trouble?”

She was confused.

What in the world are you thinking?