

## **I QUIT MR 278**

### Chapter 278 People From Two Worlds

Seth entered the room while Isabella waited outside, passing the time by reading files.

To her surprise, he was quick. He finished showering in just fifteen minutes.

Isabella had already prepared the medicine and was waiting outside.

As soon as Seth stepped out, he saw Isabella standing by the couch with a silly expression, holding a medicine box.

He wiped his hair, sat on the couch, and relaxed, saying, "Hurry up."

She pouted, feeling as if he was treating her like his maid.

Despite her inner complaints, she applied the medicine to Seth without malice, acting like a true gentleman.

The wounds on Seth's back were finally scabbing over, and it seemed like they would heal soon.

"How do you think we should deal with these scars?" Seth suddenly asked her.

She glanced at the wounds, and her face turned serious. "I guess we'll have to find a

way to remove the scars, as natural recovery seems unlikely.”

Seth responded, “Scar removal costs money.”

Isabella paused as if she suddenly understood.

Not hearing her response, he deliberately turned his head, saying, “What? Don’t want to admit it?”

Seth was speechless,

Darn woman. She’s so stingy

“The cost of your mother’s hospitalization for a year is just that much. What are you doing with so much money?”

She removed the ointment and righteously retorted, “Your family’s annual expenses are just that much. What are you doing with so much money?”

Seth was amused and turned away.

“Continue.”

Isabella rolled her eyes and quickly bandaged the wounds.

After the wound treatment, Seth got dressed, and Isabella packed up the medicine box.

Suddenly, he turned around, casually took a burn ointment from the medicine box, and

threw it directly in front of Isabella.

She was stunned. "Did you get burned somewhere?"

Seth's gaze moved down, glancing at her hand.

She reacted, "I didn't get burned; the water barely touched me."

He frowned, took back the ointment, and threw it heavily into the medicine box.

"Go to the study room."

Isabella was helpless. She put away the medicine box, turned her head, and said to

Seth. "I'm going to shower and then come out."

Seth replied, "I'm not your nanny. There's no need to report to me."

Isabella took a deep breath. This man didn't know how to speak human language.

When you thought he had a bit of conscience, he could choke you with his words.

She hurried back to her room, gathered her clothes, and showered.

Soaking in the bathtub, she felt completely relaxed.

Thinking back to when Seth had thrown the ointment on her, she felt comforted. Her relationship with Seth had indeed improved.

Upon reflection, if he was a bit more temperate and didn't have that ambiguous past relationship, he would be a friend worth having.

But on the other hand, why would he want to be friends with her if that was the case?

This was a dead end. Understanding it only revealed a more heartbreaking truth.

If she hadn't been his assistant, even if she had worked hard all her life, she probably wouldn't have been able to enter his circle.

They were people from two different worlds.

She took a deep breath, submerged herself in the water for a few seconds, then sat up with a splash, gasping for air against the tiled wall.

She comforted herself. Heroes don't ask about their origins.

After getting out of the bathtub, she quickly dried her hair. Her enthusiasm for studying was even higher than yesterday.

When she left her room, Seth was still sitting in the glass room working, not even lifting

his head.

Isabella went to the study room by herself, quietly reading and not disturbing each

At 11 p.m., there was a noise outside. She thought Seth would rest but didn't expect

him to come over and push the door.

"Mr. Shaffer."

"Please clear your schedule for next weekend," Seth said as he sat down in front of the  
couch.

She looked puzzled and asked, "Is there something happening?"

"We're going to the countryside in the Southern City."

"Southern City?" Isabella was surprised.

Southern City was more than seven hundred kilometers away from Imperia and was

known for its Gangnam Water City. The Shaffer Group didn't have any significant

industries there.

Seth remained calm as he explained, "We're going to meet someone"

Isabella inquired, "Do I need to prepare anything?"

He replied, "Just bring your brain."

She clenched her teeth. "I understand, I'll bring my brain. But you have to tell me what we're going to do. I need to be prepared."

He stood up, walked over to Isabella, and leaned over her notebook.

"Is he a jeweler?"

"He is a jewel hunter," Seth corrected.

Isabella pondered for a moment and guessed, "Does the Shaffer Group need something from his jewelry?"

Seth leaned over with one hand on her chair. "This man is already deceased, but there's a gem in his estate that meets the requirements for the Shaffer Group's crown jewel."

Isabella understood. "Does his widow refuse to sell?"

He glanced at Isabella, his thin lips slightly parting. "To obtain the gem, her life must be taken first."

Isabella clicked her tongue. These people were the most difficult to deal with, as they

were resistant to persuasion due to their strong beliefs.

“In that case, there’s no point in bringing me

Seth turned to face her, scrutinizing her face

Isabella swallowed, feeling as though she ha

important.

He straightened up and added, “I’ve noticed

luck.”