

I QUIT MR 279

Chapter 279 A Day Of Pretentiousness

Isabella seethed with anger but had no choice but to suppress it. The stack of books

Seth had given her was overwhelming. After leaving the study room, she had to work

overtime in her room to finish them.

Working-late into the night, she woke up in the morning with dark circles under her

eyes. She had no choice but to apply heavy makeup.

As she walked out the door, she was surprised to see Seth still there.

He sat at the dining table, barely lifting his eyes at the sound of her movement. He

leisurely cut his steak while his phone played a voice recording of Nicolas' schedule.

Jordan stood aside, politely nodding at Isabella as she emerged.

"Miss Symons, good morning."

She returned the greeting with a smile, glancing at the feast on the table. She had been

fortunate enough to scrounge some leftovers yesterday and wondered if she would be

so lucky today.

Seth said, "Either sit down or get out of the way. You're blocking the light."

Is it blocking the light?

Isabella looked around at the floor-to-ceiling windows that let in ample light and

thought his comment was rather pretentious.

But if it meant she could scrounge some food, she could endure a few sarcastic

remarks.

She sat opposite him, picked a few dishes, and each bite was satisfying.

Money was indeed a wonderful thing. At least it could bring the best food from all ov

the world to your table daily.

Isabella felt envious but didn't forget to console herself that she could have it all as long

as she worked hard.

Seth finished eating before her, stood up, took his coat from Jordan, and prepared to

leave.

She glanced at the time. It was almost 8 a.m. If the boss was leaving, she couldn't

linger and continue eating.

She hurriedly grabbed bread and followed Seth toward the entrance, but she

accidentally bumped into Mr. Shaffer's noble body.

She laughed dryly and stepped back, saying, "After you, please."

Seth glanced at her, lifted his chin, and walked out the door with an air of aloofness

Isabella muttered under her breath, then turned around and exchanged a knowing look

with Jordan.

Once in the elevator, Seth went to the basement level. He had a car, and although she

also had a car, she didn't have a professional driver. Driving during rush hour was

asking for trouble.

As she watched Seth leave the elevator, she had the impulse to hitch a ride.

She rushed down and walked towards the exit, guessing that Seth's car would pass by.

Considering their recent good relationship, it wouldn't be a big deal for him to give her a

lift.

Stop. Please stop.

The car slowly approached, then mercilessly drove past.

Isabella watched as the Bentley disappeared, her expression frozen on her face.

D*mn it.

She wiped her face and took several deep breaths.

It was too much. How could she have thought Seth was so considerate? It would have

been terrifying if he had stopped and asked if she wanted a ride.

and the subway station with a bitter

of the subway. It was torture.

Isabella was so hot and in such a bad mood that she was a bit unreasonable,

subconsciously blaming Seth for not stopping to give her a ride.

Perhaps it was because things had been too harmonious recently. She had forgotten

that she used to suffer like this, and she hadn't thought Seth was hateful then.

With resentment towards the wealthy, she entered the office with great enthusiasm for

work.

As the elevator doors opened, Phoebe stood at the entrance of the secretary

department with a large bouquet of flowers.