

I QUIT MR 301

Chapter 301

The world fell silent, and Isabella's faint voice echoed in Seth's ears like a spell.

"This woman..."

Isabella was no fool. She could sense the change in Seth's demeanor. While he may

have initially intended to tease her, she was unsure which of her words had

inadvertently struck his sore spot, propelling the situation down a perilous path.

She shifted her body and cleared her throat before speaking, "Mr. Shaffer, I must have

lost my mind just now. Please get up. Let's sleep separately."

She finished speaking in fragments, only to find Seth remaining motionless, his head

hanging down and looming over her.

His faint, erratic breathing continued one after another.

Isabella dared not speak further, giving Seth time to process on his own.

Her heart raced as a barrage of curses flew through her mind. Given Seth's endurance,

she had no idea how long she would have to endure staying with him in this desolate

place. It felt like a ceaseless dance with the wolf, enduring both day and night.

Hours passed, and Seth remained motionless, maintaining the same posture.

As her vision gradually adjusted to the darkness, Isabella could vaguely see him slightly

licking his lips.

A seemingly insignificant gesture, yet emanating from a man steeped in intensity, it

curiously bore a touch of sensuality.

Isabella closed her eyes, repeating the word 'calm' in her mind several times.

After having spent an extended period in such close quarters, despite the cooling night,

beads of sweat still formed between them.

"Mr. Shaffer?"

"Be quiet."

Isabella remained silent. She thought, Well, let's be quiet. But please get off me!

Certainly, Seth could feel Isabella's unease. His mind was engulfed in chaos, with

rationality teetering on the edge, swayed by his volatile mood, devoid of any

forethought.

In the past, he could recognize Isabella's value. Even if she couldn't be his lover, her work ability should be retained in the Shaffer Group.

But this time was different. His mind wasn't cluttered with those considerations. The preceding scenes with Isabella replayed in his mind like a movie. If Isabella initiated any move, he knew he could easily lose himself in the moment.

Indeed, he may have been celibate for too long. Coupled with his irritable mood, his usual rational restraint had long collapsed. Now, even the slightest stimulation could make him lose control.

To make a move or not was just a thought away.

Isabella also sensed it. This guy isn't calming down at all. He's contemplating. Maybe the next second, he'll feel okay about making a move on me, and he'll just do it.

"Mr. Shaffer, it's quite troublesome to be entangled with me," Isabella said.

Seth exhaled. He lifted his eyes and glanced at the woman beneath him.

Isabella swallowed, continuing, "It was fine before. You could easily get rid of me by

giving me a house or two.”

Seth narrowed his eyes, pondering the meaning behind her words.

Isabella added, “It’s different now. If you want to get rid of me, you will have to give me

at least half of Nemotors.”

Seth turned his face, his tongue grazing the roof of his mouth. In a hoarse voice, he

said, “If I offer you half of Nemotors, will that be enough?”

Isabella was shocked.

She only wanted him to back off. But from the sound of it, he was even willing to give

up half of Nemotors.

Indeed, all men can be impulsive, regardless of their intelligence.

She was halfway through her sentence when she suddenly choked, her expression

dumbfounded.

In the darkness, Seth could vaguely make out the somewhat amusing expression on

her face. For some inexplicable reason, he found it a bit funny.

A soft laughter escaped him, clear and enticing in the quiet and tense room.

Isabella couldn't help but hold her breath.