

## **I QUIT MR 356**

### Chapter 356 Really Want To Feed Him A Mango

Isabella could only force a smile in response to Ellie's playful teasing. She was surprised.

to see Ariana on the thirty-eighth floor, let alone have any insider information. While

they were talking, Ariana left Seth's office. Shortly after, Nicolas came over and knocked

on the door of the lounge.

"Isabella, Mr. Shaffer is ready to see you now."

Isabella breathed a sigh of relief. She had been worried about being left hanging all day,

but it seemed that Seth was not that inconsiderate. Carrying a large bag of reports, she

opened the door and was greeted by a subtle fruity aroma.

Behind the luxurious design, Seth was sitting on a couch behind a tall plant with a plate

of sliced fruit in front of him. Isabella walked over, but he didn't even look up. "Mr.

Shaffer, the restructuring report for Nemotors is ready. Could you please take a look?"

Seth ignored her and continued to flip through the documents in his hand. Isabella

Composed herself. After all, she had come to him, so it was understandable for him to

be a bit distant. She stood by, waiting quietly, not uttering a word. The bag in her hand was quite heavy, and her arm was sore from holding it. She cursed Seth in her mind but maintained a calm expression on her face.

The document in Seth's hand seemed to be a book that he could never finish reading, flipping through it over and over again. Isabella glanced at the fruit plate next to his hand, wishing that the person who prepared it didn't know what a mango was and would casually add a few pieces to it.

Just as she was thinking this, Seth put down the document in his hand and looked up at her. "Are you cursing me in your mind?"

Isabella responded obediently, "How could I?" She took out the documents, squatted down with difficulty, and handed them one by one to Seth. "This is the report. If there are no issues, could you please sign it?" She had been standing for too long and almost fell backward when she suddenly squatted down.

Seth noticed her gripping the edge of the coffee table, his eyebrows slightly furrowed.

But then he thought of her ungrateful actions, and his expression darkened even more.

He only glanced at the report for a moment before casually tossing it to the woman across from him.

“The restructuring timeline is too short. It’s not appropriate.”

Isabella stood up straight, “There is no legal limit on the timeline.”

Seth: “I have set a limit.”

Isabella was speechless. She bit her lip, trying to remain calm. “Mr. Shaffer, the timeline is reasonable. I urgently need your signature now; otherwise, I won’t be able to lead

Nemotors in the bidding.”

“You need me to sign because you’re in a hurry?” Seth gave her a cold glance.

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Isabella was shocked. She stood up abruptly and stumbled backward several steps. “If

you have a personal issue with me, there’s no need to involve it in business matters.”

Seth scoffed, “Because of you, I would mix personal feelings with business? Don’t

flatter yourself.” He stood up, one hand in his pocket, looking down at Isabella from a

higher position. "Take it back and revise it."

Forget revising it. Isabella clenched her fists, glaring at the man without

"Try glaring at me one more time?"

Isabella was speechless.

She looked disgruntled, squatting down to pack up her things in a huff, then turned her

head to ask, "How long will it take you to sign this?"

Seth turned his face away, casually saying, "Two months."

"Two months?!" Isabella raised her voice.

Even waiting another week would be too late, let alone two months.

Seth walked past her, showing an indifferent attitude. He didn't care at all that the loss

of Nemotors was also a loss for the Shaffer Group.

Isabella really wanted to explode on the spot, hit him right on the top of his head, and

let him know what it meant to say, 'hell hath no fury like a woman scorned.'