

I QUIT, MR. SHAFFER BY ISABELLA SYMONS

Chapter 426

Chapter 426

Chapter 426 Enduring Anything For Him

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Vodka proved to be a potent liquor. After taking a sip, Christopher's face twisted in

distaste, and his movements slowed down.

Isabella sneered inwardly and poured him a third glass without hesitation.

Christopher was about to take it, but his hand suddenly froze in mid-air.

"Another one," he declared.

Isabella was taken aback. "What?"

"I want to toast to Mr. Shaffer. He displayed excellent shooting skills just now, and I

admit defeat."

Isabella felt a sinking feeling in her heart.

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Seth's arm might have been injured from the earlier shooting. Drinking more could lead

to trouble.

But it was difficult to back out now. It would reflect poorly on Seth if he couldn't even

handle a glass of liquor.

As she pondered, she slowly poured the liquor.

Christopher took the glass, deliberately sweeping his gaze across Isabella's face, only

to find a smile.

He walked toward Seth with the glass in hand, offering it with one hand. "Mr. Shaffer,

would you do me the honor?"

It was just a glass of liquor. If Seth refused, he would either be suspected of being

injured or considered arrogant.

Either way, it wouldn't be good.

Isabella had already intervened in the shooting competition; she couldn't intervene in

the drinking as well, or it would be too obvious.

Seth sat there, his gaze sweeping over Christopher's hand, and took the glass with a

nonchalant expression.

Isabella watched from a distance, feeling annoyed.

She had wanted Christopher to drink to distract him from Seth, but it had only brought

more trouble.

Seth downed half a glass of vodka without even a frown.

Everyone cheered for his impressive drinking capacity.

Before Isabella could breathe a sigh of relief, Christopher asked her to pour another

glass, clearly intending to toast Seth again.

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“Mr. Larson, drinking too much is not advisable.”

“It’s just a few glasses.” Christopher waved his hand.

Isabella felt helpless and continued to pour the liquor with tense hands.

The two sides were at a stalemate.

Suddenly, there was a commotion outside. The door was rudely pushed open.

“Mr. Stones?” someone exclaimed.

Isabella looked in the direction of the sound. Two groups of people walked in from the

entrance, their presence imposing and chilling.

The leader, a young man in his early twenties, stood tall with a military-style buzz cut,

unmistakably a member of the military.

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“My dad is upstairs. He witnessed the two perfect shots just now and was curious

about who made them.”

“Old Mr. Stones is upstairs?”

Everyone except Seth stood up. Christopher set down his glass as well.

Yaris' eyes were sharp. He spotted Seth at a glance. "Seth, you're here as well?"

Seth nodded and replied, "I've just arrived."

"Well, those two shots must have been yours! Yaris walked over, sat down next to Seth,

and slapped his arm. "Let's go meet my dad."

Isabella saw that Yaris had slapped Seth right on his wound, and she shivered at the

force of it.

Seth showed no expression, as if nothing had happened.

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He stood up and said to Yaris, "Alright."

Isabella was nervous, thinking that it might have been better to let Seth take the vodka.

While she was pondering, Seth stopped and looked at her. "What are you waiting for?"

As soon as he spoke, Yaris glanced over and whistled softly.

Isabella let go of the vodka in her hand and walked over slowly. She naturally took hold

of Seth's injured arm to prevent anyone else from slapping him.

As they left, Yaris called out to the others, showing them some respect.

What was originally a small gathering had now turned into a larger one.

Isabella was on high alert, and several contingency plans popped up in her mind.

Before they went upstairs, she whispered in Seth's ear, "I'm prepared to endure anything

for you. Please keep that in mind."

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Seth hummed lightly, acknowledging her cunning nature and her unwillingness to

tolerate any loss.

Deliberately ignoring her, he waited for Isabella's reaction.

Isabella had been speaking casually, but now she was extremely nervous.

The upstairs area was much larger than the downstairs, resembling more of a mini

cocktail party than a small gathering.

Retired individuals with significant past roles now sought an outlet for their remaining

energy at the shooting range. They sat on the second floor, drinking and casually

commenting on the performances at the range.

As soon as Seth appeared, he instantly became the center of attention.

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Strictly speaking, he was indeed a third-generation military man and many individuals in

the field had witnessed his growth.

No one was intentionally causing trouble for him, but there were numerous attempts to

get him to drink.

"Seth, you're heartless. It's been so long since you've come to visit us.

Π

“Is this your wife?”

“Which family does she belong to?”

A group of straightforward old men, their temperament was just like that of Spencer,

each one more imposing than the last..

Isabella had no choice but to draw attention to herself.

“Let me toast to all the heroes of our country

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With that, she downed three shots of liquor in a row.

As expected, the whole room was shocked, and all attention was on her.

Seth felt a sense of relief, but Isabella was in a tough spot, downing one shot after

another.

Fortunately, Ariana couldn't bear to show weakness and came up to toast, which finally

diverted some of the attention.

Just as Isabella was on the verge of sighing in relief, a sudden dizziness overcame her

Her hand slid down Seth's arm, unintentionally brushing against his hand.

In a split second, she went from about to release her grip to an immediate realization

that something was wrong.

It was a sticky sensation.

3/8

Is this... blood?

Her drunkenness disappeared instantly.

When she looked up at Seth, she noticed that his face remained unchanged, and he

was engaged in a conversation with George.

A

cold sweat broke out on Isabella's back, and she subconsciously looked at the floor.

As expected, there were two drops of blood.

In an instant, her mind and body coordinated seamlessly.

With a clatter, the glass in her hand fell to the ground, conveniently covering the two

drops of blood.

Everyone's attention turned toward her.

She quickly covered her hand with an embarrassed expression, saying, "I'm sorry, it

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slipped from my hand."

Seth turned around, looking worried, "What's wrong?"

Isabella showed her hand, and there was, indeed, blood on her finger. "It seems that the

glass had a chip, and I got cut."

"The lady is delicate. Seth, quickly take her to get it treated," George suggested. Seth

nodded in agreement and guided Isabella out.

Isabella gripped his hand tightly. Upon sensing the stickiness in his palm, her heart

almost leaped into her throat.

Only when they exited the hall did she release a small sigh of relief.

Upon reaching the restroom, Isabella disregarded everything else and promptly ushered

Seth into a small cubicle in the men's restroom.

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Once the door closed, she let out a heavy sigh of relief.

Seth leaned against the door, even managing to chuckle. “Are you genuinely this concerned?”

Isabella calmed down and looked up. “Aren’t you afraid?”

If they had been discovered just now, George would have called a doctor on the spot,

and Seth’s wound might have been exposed.

Even if no one else knew, if the Stones Family found out, it would be leverage against him.

Seth replied nonchalantly, “Don’t I have you?”

His tone was casual, sounding like a joke.

Isabella rolled her eyes. After taking a breath, she quickly rummaged through her small

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bag.

Seth’s gaze shifted down to her hand. “How did you do it?”

Isabella replied, “It’s a cut from slicing fruit earlier. I picked off the scab and squeezed

out the blood.”

The wine had a light color, and I couldn’t hide the two drops of blood on the floor. In

order to ensure safety, she quickly came up with this solution.

Even if the cleaning staff discovered the blood on the floor, they would assume it

belonged to her.

As Seth observed her swift movements, he remained silent with his lips pressed

together.

Inside Isabella’s small bag, there were actually two rolls of gauze and a plastic bag

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containing two pills.

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Isabella ripped open the plastic bag and quickly retrieved two pills, which she promptly

placed into Seth's mouth.

Seth swallowed dryly, his face contorted in discomfort. "What are these?"

While grabbing a bandage, Isabella replied, "They're oral hemostatics and painkillers."

Leaning against the door, Seth took a breath and looked down at Isabella. He realized

that when she went back to change clothes before leaving, she had actually prepared

these emergency items.

"Take off your clothes," Isabella commanded,

Seth raised an eyebrow and lazily removed his coat, then raised his hand to unbutton

his shirt.

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Isabella said, "That's not necessary. Just roll up your sleeves."

Seth deliberately prolonged his tone and squinted. "Oh, I thought you wanted to see."

Isabella was speechless.

She rolled her eyes at the playful remark and swiftly rolled up his sleeves. Upon seeing

his wound, her face turned pale.

As expected, the wound was bleeding severely. There was a large patch of bright red

on the bandage, and a thin stream of blood was flowing down his arm, soaking a large

patch of fabric at his elbow.

She hesitated for a moment, then took a bandage in one hand and a hemostatic from

the bag in the other.

For convenience, she held the medicine bottle in her mouth and quickly unwrapped the

2/7

bandage.

Seth leaned against the wall without moving, unsure if he was numb or in pain. His

gaze remained fixed on the woman in front of him.

Her expression was serious, and fine beads of sweat dotted her forehead. Despite

being visibly terrified, her actions were determined.

He blinked, lifted his hand, and took the medicine from her mouth.

Isabella glanced at him and continued to unwrap the bandage.

When the bandage was completely unwrapped, the horrifying wound was exposed. It

had just started to heal, but now it was in a terrible state again.

“Give me the medicine.”

Seth handed her the medicine.

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She forcefully bit off the cap of the medicine bottle, then poured a large amount of

medicine onto the wound and rewrapped it with a bandage.

As she wrapped the bandage around and around, Isabella’s heart trembled.

Looking up, she noticed that Seth still had a smile in his eyes.

“Doesn’t it hurt?”

"It hurts," he uttered just a few words, his voice hoarse. Despite the pain, he managed to maintain a smile.

She helped him lower his sleeve and put on his suit.

"Go in, say hello, and then leave quickly," Isabella instructed.

Seth nodded. "Yeah, let's go to the movies."

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Isabella was speechless, thinking that if he really went to the movies, he would collapse in the cinema.

She put all the dirty items into her bag and wiped up the few drops of blood on the floor.

Just as she was about to grab the perfume, there was a sudden noise outside.

"Seth?"

Yaris?

Isabella was stunned for a moment. She looked up and locked eyes with Seth.

Seth hadn't put on his coat yet, and the cubicle was filled with the smell of blood. If they

ran into Yaris, they would definitely be exposed.

Seth didn't move and asked in a low voice, "What should we do?"

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D*mn it!

Isabella glared at him. The next second, she covered his eyes with her hand.

Outside, Yaris couldn't find anyone, so he rushed in and knocked on each door.

"Mr. Shaffer, please be gentle. What are you doing?"

A sweet female voice came from the next cubicle, startling Yaris and causing him to

stop his actions.

He wanted to call out to Seth again but thought better of it and closed his mouth.

He hadn't expected Seth, who was typically so reserved, to engage in such intimate

moments. Yet, it made sense.

After all, men enjoy such things.

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He coughed lightly as he stepped back toward the door. Then, he announced loudly,

"Seth, my dad has something to attend to and needs to leave first."

After conveying this, he closed the restroom door with a thoughtful expression.

Immediately, the indistinct sounds came to a halt.

A deep, masculine laughter filled the room. "Why don't you take a moment to catch your

breath?"

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D*mn it!

As Isabella leaned against Seth's shoulder, her face burned with embarrassment. She

didn't feel ashamed when she made that sound just now, but she felt embarrassed

when Seth teased her.

Her hand still covered Seth's eyes. She didn't move, and Seth didn't remove her hand

either.

She leaned against him, her voice clearly reaching his ears. Although it was fake, the

whimper that the tone finally led to could evoke some memories.

Unfortunately, his eyes were covered. He couldn't see her expression when she made the sound.

But he could remember, and he could imagine.

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His Adam's apple moved up and down, and he exhaled quietly.

When the hand covering his eyes moved away, Isabella took a step back, her expression already composed.

Before Seth could say anything else, she had taken out a bottle of perfume and sprayed

it all over the compartment.

In an instant, the scent of roses filled the air, overpowering the smell of blood.

Seth clicked his tongue. "You're well-prepared."

Isabella replied calmly, "I still have my old skills."

A truly professional secretary was always thoughtful. Besides her relationship with

Seth, she had been outstanding every day for the past five years.

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Seth pulled the clothes hanging on the hanger with one hand, and his injury struggled to reach in.

Upon seeing this, Isabella quickly lent a hand. Just as he put on a coat, Seth's lips were

already pale. The lipstick he had applied in the morning had been diluted by the alcohol.

Isabella thought for a moment and lowered her head to look for the lipstick in her bag.

Seth grabbed her hand. "No need to bother."

Isabella shook her head. "No, you look like you're about to notice."

Seth was speechless.

pass out. Everyone would

He licked his back teeth. Then, he let go of Isabella's wrist and lifted her chin.

Isabella was stunned. "What are you doing?"

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Before she could finish her words, Seth's finger touched her lips.

She had applied lipstick, and it was thick. Seth's fingertip lightly brushed over, easily

wiping off the lipstick on her lips.

Isabella was confused, and then she saw Seth smear his own lips with his finger.

"Is this okay?"

Isabella was at a loss for words.

She reached into her bag and happened to touch the lipstick.

She glanced at Seth resignedly. Then, she took out the lipstick, pushed Seth away, and

went out to touch up her makeup in front of the mirror.

Seth followed her out. He locked the door when they reached the entrance and then

squinted his eyes to watch her apply lipstick.

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When the bright red color was lightly brushed over her lips, she pursed her lips,

revealing a hint of charm.

Isabella put away the lipstick and noticed Seth watching her in the mirror.

"Old Mr. Stones has left, shall we go?"

Seth didn't have much energy and lazily nodded. "Okay."

Isabella turned around. As usual, she got close to him, then hooked her arm with his to

prevent anyone from approaching him.

As soon as they left, they bumped into Ariana again.

“Seth, where have you been?”

Is it interesting? Why is she asking knowingly?

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Seth didn't respond and asked bluntly, “What's up?”

Ariana glanced at Isabella and said calmly, “My uncle is here as well. Do you want to

meet him?”

Isabella vaguely remembered that Ariana's uncle seemed to be a public servant and

should hold a high position.

As a matter of courtesy, for both public and private reasons, Mr. Shaffer should meet

him. But now...

“He can't go,” Isabella spoke up.

“Why?” Ariana frowned. Her gaze at Isabella had already turned extremely cold.

Previously, Isabella had always been very respectful to Seth. But today was different, as

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if Seth was already in her possession.

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Isabella had no intention of playing this role. However, Seth, the scoundrel, refused to

take the initiative. It was clear that he was waiting for her to make a move.

She shrugged and smiled at Ariana. “Ms. Years, do you ever go on dates?”

Ariana was taken aback. “What?”

Isabella continued, “Do you enjoy going on dates to watch movies? It can be disappointing if we miss the beginning of the film due to interruptions from other

people.”

Ariana stood frozen in place.

She felt overwhelmed by everything that was happening today. Each development

seemed to hit her directly and was completely beyond her comprehension. Although

she opened her mouth, she struggled to find the right words to express her thoughts.

1/6

“Your uncle is not Mr. Shaffer’s uncle. Why

hair away from her cheek and turned to smile at Seth, “Yo

promised to watch a movie

with me. If we happen to miss this one, you’ll owe me ten.”

Seth was annoyed by Isabella’s sweet and clingy tones. But for some reason, when it

came from Isabella, he felt at ease.

Should I buy you a movie theater?”

Isabella pouted. “That seems like too much trouble. Why not have someone bring the

master tape home, and we can watch it there?”

“Sounds good.”

Ariana stood off to the side, observing their affectionate interaction, her hand clenched

tightly at her side.

2/6

She knew

w that Seth had been injured, but she didn’t know the specifics of his injury.

She approached with genuine concern, only to be taken aback by the unexpected

treatment she received.

After calming Isabella down, Seth glanced at Ariana and said, “See you next time when you’re free.”

This was also a way for Ariana to step back.

Ariana loosened her clenched hand, and her face regained its color. “Alright, I’ll ask you out alone next time.”

“Let’s go.” Isabella looked impatient, subtly let go of Seth’s hand, and walked forward with her arm around his waist.

Ariana watched as she “dragged” Seth away. Unable to utter a word, she could only stand there and stare.

3/6/

Seth left with Isabella in his arms.

They encountered several acquaintances on the way to the parking lot, all of whom

Isabella avoided by acting cute and silly.

From the venue to the parking lot, it felt like a journey filled with obstacles.

Finally, in the car, Isabella leaned heavily on the seat, gasping for breath.

Just as she was about to speak, Seth’s suppressed voice came through.

“Go.”

Upon hearing this, Jordan immediately instructed the driver to start the car.

Isabella didn’t even have time to take a sip of water; she turned to look at Seth and was

immediately frightened.

His face had turned from pale to ashen. His forehead was covered in fine sweat, which

slid down to his lips, staining them a purplish color. He looked seriously ill.

She cradled Seth’s body, refraining from saying much. It felt as though with each

breath, Seth's soul teetered on the brink of being blown away.

As the car drove toward the mansion, their breathing could be heard in the silence.

As they were almost home, Isabella thought Seth had passed out.

But he suddenly spoke, "Who did you learn that from just now?"

Isabella frowned, surprised that he was still paying attention to this. She casually

replied, "It's a woman's nature. Every woman knows how to do it."

Seth asked, "Then why didn't you act like that before?"

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Isabella replied nonchalantly, "There was no need for it."

Seth hummed, "So, is this like having a sword but choosing not to wield it?"

Isabella rolled her eyes. She reminded Jordan to drive the car directly indoors and then

called for the family doctor.

By the time the doctor arrived, Seth was really on the verge of fainting.

Isabella stepped aside, watching as he was carried upstairs.

The faint smell of blood in the air reminded her of how seriously Seth was injured.