

I Quit Mr. Shaffer (Isabella Symons)

Chapter 471

Chapter 471 Thank You

Chapter 471

After breakfast, only Victoria appeared pleased.

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Isabella had to force herself to eat during the meal. She didn't want to listen carefully to

what Victoria was saying, especially in front of the stern and cold-faced Seth. The

difference in their backgrounds was too obvious, and every word reminded her not to

hold onto unrealistic fantasies.

Seth also felt uncomfortable. On one hand, he didn't want to offend Victoria, but on the

other hand, he felt that everything she said was nonsense!

The only thing that made him happy was that she had sobered up and urged them to

return to Imperia that day.

"Mom, I want to stay with you a little longer," said Isabella.

"There's no need. I'm fine," Victoria reassured. As long as she didn't have an episode,

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she was just like any other person, constantly urging them to leave.

Isabella knew that Seth couldn't stay in Bleaktown for long. Even if Victoria hadn't

mentioned it, he would have had to leave that very day.

"Then, I'll come back to see you in a couple of days."

"There's no need to."

Victoria stood at the entrance of the sanatorium and insisted on watching Isabella get

in the car.

Isabella had no choice but to call Joey to pick her up. When they met, Seth snorted

coldly in the car.

Joey was a smart man. He exchanged a glance with Isabella, didn't say more than

necessary, and coaxed Victoria back into the sanatorium.

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Finally, the car started, and Isabella heard Seth let out a sigh of relief.

"I apologize for the delay."

Seth's displeasure had nothing to do with the time. He simply felt that Victoria was

oppressive, and it led him to think about Isabella's upbringing.

He couldn't help but look back at her. "What was your childhood like?"

Isabella didn't understand what he meant and said lightly, "When I was little, my mother

was quite normal, not like she is now."

She leaned back in her seat, reminiscing about her childhood, and added, "Then on

day, she suddenly didn't recognize me anymore and locked me outside, saying I wasn't

her daughter."

Distant memories rushed back to her mind, and the lingering fear in her bones instantly

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stirred up negative emotions. She took a deep breath and barely managed to suppress

her emotions.

Seth averted his gaze, feeling irritated.

He could sense that Victoria meant more to Isabella than anything else. There was no

doubt Isabella would truly listen to her mother and one day, she might casually marry

anyone.

"If you were asked to marry Nicolas, would you be willing?"

Isabella was taken aback by his question. "Nicolas?"

She gave a wry smile. “Mr. Shaffer, did you take my mom’s words seriously?”

He sure knew how to get things done.

Seth muttered something inexplicable and then suddenly fell silent.

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The atmosphere grew silent. Isabella felt oppressed, so she turned around and close

her eyes to rest.

Around half past ten a.m., the car arrived in the city of Imperia.

Seth had someone send Isabella back to the mansion, as he had other matters to

attend to.

Before he got out of the car, Isabella spoke up in a serious tone, “Thank you, Mr.

Shaffer.”

Seth frowned. He sensed a negative vibe and found himself unable to look aw

her.

The car door closed, and he lingered there for a moment until Jordan came up to

remind him.

“Mr. Shaffer, Mr. Klenns is waiting.”

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Inside the car, Isabella couldn't quite catch Seth's words. She didn't bother lifting her

head and could only see his shirt.

The next moment, Seth let go of the door handle and walked straight to the car in front.

There were four cars in total, which formed two groups that went in opposite

directions.

Isabella sat in the car, recalling what Victoria and Spencer had said. Her expression

remained calm, and her thoughts were even more collected.

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At one o'clock in the afternoon, Seth left the club, concluding his conversation with

Ronald.

During the meeting, both parties decided to compromise. Hence, it brought an end to

over a week of intense competition..

The Larson Family faced significant losses, so when they received the unexpected

news of a truce from Seth, it brought relief, even to an experienced person like Ronald.

He quickly agreed without hesitation.

“Mr. Shaffer, Old Mr. Shaffer is still waiting at the old Shaffer residence.”
The chauffeur

informed Seth in the car.

With his eyes closed, Seth responded casually.

He had been preparing to deal with the Larson Family since his time in Bleaktown.

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Although he had taken a step back, the Larson Family would no longer be a looming

threat, and some people could finally breathe a sigh of relief.

The car drove toward the suburbs, which were surrounded by lush green trees.

Upon arriving at the old Shaffer residence, the butler who usually waited at the door

was nowhere to be seen.

It was about half an hour later when someone finally emerged to invite him in.

Seth knew this was his grandfather’s way of asserting his authority.

As he ascended the stairs, the faint sound of opera could be heard.

Spencer's bodyguard approached him and said, "Mr. Shaffer's opera still has half an hour remaining."

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Seth was not annoyed to hear this. He sat down and said, "Let Grandpa know not to hurry. It'd be good to throw in a couple more acts. With his age, he might as well enjoy each performance to the fullest."

The bodyguard kept silent.

Then came a loud crash!

The shattering of a cup brought an abrupt halt to the opera performance.

"Let him in!"

The authoritative voice carried a vibrant energy, which indicated that the speaker still had many good years ahead of him.

Seth arched an eyebrow, calmly got up from his seat, and made his way upstairs.

Spencer was in the music room on the second floor. Seeing Seth enter, he nonchalantly

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threw another porcelain cup in his direction.

Seth swiftly dodged to the side with ease.

He looked up to meet his grandfather's reproachful gaze.

"Grandfather, if you're upset about my departure yesterday, I apologize. But as for

everything else, I hope you won't interfere."

Spencer snorted coldly and narrowed his eyes at him. "Everything else? You've got

some nerve. Just because of that woman, you dare to argue with me."

Seth furrowed his brow. "You've got it wrong. It has nothing to do with Isabella."

Spencer scoffed. "The younger generation is worse than the last."

He shot a stern glance at Seth. "Your father at least had the courage to speak his mind

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to me. But you, you can't even utter a single straightforward sentence."

Seth insisted. "I do have feelings for her."

"And yet you dare to claim it has nothing to do with her!"

Another porcelain cup was thrown.

Seth dodged it once again.

"But it's not a matter of life and death yet," he added.

Spencer fixed him with a steady gaze and cautiously inquired, "If you had to get ma

right now, would you?"

Seth's expression remained indifferent as he responded firmly, "Not a chance,

especially not with Bloom."

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"What about someone else?" Spencer pressed.

"If you can find someone suitable, I'll consider it." Seth didn't hesitate.

Spencer chuckled. "Don't play dumb with me. There are only a few girls that I approve

of, and you've rejected every single one of them."

Seth said, "You sure know how to pick them. All your choices seem to come with a bit

of baggage. Marriage? No, I'd settle for just an engagement. I'd probably end up

wearing a 'cuckold' label right away."

Spencer stayed silent.

"You are welcome to search for someone else, but please find someone with a less

complicated past, someone who is right there beside me. It's not just that I don't want

her to have been with someone else. I also care about what she thinks, especially if it's

about me."

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Stephen slammed his cane. "Enough with your nonsense. I don't want to say much, but

I absolutely will not allow another Erin Baxter in the Shaffer Family!”

There was a moment of silence between them.

Seth’s eyes were completely black. After a long pause, he finally said, “You can be

assured that I am probably not as fortunate as my father.”

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“Fortunate? Nonsense! He nearly brought the Shaffer Family to its knees!”

Stephen’s angry shout reverberated in Seth’s ears. He slowly opened his eyes, and

outside the window, the view had shifted to the roses near the mansion.

The car door swung open, and as Seth stepped inside, he quickened his pace.

Upon entering the living room and just as he was about to head upstairs, the butler

approached him.

“Mr. Shaffer, why have you just returned?”

Seth furrowed his brow and glanced towards the stairs. “Is something wrong?”

“Miss Symons left a while ago.”

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His heart sank upon hearing that, and he looked upstairs sharply,

“Where did she go?”

“She moved back to her original place.” The old butler sighed and gestured as he spoke.

Suddenly, he remembered something in his hand. “Oh, she left something behind.”

With that, he handed the blue box to Seth.

“Miss Symons said it was something you lent her temporarily...”

Seth’s gaze fell on the box in front of him. Without opening it, he already knew what

was inside.

He found it slightly amusing but was leaning more towards getting angry.

She acted swiftly. After visiting her mother, she returned with a clear intention to sever

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ties with him.

He understood what Spencer had discussed. He could sense it even during his time in

Bleaktown. After an entire night, he simply wanted to see how Isabella would handle

things.

He had imagined so many scenarios, but it turned out to be surprisingly straightforward.

Alright, that's just great, Seth thought.

"Mr. Shaffer?"

The old butler sensed something was amiss in his expression, so he couldn't resist

asking.

"Throw it away."

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Seth averted his gaze, brushed past the old butler, and ascended the stairs.

The old butler was startled. He exchanged a glance with Jordan and quickly put the

item away respectfully.

Upstairs, Seth entered the study room with a stern and expressionless face. He opened

his laptop without hesitation and proceeded with the postponed meeting.

He remained composed throughout and calmly rejected two flawed plans.

His easygoing nature, which one would think would be a relief, ended up making

everyone in the meeting more anxious instead.

After the meeting, Ariana initiated a private chat and asked him, "Seth, is something

wrong?”

Seth didn't turn on his camera and coldly replied, "It's working hours."

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With that, he hung up abruptly.

The sudden disconnection of the video call made the room feel uncomfortably quiet.

He closed his eyes, feeling the urge to break something, but found nothing to release

his frustration on.

As his emotions built up and he had nowhere to vent, the untimely ringing of the phone

only added to his irritation.

He swiped to answer without bothering to check the caller.

"Seth." The caller was Leonard.

With his eyes closed, Seth simply responded in a flat tone.

"Seth, is there any available space at your company's property in Rise Residence?"

The keywords caught his attention, and he stantly opened

opened his eyes.

"What are you planning?"

"Courtney wants to get a fully furnished apartment nearby. It's convenient for her to go

to the newly opened store." Leonard chuckled nervously. "I want to live next door to

her.”

Seth remained silent.

Leonard thought he was annoyed and couldn't help but continue, “I really want to get

back together with her. Can you help me this time for the sake of my sincerity?”

Seth took a moment before unexpectedly saying, “Sure.”

“Huh?”

Leonard was briefly stunned. “Really? Fully furnished, and two apartments?”

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“Yeah.”

Leonard was instantly overjoyed and started to flatter him excessively over the phone.

But halfway through, Seth, showing little courtesy, abruptly ended the call.

The heavy atmosphere lifted slightly as he reached for his phone to call Rise

Residence's sales department.

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Isabella had moved out of the mansion and hadn't heard anything about Seth for

several days. The production line at Nemotors had returned to normal, and they were

now producing cars for the new quarter, which kept her occupied.

Every now and then, when she opened her phone, she could still see Seth's name.

However, she deliberately avoided it.

After work, she returned home alone and had to tidy up the house. It had been a while

since she stayed at home, so everywhere was dirty.

As she left the house that day, she heard a commotion not too far away.

"Who gave you the right to live in the same building as me?!"

"I'm fine with it. Do you have a say in the matter?"

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"Just leave already! Your presence annoys me!"

Why does one of the voices sound like Leonard's? she thought.

Isabella was puzzled. Then, she saw two people coming out of the staircase.

"Miss Cline?"

Courtney was in the middle of a conversation with Leonard. Upon hearing Isabella's

voice, both of them shifted their attention to her.

"What?!" exclaimed Leonard, wide-eyed. "Isabella?"

Courtney was also stunned. "What are you doing here?"

Isabella smiled and pointed to the house. "I rented a house here."

Courtney and Leonard exchanged a look, and both subtly smirked.

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"What are you two...? Isabella was baffled to see them here.

"I just moved here because my new store is nearby, and I'm too lazy to drive every day,"

Courtney explained, then playfully slapped Leonard's head. "He's a bit eccentric. I'm

planning to kick him out soon.

Isabella laughed. "So we're going to be neighbors?"

"Absolutely!" Courtney clapped her hands, admitting with a smirk. "It's a coincidence to

bump into each other like this."

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Leonard chuckled in response.

It was all a setup, not fate.

"Hey, we're having a housewarming party later. Do you want to join us, Isabella?"

Courtney asked.

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Isabella was worried that Seth would show up, so she quickly shook her head. "No, I

have to go out later. You guys have fun."

Having said that, she swiftly closed the door, denying them the opportunity to reply.

Outside, the duo hurriedly sprang into action and scrambled to make calls to various

individuals.

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Inside the room, Isabella leaned against the door panel and slapped her forehead.

Well, darn it. How could things be so coincidental? she wondered.

She hadn't planned to go out at all. Later, when the person from next door shows up,

given Courtney's personality, she would undoubtedly extend another invitation, Isabella

pondered.

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Forget it; she'd better take a quick shower and head out. If she couldn't afford to

provoke anyone, she could certainly choose to stay out of sight.

She quickly grabbed her clothes and went into the bathroom. Halfway through her

shower, she realized that the faucet was not working.

It was probably a problem with the main valve, so she wrapped herself in a towel and

went to the kitchen to turn on the water valve.

It was probably not used for a long time, so turning it by hand was out of the question

In a rush, she hurriedly grabbed a wrench and tried to forcibly turn the water valve

Unfortunately, things didn't go her way. She used too much force and turned the

wrench too hard.

There was a loud sound. Something exploded in front of her, and then a rush of water

came gushing out.

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Ah!

Her scream pierced the air as she quickly scrambled to her feet. Within seconds, the

kitchen was flooded.

D*mn it, how could this happen? Isabella was puzzled.

She stood there dumbfounded, without any way to fix the situation.

Just then, there was a knock on the door, and Courtney's voice sounded.

"Isabella Symons, we've got company. Come join us!"

Isabella's head was spinning, and she felt overwhelmed. She was in a state of panic.

Wearing only a bath towel, and with her room completely flooded, how could she

possibly answer the door?

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The knocking continued for a while, and was soon accompanied by the incessant

ringing of her phone.

It was maddening.

Isabella took a deep breath, hurriedly entered her room, and promptly locked the door to

change into dry clothes.

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Isabella changed her clothes and hurried to the door. Before she could open it, she

heard voices outside.

“Maybe we should knock again.”

She took a deep breath and quickly opened the door.

As soon as the door opened, she was met with a pair of deep, dark eyes.

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Out of the corner of her eye, she saw several other people standing nearby.

Isabella opened her mouth to speak to Seth. "Seth..."

"Is there a problem at home?" He interrupted her.

Isabella stood by the door and insisted, "It's just a minor issue. I can handle it."

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Right after she said that, there was another round of water gushing noises from the

kitchen. It was loud enough for everyone outside to hear.

Courtney's eyes darted around, and she quickly squeezed past, asking, "What minor

issue? Why does it sound like a burst water pipe to me?"

Isabella couldn't stop her and kept backing away until she accidentally let the door

open.

Courtney gasped.

The men at the door also peered inside, except for Seth, who just glanced inside.

"Come in. This is a job for men," Courtney called out as she placed her hands on her

hips.

Isabella stood at the door and waved her hands in denial. “There’s no need to. I can...”

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“Don’t be polite,” Simon cut in and naturally pushed Seth inside.

As he did so, he flashed a smile at Isabella. “With all this water, you’ll be busy enough

just cleaning up.”

“Exactly. Why are you being so polite with us?” Leonard chimed in.

Dariel leaned against the door frame. He was unusually silent and only hummed lightly

when he made eye contact with Isabella.

Isabella watched helplessly as a group of people entered her house and went to find

some tools.

In the kitchen, Seth walked in and crouched down to take a look. His brow furrowed

immediately.

Leonard leaned in and whispered, “Seth, do you know how to fix it?”

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The former looked at him coldly. “What do you think?”

Leonard’s mouth twitched as he sensed an ominous feeling.. “You... you go ahead and

work on it first,” he said quietly.

After saying that, he silently slipped out of the kitchen.

Isabella found a bunch of tools from the storeroom and dragged them outside the

kitchen, just in time to see Leonard leaving Seth alone in the flooded kitchen.

“Mr. Shaffer, use this.” She handed him a roll of duct tape.

Seth took the tape. His brows furrowed slightly.

Isabella watched his expression and felt a bit uneasy.

She remembered that he studied philosophy at university. When it came to plumbing

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circuits, he probably only saw them in high school textbooks. How could he know how

to fix a water pipe?

“You should leave,” Seth said.

Isabella bit her lower lip. “Don't you need help?”

“I don't need it,” he responded firmly.

With an unsure “Oh,” she stood up, feeling uneasy.

Seth, who was drenched in water, unexpectedly lifted his gaze toward her as she

Thinking he wanted to speak, Isabella lowered her head without even realizing it.

Next to her, the man's hair was dripping with water. He slightly tilted his head up,

and

his deep, dark eyes were calm.

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"Your skirt is wet."

Fix A Pip

Isabella was taken aback. She looked down at the slightly damp hem of her nightgown.

Fortunately, she had an outer coat on, so it didn't matter if her dress' hem was wet.

Seth spoke briefly before directing his focus to the water pipe.

She saw his clumsy movements and felt relieved, so she quickly left the kitchen while

lifting her skirt.

In the living room, Simon and Leonard had left. Only Dariel was sitting by himself on the

couch. He was swinging his leg casually and showed no intention of offering he

Courtney peeked into the kitchen and saw Isabella coming out. She quickly pulled her

aside and said, "Come to my place and help me cut the cake."

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Isabella, a perceptive woman, understood Courtney's meaning. She went back to her

room to change into a nightgown and then followed Courtney upstairs. Just as they

entered, there was a commotion downstairs.

Alone in the kitchen, Isabella was cutting the cake. As she carried the cake to the door,

she overheard Courtney whispering on the phone outside.

"Come on, guys. Get a professional, or Seth's dignity is going to be ruined."

Isabella wanted to laugh a little, but she carried the cake back. Courtney's murmuring

continued for a while. When she entered, Isabella had already cut the cake.

"Can you help me check the dishes later?" Courtney asked again.

Isabella knew she was stalling but didn't call her out on it, and she just nodded slightly.

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Courtney chuckled awkwardly, unsure of where to put her hands. “Um... are you and

Seth okay?”

Isabella put down the cake, her expression calm. “We were never dating in the first

place.” She turned to look at Courtney. “Miss Cline, please stop making those jokes.”

Courtney was at a loss for words. Looking at her expression, she knew she had crossed

a line. “Did he upset you?”

Isabella shook her head. “No, Mr. Shaffer is just my boss. He has been kind to me, and

there’s no question of him upsetting me.”

Courtney clicked her tongue. This is a dead end. “We can talk about anything. We can’t

just dismiss it so easily.” She spoke to Isabella with a gentle tone.

Isabella leaned against the table, her hands crossed, her expression serious. “If it’s not

a match, it’s not a match. Just like the pipes in my house, I didn’t buy the right ones at

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the time. Ljust made do, and today they burst”

Courtney was silent. She had a general understanding of Isabella’s situation. She just

wanted to stay out of this and watch the drama unfold, but now she knew the drama

had gotten a bit serious. Seth crossed Isabella's line.

"Let's not talk about this. I'll get you some snacks." Courtney blinked, running back and

forth to get food, piling up so much around Isabella that she didn't even have room to

stretch her legs.

Intentionally giving those men some time, Isabella opened two bags of snacks and

quietly chatted with Courtney. After about half an hour, Leonard suddenly burst in.

"Seth has fixed the pipe!"

Isabella raised an eyebrow. "So soon?"

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"Yeah, you should go down and check it out."

Leonard was very excited, waving his hand grandly as if Seth hadn't fixed a pipe but a

dam. Isabella tugged at the corner of her mouth, took a piece of cake that Courtney

handed over, then got up and walked downstairs.

Simon and Dariel were not inside the house. Only Seth, soaked from head to toe, came

out of the kitchen.

“I wrapped too much duct tape and used a large nut, so I need to replace it with a

smaller one later.”

Isabella paused for a moment, then went to the kitchen to take a look. The burst was

indeed fixed, but it looked very rough, not like a professional job. Was it really fixed by

Seth?

She leaned out to see Seth coldly squeezing the water out of his sleeves.

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“Can you get me a set of clothes?”

Isabella was stunned.

Seth stopped what he was doing, his eyes dark as he looked at Isabella.

“Did you throw

away my clothes?”

Only then did Isabella remember. She had been living in this house for a long time, and

Seth had stayed here overnight. Her expression was a bit unnatural.

“Wait a moment.”

Seth didn’t say anything. He sat down on the couch with a poker face.

Isabella ran into the room and accurately found two sets of men’s shirts and suit pants

from her memory. Without thinking too much, she carried the clothes out.

In the living room, Seth casually threw off his soaked shirt, revealing his bare upper

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body.

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Isabella averted her gaze, holding the clothes and stepping aside. “These are the only

ones left, even though they’re out-of-season.

Seth walked past her, casually taking the clothes, and entered the bedroom as if he was

familiar with the place. Isabella stood in the living room, her mind in chaos as she

waited, so she decided to start cleaning.

With each step she took from the kitchen to the living room, she found herself walking

on a wet surface. She had to use a mop to soak up the water and then pour it into the

sink. What was supposed to be a pleasant evening had turned into a disaster, leaving

her physically and mentally exhausted.

With a click, the door behind her opened. Seth emerged from the room, his collar

unbuttoned, and his face slightly off.

Isabella noticed him tugging at his collar and suspected that something was wrong.

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“What’s the matter?”

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“There’s something on the back,” Seth replied.

Isabella put down what she was holding and walked over. “Do you want me to take a

look?”

Seth nodded and sat down on the couch. Isabella stood behind him. She wanted to

maintain some distance, but she couldn’t see clearly from afar. So she had to keep her

abdomen away and tiptoe to get a better look, which looked quite amusing.

“It appears to be a loose thread. I’ll cut it off with scissors,” she said, then quickly went

to the kitchen.

In the living room, Seth stared at her retreating figure, his thin lips tightly pressed, his

eyes filled with an indescribable depth.

Isabella returned with the scissors and waved them at Seth, “it’ll be fine once it’s cut

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off.”

Seth remained silent but lowered his head. As he did, a large patch of skin on the back

of his neck was exposed.

Isabella glanced at it and immediately noticed a patch of skin that wasn’t very smooth.

It was the aftermath of a burn. Her heart skipped a beat, and she immediately thought

of something else.

“Your arm!” She blurted out unconsciously.

Seth slightly turned his face and said, “It’s been half a month. It won’t bleed anymore.”

Just because it wasn’t bleeding didn’t mean it wouldn’t affect the recovery. Isabella

took a breath, feeling uneasy.

She lowered her head, intending to quickly cut off the loose thread. However, the

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scissors were so blunt from lack of use that they couldn’t do the job. She had to make a

sawing motion to cut the thread loose.

Seth straightened his back and raised his hand to button up, but suddenly, he winced in

pain.

“Does your arm hurt?” Isabella gingerly asked

He put down his hand. “Help me button it up.”

It was just buttoning a button and not an excessive request. Isabella hesitated for a

moment, walked around the couch, and stood in front of Seth.

Seth remained seated. As she reached out her hand, he suddenly stood up.

In an instant, she didn’t have time to step back and staggered a bit.

She regained her balance, but in her carelessness, her forehead lightly brushed against

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his chin. Her breath hitched, and her hands froze in the air.

Seth’s voice sounded above her head, “I was worried it would be difficult for

you

to

button it if I sat down.”

Isabella:

If it weren't for his calm voice, she would definitely suspect that he did it on purpose.

She pursed her lips, took a step back, and raised her hand again.

Seth's gaze moved downward, only seeing her fluttering eyelashes and tightly pressed

lips. She must have come out halfway through washing her hair, as there was still

shampoo residue, and the scent of roses was particularly strong.

Her fragrance filled his breath, making his heart itch. Just as he was about to lower his

head, Isabella suddenly moved away.

"It's done," Isabella looked up and said, "They should have started upstairs. You should

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"Did Seth really fix it himself?"

"He's here, but Seth has locked the kitchen door and won't let anyone in."

"D*mn! Is he serious about this?"

Seth pushed open the door, only to hear a table full of people discussing his gossip. As

soon as he entered, the room fell silent.

Simon poured him a drink with a smile, "You've worked hard."

"What's hard work?" Dariel clicked his tongue and moved closer to Seth. "You've even

changed your clothes and gotten the scent of roses on you. Not bad."

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Seth looked up, but he didn't bother looking at Simon, and he drank the wine Simon had

poured for him.

They had all been friends since childhood, and from the looks of it, they knew the

situation was serious. The jokes were put aside. After three rounds of drinks, Dariel

began to tease Seth.

"In my opinion, you're just upset because you think she's more efficient than you."

Seth, his feelings exposed, gave Dariel a cold look and turned away from him.

"Now, if you had the chance to marry Isabella, but it might mean giving up everything,

would you do it?"

Everyone fell silent. All eyes turned to him.

Seth turned his head and said, "Such a hypothesis is meaningless."

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Dariel rolled his eyes. "Just say you're not willing."

Courtney scoffed, also a bit upset. "You men are all the same, always wanting

everything. If something doesn't go your way, you blame it on the women."

"You're just too greedy." Dariel took a sip of his drink, squinting his eyes, "Look at me

and Natasha. We have a good thing going on.

As soon as he finished speaking, Courtney spat out in disgust. "Don't lead your friend

astray." She turned to Seth, "If you learn from him, I'll look down on you."

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Dariel clicked his tongue and knocked on the table. "What kind of talk is that?" His eyes

were red; he had drunk too much.

"If you have the ability, marry her. If not, break up. If you can't break up, be honest. Am I

not clear with Natasha? What does she want that I haven't given?"

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Courtney rolled her eyes, not wanting to listen to his nonsense. "If I were Isabella, I

wouldn't take the risk either. The odds of losing are too high."

“You only like her a little bit, but she has to risk everything? That’s not worth it. Your

affection isn’t that valuable. Maybe if she sees less of you, she won’t like you anymore.”

Ding.

A bell rang in his head. Seth was slightly drunk, but the last sentence sobered him up.

Downstairs, Isabella was exhausted, but she felt unusually relaxed. When there were

too many things to deal with, there was no time to dwell on the messy stuff.

Just as she finished dealing with the water, her phone rang again.

“Hello?”

“Isabella, it’s me.” It was Courtney’s voice.

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Isabella dropped the towel. “What’s up?”

“These idiots drank too much, so can you come up and help me?”

Courtney sounded a

bit embarrassed.

Isabella hesitated for a moment. “Are they all asleep?”

“Yeah, they’re all passed out,” Courtney said helplessly, whispering complaints.

Isabella thought it was a good thing if they were asleep, as she wouldn’t have to deal

with them. “Then I’ll come up and help you.”

“Great!”

She hung up the phone, didn’t waste any time, and quickly went upstairs. As she

pushed the door open, a strong smell of alcohol hit her.

She scanned the room, and sure enough, four people were sprawled on the couch, with

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only Courtríey standing by with her hands on her hips.

Seeing Isabella enter, Courtney couldn’t help but complain, “They said they were

coming to warm up my room, but they all ended up treating it like a confessional. As

soon as they got emotional, they wouldn’t stop drinking.”

I Quit Mr. Shaffer (Isabella Symons)

Chapter 479

Chapter 479 He Appears Intoxicated

Chapter 479

On the couch, Dariel and Leonard were sleeping in a disheveled manner, while Simon

was leaning to one side with his head drooping, still maintaining a somewhat dignified

appearance.

Seth was sitting alone on a single-seater couch, leaning back with his eyes closed, but

his body remained upright, with one hand resting on the side, still exuding an aura of

composure.

Isabella and Courtney first helped Leonard and Dariel to the guest room, then woke up

the partially intoxicated Simon. When it came to Seth, both of them hesitated for a

moment.

Courtney whispered, "I'm not sure if he's asleep."

Isabella pondered for a moment. "Let's wait a bit longer."

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She didn't believe that anyone could maintain this posture and sleep all night. Courtney

shrugged, indicating that she didn't mind.

She asked Isabella to stay by Seth's side while she went to the kitchen to make a

hangover cure.

Isabella sat down next to him, occasionally stealing glances at Seth. This man was truly

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something else; he reeked of alcohol, and his eyes were surrounded by a red flush, yet

he still maintained his posture, refusing to sleep in a disheveled manner.

As she was sneaking a peek, Seth suddenly sat up straight. She quickly averted her

gaze.

Next to her, Seth sat up straight, his head dropping, his elbow resting on his knee.

Isabella stared ahead, sensing that he was maintaining this posture.

The next second, Seth, who had been as steady as a mountain, suddenly fell forward.

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Isabella was shocked. Her pupils dilated in surprise, and she instinctively turned to

support his arm.

She sat next to him, her body sliding down just enough to squat in front of Seth as she

struggled to support him. "Miss Cline!"

She wanted to call for help, but Courtney didn't respond. Isabella looked up, exhausted.

With no other choice, she gritted her teeth and propped herself up on her knees.

After finally managing to get up, Seth was like a limp ragdoll, with most of his weight

pressing down on her. It was torturous! Why did he have to drink so much?

She had been with Seth for many years, and she could tell if he was genuinely drunk or

not; he wasn't pretending. Using all her strength, she struggled to help him up, panting

heavily.

She barely made it to the kitchen door, only to see Courtney listening to music with

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headphone's on. Isabella, supporting Seth, naturally didn't want to walk any further to

call her, so she gritted her teeth and headed toward the room.

Seth was a head and a half taller than her, now bending his body, his breath almost

falling on her ear. It was ticklish and numbing, but she couldn't avoid it.

She wanted to quicken her pace, but he was too heavy. She endured it all the way,

finally reaching the empty room.

Isabella gritted her teeth and gently laid him down. She thought Seth was heavily

intoxicated and wouldn't wake up.

However, the next second, the inebriated man suddenly opened his eyes.

Isabella felt a twinge of guilt and quickly raised her hand, "Um..."

“Huh!” The man on the bed let out a heavy grunt.

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Isabella was taken aback, thinking he was pretending to be drunk. However, the next

second, Seth closed his eyes again, appearing drowsy. It was like a fleeting moment; he

was gone as soon as he said it.

Isabella pursed her lips, adjusted the air conditioner for him, and pulled down the quilt.

She turned off the light and left; the man on the bed didn't react.

As she turned around, Courtney emerged from the kitchen. “Where's Seth?”

Isabella shrugged, “I carried him in.”

Courtney immediately remembered and slapped her forehead, “Sorry, sorry. I had my

headphones on.”

Isabella didn't mind and prepared to leave.

Courtney stopped her, went to the bedroom, and retrieved something. “This is for you.”

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“What is this?”

“The Red House is opening a branch, and this is an invitation. Bring your friends and

honor us with your presence.”

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I Quit Mr. Shaffer (Isabella Symons)

Chapter 480

Chapter 480 She Wants To Meet Mr Shaffer

Chapter 480

Isabella intentionally avoided encountering Seth. After opening the invitation, she

noticed that the meeting was scheduled for the following week. She casually agreed,

planning to handle the situation when the time came.

It was nearly eleven o'clock when she arrived home, and it was time to rest. However,

once she settled down, her mind became filled with worries, making it difficult for her to

fall asleep.

The next morning, before dawn, she went to the office early to avoid running into Seth.

Recently, Nemotors had been making progress, and there was a lot of work to be done.

Not long after Isabella arrived at the office, she received a call from the advertising

department regarding the new spokesperson.

“Nemotors has never had a spokesperson before,” Mandy said, entering the room with

sweat on her brow. “Now, if we want to find a suitable one at the last minute, we’ll have

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to pay a fortune.”

Isabella glanced at her and asked, “Did you encounter any obstacles?”

Isabella inquired, “Briana. You’re familiar with her, right?”

More than just familiar. She was a popular actress and a devoted fan of Seth,

“Did you approach her?”

Mandy nodded, “I called her studio to gauge her interest. Guess what? Her agent asked

for an outrageous price.”

Isabella pondered for a moment and said, “3 million?”

Mandy rolled her eyes, “No. Triple that!”

Isabella couldn’t help but gasp and laugh helplessly. “They really have the audacity to

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ask for that.”

“They even claimed to be giving us a discount because they know you. Otherwise,

considering Nemotors’ market position, they would have asked for 15 million.” Mandy

was so angry that she almost stomped her feet.

Isabella sat in her chair, remaining relatively calm. “It’s to be expected. For someone of

her status, endorsing Nemotors is indeed a step down.”

Mandy was speechless. She waved her hand and said, “If you want to try again, make

another call. Maybe they just look down on my position.”

She was telling the truth. After all, Isabella was the CEO, and she might have more

influence.

Isabella nodded and let Mandy return to work. She thought for a moment and decided

to call Briana’s agent.

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The main product of Nemotors for the new season was a compact car for women, and

Briana’s image and persona were a perfect fit. If the price could be negotiated to a

lower amount, she wouldn’t mind.

She dialed the number, and it was answered within a few seconds. “Ms. West, this is

Isabella.”

Briana’s agent was Jessica West.

Jessica was momentarily taken aback, then laughed and began speaking.

Isabella wanted to speak directly to Briana, but Jessica kept evading the question.

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Suddenly, there was a gasp on the other end of the phone, as if it had been snatched

away.

“Hello! Isabella!”

Isabella was taken aback, “Miss Farrell?”

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09:05 Fri, Mar 15

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Briana’s sweet voice came through, “You want me to be your spokesperson, right?”

Isabella: “Yes.”

“Then I have a request. If you can fulfill it, I’ll agree to be the spokesperson for 1.5

million.”

Isabella couldn't help but sit up straight, "Please go on."

"I want to meet Mr. Shaffer!"

Isabella was speechless.

Briana hummed twice, "Last time on the plane, you tricked me. You promised to let me

have dinner with Mr. Shaffer after we landed."

Isabella covered her face, "Miss Farrell, I'm sorry, but I can't control Mr. Shaffer's

schedule."

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"Stop lying, everyone knows you're his woman!" Briana was relentless, and she

coquettishly said, "Considering my sincerity, can you bear to refuse me?"

Isabella had a headache. She had been doing her best to avoid Seth, but why were

there so many people trying to bring everything about Seth into her world?

"I don't care. This is my only request. You figure it out."

"Miss Farrell..."

The call abruptly ended, leaving Isabella frustrated. She closed her eyes, feeling the

urge to throw her phone away. One after another, everyone seemed to be causing her

trouble.

