

## I QUIT MR 50

### Chapter 50

Isabella couldn't believe Seth would just barge in. Even if they used to sleep together, she wanted to curse him. She sank deeper into the bath, but it was useless. "I'm not your secretary anymore, Mr. Shaffer."

Seth leaned on the door, scanning Isabella's face. From where he stood, all he could see were her shoulders and face. She looked panicked. He raised his hand and spun a tube of salve. "You aren't my secretary, and yet you asked mine to serve you."

Isabella choked on her words. She held back her almost unbridled fury, and she snapped, "He just wanted to help. I didn't order him around."

"You think you're a princess who will meet a good Samaritan anywhere she goes?" Seth gave her a sardonic smile. He stood up straighter and went into the bathroom.

Shocked, Isabella tensed up as she shouted, "What are you doing?" The

b\*stard! He's coming closer all he wants. He's not even showing me respect.

Seth ignored her agitation and closed in on her personal space. Then, he

stood right beside the bathtub.

Isabella was already red from the bath. Seth's action aggravated her, and

she looked as red as a cooked lobster. A lump formed in her throat, and she

couldn't even shout. She hugged herself, as if that would cover anything, and

she glared at Seth.

Seth looked at her naked body and softened up a little, and then he leaned

closer.

Isabella's eyes went wide. "Seth!"

And then Seth grabbed her foot.

Ow! That hurts!

Seth grabbed her foot with one hand and tested the temperature of the

water with another, then he chuckled.

Isabella was in a daze from the pain, but she clenched her teeth and held her

grunt in.

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“You soaked yourself in hot water after you sprained your ankle? An idiot like you took care of me for five years. I wonder if that was an impostor wearing your skin,” Seth muttered harshly, the look on his face icy. He looked at the shivering Isabella like she was an idiot.

Isabella gritted her teeth and clenched her fists. The pain was snapping her, and fury flared in her heart. She swung her fists and splashed water at Soth.

It’s none of your business!”

Seth was surprised before he cocked an eyebrow, looking interested. There was a hint of delight in his eyes as he looked at Isabella. It almost looked like he found a shiny toy in a dark room. He leaned over again and dipped his arm into the bathtub, after which he picked her up despite her protests.

Isabella was naked, and Seth suddenly holding her in his arms froze her mind.

Emotions burst forth from her heart. It wasn't until Seth took her out of the bathroom and tossed her onto the bed that she realized what was happening. She quickly grabbed the blanket beside her and covered herself

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"I took you out of the bathtub late at night, and this is how you repay me?"

Seth held down on his belt and looked at his drenched shirt in impatience. He had forgotten that he was the one who did this on his own volition.

Isabella took a deep breath and rolled her eyes. "I didn't-" ask you to come.

And then she got a warning glare before she could finish.

Damn it! But he's a threat, so I'd better shut up. She bit her lip and gulped

down her words. "Thank you for picking me up, Mr. Shaffer, but can you leave now?"

"So, Nicolas can come in?" Seth scoffed. That was not an answer to the question.

Isabella had no idea what was going on in his head. She closed her eyes. "He

doesn't have to. I can take care of myself."

Seth looked down at Isabella's ankle. With confidence and an annoying tone,

he said, "If I'm right, you can't even move that leg of yours."

Isabella knew that, of course. Her ankle was screaming out in pain even if she

wasn't moving, let alone if she did. "You're a busy man. I don't want to waste

your time. Even if this kills me, I'll deal with it myself." She hung her head low,

her hair sticking to her face. She was tough and yet pitiful at the same time.

Seth hated this part of her the most. He turned to the couch icily and

unbuttoned his shirt, then he took it off, revealing his perfect body.

Isabella quickly looked away, her cheeks burning.

Seth noticed that reaction, and he chortled. "You've seen every inch of my

body. You must be bored after five years. Can't believe you'd go red just

seeing me half-naked again."

Go red, my \*ss! Isabella was irritated. She couldn't believe how self-absorbed

this man was. It was worse than when she was working with him.

She didn't want to talk to him, though. Seth then made a call using the

landline. "Get me a shirt."

Isabella thought he was saying that to Selena, and she didn't want to speak

at all.

The air was tense. Silence reigned the room until Selena came knocking, that

was.

Seth didn't even turn around. Coolly, he said, "Put it outside."

Isabella heaved a sigh of relief. If Selena came in and saw her naked, she

would never be able to explain her way out of it. The girl was already setting

her sights on Seth. It would be bad if she got hostile toward Isabella.

Seth went past Isabella and opened the door to take his shirt before he came

Isabella noticed he was grooming himself and had even combed his hair. It

looked like he was going out. "You're going out?"

Seth glanced at her. A long while later, he finally said, "I have an appointment."

Isabella was surprised as she stated, "But it's almost