

## I QUIT MR 51

### Chapter 51

Seth gave her a scornful look. Annoyed, he said, "You've only left work for days, and you've forgotten all the stuff you worked on for years?"

Isabella choked on her words. She had worked for Seth for five years, and they had experience meeting clients late at night, but those were rare occurrences. "Who are you seeing?" she asked.

Seth buttoned the last button on his shirt and stood before the mirror. He

1/8

stood tall, and he felt oppressive even when he wasn't talking. He raised his chin. "Jonathan Gosling."

"Mr. Gosling?" Isabella was shocked, and she almost let go of the blanket.

Seth said nothing. That was a tacit agreement.

Isabella was silent. She was worried. Jonathan was a retired government man and a very high-ranking official. He was nearly eighty, and he was

seeing Seth at this hour. If anything were to happen to Jonathan, it would be

bad. "Mr. Shaffer, Mr. Gosling's heart isn't as healthy as it was. This isn't the

2/8

best hour to see him."

Seth strode to the couch without looking back. He made a call and told

someone to prepare the files. He then hung up and noticed that Isabella was

looking at him. "I'm not going alone," he commented.

Isabella got what he was saying. He must be waiting for Jonathan to make

the decision on something important, and a group of people were going to

meet him as well. He was in that group.

Seth finished changing and left. A moment later, someone came in. Isabella

heard his voice, and she knew it was Ollie.

"Mr. Shaffer, the Hanks have left. It is now Ronald and Christopher Larson's

turn."

Seth asked coolly, "Have they met?"

“Only said hi at the doorway. Nothing more,” Ollie answered.

Seth said nothing.

Isabella got out of bed, still covering herself with a blanket. She quickly

changed into a robe and leaned on the door to listen in.

Seth was about to move, and he told Ollie to get prepared. Isabella quickly

got up, but it was too late to run. Seth opened the door and realized she was

listening in. He looked at her coldly and picked up the watch he left behind,

but he said nothing.

Out of an old habit, she said, “Mr. Shaffer, Mr. Gosling isn’t as young as he

used to be. It’s not advisable for someone with his condition to stay up late at

night. If you have to talk, make sure you keep an eye on the time.”

Seth shot her a mysterious look.

Isabella licked her lips. She mused about it for a moment before adding, “And

Selena’s not a suitable partner for this.”

Seth paused for a moment and looked at her again. "Then who is?"

"Nicolas or Ollie. Either of them," Isabella answered without hesitation. "Mr.

Gosling's late wife was Mr. Stone's beloved daughter. She was a tough

woman and hated girls who were indecisive. That rubbed off on her husband,

and Mr. Gosling is a man who cares about his business partner's private life.

It's inappropriate to bring a beautiful woman over to his place late at night."

Isabella made great points. None of it was made emotionally.

Seth looked at her and looked away only after she was done talking.

Isabella thought he wanted to take Selena no matter what, so she continued,

"You'll have more chances to take her around. She-"

"And who told you I was taking her with me?" Seth suddenly raised his head

and looked at her.

Isabella froze for a moment. "So what-"

"Ollie is enough," Seth responded curtly.

Isabella heaved a sigh of relief and hobbled away. She shut up and said

nothing more. Ollie knocked on the door, telling Seth that it was time. Seth picked up his suit and went away.

When he reached the doorway, he turned to the side and looked at Isabella.

“Natasha’s men are here. You can deal with the rest yourself.”

Isabella was still wondering what Seth was talking about, but he had left. A moment of silence later, she remembered that she had asked Natasha to dispatch a couple of men for her.

While she was spacing out, the phone on the nightstand rang. She held back her pain and hobbled over. Then, she took the call. “Hi, it’s Isabella.”

“We’re at the hotel, Isabella. What’s the plan?”

Isabella leaned on the couch and mused over it. “Just stand around for a bit.

I’ll call him. He should come, so just teach him a little lesson. Don’t go too far.”

“Gotcha.”

The call ended. Isabella crossed her arms and mused over some stuff again.

Once she was done, she called Jonas.

Jonas picked it up, and he spoke crassly and harshly. "Where are you? It's late at night. You're troubling me, you know that?"

Isabella faked being drunk, and she drawled, "Pick me up, Mr. Stokes."

Jonas paused for a moment, and he softened a little. "You're running around even when you're drunk?"

Isabella guessed that he was only in cahoots with the receptionist, so he wouldn't check the security footage. She kept faking a drawl and spoke in a daze. "I have no idea where I am. Woke up in this place."

Isabella told him the hotel's address and kept saying she had no idea where she was and that she was scared.

Hearing that she was at a hotel, Jonas softened up even more. He told

Isabella to reserve a room. He would go over and take a look.

Isabella harrumphed. You old git. Think I'm easy prey? This is what you get for harassing me. She hung up and waited for Jonas to show up and get his \*ss

whooped. She stood at the floor-to-roof window that allowed her vision of

the ground. She felt gratified, and then someone knocked on the door.