

I Quit Mr. Shaffer (Isabella Symons)

Chapter 7

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Upon hearing the sound of water running, Isabella entered the room. Out of habit, she grabbed Seth's bathrobe, hairdryer, and pajamas before laying them out on the couch. Then, she sat there, unmoving.

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When Seth emerged from the bathroom, his body covered in water droplets, he saw the statue-like figure on the couch. She was nothing like five years ago. Back then, she was a bit silly and somewhat cute at times. Now, she was like a robot, unresponsive no matter what happened. It was boring and irritating.

"What are you doing?" He casually tossed the towel in his hand, accurately hitting Isabella.

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She snapped out of her daze and immediately took

the bathrobe before walking over to him with a calm expression. It was as if the attractive and alluring man before her didn't exist.

Seth's gaze was gloomy as he grasped every detail of the woman's expression. Unfortunately, she really was like a robot. "Doesn't anything faze you? Your expression doesn't even change?" he suddenly asked.

Lowering her head to help the man tie the rope around his waist, Isabella calmly replied, "I'm your secretary, so I have to always look presentable lest I embarrass you."

Seth tilted his head and laughed mockingly while a trace of irritation flashed across his eyes. Suddenly.

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he slapped her hands away.

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"M-Mr. Shaffer!" While Isabella was still confused, the man picked her up in his arms and strode toward the bed. Her body was then mercilessly

thrown on the bed. Her head was spinning, and her mind turned to mush in an instant.

“Mr. Shaffer!” She tried to get up, but the man pushed her back down.

Seth casually pulled off his freshly worn bathrobe, then pressed one knee on the bed’s edge, emitting an imposing aura. His icy lips pressed against her neck, and he expertly opened her collar.

Suppressing her anger, Isabella closed her eyes. “I remember you didn’t like second-hand items.”

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The man didn’t stop, and the humiliating words came out easily from his lips. “The report shows that you’re very healthy.”

“Then I’m lucky that Louis doesn’t have any contagious disease.” Isabella remained expressionless while feeling her clothes being

pulled away.

Seth let out a low chuckle, his emotions a mix of amusement and unknown feelings. The laughter carried a chilling threat, making the hairs on Isabella's body stand on end. "You are indeed lucky," he murmured. "Otherwise, I would never touch you again, even if you knelt before me and begged me."

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Isabella closed her eyes, not bothering to listen to the oppressive masculine voice by her ear.

It was in the middle of the night.

The bedside lamp was on, and the man's upper body was bare, revealing a large expanse of tanned skin, which made him look strong and sensual. Seth leaned against the headboard while holding a cigarette between his fingertips. He squinted slightly as he exhaled, the smoke veiling his stern face in an obscure haze.

By the bedside, the woman was wrapped in a thin blanket, trembling.

“Did I hurt you?” he asked casually.

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Isabella gulped and felt like there were thorns inside her throat, causing a burning and painful sensation. She spoke up in her raspy voice. “I have something to discuss with you.”

Putting out his cigarette in the crystal ashtray, Set glanced at the woman close to him and rebuked, “You're quite intelligent. You know that now is an easier time to negotiate with me.”

Ignoring the sarcasm in his tone, Isabella continued, “I want to transfer to a subsidiary company and learn something new.”

The man was momentarily stunned, then his gaze locked onto the woman's face, examining her.

Suddenly, he sneered and mocked, “You want to

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leave? There's only three months left. Do you think I will keep you from leaving?"

He was getting a little tired of her, but he had to be the one to dismiss her; it wasn't her place to leave on her own accord. Besides, he hadn't seen her emotionless face change yet.

"I appreciate your training over the past few years. However, whether I leave now or later, I still have to leave. If I'm transferred to a subsidiary company now, I can still bask in the glory of being your secretary." Isabella's words were insincere like she was trying to flatter the man.

But Seth saw through her thoughts in one glance and scoffed with sarcasm. "Training? Is it the

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training you did in bed? You haven't made much progress after five years."

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Isabella's expression fell as she muttered, "I'm sorry

to have disappointed you.”

“If you want to be transferred, then fine.” The man lay down and closed his eyes.

Isabella breathed a sigh of relief and stood up after wrapping her body in the blanket. She picked up her clothes from the floor before walking out quietly.

“Isabella, this is the path you choose for yourself.”

The man suddenly spoke behind her.

When she opened the door, her gaze was

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determined. “Rest assured that no matter what happens in the future, I won’t cause you any trouble.”

Seth let out a snort. “Be gone.”

“Yes.”

