

I QUIT MR 84

Chapter 84

Seth entered his study and started a video conference, keeping a straight face and not giving a single piece of advice throughout it.

When the executives on the other end finished their report but didn't get 'lectured,' they instantly became nervous.

"Mr. Shaffer, what do you think about our proposal?"

Seth replied, "Inappropriate. Change it."

The crowd was silent.

On the screen, the man's perfect face looked dark, making others fear him no matter how handsome he looked.

The executives exchanged glances, hoping one of them would mess up.

While they were hinting at each other with their eyes, they accidentally wasted too much time.

Seth raised his head, his gaze stern. "Is there anything else?"

“Nope,” everyone answered in unison.

About to end the video conference, Seth ordered, “I want a new proposal tomorrow morning.”

That left the executives feeling bitter, but they dared not ask anything. They could only curse at the culprit who angered their boss.

After the meeting ended, Seth sat before his desk with his arms crossed. He stared sternly at his computer, but his eyes seemed empty.

There was a knock outside the door, and he didn’t need to guess who it was.

“Seth, you should get to rest.” It was the butler’s voice.

Pinching the space between his brows, Seth closed his laptop and got up to leave.

The butler glanced at him and commented, “Everything is well prepared.”

Seth gave a response and headed toward his bedroom, thinking to ask the butler about Isabella’s situation but finding it unnecessary. Giving her a room was already generous enough.

When he opened the door to his room, he caught a faint whiff of alcohol

incongruent with the clean scent of his room.

“Everything is well prepared.” The butler’s voice repeated in his ears.

With a click of his tongue, Seth probably guessed the situation and sped up.

Once he was inside his room, he discovered there was indeed a woman in

his bed.

Isabella was in a relaxed posture with her arms beside her face as she lay

slightly on her side, humming.

Standing not far from her, Seth had a complicated expression, thinking how

he was going to deal with the situation before him.

“Isabella,” he called her coldly.

Isabella heard the sound and suddenly woke up, opening her eyes and

looking at him. “Se... Sc*mbag?”

That rendered Seth speechless. Very well. She stops calling me a b*stard but

changes to sc*mbag!

He closed his eyes, clenching his jaw tightly as he stiffly made his way toward

Isabella.

Isabella suddenly chuckled before snorting loudly. "I knew it."

"Knew what?" Seth stood before her, looking down at her from above.

Half-awake, Isabella lay flat on the bed, staring at the ceiling as she blinked.

"That you want to sleep with me."

Silence.

Isabella chuckled before letting out an alcohol-infused breath. Then, she

suddenly glanced at Seth and giggled. "Did you sleep with Selena?"

Seth felt his temples throbbing. He had no idea that this was what she was

like behind his back, constantly bringing up the topic of sleeping together.

"What does it have to do with you?" His tone sounded rude.

Isabella clicked her tongue and turned her back to him. "Doesn't she suit your

taste?"

“What taste?” Seth suddenly found it funny when he heard her speaking like

she knew him well.

Closing her eyes, Isabella spoke drunkenly. “Innocent, beautiful, and with a

ponytail.”

Out of everything she listed, none of them were without reason.

After thinking about it, Seth agreed that it did match his aesthetic

preferences.

Meanwhile, Isabella lay beside him with her back to him and scattered hair

that revealed the fair nape of her neck. Her shirt was slipping down her

shoulders, unable to hide the strap underneath.

Seth inexplicably reached out and unabashedly caressed her neck. It was

smooth to the touch and very pleasing.

They had countless intimate moments in the past, so he knew that feeling

well and even better understood the mysterious pleasure it brought.

“Isabella?” Seth called her again.

She ignored him.

Seth gulped as he mentally persuaded himself. I’ve given her so much stuff,

so sleeping with her once more wouldn’t hurt, right?

After successfully persuading himself, he slowly bent down and tentatively

kissed her cheek.

Isabella didn’t move, seeming to have no intention of resisting.

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Seth’s heart thumped in his chest. He thought he might have been alone for

too long because he hadn’t slept with anyone for over half a month, so it was

normal for him to want her.

With that in mind, he wrapped his arm around Isabella’s waist, wanting to

turn her around.

I Knew You Wanted to Sleep With Me

The process went smoothly, but he was suddenly met with Isabella’s

mocking gaze.

Seth took in a sharp breath, his actions stopping abruptly.

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Since the alcohol had taken over her mind, Isabella was strangely bold as

she narrowed her eyes, asking, “Will you be undoing my buttons next?”

Seth said nothing.