

## **I QUIT MR 86**

### Chapter 86

Early morning...

After what happened, Isabella passed out and woke up, not knowing how long she had been unconscious. Her eyes were so dry that she couldn't open them, and her throat was burning so much that she couldn't make a sound.

Moving her arms, she discovered her whole body was aching as though she had received a beating.

What happened last night? While massaging her temples, she looked at her surroundings. The black and white decor gave the room a cold and arrogant feeling, which suited Seth's taste.

"Didn't you want to sleep with me?"

"Be good, and I'll grant you one more request."

"If I wanted to sell my body, I would choose a new..."

The words she said last night popped up inside her head, startling her so much that she quickly sat up, inadvertently tugging on the bruises on her body. It was so painful that she gnashed her teeth.

There was a mirror on the table opposite her. Now that she was sitting up, she discovered that there was also a bruise on her forehead, and it looked quite horrifying.

Did I get into a fight with Seth last night because we couldn't make a deal?

Thinking it might be possible, Isabella instantly felt chills run down her spine.

She quickly got out of bed, holding onto a chair to find her footing.

Her throat felt very uncomfortable, so she went to wash up in the bathroom and cleaned herself up before heading out the door.

Just as she opened the door, she met the eyes of a young helper.

Isabella was stunned for a moment. "Excuse me, can you—"

"Do you feel unwell?" the helper interjected.

Isabella felt slightly confused. "No, thank you."

However, the helper blocked the doorway when Isabella was trying to leave.

“Has Mr. Shaffer gone to the company? I’ve troubled you all for one night, so I

The helper revealed a faint smile and bowed. “What would you like to eat?”

Isabella felt that the helper seemed strange, but she couldn’t bring herself to

ask. In the end, she declined the offer. “Thank you, but it’s all right.”

Afterward, she tried to leave through a small gap beside the door, but the

helper didn’t hide her intentions and reached out her leg to stop Isabella.

Isabella fell silent and calmed down her breathing before gazing at the

helper. “Is there a problem?” she asked.

“Mr. Shaffer said to show you something if you’re feeling well.”

With that, the helper took out a printed list from her pocket.

Nervous, Isabella accepted the list and read it from top to bottom. Porcelain

cup, crystal lamp, aquamarine stool...

“What is this?” she asked tentatively.

The helper reached out her hand, gesturing for Isabella to head back inside.

Left with no choice, Isabella followed the helper and headed into the built-in bathroom.

The moment they entered, Isabella was flabbergasted because the bathroom was a wreck. It was still wet and had all sorts of things scattered across the floor.

5/9

“You got drunk last night and puked. Mr. Seth brought you in here to clean up, but you started hitting him and smashing a lot of stuff.”

Isabella thought about the bruises on her body and found it hard to believe. “I hit him?”

“The bruises on your body are from your fall.” The helper was holding in her laughter as she pointed at Isabella’s forehead. “This was from when you knocked it against the marble countertop. Mr. Seth even called for a doctor to

check on your injuries.”

Isabella felt like crying as she held the list, unable to say a word.

“Mr. Seth says he won’t ask you for the doctor’s consultation fees, but you have to compensate for the things inside this bathroom.” The helper spread her hands as she spoke.

Looking at the list, Isabella was so angry that she closed her eyes. Over 105 thousand?

“Are you going to transfer the money or pay by cash?” the helper urged.

Pursing her lips, Isabella muttered, “Sorry, but I don’t have that much-

“That’s perfect. You can send Mr. Soth’s lunch to him at the company yourself!” The helper clapped her hands, soomingly excited. “Mr. Shaffer instructed that if you don’t have the money to pay up, you can run errands for him and earn 15 thousand each time.”

Regarding that particular Mr. Shaffer, Isabella had some recollection of him.

He was someone Spencer had assigned to Seth.

She massaged her temples upon hearing that. If she could make 15 thousand per errand, she would have to send lunch to Seth for a week.

“Can I ask why Mr. Shaffer didn’t choose someone else for this errand?”

At that, the helper replied, “No one has the courage to take the job. Mr. Seth didn’t sleep well last night because of you and had to go to the company for a meeting early this morning, so he must be in a very bad mood.”

Isabella fell silent upon hearing that. Great. They’re letting me be the sacrifice.

“It’s getting late, so get changed and follow me downstairs to get ready,” the helper urged.

A speechless Isabella knew she was in the wrong, so she could only follow the helper downstairs.

“I prepared two portions so that you can eat with Mr. Seth.” The cook had a gentle temperament and gave Isabella two lunch boxes.

Surprised, Isabella quickly took the lunch boxes, feeling resigned. She wouldn’t

dare have lunch with Seth and might even get mocked later.

After taking a deep breath, she glanced at her phone. When she didn't see

any

calls from her company, she immediately felt nervous.