

I QUIT MR 95

Chapter 95

Mr. Shaffer called to ask if she was available at the moment.

Isabella let out a weary sigh. Her appetite for lunch vanished at the thought

of meeting Seth. Nonetheless, she maneuvered away from the crowd and

headed straight for the parking lot with her purse in hand, where the Shaffer

Family's car was already waiting.

As usual, Mr. Shaffer prepared two sets of meals.

1/9

The bodyguards accompanying her were the same as yesterday's, escorting

her all the way to the Shaffer Group Tower's entrance. This time, they stayed

in the car, having learned their lesson. "Call us if you need anything," they

said.

A relieved Isabella entered the building with two insulated food containers in

hand.

The people she met greeted her more warmly than yesterday. As she arrived at the front desk, two young receptionists from there suddenly chased after her.

“Isabella.” They stood in front of the elevator.

Isabella raised an eyebrow. “What’s the matter?”

“Nothing.” The two receptionists exchanged a brief look. One of them said under her breath, “Miss Winston called this morning. She said that we have to inform her whenever you come to the company.”

Isabella couldn’t help but chuckle. “So, are you going to make that call now?”

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3/9

“No, of course not. The two receptionists waved their hands repeatedly. They replied with a smile, “We’re not that stupid. Such instructions don’t conform to the rules. Plus, you’re the person Mr. Shaffer trusts the most...”

Only then did it dawn on Isabella: these two receptionists were claiming

credit for what they had done. Then, she entered the elevator and pressed

the floor button with mirth in her eyes.

The two receptionists looked at each other in puzzlement, unsure of what she

meant.

Isabella didn't take the president's exclusive elevator. So, she ran into many

familiar faces on her way up, and the two insulated food containers she was

carrying stood out like a sore thumb. As soon as she stepped out of the

elevator, those behind her began talking behind her back.

"Hey, Isabella. Are you bringing lunch to Mr. Shaffer?" Ellie was heading to the

cafeteria when she ran into Isabella.

When Isabella noticed the quiet surroundings, she assumed that Seth wasn't

around. She was so relieved that she intended to put down the food

containers and leave.

"Mr. Shaffer is inside," said Ellie with a smile.

A speechless Isabella forced a smile on her face and went inside, carrying the food containers.

The door to the president's office was unlocked and slightly ajar. Hence, Isabella carefully pushed it open. Just as she darted her eyes to the left, she caught sight of Seth leaning back in his chair with his eyes closed.

A slight crease formed between his brows when he heard the sound she made. Nevertheless, his face smoothed out soon enough as he continued resting with his eyes closed.

5/9

When she received no response, she quickly set the table and prepared to slip away without him noticing. Alas, just when she was about to turn around, the man behind the desk suddenly opened his eyes. "Have you deboned the fish?"

What? A bewildered Isabella turned around and met his gaze. "How did you know there's fish today?"

Seth cast her a sidelong glance and leaned back in his chair. He said

casually, "Are you going to just bring the meal here and then run away after charging 15 thousand for each meal you deliver?"

Isabella felt rather guilty as she turned around and walked up to the

floor-to-ceiling window, where she sat down to remove the fish bones. She

suspected that this man had deliberately ordered this meal. Of all kinds of

fish, he has to choose the hairtail fish, whose fine bones are simply torture to one's eyes.

Before she realized it, Seth had taken a seat across from her, his arm lazily

resting on the table. He opened his mouth, looking fatigued.

Concerned that he might get irritated again due to hunger and fatigue,

Isabella quickly served him some pasta and added some other dishes to his

bowl. "You go ahead and eat. I'll be done in a minute."

Seth frowned, looking impatient while holding the bowl.

Isabella recognized this expression of his. He probably had several meetings in the morning and came across something that displeased him. So, she cleverly remained silent upon realizing the mood he was in, quietly removing the fish bones to avoid bringing trouble upon herself.

It was really silent in the office when there suddenly came a knock on the door.

Seth put down his bowl and took a deep breath, his expression gloomy.

Ellie gingerly poked her head in, whispering, "Mr. Shaffer, there's a bit of an issue."

Seth didn't even pay attention to her. He merely furrowed his brows, his gaze fixed on Isabella across the table.

Isabella turned toward Ellie, feeling utterly uncomfortable under his stare.

A Shopping Trip Can Affect the Share Pr

"What's the issue... Just say it."

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Ellie quickly came in, shooting an uneasy glance at Isabella before pushing her phone toward the man. "Isabella, did you just go shopping at the mall?"

Isabella's heart skipped a beat, her expression faltering. In her heart, she had figured out what it was about.

Seth grabbed Ellie's phone and scanned through its contents upon noticing her expression.

Ellie's fists clenched as she said under her breath, "This video was uploaded anonymously five minutes ago. It's been gaining a lot of views and shares, so it'll likely trend in a few minutes. Now, the public feels that it's Miss Shaffer and the mall's manager bullying an ordinary customer. This is already being linked to the Shaffer Group's corporate culture."

Isabella's hands froze while holding the knife and fork. She looked up slightly, only to meet the man's scrutinizing gaze. "You managed to make the Shaffer Group's share price fluctuate just by going on a shopping trip," he remarked.

Isabella couldn't find it in herself to reply when those words fell from his lips.