

I QUIT MR 99

Chapter 99

In Seth's office, silence prevailed as the owner was absent.

Isabella immediately shook off the tense feeling. Then, she placed her hands

behind her back as she took several deep breaths.

Now that Seth wasn't around, the oppressive atmosphere in the room

seemed to have lightened. Perhaps she was merely experiencing the

placebo effect as she felt that even the air seemed cleaner.

Isabella placed her hands on it and stared at the chair where Seth often sat

as she approached the long, black desk.

Her heart raced all of a sudden, and something buried deep within her was

unexpectedly stirred.

Now that no one was around, Seth wouldn't randomly check the office

surveillance, would he?

Isabella straightened her back as she looked around the room and walked to

the door to ensure it was locked.

Then, she returned to the desk, circled it, and hesitated for a moment.

Finally, she placed her hands on the chair, turned around, sat on it, and gazed

at the front with her back straightened.

She sneakily did all these to feel what it felt like to be in Seth's position.

So, this is what it feels like to be the chairman and president.

If she had an office like this, even if it were smaller and the furnishings not as

luxurious... At least it would be entirely hers.

Just then, she felt as if a clot in her mind had suddenly dissipated as she

leaned back in the chair, feeling her whole body boiling with excitement.

She should...

"If you like that position so much, why don't I give that seat to you?"

A cool and crisp voice came out of nowhere.

Isabella shivered, abruptly jerked to her feet, and was momentarily unsure

which direction to look at.

Behind her, the door to the embedded lounge opened, and the footsteps of a man slowly approached.

Isabella widened her eyes, feeling quite stiff as she turned around to meet the man's scrutinizing gaze.

"I didn't realize that you would harbor such big ambitions."

He was only wearing an unbuttoned shirt, which was loosely draped over his body as he leaned against the door frame and fixed his gaze on Isabella.

Isabella swallowed hard as she took a deep breath. "Everyone has dreams.

Isn't that allowed?"

"Can you distinguish between a dream and a daydream?" Seth snorted

coldly, his gaze falling on the hand Isabella used to grip the chair.

Isabella quickly withdrew her hand while scooting to the side. "Who knows if it might become a reality one day?"

Seth chuckled and approached her slowly before looking down at the

woman wearing sunglasses before him. "Shaffer Group took 30 years to reach its current scale. So, you should have a plan, even if it's a dream."

An unconvinced Isabella clenched her fist. "You were born with a silver spoon.

Are you going to block others from a chance to acquire high status because of that?"

"It seems that you've become foolish after dreaming so recklessly." Seth's

gaze turned cold. Soon, he started to find her sunglasses somewhat

obstructive. Thus, he couldn't resist reaching out to take them off.

Isabella was slightly surprised but quickly swatted Seth's hand aside.

"How dare you!" Seth was surprised as he didn't expect her to attack him.

Isabella held onto her sunglasses as she dodged to the side and argued,

"You were the one who made the first move."

Seth licked his lips, suppressing his anger. "Come here!"

Isabella held onto her glasses and took a step back. "Mr. Shaffer, I've already'

sorted things out. I can leave now."

“Remove your glasses, or the deal is off,” Seth uttered with pursed lips as he gazed intensely at her.

Isabella gritted her teeth, thinking that this man had to be insane to insist on seeing the disfigured half of her face.

She debated whether to take them off. Alas, she had no choice but to give in as she met Seth’s unyielding gaze,

Fine, she’d take them off.

She took the glasses off as she heaved a long sigh.

“Wait.” Seth suddenly raised his hand. “Don’t take them off. I can imagine how ugly the other half of your face is just by looking at the lower part.”

Isabella was rendered speechless.

Damn. You really know how to pick your words.

She rolled her eyes, put her glasses back on, and took a step back with a blank face.

“I’ve sorted things out. Remember what you promised me,” she reminded.

Seth snorted coldly, turned around, and plopped onto the couch.

“You sure have a lot of conditions. Are you planning to commit murder or arson?”

Isabella felt guilty as she realized that what she was about to do wasn’t much different from those crimes.

“Being prepared is being safe. Imperia is a big place. I never know when I might offend someone.”

“Just get lost,” Seth uttered as he found her presence with those sunglasses irritating. Then, he raised his hand and grumbled, “Your presence is an annoyance to me.”

Isabella rolled her eyes dramatically behind her glasses. Still, she took care to

Stand a Chance To Acquire High Status

keep smiling politely at him. She quickly turned to leave after giving him a slight bow.

“Are you planning to start your own business?” Seth suddenly inquired.

Isabella had her back to him as she grabbed the doorknob and said

cautiously, “Everyone who comes to Imperia has that dream.”

Seth replied coldly instead of taunting her, “Then, go ahead and pursue your

dream. Make sure to stay out of trouble.”

Isabella pursed her lips, opened the door, and walked out with a determined

glint in her eyes.