

LEAVE ME ALONE, MR SHAFFER

Chapter 6

Chapter 6

Isabella felt as if she had been delivered a hard slap, making her ears ring.

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Seeing her hesitation, the doctor assumed she was scared and said indifferently, "It's just a simple physical examination. Lie down and take off your BINANCE PIP

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Chapter 6 Ten Million Penalty for Breach of Contrapants. I only need to take a sample."

Isabella gripped the sides of her pants with both hands, forcing herself to stay calm and mentally prepare herself. Just think of it as a free check-up. It's no big deal.

Then, she lay down expressionlessly, already guessing Seth's intentions. The cotton swab lightly grazed her, and it was a very quick process.

Isabella got up in a daze, but she realized her legs had gone numb within a minute and were shaking.

It wasn't out of fear, though—it was out of anger.

"You can go now. I'll give the results to Mr. Wallace."

Without giving any response, Isabella adjusted her

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Chapter 6 Ten Million Penalty for Breach of Contra
clothes and tried to walk out as calmly as possible.

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Then, she sat in the corridor for a while, sorting out her thoughts. Seth thought she had slept with Louis and wanted her to get checked for any diseases.

Taking a deep breath, she wanted to throw a tantrum when her phone rang. It was from Seth.

After wiping her face, she controlled her trembling voice and spoke. "Mr. Shaffer."

"Are you done with your examination?" The man's voice sounded cold and monotonous.

Isabella stared at her reflection on the wall opposite her and coldly retorted, "I've already tendered my resignation, so you don't have to be so considerate by giving me a free check-up, you Chapter 6 Ten Million Penalty for Breach of Contra know."

A snort came from her phone, followed by Seth's usual tone as he questioned her, "Haven't you checked your email?"

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While furrowing her brows, Isabella had a bad feeling. "I-

The man cut her off and simply said, "Come over at 8.00PM. I will be returning home later."

Within seconds, she could only hear the beep of the disconnected call.

Isabella couldn't wait until she returned home, so she immediately checked her email on her phone. The reply from the human resources department

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Chapter 6 Ten Million Penalty for Breach of Contract contained only a screenshot of a contract clause.

'Termination within the five-year term of.

employment will result in a ten million penalty for breach of contract.'

Isabella's pupils dilated, and she felt as if she had been plunged into an ice cellar, shivering from the cold. When she first joined the company, she was still a rookie and didn't understand the specifics of the contract. Nonetheless, she was certain that this clause hadn't been in there.

Hold on! She had signed numerous contracts over the past few years under Seth's instructions. There was no guarantee that he hadn't deliberately slipped in a few extra clauses. As such, she might have unwittingly sold herself out.

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Chapter 6 Ten Million Penalty for Breach of Contract

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There were less than three months away from her five-year employment term. Isabella closed her eyes, propping herself up on the chair. Her mind

quickly settled on the plan with the least amount of loss. She had to endure these three months, or her future would be extremely difficult without the ten million she had saved.

She prepared herself mentally, trying to digest the overwhelming sense of shame enveloping her.

However, the feeling was like the smell of disinfectant from the hospital; it stuck to her stubbornly.

After returning home to take a bath, she had to scrub her body clean for the humiliation to gradually disappear with the smell of disinfectant,

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Chapter 6 Ten Million Penalty for Breach of Contra hiding it away deep in her heart.

She scrolled through her phone numbly until it was dark outside, and she took a cab to Seth's residence.

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When she arrived at the door, she tried to unlock the door with her fingerprint.

"Sorry, your fingerprint is invalid." The cold and merciless computerized voice made Isabella let out a soft sigh. She wrapped her coat tightly around herself and sat down on the steps.

Though she could leave or wait at a nearby cafe, doing so would only anger Seth even more. Since she couldn't bear the former's anger, she could only choose to take on the chilly night wind.

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Chapter 6 Ten Million Penalty for Breach of Contra

As the sky grew darker, it was eventually 9.00PM.

Isabella's mind felt dizzy before a dazzling ray of light shone on her, instantly waking her up.

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Seth descended the car and saw the woman

curled up on the steps through the intense light.

She resembled a stray, looking vaguely like how she did a few years ago. His mood changed slightly as he slowly approached and stood before her.

"How long have you been here?"

"Since 7.40PM." Isabella's tone sounded calm without a trace of anger.

Her calm tone instantly smoothed out the surge of emotion inside Seth's heart, and he discreetly

withdrew his gaze before moving past her and

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Chapter 7 She's Like a Robot

heading up the stairs.

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Isabella looked up with a calm expression and followed him up the stairs.

Once inside the living room, Seth removed his coat and casually threw it on the couch. Then, he lowered his head and began unbuttoning his cuffs

leisurely. Without paying any attention to Isabella, he went straight upstairs.

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Listening to the obedient footsteps behind him not too far away, he went straight to his bedroom door before coming to a halt. He smiled mockingly, then removed his clothes before entering the bathroom in his birthday suit.

Chapter 7

Chapter 7

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.

Chapter 7 She's Like a Robot

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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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Chapter 7 She's Like a Robot

he slapped her hands away.

4/9

"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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Chapter:

Like a Robot

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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Chapter 7 She’s Like a Robot

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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Chapter 7 She's Like Robot

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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Chapter 7 She's Like a Robot

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 wor

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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Chapter 7 She's Like a Robot

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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Chapter 8 The

Days of Exile Begin

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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.”

Chapter 8

Chapter 8

Isabella walked back alone, enduring the harsh wind that blew all night. By morning, she had developed a high fever.

But before she had the time to rest, she received a call from the human resources department, telling her she had been transferred to a car retail company under the Shaffer Group and would be

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Chapter 8 The Days of Exile Begn

taking up the position as frontline sales. It was a genuine form of exile.

Seth was truly ruthless for putting her in such a position. From executive secretary to sales, it was the same as transforming from a king's beloved into a soldier by the border.

Despite her high fever, Isabella forced herself to report for duty. Upon arrival, she realized what frontline sales meant. The place was small. She glanced around, noticing the entire office was cluttered with various items and had a strange smell in the air.

The supervisor who welcomed her was named Jonas Stokes, a middle-aged man with a stout build. His attitude was excessively enthusiastic.

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Chapter & The Days of Exile Begin.

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From the moment she entered, his eyes were glued to her as he overtly and covertly inquired about the reason for her exile.

Seeing that she wasn't going to talk, he waved his hand in frustration and asked her to find her desk on her own.

Ignoring the strange looks from those around her, Isabella placed her few belongings on the desk and

familiarized herself with her work. She didn't care about the job and just wanted to get through the three months as quickly as possible. Therefore, she didn't bother with introductions. Once she was familiar with her work, she grabbed her bag before heading to stand by in the lobby.

Since her fellow colleagues had their own work to
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Chapter & The Days of Exile Begin

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do, they were unwilling to pay her any mind. Her head was spinning, so she chose to lean against a corner to slack off.

"Miss, can I test drive this car?" In her daze, she heard someone calling out to her.

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Isabella focused her gaze and saw an elderly man in his fifties standing in front of her, wearing a shirt with small holes at the collar. He didn't appear to be particularly wealthy. Looking around, she noticed almost no one paid attention to this old man, probably thinking he couldn't afford to buy.

"Sure. I'll go and grab the keys." Isabella took a breath to calm down her spinning head. Then, she headed to the back to retrieve the keys.

Chapter 8 The Days of Exile Begin

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The man wanted to test drive a Mercedes–Benz C–Class, which cost around four hundred thousand. She retrieved the brochures and was thinking of how to introduce the car, but just as she was about to speak, the man got out of the car. “I’ll take this car. Prepare the paperwork.”

Not only was Isabella stunned by that, but even those who looked down on the old man were also stunned. “Aren’t you going to ask about the details?”

“Buying a car is very straightforward, and I’ve already bought several of them, so there’s no need for an introduction.” The old man waved his hand.

Once he said so, everyone in the office was stupefied and ground their teeth in frustration.

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Chapter & The Days of Exile Begin

Isabella was also pleasantly surprised and quickly led the old man to complete the paperwork.

When she reached the reception desk, Jonas suddenly came over and pulled her aside.

Annoyed by his inappropriate behavior, Isabella took a step back. “Is there something you need?”

“You’ve gotten your first order on your first day, so you have to treat everyone to a drink. It’ll help maintain harmony among colleagues,” he said with the demeanor of an understanding boss.

Since Isabella couldn't refuse, she nodded calmly.

"Once I finish-

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Chapter & The Days of Exile Begin

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Jonas, however, turned around and announced to everyone, "Isabella has agreed to treat us to drinks. Everyone, please tell her what drinks you want."

"

Though Isabella wasn't entirely comfortable with this, everyone was already gathering around, casually and familiarly naming their preferences. In the end, she had to write it down in her notebook to remember all their orders, filling an entire page with writing.

Her original plan was to inform the front desk, but a woman named Abigail Thomas grabbed her arm and acted like they were very familiar with each other. "Bella, you can leave to buy the drinks. I'll help you settle the rest of the process."

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Chapter 9 A World of Difference Between Them

Since someone was kind enough to extend a helping hand, Isabella still agreed despite being slightly hesitant. With her head currently spinning severely, she urgently needed some fresh air.

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Chapter 10

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The scent of disinfectant filled Isabella’s nostrils, causing her to furrow her brows. When she opened her eyes, the initial blur gradually cleared to reveal a world of white.

“You’re awake!”

Isabella lifted her head and saw a nurse beside her, adjusting the IV drip. “...”

“You fainted. You’ve been here for an hour,” the nurse said nonchalantly.

Isabella propped herself up, taking in her surroundings. It was a decent treatment room, and the place didn’t seem like an ordinary hospital.

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The nurse glanced at her and raised an eyebrow.

“You’re lucky. You fainted in the mall, covered in

coffee. A handsome guy brought you here.”

Only now did Isabella feel uncomfortable. She lowered her head and learned that her outfit was still covered in dried coffee. “Where is the person who brought me here?”

The nurse clicked her tongue, and her cold gaze carried a hint of gossip. “That handsome guy is really kind. He paid for your medical expenses and originally wanted to wait for you. But he received a call and had to leave in a hurry.”

Isabella sighed and pursed her lips. “Well, that’s a Bigo Live

Hi! Want to chat?

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The nurse was thinking or teasing her but then heard Isabella continue, “Could you please speed up the drip? I still have work to do.”

“Being a white-collar worker is something else. You have a high fever of 102.2F and are still thinking about returning to work.” Albeit complaining, the nurse increased the speed of the IV drip.

Isabella closed her eyes wearily, her mind filled with snippets of Seth’s icy gaze. A shiver ran down her spine, causing a cold sweat to form on her back.

She glanced out the window at the bustling activity outside, unconsciously clenching her fists.

Suddenly, her phone rang—it was an unfamiliar

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“Isabella, what’s going on? Why are you taking so long to buy some coffee?”

Isabella frowned, realizing it was Jonas. She slowly let out a breath. “Mr. Stokes, I fainted in the mall, and now I’m at the hospital.”

“You’re at the hospital?” Jones sounded surprised and oddly concerned. “Then, take the day off. Abby has pretty much handled your tasks.”

Isabella had a gut feeling that these people weren’t as kind as they seemed. But she didn’t have the energy to argue now, so she exchanged a few pleasantries and hung up.

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Chapter 10 Evicted From the House

The IV drip continued until nearly 4.00PM. When Isabella left the hospital, the sun had already

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started to set, so going to the company at this time would be pointless. She might as well go home directly. After all, she didn’t care much about the salary.

With a pessimistic attitude, Isabella hailed a cab. However, as soon as she arrived at the elevator, she heard a commotion.

“Get everything out. Hurry up!”

Isabella's heart sank, and she quickly walked into the corridor. As she expected, there were indeed people moving her belongings out of her apartment.

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Chapter 10 Evicted From the House

"What are you doing?"

The movers exchanged glances but had no intention of acknowledging her. They continued with their work.

Isabella quickly opened the door, only to run into the property manager, Joshua Fox.

"Miss Symons, it took you long enough!"

Isabella was so angry that she felt suffocated.

While pointing at the things outside, she demanded, "What's going on?! Who gave you permission to enter my home?"

Joshua spread his hands and looked a bit disdainful. "You forgot to pay the rent. The landlord told us to move your things out, saying a new

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Chapter 10 Evicted From the House

tenant will be moving in soon."

"Rent?"

Isabella froze. This apartment was arranged by

Ollie under Seth's instructions two years ago. It was for her convenience to commute to the company.

At that time, she was told that the rent was paid for three years. In the midst of her recent busyness, she hadn't even thought about the house.

"If you have a problem, call the landlord. It's almost the end of the workday, and it's not convenient for us either." Rolling his eyes, Joshua turned around and continued instructing the workers to move Isabella's belongings.

Standing at the doorway, Isabella watched them

Chapter 10 Evicted From the House

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toss her things into the hallway like trash and heard Joshua grumble as he continued to complain, "All this stuff needs to be taken away as soon as possible, or we'll have the cleaning crew do it."

Isabella clenched the strap of her bag, her mind racing. Her first instinct was to call Ollie, but she stopped herself after taking a deep breath. She was the one who chose to leave Seth, so it was perfectly reasonable for him to retract everything. In the end, she only had herself to blame for not handling the situation properly and leaving an opening for others to humiliate her.

The corridor was filled with her belongings, leaving no room to make even a step. Holding her phone, she decided to seek help. "Hello..."

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Chapter 10 Evicted From the House

Half an hour later, Isabella stepped out of a cab.

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The surroundings were dimly lit but relatively clean.

She found the house following the address provided by Natasha Mills. It was an old standalone villa, with the front gate covered in rust.

Since Natasha had given her the passcode, she entered the yard directly and knocked on the main door. Then, she heard a response from inside.

Click! The door opened.

“Come in.” Natasha had maroon wavy hair and flawless features. Her appearance made her look like the most beautiful seductress. She had probably just finished showering and was busy blow-drying her hair as she welcomed Isabella in

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Chapter 11 Struggling in Exile

her silk pajamas.