

I QUIT MR 140

Chapter 140

Isabella couldn't leave gracefully with the support of a cane as Seth, in a seemingly merciful gesture, had ordered a stretcher for her. Thus, she was carried out in full view of the public.

The scrutiny along the way was more severe than if they had killed her.

Once in the car, he sat beside her. Both avoided making eye contact, and their gazes never met.

With a numb expression, she asked in despair, "Mr. Shaffer, can I get out of the car by myself?"

Seth raised an eyebrow with a subtle curve at the corner, sarcastically saying, "You don't want a stretcher? Do you want someone who can support you to carry you down instead?"

Isabella was speechless.

Just before getting in the car, he had used the excuse of "business secrets" to,

refuse to let Gordon ride with them. Since Gordon didn't drive here, he had to reluctantly hail a cab.

However, Seth's driver skillfully navigated the route, and after a few turns,

Gordon's cab had disappeared from view.

Seth got rid of the only person who could help her and was still making sarcastic remarks.

The little devil in Isabella's heart spewed fire, but her face maintained a secretary-style calmness. Even if she had to go in on a stretcher, it was just a matter of embarrassment. Now, the biggest problem was the upcoming inquiry. She had to clear herself completely, even if it meant admitting to business fraud. She needed to seize the opportunity to distance herself from Jonas and those performance issues; this was a heaven-sent opportunity.

With these thoughts in her mind, the car had already arrived at the Shaffer Group's territory.

The familiar underground garage was spacious, with many luxury cars

Isabella secretly let out a sigh of relief. Even though the Shaffer Group's

premises felt daunting for her now, it used to be where she truly excelled.

There was no reason to be afraid.

The car came to a stop, and someone approached to open the door. Two

considerate bodyguards then carefully took her stretcher down.

A vein twitched on her forehead. She glanced at the stretcher, avoided eye

contact, and stubbornly went to pull the door on her side, attempting to walk

down by herself. She tried twice, only to find the door was locked and couldn't

be opened.

"You're not waiting for Gordon?" Seth suddenly asked.

Isabella was utterly speechless, baffled by why he kept harping on this issue.

Did Seth really need to keep repeating it? She turned around patiently,

intending to clarify things for him. Yet, it seemed the man expected her to

speak. He exited the car the next instant, not allowing her to speak.

The bodyguards carrying the stretcher exchanged glances. One of them,

daring enough, asked, "Miss Symons, do you need help?"

She gritted her teeth, forcing a smile. "No, thank you."

Isabella supported herself with one hand on the seat, slowly moving toward

the door. Yet when she tried to get off, Seth, standing at the car door, blocked

her way. "Mr. Shaffer, please step aside."

Seth didn't move but slowly turned around. "You don't need a stretcher?"

The corners of her mouth curled up with determination gleaming in her eyes.

"I haven't lost my legs; I can walk," she asserted.

"Crippled in body, firm in spirit, worthy of praise." A scornful expression

crossed his face. He stepped aside, making room for the woman before him,

anticipating her self-destructive journey.

Isabella gritted her teeth, ready for the pain. She gradually extended her leg,

cautiously placing her foot on the ground. Not sensing any pain, she figured a