

I QUIT MR 190

Chapter 190

Straightening her back, Isabella remained on her knees and bowed her head, speaking in a slow, peaceful tone, "I apologize for my earlier irrational behavior."

Seth tapped his fingers on his knee and confronted her directly, "You only decided to apologize after careful consideration and realizing that you can't offend me, right?"

Isabella didn't deny it, nodding. "You're the only one in the entire city who can save me."

Snorting, he smirked. "You've misunderstood. I have no intention of saving you."

Raising her head, she wiped away the tears in her eyes with a determined gaze. "As a businessman, your first concern is profit. When you judge a

person, I believe you don't only consider whether she is good enough to be

useful only in bed." She was straightforward and didn't even spare herself

from the insult, intriguing his curiosity. He cast her a glance, and she

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continued, "I've been working by your side for five years, and you know better

than anyone else about my abilities."

With her head held high, she met his gaze with a fire burning in her eyes. "Am

I only good enough to be a mistress?"

He was silent as he recalled her achievements in the past five years. Without

even thinking in detail, he knew exactly how much she had accomplished.

However, because of their relationship, he always prioritized private matters

over work, easily overlooking her capabilities.

"So, what if you're a little more capable?" Looking away, he put on an

indifferent face with no intention of giving in.

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Silently, she exhaled and repeated every word from the script she had prepared earlier. "Shaffer Group hasn't achieved anything in the car manufacturing business and has only been involved in reselling, which is not noteworthy. I saw your ten-year plan when you took this position, and it includes car manufacturing. If you start from scratch, it will require a significant amount of manpower and resources. That is not the best path to take."

Narrowing his eyes, he didn't seem interested in her words and said calmly,

"So, what do you want?"

"An opportunity is right in front of you. As long as Shaffer Group can acquire it, you can immediately have your own achievement in car manufacturing," she said.

Seth's eyes turned cold, and he chuckled. "You mean Nemotors?"

Nodding, Isabella felt more confident when she saw him chuckling and

continued, "I have a voice recording of Nemotors' misconduct. Once it's released, regardless of the truth behind it, the shares of Nemotors will undoubtedly plummet. All you have to do is give it a small push, and acquiring Nemotors will be a piece of cake."

He leaned closer and couldn't help but hold her chin, scrutinizing her from left to right. "I have to admit that you're not just a pretty face. I thought you were completely clueless."

Isabella's eyes wavered, and she didn't even dare to breathe loudly as she continued with her plan. Lifting her chin, she said, "Speed is essential in war. Nemotors probably already knows that I have the recording. After they failed to kill me, they must have other tactics up their sleeves."

"Oh? Go on," Seth prompted.

Isabella clenched her jaw. "I can give you the recording now."

A snort escaped his lips, and he tossed her chin to the side. "So, you're here to make a deal with me."

“You haven’t asked me what I want.”

“Out with it.”

“Safety,” she blurted, scrutinizing the change in his expression before

reluctantly adding, “And also a sum of money.”

Frowning, he seemed displeased. “Are you in such desperate need of

money?”

Since the day they got together, no matter when it was, every time he gave

her the chance to make a demand, it was always money that she asked for.

He couldn’t understand what this woman was going to do with so much

money.