

I QUIT MR 69

Chapter 69

Isabella had just finished her shower around 3.00AM. Just then, a third round of knocking began, and it was the same waiter as before. Isabella was already numb to it. So, she let the waiter bring the meal into the room and closed the door expressionlessly.

This time, it was a dish of fish mixed with foie gras, which was also the same dish she had for dinner. If she had guessed it right, there were seven more dishes waiting for her, along with a serving of ice cream.

God! Isabella felt as though she was about to lose it, but she couldn't exactly scream out loud. In the end, she had to force herself to swallow her rage. She already had a suspect in mind, but it seemed unlikely. After all, how could Seth be so childish? Yet, she couldn't think of a second person beside him. If it were Seth, she would have no choice but to endure it. She was only suffering from lack of sleep now. However, things would only take a turn for the worse if

she angered him.

She sat at the dining table and stuffed the food in her mouth out of

frustration. Her cheeks bulged as she kept shoveling food in her mouth,

resembling a pufferfish.

The knocking became more frequent for the next half an hour. Yet, the dishes

were delivered one after another until she finally got her hands on the ice

cream.

Just as Isabella thought she could finally have a moment of peace to herself,

the waiter said, "The wine you ordered will be here shortly. Please wait for a

moment

Isabella took a deep breath and stood by the door without saying anything.

When the waiter brought the wine, she immediately knew just who the culprit

was. After all, this bottle was the same one she had drunk that night. It was

that bottle that cost her almost 11 thousand!

She closed the door and felt the rational part of herself slowly retreating into

the deepest corners of her mind. Then, various solutions quickly flitted across her mind.

She knew she would be humiliating herself if she called Seth. Alas, she wouldn't know what she had done to make him upset if she didn't ask him about it.

Isabella patted her forehead. She was already exhausted.

It was already 4.00AM, and she had three hours left to sleep.

Forget it. I'll apologize to him when I wake up later. Otherwise, I might not even get through tomorrow.

She flopped on the bed and decided to throw her problems aside as she closed her eyes and fell asleep.

After a sweet sleep, Isabella opened her eyes and noticed the room was dimly lit. Nonetheless, she could tell that it wasn't early in the morning any longer. She immediately pushed herself off the bed and grabbed her phone.

Then, she noticed it was already 11.00AM. She tugged her hair in frustration, feeling her scalp tingling with pain as her mind went blank.

Thank god Jonas isn't around. That way, I can come up with an excuse. I

could claim that I was meeting with my clients and hopefully get through the day, even if it meant that my pay would get deducted.

As she thought of that, she felt herself calming down. So, she decided to take her time to wash up before limping downstairs for breakfast. When she was seated in the cafe, she figured she might as well give Seth a call. After some consideration, she reluctantly dialed his number.

The call was connected, but the other party immediately hung up.

Isabella was rendered speechless. Nevertheless, she remained composed as she took a bite of cheese toast before dialing Ollie's number.

"Miss Symons?" Ollie instantly answered the phone.

Isabella asked gently, "Could you do me a favor and pass a message to Mr.

Shaffer?"

“He is right beside me. You can talk to him directly Ollie was considerate and

immediately handed the phone to Seth.

Isabella rolled her eyes since she knew Seth was definitely up to something.

She quietly exhaled as she said with a smile, “Mr. Shaffer?”

“Speak.” Seth’s cold voice came through the phone.

Isabella took a sip of her coffee and suppressed the bitterness in her mouth

before saying lightly, “I called to thank you for sending me so much food last night.”

Seth snorted lightly and replied, “Don’t flatter yourself. Why would I send you any food?”

When she heard his response, she became even more confident that he was

the very idiot who had been causing her stress last night. She maintained an

impassive expression and continued, “The foie gras was excellent, and so

was the wine.”

Seth asked, "It seems like you don't fancy the ice cream?"

Isabella's lips started moving, spewing silent curses as she thought in

irritation, He even knew about the ice cream. Yet, he said it wasn't him?! She

guessed that Seth was probably bothered that she used his membership

card last night. So, she said tentatively, "The ice cream was great. Everything

at The Red House was excellent. However, I used the membership card last

I

night without your permission. I'm so sorry for causing you trouble."

There was a moment of silence from Seth's end as he didn't speak.

Isabella couldn't quite figure out his thoughts and became anxious. "Mr.

Shaffer?"

"I never knew you were such a generous person, spending 12 thousand just to

treat someone to a meal." Seth changed the topic.

Isabella thought disparagingly, It's none of your business. I wouldn't have

spent so much money if it weren't for that lousy wine of

yours.

“Helping someone is a way of repaying kindness. Gordon has done me a huge favor, so it’s only natural for me to return it,” Isabella said casually. Then, she stated respectfully, “This is a lesson you taught me. One can owe anything except favors from others.”

Seth said coldly, “It’s impressive that you are capable of remembering that.”

Isabella rolled her eyes upon hearing his words. Still, she forced herself to be patient as she softened her tone and said, “There’s something I’d like to ask for your advice on, Mr. Shaffer.”

“Am I your teacher now? Did you pay me any tuition fees? Why do I have to listen to your question?”

This time there was only one thought in her mind as she bit her lips to stop herself from saying it out loud, F*ck!

Although there wasn’t anyone sitting across from her in the cafe, she still

remembered that she was in a public place, and it wouldn't do to look like a

lunatic. So, she tried her level best to look unbothered as her voice took on a

strained note. "It's about Miss Shaffer.