

I Quit Mr. Shaffer (Isabella Symons)

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

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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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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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“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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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

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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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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.