

I QUIT MR 100

Chapter 100

When Isabella walked out of Shaffer Group Tower, the lingering thrill of having been caught sitting in the president's seat had yet to fade. She stood still for a while, trying to shake off the sensation.

The Shaffer Family's bodyguards were still present. This time, they insisted on escorting her to the company, claiming it was to prevent any potential threats from the biker gang.

Isabella rolled her eyes, instantly recognizing it as Seth's doing.

She reluctantly got into the car. By the time she made it to the company, a crowd had gathered to watch the spectacle, just as she expected.

Even Alex, who was typically aloof, came over to gossip. She asked if she, as the president's wife, had come to experience ordinary life.

An exasperated Isabella replied, "If I were the president's wife, I would have long caused all sorts of trouble while living my life to the fullest. Why would I

even want to witness the mundane struggles of you mortals?”

Alex rolled her eyes and stomped away.

Abigail happened to be out discussing a contract, so Isabella took

advantage of the situation. She claimed that her computer’s connection was

too slow and boldly used Abigail’s computer instead.

Everyone else in the office thought she was just picking a fight with Abigail.

Thus, no one suspected her true intentions.

She logged into an overseas email account using Abigail’s computer and

sent an anonymous meeting invitation to Lara.

She was certain that Selena would share the screenshot of the financial

report from last time with Lara. Since Lara had suffered a considerable loss to

Isabella, the woman wouldn’t let go of her once she found the opportunity to

do so.

Isabella decisively cleared all browsing records after sending the email. Then,

she returned to her seat and patiently waited for the end of the workday.

She had to go home today and meet up with Louis.

She slacked all afternoon and only picked up her bag to leave when the sun began to set.

Jonas chased after her and repeatedly reminded her about the car

exhibition, Alas, Isabella was preoccupied with important matters, so she merely gave him perfunctory responses.

It was already dark outside by the time she managed to get rid of Jonas and take a cab home.

The security guard couldn't resist striking up a conversation as he hadn't seen her for days. "Have you offended someone, Miss Symons? There have been unfamiliar faces around your building lately. I suspect they're here for you,"

Isabella smiled, took out her phone, and sent a message to the person sent by Natasha. Then, she continued to chat with the security guard casually.

“Why would I offend anyone? I have never been one for confrontation,” she replied resolutely.

When the security guard saw that she was absolutely certain that those unfamiliar individuals had nothing to do with her, he didn’t press further and merely advised her to stay safe.

Isabella’s smile disappeared once she walked past the gate and into the building. There wasn’t even a hint of emotion on her stoic face.

Her heart pounded like a drum as she gripped her phone tightly, not daring to make a wrong move. Then, she followed the route she had set for herself.

There was a small garden downstairs, which would make a convenient hiding spot. Since there were not many people around in the evening, no one would find out if she was kidnapped unless she screamed for help at the top of her lungs.

Isabella hesitated, showing a brief moment of indecision. The next second, she took a deep breath and stepped into the garden.

One, two, three...

Suddenly, a figure rushed out from behind. Before Isabella had a chance to turn around, someone had already covered her mouth and nose from behind.

Fortunately, she was prepared for this. She held her breath in advance, causing her to inhale merely a minimal amount of the substance.

A group of men then dragged Isabella into a black car and tossed her phone away.

“Damn it! It took us a whole week to catch this woman!”

“Exactly! She’s as slippery as an eel. We can’t even catch a break!”

“She’s a dumb one. She won’t even know what we’ll do to her later!”

Isabella, who was bound hand and foot, curled up in a corner with disheveled hair as she listened to the men speaking in vulgar language. Her heart raced, but her mind remained clear.

This is all part of the plan, and every step I took was right. Stay calm. There's

no need to be afraid.

She tried to prepare herself mentally, anticipating each upcoming step.

The car left the residential area and headed toward Louis' private villa.

After about 20 minutes, the car came to a stop, and the leading man carried

Isabella out.

She forced herself to feign unconsciousness, keeping her eyes closed. Alas,

the leader wasn't a gentle person. As a result, she very nearly exposed herself

as she was tossed around like a sack of potatoes.

When she was lugged into the villa, the men respectfully knocked on Louis'

door.

The door swung open, and a sweet, fragrant scent greeted them. Isabella

wasn't sure if there was something else in the fragrance. So, she dared not

take a deep breath.

“Mr. Kessler, we’ve brought her here.”

The sound of water came from the bathroom, and Louis replied to them in
Egatorian.

The man tossed Isabella onto the bed and sensibly left the room.

Isabella still wore sunglasses and a mask so she could afford to open her
eyes to assess the surroundings.

She dared not think too much about her current situation. What if Louis didn’t
fall for her tricks? She could only force herself to stick to the plan.

The sound of water in the bathroom ceased, and the door opened with a
loud bang.

Isabella quickly closed her eyes. She could feel the man approaching as a
revolting fragrance started wafting close to her nose.

Louis had been eyeing her for more than two weeks now. Now, he finally had
her in his hands. He was so excited that he didn’t even bother drying his hair.

“You tricked me last time, little brat. Regardless, now that you’ve fallen into

my hands... I'll definitely take good care of you."

His tone was appalling, and his Corynthean pronunciation was unclear.

Isabella could feel his breath all over her face, which sent chills down her

-spine.

She almost couldn't resist striking back. Nevertheless, she jaw

and had to restrain herself from doing something impulsive.

Her

Meanwhile, Louis kissed her neck and reached out to remove her mask and

glasses.

He was ecstatic and ready to welcome Isabella's stunning face.

"Babe..."