

## **I QUIT MR 103**

### Chapter 103

Isabella rolled her eyes and cursed Gordon in her heart. "Our place is just a regular sales point. It's difficult to find high-end custom models here." Initially, she planned to decline him to avoid encountering someone with a mind as messed up as Lara's.

"I'm not purchasing any high-end model." Christopher chuckled. "This vehicle is meant to be just a small reward for the employees. I would be able to get a discount if I buy it from you, right?"

Isabella might have believed it if those words had come out of Mr. Lime's mouth as he was connected to Jonas. However, this was Christopher. So, she simply found his words ridiculous. The Larson Family owned a huge business, and it was one of the top 100 enterprises in the country. They had to have long-term partners for employee rewards. Thus, there was no way one of their members would suddenly approach an unknown downstream

distributor just for a mere discount.

“Well, we have a car exhibition in a couple of days. Why don’t you come and

take a look, Mr. Larson? If you need anything, you can talk to our manager

directly.” She’d rather leave this mess to Jonas. After all, Jonas was

shameless, and he could afford to take a few hits in his life.

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Christopher was intrigued by the exhibition and replied, “I’ll be there on time. I

hope to see you there, Miss Symons.

Isabella maintained a polite demeanor. “I look forward to your visit.”

Christopher wanted to say a few more words, but Isabella pretended to have

an urgent matter and apologized. Thus, Christopher had no chance but to

hang up.

“I advise you not to work too hard, Mrs. Shaffer. Otherwise, Mr. Shaffer will be

heartbroken when he sees this,” Alex started teasing as she saw Isabella

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ending the call. Her eyes were glimmering with interest as she made herself

comfortable next to Isabella.

Isabella sighed. "Not this again. Please spare me from your gossip."

"Oh, no. I can spare you, but your ride is here again." Alex nodded towards the door.

Isabella remembered she still had to deliver meals to Seth upon hearing her words. "How bothersome." She tossed her phone aside and looked gloomy.

Alex raised an eyebrow when she saw that Isabella was being genuine. "Are you forced into doing this honorable task?"

Isabella asked, "Do you want this honor?"

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Alex replied, "As long as Mr. Shaffer is willing, I'll be more than happy to oblige."

Isabella was speechless. Eventually, she rose to her feet and let out a deep

sigh. "When I return from this hellhole, I'll share my experiences with you."

Alex snapped her fingers playfully and winked. “Don’t forget about me when you’re rich.”

Isabella couldn’t help but laugh, feeling both devastated and frustrated.

Then, she grabbed her purse as she headed out of the company. It was the same two people, and there was still a total of two thermoses. There wasn’t even a change in the way they greeted her. When Isabella entered the car, she leaned comfortably and dozed off. When they arrived at the building, she walked down while carrying the thermos, feeling rather dizzy.

“Be careful, Miss Symons!”

Isabella overlooked the footstool beneath her feet. So, by the time the bodyguards had managed to shout a word of warning, she had already tripped over it. Just as she was about to fall flat, she instinctively let go of the thermos and grabbed the car door instead. In that split second, two sounds were heard. The thermoses had fallen to the ground. Judging from the noise, both of them didn’t survive the fall. Isabella sat by the door and watched as

the ruined thermoses rolled to her feet. Her temple throbbed sharply.

“Miss Symons?”

The bodyguards were dumbfounded. They quickly exited the car and stood

at the door with wide eyes. They were completely at a loss for what to do.

Isabella raised her head and laughed awkwardly. “What time is it now?”

“It’s almost 11.00AM. There’s no time to prepare another meal.” The bodyguard

immediately understood what she was trying to ask.

Isabella closed her eyes in resignation and wished she could punch herself.

After all, Mr. Shaffer already had a bad temper. She also knew he would be

even more irritable if he was forced to skip lunch.

“Miss Symons, how about... we buy something from the mall?” The bodyguard

suggested boldly.

Isabella raised her head and gave them a thumbs up. “Let’s go.” She quickly

picked up the two thermoses and returned to the car as they rushed towards

the mall. Fortunately, there were several restaurants in the mall. So, she chose the most expensive one and ordered two simple dishes to avoid mistakes. Then, she had the bodyguards buy two new thermoses and pour the food into them.

Back in the car, the two bodyguards looked at each other and felt uneasy.

“Do you want to check what was in the thermos before? Maybe Mr. Shaffer had planned the lunch himself.”

Isabella remembered and quickly opened the broken thermos. It was filled with fragments, but she could still see it was noodles. Isabella’s mouth twitched, and she looked at the two bodyguards. “What time is it now?”

The bodyguards were almost in tears at this rate. “It’s 11.00PM.”

Isabella felt her soul leave her body. She held her forehead and fell silent.

Finally, she gritted her teeth and thought it might be better to face death head-on.

“Miss Symons, I have an idea...” One of the bodyguards raised his hand again.

Isabella looked up and leaned forward, eager to know what he had in mind.

“Go on.”

The bodyguard took a deep breath and glanced at his companion before

lowering his voice. “It’s...”