

I QUIT MR 106

Chapter 106

Since Isabella refused Seth's "kind offer," she was promptly kicked out of the office. His actions were the epitome of killing the donkey the moment it was released from the millstone.

As soon as she exited the room, she was met with Selena's/chilling gaze. It was as if the woman would want nothing more but to devour her in the next second. Isabella ignored her with practiced ease as she entered the elevator and went to the ground floor.

The car exhibition was just around the corner. So, she had to stick to her routine work. She texted Gordon, asking if he had time that day. Then, Gordon called her back. Not only did he agree to participate in the exhibition, but he also invited Isabella to have dinner together. Since Isabella's mind was occupied with the upcoming events the next day, she didn't have the energy to deal with Gordon. Thus, she declined his offer, telling him she had a busy

schedule and suggested they meet another time. Although Gordon was disappointed, he didn't press further and agreed to meet after the exhibition.

Isabella returned to the office after ending the call. As it was close to the end of the workday, most people were slacking off. Only Abigail flitted around like a busy bee around Jonas. Isabella pretended to make a call as she bided her time until Abigail left. Once the office was nearly empty, she discreetly checked Abigail's computer, logging into the email to confirm the anonymous reply. Just as she expected, there was an email questioning her identity. After she confirmed her identity, the person instructed her to bring all financial reports to a hotel at 7.00PM tomorrow.

Now that everything was settled, Isabella couldn't help but fiddle her fingers together, allowing all the dark monsters hidden deep within her mind to come out and play. She closed the email, cleared the records, and left the company calmly. On her way home, she replayed all the details in her mind and sent the hotel room number to Louis.

She didn't plan to ruin Lara's innocence. Nevertheless, she definitely wanted to teach her an unforgettable lesson.

This particular night was hard to endure as a significant event occurred the next day. Isabella found herself struggling to sleep until 2.00AM.

The following day, the butler from the Shaffer Family, Mr. Ben, called again.

"Miss Symons, you don't have to bother with lunch today.

Isabella was brushing her teeth and stopped in surprise. "Oh, okay. I'll..."

"Do you have time to cook lunch for Mr. Shaffer?" he asked.

Isabella stared at the mirror and blinked. "What?"

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Mr. Ben laughed and praised Isabella. To make matters even weirder, he was genuinely sincere as he said, "I heard from the bodyguards that your decisive plan went perfectly. Mr. Shaffer enjoyed the lunch quite a lot."

Isabella was puzzled, and her lips started twitching. "So, should I continue to

make instant noodles for him today?”

The butler immediately refused. “Although instant noodles are delicious, they’re not healthy. You can buy some ingredients and prepare a meal for him.”

She closed her eyes and resisted the urge to slam her head against the mirror. Then, she calmly spat out the foam in her mouth and said, “My cooking skills are terrible.”

He replied, “You can use this opportunity to learn.”

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Isabella stared blankly at the ceiling, feeling utterly lost for words. She wanted to tell the butler that her cooking might send Seth to the hospital. By the time that happened, they would be collecting his body from the morgue and tossing her into the ocean for murdering their employer.

Just as she was thinking of a way to decline, Mr. Ben was about to end the conversation, saying. “Thank you for your help. I feel reassured leaving Mr.

Shaffer's lunch in your hands." Then, he hung up the phone after saying those parting words.

Isabella was dumbfounded as she stared at her dimmed phone screen, utterly aghast. What did she just agree to? To cook lunch for Seth?!

"Isabella, are you crazy?!" she yelled at herself in the mirror and grabbed her hair in frustration. She was so angry that she wanted to strangle herself with her hair.

It was already a nerve-wracking day. Yet, she wouldn't be able to enjoy the one thing she still had in life. Food. She wouldn't be able to enjoy her lunch from now on.

She packed her things and went to the office, utterly uninterested in doing any work. After she clocked in, she made up an excuse to meet a client and skipped work to go to the supermarket.

When she had just graduated, she had homecooked meals for a while.

Unfortunately, they were simple dishes that definitely wouldn't satisfy Seth.

Eventually, she didn't know what to do and could only call Natasha for help.

"Are you two playing a drama? Is this the part where it's the climax of a romantic plot?" Natasha chuckled upon hearing Isabella's dilemma.

A resigned Isabella sighed. "Who knows what's wrong with the butler? He insists on throwing this mess to me."

Natasha clicked her tongue and suggested, "Just buy some ingredients and order takeout. When Seth isn't paying attention, you can plate the food and serve it as your own."

Isabella had considered this, but she was worried that Seth would notice something amiss. "I still owe him about six hundred thousand..."

"Do you think he lacks this amount of money?" Natasha teased, "Darling, are you not seeing this clearly? He's not interested in the food. He's interested in you."

Isabella blushed as she stood hesitantly by the vegetable section. Her heart

was beating rapidly.

While Natasha continued to joke around, she asked, “Why don’t you give in to him? If Seth is satisfied, he might just let you off.”

Isabella stopped in her tracks, and the excitement about picking vegetables disappeared. The nervousness that had been building up disappeared after hearing Natasha’s words.

Natasha continued, “It’s not like you’re cooking for your boyfriend. So, it doesn’t matter whether it’ll taste good. If it doesn’t, then it’s on him. Why are you so nervous about this?”

“Natasha, if you don’t want to open a bar, you could consider becoming a breakup master.” Isabella felt enlightened as she tossed a few tomatoes into her bag and went to weigh them.

After hearing Isabella joke around, Natasha knew that the woman had figured things out. Thus, they chatted about other things, lightening the mood

of the conversation.