

I Quit Mr. Shaffer (Isabella Symons)

Chapter 11

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As soon as Isabella stepped into the house, she was greeted by a warm and inviting fragrance throughout the house. The feminine aura seemed to cling to every corner of the building.

“What’s up? Your sc*mbag boss finally got bored of you?” Natasha poured Isabella a glass of water and casually sat beside her. With both slender legs crossed, she exuded a seductive allure.

Accustomed to Natasha’s straightforwardness, Isabella lifted the cup and took a hearty sip. “I decided to leave him.”

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In the middle of towel-drying her hair, Natasha paused her movements and let out a surprised gasp. “You suddenly grew a backbone?”

Isabella pulled her lips into a wry smile. “I’ve gotten enough from him.”

Natasha frowned, not particularly fond of the way Isabella phrased it. She had a feeling that something had happened.

Isabella didn't hide anything and briefly explained what had happened these two days.

After drying her hair, Natasha tossed the towel aside and reached under the coffee table for a cigarette. She had even lit the lighter when she

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suddenly remembered Isabella was there and immediately discarded it. "What are you planning to do next?"

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Shrugging, Isabella feigned nonchalance and said, "I'll get through the next three months first. Once the contract is terminated, I'll establish a small agency. It should be enough to support my mom and me."

Natasha furrowed her brow as she thought it might

still be difficult for Isabella to terminate the contract after three months. However, she didn't voice her thoughts and glanced at Isabella, suggesting, "Three months is still a long time, and idling away won't do you any good. Although it's just selling cars, this field encompasses all walks of life. Who knows? You might unexpectedly make a valuable connection."

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Upon hearing that, Isabella fell silent. Having been around Seth for so long, she seemed to have developed a misconception that the economic environment of establishing her own company was the same as at Shaffer Group.

It was not. Shaffer Group had been with the Shaffer Family for four generations and had several generations of political accumulation before it, making it a real multinational integrated conglomerate. Even if she pressed hard to aim for that, she wouldn't be able to achieve it in this

lifetime.

Seeing her lost in thought, Natasha reminded her,

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The people you re going to meet while selling cars might as well be your future connections when establishing your own business.”

Isabella rubbed her temples, suddenly enlightened but also felt pitiful for herself. Though she self-proclaimed to have worked in a large enterprise for five years, she still had to start from the bottom up after leaving.

Looking up at Natasha, Isabella said, “Natasha, thank you. I’ll work hard starting tomorrow.”

Being a righteous friend, Natasha gave Isabella the master bedroom, woke up early the following day to make breakfast, and even drove Isabella to work.

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On their way there, she even started sharing her experience in sales. “When working in sales, it’s the

same everywhere. Don't put yourself above others; flatter them however you can."

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Isabella massaged her throbbing temples, suddenly feeling very pressured. "I wasn't even this nervous during my interview at Shaffer Group."

Natasha parked the car in front of Isabella's company, leaning leisurely against the seat.

"Leaving that guy isn't a bad thing. If you stayed with him until you turned thirty, then you'd truly be considered a good-for-nothing."

Isabella felt something stirring inside her heart.

Those words were both painful and liberating, stimulating her brain cells into action. After closing

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the door and bidding farewell to Natasha, she confidently strode into the company. She couldn't afford to lose her first battle for the day.

Upon entering, Jonas, who had his arm around Abigail's shoulder, released her and walked toward Isabella with a smile. "Isabella, you're back to work

so soon?”

Tugging her lips *into* a faint smile, Isabella explained, “It’s not a big deal, and I can’t delay my work, right? You’re here early, too, so it wouldn’t be appropriate for me to slack off because I’m sick.”

She had put on airs just yesterday, but now her words were more tactful and pleasing. Jonas needed a moment to adapt to her change and soon felt delighted, thinking Isabella was trying to

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curry Tavor with him.

“Those who had been executive secretaries are quite different, it seems.” Jonas laughed heartily and wrapped his arm around Isabella’s shoulder.

“Though we salesmen can’t compare to them, it’s still a promising career if you work hard.”

Isabella walked toward her desk and smoothly dodged Jonas’ hand while asking, “Mr. Wallace, is yesterday’s sale closed?”

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“It is.” With a wave of his hand, he nodded at Abigail.

“It was all thanks to Abby. She worked tirelessly yesterday afternoon.”

The others around them were savvy gossip mongers, and any topic involving performance

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would gain their keen interest. They were eagerly waiting to see Isabella’s reaction.

Holding a folder, Abigail gave a sweet smile and said, “It was nothing. I was just helping out a colleague. A little effort goes a long way.”

Isabella smiled, retrieving a cup from her bag to pour some tea. “That’s sweet of you, but I can’t let you help for nothing.” After taking a sip, she added, “How about we split this deal between us?”

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Abigail’s expression fell, and she fell silent.

“Isabella, you’re too modest. We’re all colleagues.

There’s no need to be so particular about individual deals.” Jonas chuckled, trying to ease the situation

while giving Abigail a nudge with his shoulder,

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urging her to step aside. He casually chatted with

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Isabella. “You’re the senior here, so you should look out for Abby more.”

After that, Isabella was clear that the commission would probably all wind up inside Abigail’s hands.

She said those things earlier to tell everyone she was no fool and they shouldn’t think about taking advantage of her.

“Sure.” She nodded and gave Abigail a meaningful glance. “Let’s look after each other in the future.”

Still hugging her documents, Abigail stuck out her tongue, pretending to look innocent, and then skipped toward the reception desk.

If Isabella hadn’t met all sorts of people in the

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workplace, she might have thought that Abigail was just an innocent and naive rookie who had ju

started her career. She sighed in relief and checked

the time on her

phone but inadvertently noticed a headline in the entertainment news.