

I QUIT MR 111

Chapter 111

After leaving the Shaffer Group, Isabella returned to her company and took advantage of the opportunity to check Abigail's computer. When she confirmed that there were no issues, she waited for the end of the workday.

Then, Isabella arranged to meet Lara at 6.00PM in Room 801 of the Prince Hotel's Presidential Suite. Isabella anticipated that Louis would probably arrive around 6.30PM.

Natasha knew that Isabella had a plan. Although she didn't pry too much,

Natasha inquired if there was anything Isabella needed.

Isabella just happened to need a helper, so she said without hesitation,

"Natasha, at 6.40PM tonight, in Room 801 of the Prince Hotel's Presidential Suite, there will be a major entertainment industry scandal. I need you to inform the media."

After hearing that, Natasha chuckled. "No problem. Just wait for it."

With everything meticulously arranged, Isabella couldn't resist a triumphant snap of her fingers.

"Everybody's hustling to get ready for the car exhibition, but it looks like some folks are just taking it easy." Abigail sarcastically commented when she spotted Isabella casually sitting at her desk.

As Isabella took a sip of her coffee, her eyes locked on Abigail. Isabella even audaciously traced the contours of her chest. "Some of us are just naturally chill. Unlike you, who must be... running around all over the place, huh?" Her gaze was direct, and her words were to the point.

Someone nearby couldn't help but laugh, and the looks everyone gave Abigail were rather peculiar.

Abigail, who had been tirelessly building her network for support, snorted in response to Isabella's sarcastic and shameless comment. "I'm not pretending to be the Virgin Mary anyway. Unlike someone here."

Isabella hadn't settled the score with Abigail regarding Lara's tampered

contract. Little did she know that Abigail couldn't resist provoking her.

"You're not Virgin Mary, of course. You put a price on yourself." Isabella stood up, holding her coffee cup.

When Abigail recalled that she had once been splashed with coffee by Isabella, she instinctively protected her face, glaring at Isabella.

However, Isabella completely ignored her. Holding her coffee cup, she went to the pantry.

She had significant matters to attend to tonight and didn't want to get entangled with such a little troublemaker.

As time passed, approaching the end of the workday, Isabella began to feel nervous. She had plotted against people during her five years at the Shaffer Group, so her hands were far from clean. However, using such a provocative tactic was a first for her. One small mistake, and she might bring trouble to herself.

With the phone in her hand, she anxiously watched the time tick away. Finally, it was the end of the workday.

Without waiting for everyone else to disperse, she left directly. When she encountered Jonas, she didn't even greet him, leaving him in shock.

Natasha's people sent Isabella an account, telling her she could directly view the surveillance of Room 801.

Isabella found a cafe opposite the Prince Hotel. She sat in a corner and opened the surveillance for Room 801, closely monitoring the situation inside.

At 6.00PM, Selena was ready to leave with Seth. She had spent the whole afternoon adjusting her emotions. Now, she finally maintained her composure, but her eyes were still swollen.

Seth sat in the back seat, observing her eyes through the rearview mirror.

"I'll give you another ten days. Adapt as soon as possible, or you can leave."

At his words, Selena widened her eyes. She lacked the courage even to turn

around, so she just tightly held onto the seatbelt.

The atmosphere in the car was tense, and the driver didn't dare to breathe too loud.

Selena bit her lip, her mind a mess. Unable to hold back, she asked, "I thought you were very satisfied with me when you chose me."

With his eyes closed, Seth casually said, "Anyone can make a mistake."

Her chest clenched at his words, and her face instantly flushed. She pressed her chin against her chest, not daring to lift her head.

"Isabella adapted to the job in just one week," he suddenly added.

She didn't understand what he meant, and she became even more confused. If Isabella was so good, why did he dismiss her?

The car fell silent, and the driver discreetly turned on the external circulation to ease the pressure.

When they arrived at the hotel entrance and the car stopped, Selena quickly

got out, only feeling alive when she breathed the air outside.

Inside the car, Seth opened his eyes and spoke coldly. "Call Jordan."

The driver nodded and promptly dialed the number.

Before long, the call connected, and the person on the other end answered,

"Yes, Mr. Shaffer."

"Find out Isabella's location and see what she's doing."

Without asking any questions, Jordan responded with a simple "okay."

After Seth hung up the phone, he adjusted his cuffs. Though seemingly

casual, he exuded an air of nobility.

The bodyguard opened the car door for him, and the hotel's lights spilled in,

enveloping his face in a hazy glow and outlining his handsome features amid

obscurity.