

## **I QUIT MR 121**

### Chapter 121

Isabella spent the night at Natasha's place and woke up in a state of fear, worried that an enemy might suddenly appear seeking her life.

However, she hadn't left the house for two consecutive days, and no enemy had shown up at her doorstep.

"I haven't been to the company for two days, and Jonas hasn't even called me," Isabella muttered softly while holding a drink and sitting on the couch at noon.

Natasha went to Goldland Lounge and left Isabella alone at home. She didn't even dare to open the windows, fearing it might give someone an opportunity.

As she scrolled through her phone, Isabella gradually calmed down. A message that popped up on the screen caught her attention.

'Erin Baxter returned to the country. Is it because of her son's wedding?'

Seth's mother was back in the country?

Isabella sat up straight, recalling the sudden release the night before

yesterday, and suddenly everything made sense.

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Seth's bodyguard was worried that Erin might discover Isabella, so they sent

her away early.

Upon thinking about this, she couldn't help but clasp her hands together and

bow twice to the space.

He wasn't a good guy, but his mother was truly remarkable. She was

comparable to a life-saving deity.

While Isabella was amusing herself, her phone started vibrating, and Jonas'

name was displayed on the screen.

Isabella clicked her tongue and instantly lost her good mood. Then, she

reluctantly answered the call.

"Isabella, what's going on?! You didn't show up for the car exhibition.

rehearsal!”

Isabella shivered as she suddenly remembered about the car exhibition. She slapped her forehead and joked with Jonas while heading to Natasha’s room to find some clothes.

She quickly touched up her makeup, intending to rush to the event. But as she was about to leave, her guard went up again. After some consideration, she decided to ask Natasha for a driver to take her there.

At the company’s entrance, someone saw her getting out of the back seat of the car and couldn’t help but tease her.

Abigail returned from the car exhibition. Her face was flushed, and she looked very tired.

“Isabella, why don’t you just stay happily at home? With all these repeated late arrivals, it’s not just tiring for Mr. Stokes but for you as well.”

Isabella couldn’t be bothered with her and followed Alex out before heading

straight to the car exhibition venue.

Alex drove while chewing gum and said casually, "You can't blame that girl

for targeting you. With those performance reports that Jonas gave you, the

commission alone is at least 75 thousand. Anyone would be envious."

The performance report had always been a thorn in Isabella's heart. As long

as it remained unsolved, it would always feel like a ticking time bomb to her.

"Does Jonas often have such large deals?" She looked at Alex and was  
puzzled.

She nodded with a disdainful expression. "It's bizarre, but that fool Jonas is

indeed quite something when it comes to sales. Almost all the cars we sell

annually for Nemotors are sold by him, and they're all part of the company's

bulk purchase for employee benefits."

Isabella rested her fingers on the car door and sensed something off. "Isn't

Nemotors' cars difficult to sell?"

"That's the point." Alex snapped her fingers and clicked her tongue. "The

word-of-mouth for those cars is terrible, and it's always a tough sell in the

sales industry. Almost every 4S dealership avoids selling their cars.”

It was too coincidental that Jonas just happened to excel only at selling

Nemotors' cars.

Isabella harbored suspicions in her mind and was lost in her thoughts while

getting out of the car. She was completely unaware of Jonas coming to greet

her from the venue.

Moments ago, Jonas' tone on the phone had been stern, but upon seeing

Isabella, he immediately brightened up. “Isabella, you're here!”

Isabella put on a superficial smile and briefly explained the unfortunate

incident of her two days' absence from work, providing each other with an

easy way out.

“It's all minor stuff.” Jonas put an arm around Alex and another around

Isabella before ushering them inside warmly. “You're both key members of

the company. Such minor mistakes are forgivable.”

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Isabella and Alex exchanged a glance and simultaneously rolled their eyes.

They intentionally walked a bit faster to avoid Jonas’ hand from reaching their backs.

Inside the venue, the staff were busy scurrying around. They were mostly outside help brought in by Jonas.

Jonas, flanked by Isabella and Alex, wore a constant smile and insisted on taking them to see the newly arrived McLaren.

“Mr. Stokes, why not buy yourself a car to reward your hard work as the sales champion every month?” Alex rarely praised Jonas.

The man was pleasantly surprised by the compliment he received. It wouldn’t have been a big deal if the compliment came from others, but Alex was notorious for being like a rose, beautiful but prickly.

He was initially focused on Isabella but suddenly felt that Alex wasn’t a bad

option either. He followed up on Alex's words to continue the conversation.

"Great cars suit beautiful women. Why would I need such a good car?"

His eyes hinted at something more as he swept back and forth between the

two beauties. His implication was clear as day.

I have money, and I don't mind spending it on women.

Isabella scoffed inwardly before heading toward the McLaren. "Mr. Stokes,

can I try the car?"

"Sure. It's part of the exhibition anyway."

Upon seeing Isabella open the car door and sit in the driver's seat, Jonas

quickly leaned on Alex's shoulder and sat in the back seat.

Isabella observed through the rearview mirror and noticed his attempts to

touch Alex's hand. She couldn't help but smile. Indeed, women needed to be

tough, at least to fend off perverts.

She inserted the key into the car, started the engine smoothly, and revved it

in place.

The roar of the supercar echoed throughout the venue and attracted the attention of many. Both men and women couldn't help but show envy in their eyes toward Isabella.

She disengaged the handbrake, skillfully turned the car, and headed out.

The McLaren moved effortlessly, and its noble demeanor overshadowed the surrounding cars while captivating everyone.

Isabella's heart raced with excitement, and she couldn't help but feel proud.

As her gaze wandered, she momentarily ignored the person approaching from the side.

"Watch out!" Alex's voice came from the back seat.

Isabella's eyes widened as she instinctively slammed on the brakes!