

## **I QUIT MR 122**

### Chapter 122

The screech of brakes reverberated throughout the venue, abruptly halting everyone in their tracks.

Isabella was thrown back into her seat by the sudden stop, her internal organs jolted and her head spinning.

She gripped the steering wheel, shocked by the person who had unexpectedly appeared in front of her car. Reacting swiftly, she unbuckled her seatbelt and got out of the car.

The person who darted out happened to be a disheveled man, his view obstructed by a pile of items. It wasn't until Isabella stepped out that he realized it and began apologizing profusely.

Anger surged through Isabella, causing her head to ache. Before she could utter a word, Alex called out to her from inside the car.

"Isabella, call an ambulance quickly!"

Isabella's heart jolted as she rushed to the back seat. Sure enough, Jonas had a gash on his forehead, blood streaming down his face. It was a terrifying sight.

Although she didn't particularly like Jonas, she couldn't hesitate in a situation like this. She quickly took out her phone and made the call.

Within minutes, the ambulance arrived.

Isabella and Alex helped Jonas out of the car. He was heavy, and the two women struggled to carry him.

Alex stayed with him while Isabella dealt with the aftermath.

Isabella nodded. "Call me if you need anything."

Alex gave her a reassuring look, indicating that it was just a minor injury.

Isabella watched as the ambulance drove away. She barely had time to catch her breath when she turned around and saw the bloodstains in the car.

"If news of an accident during the rehearsal gets out, no one will show up

tomorrow.”

Isabella glanced towards the source of the comment, unsure who had muttered it. Everyone avoided eye contact, whispering amongst themselves as they quickly dispersed.

She climbed into the car to clean the bloodstains and noticed that Jonas’ phone had been left behind. She picked it up, planning to return it once things settled down.

After carefully driving the car back to its original spot and confirming that everything was in order, she finally relaxed.

Keira had somehow appeared behind Isabella amidst the crowd.

“You’ve probably caused some trouble.”

Isabella turned, a bit surprised that Keira would initiate a conversation. She bit her lip and glanced around.

“It shouldn’t be a big problem, right?”

Keira smiled gently, her demeanor comforting. She spoke softly, hands

clasped in front of her. "If it were someone else, it might be a minor issue, but

because it's you, it's likely to become a big deal."

Isabella glanced around, noticing several people stealing glances in their

direction. She was aware of the recent animosity she had attracted, making

her vulnerable to being targeted.

"There's nothing I can do. I can't silence them."

Keira furrowed her brow, concerned for Isabella. "You should make a gesture,

like setting off a firecracker or something."

Isabella didn't quite understand the purpose of such a gesture and furrowed

her brow. "A firecracker?"

Keira nodded. "Business people believe in luck. If you don't handle these

superficial matters, some important figures might not show up."

Isabella crossed her arms, deep in thought.

After Keira finished speaking, she cautioned Isabella to be careful and

returned to her post.

6/10

Isabella pondered Keira's words. She didn't think setting off firecrackers was a good idea. The venue was filled with million-dollar luxury cars, and if anything were to happen, she would be held responsible for the damages.

She decided to assess the situation first. While everyone was distracted, she slipped into the restroom to eavesdrop from a corner.

Coincidentally, she overheard a few women's voices from outside as she locked the stall door.

"Damn! How did this news spread so quickly? Mr. Lime's secretary just messaged me saying he's not coming."

"The same with mine. They said it's too ominous, a car accident happening during the rehearsal."

"Is Isabella cursed or something? Who does she think she's fooling?"

“She can ride in the same car as Jonas. Isn’t that obvious?”

The group of women chattered away, unconcerned about being overheard.

Inside the stall, Isabella had initially intended to wait for them to finish talking

before leaving. However, the next moment, someone knocked on her door.

“Stop pretending to be dead. We know you’re in there.”

“You thought you could get away without being seen? Troublemaker!”

“Come out!”

There was a forceful kick to the door, causing it to shake violently.

Isabella rolled her eyes in exasperation and swiftly opened the door, meeting

the gazes of the women outside.

“Ladies, I didn’t intend for the earlier incident to happen. I almost became a victim myself.”

She tried to maintain a polite tone and was unwilling to engage in conflict

with these women in the restroom.

9/10

“A victim?”

The leader, with wavy hair, sneered disdainfully. “If you hadn’t tried to impress

Jonas by driving beyond your capabilities, would this have happened?”

“We’ve been preparing for the car exhibition for so many days, and now most of our guests aren’t coming. Do you think an apology is enough to resolve this?”

“Well, feel free to run your mouth. After all, you haven’t put in any effort in the preparations lately.”

The women were aggressive, spewing their words at Isabella. They were almost ready to engage in a physical confrontation.

Isabella felt responsible but was infuriated by their aggressive attitude. She pursed her lips and stood there, silent.

“Say something and stop pretending!” The woman with wavy hair stepped

forward, pushing Isabella's shoulder.

Isabella steadied herself and glared coldly at the woman. "Did I say I wouldn't

take responsibility?"