

# I Quit Mr. Shaffer ( Isabella Symons )

## Chapter 14

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Isabella had been busy all afternoon, making several calls, but received no responses. Although she had thought of trying those previous “connections,” she decided against it because there was no point in humiliating herself before them. With mounting pressure, she couldn’t afford to dwell on messy affairs.

She had no business matters to attend and wasn’t

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in the mood for overtime. After all, sales wasn’t just about sitting in an office and doing paperwork. So, she grabbed her bag and left. She had to stay at Natasha’s place for the next few days. Before heading back, she decided to call and ask if Natasha wanted her to buy groceries.

Isabella dialed the number, and Natasha picked

1. up. “Hey, I’m going to buy some groceries. Is there

anything specific you’d like?” Instead of a response, she heard a bustling commotion on the other end of the line.

This struck her as odd since Natasha managed a bar, and it wasn’t late enough for such a lively atmosphere. Isabella repeated her question a couple of times, but Natasha remained silent, and suddenly, screams echoed in the background

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“Natasha?” Isabella called repeatedly, but Natasha abruptly hung up.

Natasha managed Goldland Lounge, one of Imperia’s top bars with a powerful backer, so trouble was rare. Still, Isabella’s concern grew, prompting her to head to the bar.

As evening approached, the lights illuminated the surroundings. Luxury cars were a common sight near the bar since it was surrounded by other

entertainment venues frequented by wealthy people.

After getting out of the car, Isabella hurriedly entered the bar. Since she had been here a few times before, the waitstaff at the entrance

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recognized her. “It’s been a while since you last visited, Miss Symons.”

Isabella followed the waiter inside. The lighting was dim, but everything was neat and orderly.

Performers were on stage, singing softly, and there were no signs of trouble.

“I’m here to see Natasha. Is she busy?” Isabella inquired. Just then, she saw Natasha standing on the second-floor crystal corridor, which relieved her.

Natasha also noticed her from above. She spoke to the man she was with before descending the spiral staircase.

“Why are you here?” She asked, somewhat

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surprised, as Isabella wasn’t typically fond of places like this.

Waving her phone, Isabella explained, “I heard some commotion when I called earlier and thought something might have happened to you.”

Natasha clicked her tongue and patted Isabella’s head. “I was too busy and didn’t even check who was calling when I answered. Some troublemaker knocked my phone away before I could respond.”

Isabella looked around and saw no signs of trouble.

It turned out that everything had already been taken care of.

Natasha put her arm around Isabella’s shoulder

and led her upstairs. “Since you’re here, come to my

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room. We'll leave together when my shift ends."

Though Isabella wasn't too keen on it, she didn't want Natasha to think she looked down on places like this, so she silently followed her.

Natasha took Isabella to the third floor but didn't take her to a room.

"Dariel brought some people over, so I need to meet him downstairs. Go to my room by yourself.

It's the one at the end with my nameplate."

Not wanting to trouble her, Isabella agreed. "Alright, you go ahead."

Natasha swiftly descended the stairs, clearly not wanting to offend someone named Dariel.

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Meanwhile, Isabella walked to the end of the corridor and approached Natasha's room, which had a large "M" engraved on the door. However, she

realized she had forgotten to ask for the room's password. With no other option, she decided to wait, assuming Natasha wouldn't be gone for long. The luxurious carpet beneath her feet felt expensive. She estimated that its cost could cover the expense of a new bathroom. So, she took a few steps and felt more at ease. Soon, she heard hurried footsteps coming up the stairs, seemingly from more than one person.

Isabella intentionally turned away, not wanting to recognize anyone or be recognized.

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To her surprise, the footsteps drew closer until they were right behind her. Unable to contain her curiosity, Isabella turned around, only to be met with a glass of strong liquor thrown in her face.

"You wretch, trying to seduce my husband, are you? Do you want to die?!"

If it weren't for the liquor stinging her eyes, Isabella

would have asked the person responsible why she was behaving like she had caught her husband's mistress.

Before Isabella could react, the woman slapped her, causing her to lose her balance and fall backward.

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"What are you waiting for? Get to it!" The woman, clearly unsatisfied with dousing Isabella with liquor and slapping her, swung her purse at Isabella's head and even enlisted her friends to join in.

Shocked and bewildered, Isabella tried to reason with them while shielding her head. "You've got the wrong person! I'm just waiting for someone."

However, her pleas fell on deaf ears as the women attacked her like a pack of frenzied dogs, verbally assaulting and physically targeting Isabella's face.

One of them slapped Isabella, causing her ears to ring.

Isabella curled up, protecting her head and enduring the chaotic onslaught of insults and

Candy Crush Saga

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blows. A mix of despair and fear swelled within her as she bitterly thought, Bad luck sure comes in threes. I came all this way only to get beaten up.

“What are you doing?” A male voice intervened, abruptly stopping the women’s onslaught. Their

rapid and intense pounding stopped abruptly.