

I QUIT MR 145

Chapter 145

Isabella had underestimated Angelina's determination. She had been left waiting in the conference room the entire afternoon. While everyone else was slowly leaving work, Angelina still hadn't shown up. Isabella's stamina was reaching its limit, and with the wounds on her legs, simply standing up was a challenge. If I have to...

Isabella considered using her dangerous backup plan, but she quickly dismissed the idea. That's too risky. It would be bad if I can't handle it. With trembling fingers, she turned on her phone and checked the time. It was six-thirty in the evening. Everything was becoming blurry, and she could barely see the time clearly.

She resisted her dizziness and tried calling the number Nicolas had given her, but she couldn't reach Jason. He was always on another call, and eventually, he turned off his phone. Isabella scoffed. I know what he's thinking. He doesn't

want to take sides between his boss and me, the former head secretary with complex connections. But he won't get away with this just because he's not choosing a side.

She stopped making calls and instead sent a text to Jason's emergency

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contact. White-collar workers like Jason usually set their second SIM card as their emergency contact. He will see the message. After that, Isabella found a comfortable position and leaned back in the chair to sleep. Five minutes later, her phone rang. It was Jason. Deadpan, Isabella hung up and closed her eyes.

If she was right, someone would show up in fifteen minutes. She counted the time in her mind. Less than two minutes later, she heard the sound of heels approaching from outside. Isabella opened her eyes and composed herself.

She slowly sat up and looked towards the entrance.

The door swung open. Angelina had changed into her tracksuit, clearly ready

to leave. "Sorry, I was too busy. I couldn't find anyone to come and question you."

Isabella watched as Angelina put on a show. She calmly looked at Angelina as if she were a clown, "Your methods are underhanded," she said calmly, her tone more sardonic than sarcastic. There was disdain and scorn in her voice.

She saw through Angelina easily.

Angelina shrugged and pulled out a chair. She sat down in front of Isabella, showing no guilt. "You told me to find someone else. I didn't want to leave you hanging."

Isabella crossed her arms and leaned forward. "You live in Hencher Residence, right?"

Angelina wondered why Isabella was asking that question.

Isabella chuckled quietly. "Be careful when you're going home at night."

Angelina froze, but then she realized what was happening and clicked her

tongue. "Are you threatening me?"

"You're overthinking it." Isabella shrugged, still as nonchalant as before, but

she was as pale as a sheet.

"Don't even try to play any tricks here. It's useless." Angelina crossed her arms

and legs. When she saw how pale Isabella was, she felt much better. "You

think Mr. Shaffer will get rid of me for you? He doesn't bring personal affairs

into the workplace."