

I QUIT MR 166

Chapter 166

The beach party continued until midnight. Surprisingly, Seth found Dariel

tolerable for once and listened to him talk all night. Meanwhile, Simon

couldn't bear it any longer. Just as he was about to get some wine, Dariel

warned him, "What? Are you going to snitch on us?"

Seth looked up and glanced at Simon's phone. Simon, feeling resigned,

blocked Isabella and handed the phone back to Seth. "Don't worry. I won't ruin

your great plan."

Seth took the phone back, cleaned up the RAM for Simon, and tossed it back

to him. "There better not be a next time."

Simon was left speechless.

Isabella left the study and was about to ask Simon for news. However, she

soon realized that her texts weren't going through. He blocked me? She

couldn't believe it. He's not the type to block me without warning. Plus, I didn't

do anything wrong. Seth and I may not be good friends anymore, but does that mean Simon and I can't be friends either? What's going on? She became anxious and started pacing around the corridor, wondering if she had done something wrong. Guessing what others were thinking was an unpleasant feeling. It reminded her of the days when she worked under Seth, constantly having to consider everyone's thoughts.

Dammit. She stopped and returned to the study. Then, she opened the personal data of the person Mandy had just sent her. If I have to take a risk, I'll take a risk. Maybe I can find some success that way. It's still better than living under someone's control.

The file Mandy sent her was about Zacharias Zimmers, the production director of Nemotors' new electric car. He was in his 40s and had always been in charge of Nemotors' engine production. Isabella went through the document and noticed that his resume was clean. He had been with Nemotors for a long time and had never changed jobs. As she scrolled

through the screen, she stumbled upon a piece of insignificant news. It was from a few years ago, revealing that Zacharias was the illegitimate son of Nemotors' chairman. There were even pictures attached. Overall, the story seemed credible.

Isabella crossed her arms and tapped her lip in thought. If Zacharias is truly an illegitimate son, then his father must be in a high position. Otherwise, he wouldn't still be a production director at his age. She was very perceptive when it came to building connections, and she had a feeling that something was amiss here. If her intuition was correct, there was something darker lurking behind the scenes.

The clock on the wall chimed, reminding Isabella that it was already late at night. The premonition weighed heavily on her mind. However, she decided to turn off her computer and leave everything for the next day. When she returned to her room and lay on the bed, she couldn't help but envision Seth's

cold face. Every time she closed her eyes, she felt as though he was right beside her, ready to strangle her at any moment. Ugh, he's so annoying. She took a deep breath, turned around, and forced herself to sleep. She tossed and turned, only finding sleep as dawn approached.

Alex called at 10.00AM. Isabella woke up abruptly and stared at the clock for a long time. Just as she was about to get out of bed, she remembered that she was currently suspended. So, she wiped her face and lay back down. Then, she searched for her phone and answered the call. "What is it?"

"Isabella, your Cayenne is here. Are you coming?"

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Isabella paused for a moment before sitting up straight. "The Cayenne?" Oh, right. I received a Cayenne a few days ago. Alex continued talking, but Isabella had already rushed to the bathroom to freshen up. Her mind was consumed with excitement about her new car. All her troubles seemed to fade away as joy and anticipation filled her heart. She had been busy lately,

and her face had healed just in time for this momentous occasion. Isabella

rarely wore makeup, but she couldn't resist putting on some light makeup

and pairing it with a long dress.

She was in a fantastic mood, and the sun felt warmer than ever. Seth or

whoever can forget about it. Isabella hummed happily as she made her way