

I QUIT MR 167

Chapter 167

An excited Isabella was eager to take Alex for a ride. The exasperated Alex simply replied, "You don't have a car plate with you right now."

Oh, right. Isabella turned off the engine. Getting a car is easy. Getting a license plate for it is more important. She clicked her tongue in annoyance.

That's ruined my mood. Leaning on the door, she chatted with Alex, "Do you have any connections that can help me out?"

Alex snapped her fingers and nodded towards the building. "I've been in this line of work for years. If I couldn't make any connections, I should just quit."

Isabella let out a sigh of relief and bowed. "You have to save me, lady."

Alex didn't show any smugness or excitement. Instead, she calmly got into the car and made a phone call. The person readily agreed, and the deal was made. Then, Alex hung up and gestured to Isabella.

Isabella raised an eyebrow. "Seventy-five hundred?"

Alex shrugged. "That's the discounted price." That was no exaggeration. In Imperia, if anyone wanted to jump the line to get a car plate, 75 grand would be the going rate. 75 hundred was practically a bargain.

Isabella quickly paid Alex, and the deal was sealed. They would receive their numbers later that afternoon. "You're lucky. Today is the day people get their numbers."

On the way back, Isabella listened to Alex talking and coincidentally ran into Jonas. Jonas would usually crack lewd jokes whenever he saw women.

However, today he only frowned and went into his office, looking dejected.

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Alex whispered to Isabella, "I told you something happened to him."

Isabella knew what had happened, but she only hummed in agreement. It wasn't even 11.00 AM, and number distribution wouldn't start until 2.00 PM. So, she told Alex she would catch up with her later. Nemotors' headquarters was in Imperia. However, since their market share started to decline, they

eventually moved their headquarters to the outskirts. Therefore, Isabella took public transportation there to see Zacharias.

When she arrived at the reception, they asked if she had any appointments.

"I come from a car retail store," said Isabella.

The receptionist became even more polite as they spoke, "Ah, Mr. Stokes sent you here? One moment, please. I need to call Mr. Zimmers."

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"Of course." Isabella observed closely and immediately confirmed that Jonas and Zacharias were working together.

"Ah, you're in luck. Mr. Zimmers has just finished a meeting. Please follow me," said the receptionist. They placed their phone down and led Isabella to the elevator.

Isabella nodded, took her bag, and entered the elevator. She asked, "Mr.

Zimmers is going to be promoted soon, right?"

The receptionist couldn't help but regard Isabella oddly. "No."

Isabella looked surprised. "But he's a capable man! Why isn't he being promoted?"

The receptionist clicked their tongue and started to speak. Before they could say anything, they swallowed their words and waved their hands dismissively. "Maybe he prefers his current position."

Heh. Something's not right here. Otherwise, the receptionist wouldn't be so cautious with their words. The elevator door slid open, and the receptionist gestured in a specific direction before leaving.

Isabella entered and realized there were hardly any people there. Most of the -office was empty. Even if Nemotors has been struggling, it shouldn't be this bad. She eventually made her way to the director's office. There wasn't even a secretary waiting outside. So, she had to knock on the door herself.

"Come in."

The voice was clear. Frankly, it sounded a bit different from what she had

expected. Isabella opened the door and found a regular office. Behind the desk was a man in his 40s. To her surprise, he wasn't bald, nor did he have a beer belly. Instead, he looked like a gentleman. Zacharias stood up and walked around his desk, gesturing for Isabella to take a seat.

"Mr. Stokes would usually come in person. Why the sudden change?"

Zacharias poured a cup of tea for Isabella once she sat down. He was smiling