

I QUIT MR 168

Chapter 168

After 10 minutes, Isabella found herself standing at the entrance of Nemotors, feeling conflicted. She had assumed that Zacharias would be similar to Jonas, but she had underestimated him. He proved to be more difficult to understand and didn't give her any opportunities to figure him out. The only thing she gathered was that something was off about Nemotors, particularly the production department. She pondered her options and was about to leave when she noticed a Benz approaching. A man and a woman stepped out of the car, engaging in flirtatious banter.

"What are you doing, Mr. Brown? We're outside."

"Oh, stop pretending. I know you've done it with Mr. Zimmers."

Isabella rolled her eyes and fixed her hair. She avoided the two individuals and made her way to the transit. Mr. Brown seemed familiar to her, so she decided to look him up while on the transit. She discovered something

interesting – he was the vice director of Nemotors’ production department

and held a lower rank than Zacharias. Isabella smiled. Just when I thought all

hope was lost, a glimmer of hope appeared.

She checked the time. Nevertheless, I’ll have to put that aside for now. I need

to get my number. I’ll come up with a plan to deal with this matter tonight.

Alex had something to attend to in the afternoon, so she had given Isabella

the contact number of her associate. Isabella had lunch outside and leisurely

walked around until 1.00 PM before heading straight to the office.

The traffic in Imperia was becoming increasingly chaotic due to the

necessity of cars in daily life. Obtaining a car plate was challenging without

the right connections, as the waiting time would be long. Fortunately, the

government had implemented a system to assist those who owned cars but

didn’t have plates. Isabella fell into this category, and Alex was able to help

her despite her connections.

The office was crowded with people, all fixated on the large screen. Some sighed while others cheered with delight. Isabella shook her head. It's just a car plate, yet they make it seem like they're announcing winning lottery numbers. She located the person Alex had contacted, a woman named Janice Saunders in her 20s.

"Come with me. I made a reservation for you when Alex called. Your number will be called soon."

Isabella thanked her and followed Janice backstage. In a low voice, she asked, "How long will it take to receive the plate after getting the number?"

"About a month." Janice smiled, motioning for Isabella to take a seat. The screen backstage was smaller than the one outside, but it displayed the progress of their applications. Janice, being a staff member, could ensure that Isabella would receive her plate that day.

"Can I choose my plate number?" Isabella asked sheepishly, feeling as

though her request was excessive.

Janice shook her head and replied, "Imperia's car plates are in high demand.

-If you want to choose your number, you have to pay a significant amount."

Isabella wanted to inquire about the cost, but Janice continued, "My boss'

friend recently selected a number and spent a six to seven-figure sum on it.

To make matters worse, it wasn't even the number he preferred."

Paying such a large sum for a car plate number? No, it's not worth it. Forget it.

"It's almost your turn, Janice said, turning the screen towards Isabella.

Numbers flashed across the screen, resembling the announcement of lottery

numbers. It heightened everyone's anticipation.

Now I understand why everyone looks as though they're watching the

announcement of winning lottery numbers. Isabella stared at the screen, her

eyes fixed. Janice flipped through the pages until she found Isabella's name.

"Your plate number is... Janice paused, unable to believe what she saw.

Isabella stood beside her, equally dumbfounded.