

## **I QUIT MR 169**

### Chapter 169

Back in Shaffer Group, Seth sat in his office, signing a document. He quickly passed it to Nicolas and leaned back, turning his attention to Ollie, who stood beside the desk. "Did she get the number?"

Ollie adjusted his glasses and nodded. "Yes."

Seth raised an eyebrow and twirled his pen. "What was her reaction?"

Ollie replied politely, "It seemed like nothing. She simply signed the contract with the department and obtained the plate."

Seth stopped twirling his pen. He was annoyed that she didn't react the way -he wanted. Ollie continued, "Miss Symons met with Nemotors' production director this morning, but things didn't go well. She came out after just a few minutes."

Seth's expression darkened. "Was she kicked out?"

Ollie lowered his head. "Most likely."

Seth leaned on his chair for a moment, deep in thought. He tapped his table

absentmindedly before giving an order, "Keep an eye on them."

"Yes, sir." Ollie and Nicolas exchanged a glance before leaving the office.

Once they were at a safe distance, they breathed a sigh of relief. Ollie

adjusted his glasses and asked, "You've been here for a month, Mr. Dahn.

What do you think of Mr. Shaffer?"

All Nicolas heard was something about a plate number, so he had no idea

what Seth had instructed Ollie to do. He couldn't help but wonder why Ollie

asked him that question. Nevertheless, he answered, "He's decisive, mature,

and not tied down by anything. He's a good boss."

Ollie struggled to hide his grimace. "Mature, huh?" He frowned and looked at

Nicolas, feeling a bit troubled. "You might not know Mr. Shaffer as well as you

think, Mr. Dahn."

"Huh?" Nicolas was confused as Ollie patted his shoulder and headed

towards the elevator without saying anything. Nicolas stood there, utterly perplexed. "Is Mr. Shaffer immature?"

Isabella left the department feeling frustrated. When she looked at the contract in her hands, she wanted to scream. Just when she was already annoyed to the maximum, her phone wouldn't stop ringing. She picked it up and checked the caller ID. It was Gordon. "Hello?"

"Where are you? I'll pick you up. Let's have dinner together," Gordon said, sounding happy.

Isabella was surprised. "I thought you were grounded."

Gordon clicked his tongue. "My grandma came back and bailed me out."

"Yeah, grandmas do love their grandkids." Isabella realized she had nothing else to do, so she agreed. "Just dinner. Don't do anything foolish, alright?"

Gordon cleared his throat. "Do you think I planned for that to happen?"

Isabella rolled her eyes in exasperation. "You were the one who caused that

ring fiasco.” The two bantered for a while and agreed to meet for dinner at

6.00PM. Then, they ended the call. Isabella got a ride back home and took a

nice, hot shower. It was around 5.00PM when she finished, the perfect time to

leave. She could make it in time to meet Gordon.

Gordon had made a reservation at a seafood restaurant. An aquarium stood

on the first floor, while the dining area was on the second floor. It felt special.

When they spotted each other, Gordon checked out Isabella’s hair and dress,

then whistled. “Oh, you changed just for me?”

Isabella considered him a friend, so she found it easy to crack jokes with him..

She slung her bag over her shoulder and walked inside. “I even wore a pair of

red panties for luck. Your luck has been terrible lately.”

Gordon snapped his fingers and playfully pointed a finger gun at her. “What a

friend.”

They entered the restaurant. The waiter obviously knew Gordon, so they were led to the most secluded room. Gordon instructed the waiter to bring a large bowl of crayfish. He sat across from Isabella and started peeling the crayfish, popping them into his mouth.

When Isabella told him about her plate number, Gordon almost burst out laughing. She then told him about Mr. Brown from Nemotors. Gordon had to take a moment to compose himself and wipe his hands. "I'm the man for the job, isabella."