

## **I QUIT MR 176**

### Chapter 176

Isabella turned around and locked eyes with the speaker.

The person had short hair, a round face, and a tall figure. She was dressed in

a sleek black short dress. She looked clean and neat from head to toe.

If it weren't for her sharp tongue, Isabella would have given this lady a

thumbs up.

"Miss, do I know you?"

"You don't know me, but I do." The lady lifted her chin, adopting a proud

posture. "Gordon brought you here, didn't he?"

From her words, Isabella roughly understood that she was being treated as a

love rival.

"I'm Rachel Logan. My dad is Hugh Logan." The lady introduced herself.

Isabella was speechless, feeling like this woman was wasting her good looks.

Besides her sense of fashion, she was just a pretty face.

She starts by dropping her father's name. Is she that eager to show off?

Tucking a strand of hair behind her ear, Isabella tilted her head, intentionally

asking, "Logan? Is it Mr. Logan from the aviation industry?"

Rachel's expression froze, and she pressed her lips tightly. After some

thought, she was about to force herself to speak.

However, Isabella added while supporting her chin with one hand, "No, that's

not right. Mr. Logan doesn't have a daughter. Did I remember it wrong?"

Rachel's expression darkened as she glared at Isabella.

Their family was in the food business. Despite doing well in recent years,

thanks to their connection with the Dunkstein Family, they had nothing to do

with the Logan Family in aviation.

In just a few words, Isabella sharply pierced through Rachel's upper-class

facade.

"You don't need to bother about who I am. In any case, I'm more

distinguished than you!" Rachel snorted, glancing toward the direction of the

hall. Smugly, she said, "Ms. Ariel doesn't even like you. Don't you realize that yourself?"

Even without her mentioning it, Isabella had discerned Ariel's character at a glance; she and Xavier were clearly not the same kind of people.

"Miss Logan, I think you've misunderstood. I'm just Gordon's friend. There's no need to treat me as your imaginary enemy," she explained reluctantly, as she didn't want to complicate matters further.

Disdainfully, Rachel glanced at Isabella as though the latter were lying. "Stop pretending. Since you can make Gordon take you home, you must have put in some effort, right?"

After taking a deep breath, Isabella clenched her teeth. "Miss Logan, if you keep causing trouble, I won't be polite."

Rolling her eyes, Rachel retorted, "What can you do? At most, you'll complain to Gordon about me. Do you think I'm afraid of that?"

“You’re not afraid,” Isabella continued before saying expressionlessly, “But you care.”

Instantly, Rachel bit her lip as those words hit a nerve.

Isabella leaned against the railing and lifted her chin toward the hall. “Hurry up and leave, or I’ll fall next to you and say you pushed me. By then, you won’t be able to clear your name.”

Rachel widened her eyes, her once lively and proud gaze now filled with anger. She stomped her foot forcefully. “Just wait and see!”

This left Isabella at a loss for words.

She’s such a good-looking and well-dressed lady, but something’s wrong with her brain.

In the end, Isabella couldn’t be bothered to argue further with Rachel. At this moment, she saw Molly leaning against Andy Brown. The two were intimate and whispering to each other.

The plan was crucial. Isabella couldn’t let the unexpected appearance of a 15:57 Thu, 4 Jan G

random lady ruin everything.