

I QUIT MR 182

Chapter 182

After dismissing Gordon's speculation, Isabella found herself engulfed in a whirlwind of conflicting thoughts upon returning home.

After all, a woman can always dream. Despite developing a tough character while being around Seth, there was still a hint of fantasy lingering deep within her.

Furthermore, the Shaffer Group's business had no connection to the Dunkstein Family. There was no reason for Seth to attend Old Mrs. Dunkstein's banquet. Combined with his behavior at the event, it was hard not to overthink the situation.

As she finished showering, these thoughts consumed her mind as she poured herself a small glass of wine and leaned against the kitchen counter, lost in contemplation.

Just then, Natasha called to inquire about Molly's situation.

Isabella provided all the details and set aside unnecessary thoughts as she discussed with Natasha the next steps to take.

After listening, Natasha said, "The value of this information is worth millions.

Have you decided who to pass it on to?"

Isabella sat upright, staring at the wine in front of her. She picked up the glass and downed it in one go.

After exhaling a breath with a hint of alcohol, she replied, "Seth."

Natasha remained silent for a moment, then chuckled lightly and teasingly

Isabella sensed the teasing in her words and calmly explained, "I don't have any special feelings for him. I just don't have the courage to approach people I don't know well."

"No matter who handles this, it's like attempting the impossible. Honestly, only

Seth gives me a sense of certainty in the entire Imperia. He has boundaries."

Natasha exclaimed, "He kept you waiting for five years, yet you still think he's a person with good qualities!"

“If we set aside his personal life and emotions, he is undoubtedly a good

business partner,” Isabella impartially stated.

Natasha clicked her tongue. “It’s up to you. Just make sure you’re clear in your

mind and don’t mix things up. Otherwise, you might end up losing both

people and wealth.”

Isabella understood what Natasha meant. She openly shared her thoughts,

saying, “Don’t worry. I have it under control.”

The music was loud on Natasha’s end, indicating she was still at a bar.

Isabella advised her to drink less before ending the call.

After setting her phone aside, the house fell silent once again.

Unable to sleep, Isabella poured herself several more drinks and stumbled

upstairs in a daze.

She fell into a drowsy sleep. She had initially planned to stay home and avoid

going anywhere, but Alex’s call came just before 9.00 PM.

Isabella forcefully kicked her blanket while grimacing as she answered the call.

“Isabella, come to the office quickly. Something interesting is happening.”

Isabella felt groggy and uninterested in any drama.

Alex added, “The officials have come to investigate. They’ve taken Abigail away and are currently interrogating Jonas in his office.”

Isabella woke up abruptly and opened her eyes wide. In a hoarse voice, she asked, “Are they primarily investigating Jonas or Abigail?”

If it was only Abigail, it might be a follow-up to the last sales incident.

However, if it involved Jonas, it could potentially be related to Nemotors’ matter.

Alex didn’t understand the difference between the two. She simply found it satisfying to see those jerks suffer while providing real-time descriptions over the phone.

Isabella switched to speakerphone and got up to freshen up.

In less than half an hour, she swiftly hailed a cab and headed straight to the company. She remained on the phone with Alex throughout the journey and only hung up when she entered the office premises.

A sign indicating temporary closure hung on the company's main gate. As Isabella pushed the door open and stepped inside, she was greeted by the sound of people arguing.

"Jonas, please cooperate with the investigation!"

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"Cooperate, my foot! I haven't done anything! Why should I be investigated?!"

Jonas was clearly agitated as he adamantly refused to disclose personal accounts or provide specific transaction information.