

I QUIT MR 200

Chapter 200

Isabella set off in a good mood, but her spirits were dampened by that announcement. Furthermore, after the car crash she had been involved in, she didn't dare to venture out on the roads. As a result, she turned off the engine and went back upstairs to lie on her bed like a sloth until nightfall.

Natasha called and invited her out for dinner. Isabella had a lot to share with her, so she went out and took the train to the restaurant. Natasha was wearing a silver bodycon dress, and her hair was permed in a 90's style. She stood on the second floor of the retro tea shop, resembling a beautiful statue.

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When Isabella arrived, someone was flirting with Natasha. She smiled brightly and took his name card, but as soon as the guy turned around, she tossed the card into the bin.

Isabella clicked her tongue. "As charming as ever."

Natasha shrugged and took the menu before ordering half of the options on

Isabella raised an eyebrow. "What's the meaning of this?"

"Nothing." Natasha rested her chin on her hands. "Renewed the contract with

Daniel. I don't have to hold back when spending his money."

Isabella was surprised. She couldn't understand why Natasha and Daniel

stayed together despite everything that had happened. "I thought you said

you would break up with him."

Natasha licked her lips and narrowed her eyes. Quietly, she said, "Who knows

what he's thinking?"

She turned her head back and smiled at Isabella. "Never mind. If he wants to

jump into hell, then I hope he won't break when he finally lands."

Isabella resigned herself, but she was still worried about Natasha. "Natasha,

you're two years older than me. Don't--"

Natasha shushed Isabella and smiled seductively. "Don't talk about

disgusting worms like him. Let's talk about yourself."

Isabella stopped talking about Dariel. Just then, the waiter brought the food.

Isabella had some tea as she spoke. She told Natasha everything from the trip to Bleaktown to becoming the president of Nemotors. The only thing she didn't mention was Seth sharing a house with her.

Natasha's eyes widened after listening. "The Zimmers sent killers after you?"

Isabella breathed a sigh of relief. She still shuddered at the thought. "I was lucky to survive."

Natasha's face fell. She wasn't as optimistic as Isabella. "And you're still getting involved in this mess. You'll get yourself killed."

Isabella knew that, but she really wanted this opportunity and couldn't let it

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Natasha clicked her tongue. "Do you want to be the president of Nemotors that badly?"

Isabella had some tea and lamented, "You don't get a free lunch every day. I

would take a bite even if it were poison."

Natasha was speechless. She couldn't criticize Isabella, so she blamed Seth

instead. "That guy's a jerk. He gives you all the dangerous work while he

enjoys the fruits of your labor. The Zimmers are only under investigation, not

arrested. Getting involved in this mess is like being a sitting duck. He knows

that."

Isabella smiled. "No pain, no gain. I wouldn't have taken this opportunity if it

came without risk."

Natasha pursed her lips. "You have a point."

More food was served. The dishes were small, but they ordered a lot, so the

table was filled to the brim. The ladies kept chatting about various topics, and

afterwards, they felt better.

Natasha opened another bottle of wine and poured half a glass for both of

them.

“Don’t drink too much,” said Isabella as she swirled her glass. All she had was
a small sip. She was not a good drinker. One small sip felt like a dozen bottles
of beer to her.