

I QUIT MR 203

Chapter 203

Contrary to Isabella's expectations, Michael was quite friendly and showed no signs of a power struggle. Within a short span of twenty minutes, he had gathered all the senior executives in the conference room. Isabella sat at the head of the table, her gaze sweeping over everyone present, and a chorus of "Hello, Miss Symons" echoed around the room as if rehearsed.

Remaining calm and composed, Isabella offered a faint smile as she briefly introduced herself. "There's no need to be nervous. Although Nemotors has changed ownership, the operational management remains the same, and I have no intention of laying anyone off." Her words seemed to relieve many in the room. "I would like everyone to hand over all the projects you have worked on in the past three years. Please deliver them to my office before the end of the day."

"Three years?" A middle-aged woman with long hair sitting in the middle of

the room exclaimed in disbelief.

Isabella's smile remained unchanged as she asked lightly, "Do you have an issue with that, Ms. Hopkins?"

Juliette Hopkins hesitated for a moment before forcing a laugh. "No."

"If there are no objections, then please get to work. The Shaffer Group values efficiency. Regardless of Nemotors' previous work mechanism, once you're here, it's best to leave all jokes behind, or it won't reflect well on anyone." After delivering her concise message, Isabella turned to Michael. "Mr. Zimmers, could you please introduce everyone present?"

Michael, who had been smiling throughout, stood up and introduced everyone to her. He had plenty of positive things to say about each person, sprinkling in a joke or two as constructive criticism, leaving no room for rebuttal.

Listening attentively, Isabella committed everything to memory. She then compared this information with the data she had previously reviewed, which

gave her a clear understanding of the situation. On her first day, she didn't

plan to make a big fuss and concluded the meeting after meeting everyone.

While escorting her upstairs, Michael apologized all the way. "I didn't know

you were coming, so the office hasn't been cleaned up yet."

On the other hand, Isabella was glad she had shown up unannounced. Given

Michael's status at Nemotors, nobody knew how many hidden cameras there

would be in the new office he would have arranged for her. "There's no need

to clean up a new one. The former president's office will do."

"But that's not appropriate. The rest area and other facilities are not

convenient." Michael looked apologetic, as if he was about to slap himself

and apologize.

However, Isabella insisted and pressed the button for the top floor of the

office building. With no other choice, he agreed to have the office renovated

soon. After escorting her to her office, he stayed behind to chat. Most of his

talk was about his grievances, and he thanked the Shaffer Group for

acquiring Nemotors, not forgetting to express his hope to weather the storm

with Isabella and help Nemotors through its difficulties.

Isabella listened with a smile, deeply moved, and had Alex see him out. As

soon as the door closed, her smile faded. After a while, Alex returned, patting

her chest and whispering, "My God, this guy is a smooth talker. He's way

above Jonas Stokes' level."

Isabella pulled a wry smile. "Jonas Stokes is no match for him."

"If you don't get rid of him, there's a good chance you'll be marginalized here,"

Alex whispered.

Isabella was well aware that Michael had to go. Besides, she had promised

Mandy and couldn't just drop the ball. Later, she sent Alex to the sales

department, repeatedly reminding her, "Hold on no matter what. In a few

days, I'll make you a star."

Alex laughed and left cheerfully. "Don't worry, even if I'm not a star, I'll still

make a big impact.”

Relieved, she knew her personality well, and the people in the sales

department wouldn't be difficult to handle. Once settled in her office, she

checked her phone. There were no messages, and there was no news from

Seth. Even if Nemotors isn't worth much, this man doesn't have to be so