

I QUIT MR 204

Chapter 204

With a clatter, the cup in the secretary's hand fell to the ground, and her face.

turned pale with fright. The three of them stood frozen, afraid to make a

move.

Calmly, Isabella approached them, poured herself a cup of water, and

leaned against the table with her cup, casually observing the young girls. "It

seems you are quite interested in my suit," she remarked.

The tall girl immediately burst into tears and hurriedly apologized. "Miss

Symons, I'm sorry. We weren't talking about you--"

Isabella laughed. "Why are you crying? You didn't say anything wrong. I don't

mind."

The young girls exchanged glances, clearly not believing her, and Isabella

adopted a gentle tone, like that of an elder sister. "Gossiping is common in

the office," she said, taking a sip of water. Her eyes curved as she asked, "Why

don't you introduce yourselves? What are your names?"

"I'm Gabriela Sanchez."

"Heidi Birch..."

"And I'm Samantha Jennings."

Isabella nodded. "Alright, I got it." She walked out gracefully with her cup in

hand, leaving the young girls in a daze.

"What does she mean?" they whispered behind her.

Isabella smiled brightly as she arrived at the secretary department's door.

The head secretary, Phoebe Sanders, appeared to be around thirty years old,

exuding a mature and steady aura. "Miss Symons, I'm Phoebe Sanders. How

may I assist you?" she asked.

Isabella remained indifferent, casually stating, "Notify HR that Gabriela

Sanchez, Heidi Birch, and Samantha Jennings from the secretary department

are to be fired."

Shocked, Phoebe opened her mouth but couldn't find the right words. After

she glanced at the pantry, she seemed to understand the situation, and

before she could plead, Isabella continued coldly, "Also, tell HR to hire new people."

"Yes!" Phoebe replied, her voice filled with astonishment.

Expressionlessly, Isabella turned around and returned to her office. She had

been contemplating where to start and hadn't expected the first cut to be so

close to home. This is good. The secretary department is now clean, and I

have one less thing to worry about.

Soon, low sobbing could be heard from outside, along with Phoebe's

attempts at persuasion, which eventually turned into cursing. Isabella

chuckled silently. These young girls act as if they just entered the workplace,

cursing their former boss as if they don't want to stay in the industry

anymore.

She called security and had the young girls escorted out. Not long after,

Michael hurried down from upstairs to plead for the young secretaries, to

Isabella's surprise.

Isabella closed a file with a smile. "Mr. Zimmers, aren't you busy today?"