

## **I QUIT MR 207**

### Chapter 207

Isabella was taken aback by Jordan's lecture, and her meal turned tasteless as she lost interest in joking with Gordon. So, lunch ended abruptly, and Gordon criticized her, accusing her of being too arrogant.

Amused and annoyed, Isabella gently persuaded him and eventually managed to appease him by promising him a trip to the beach together. They went their separate ways at the cafeteria, and she went upstairs alone, contemplating her afternoon work.

Then, she called Phoebe in and inquired about the current situation of the company.

"You should be aware of the overall situation. Several of our production lines are idle and essentially supporting idle workers," Phoebe told the truth, observing Isabella's expression before adding, "If you want to cut production lines, you'll need to convene a board of directors." The board of directors consisted of members from the Zimmers, each holding a small number of shares, and they wouldn't easily relinquish control.

Isabella nodded, indicating her understanding, and instructed Phoebe to arrange

tomorrow's board of directors meeting. After Phoebe left, she opened the email containing information about Michael.

This man was intriguing; most of his assets were overseas, and he even maintained a mistress in the Republic of Cogrita. Logically, he should have no attachment to his wife.

However, this man was playful, and it was rumored that he had a deep relationship with his wife. Due to his wife's infertility, he had spent a significant amount of money on surrogacy in the Republic of Cogrita, and the child was already three years old.

Everything else seemed fine, but surrogacy had become a sensitive topic recently. The wealthy were avoiding it, fearing investigation because it was illegal in this country. Yet, Michael had willingly set himself up with such a potential problem.

Without hesitation, Isabella forwarded a copy of the mistress' information to Michael's legitimate wife and also contacted two reporters. With everything in place, she was ready.

After completing these tasks, she invited several department heads to dinner. Since she was uncertain about their stance, she spent the afternoon eating grapes in

preparation for the drinks that would be forced on her later. In the evening, Alex joined them, along with several department directors and managers, totaling more than a dozen people.

Remaining in his role as the leader, Michael pointed out the surrounding scenery to

Isabella as they made their way as if she were new to Imperia.

“Miss Symons, you’re so young. It’s rare to see someone achieve so much at such a young age. Your future is limitless.”

“How many years have you been in Imperia, Miss Symons?”

In the passenger seat, Isabella listened to the group of people talking nonsense with a forced smile. Although she was annoyed that these people were oblivious to the situation, every time she heard them addressing her respectfully, she reminded herself to remain calm. The title of a company president was hard-earned, and she couldn’t let these individuals undermine it.

Upon entering the restaurant, Oscar Reich, the director of the sales department, called for drinks. Even before the food was served, he had already toasted Isabella with a glass of white wine.

Isabella excused herself, saying she couldn't drink, but everyone present was astute and wouldn't let her off the hook just because she blushed from drinking and continued to persuade her with

Otherwise, she would have been forced to drink by this group of people.

Midway through the dinner, she couldn't hold on any longer and had to excuse herself to go to the bathroom to vomit. Feeling nauseous, she leaned over the sink for a long time, unable to recover.

"Miss Symons, are you okay?"

A voice suddenly broke the silence, and Isabella snapped back to reality, clearing her mind as she looked up. It was Wendy Halls, a female chief from the advertising department.

"I'm fine," Isabella replied, straightening up, smoothing her hair, and looking at herself in

the mirror with a forced smile.

Wendy was touching up her makeup and sighed. "It's tough for us as women. The workplace isn't easy."

Isabella raised an eyebrow, sensing something off in her tone, and she continued,