

I QUIT MR 217

Chapter 217

The spotlight was on, and applause filled the air. Below the stage sat all the well-known figures of Imperia, confidently discussing the business landscape and pointing out the future.

This was the dream Isabella had envisioned.

Three minutes ago, it became a reality.

Seth ushered Isabella into the venue and, without any delay, released her hand and pushed her towards the podium.

Isabella stood alone, feeling the intense gaze on her back without even turning around.

She straightened her back, held her breath, and tried to calm herself down. Isabella, don't panic. It's not a big deal.

The flashlights around her kept flashing, and the media circled around the periphery, their setup rivaling that of a popular TV show's press conference.

Isabella wore a smile on her face, but inside, her heart was racing. She stepped onto

the stage, placed her hands on the podium, and adjusted the curve of her lips.

“Good evening, everyone...”

Her calm voice, in contrast to her racing heartbeat, resonated throughout the venue.

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Isabella recalled the process Seth had just mentioned and began to speak at a steady pace. She thought she would be at a loss for words, but when there was no way out, all the drafts she had prepared came out smoothly.

Below the stage, Seth sat in the front seat, listening to Isabella’s inaugural speech.

From beginning to end, it was almost identical to what she had said when she was drunk, as if it had been copied.

Indeed, Isabella had been dreaming about this.

He felt slightly amused, and the corners of his lips unconsciously curled into a faint smile.

On the stage, Isabella spoke with a polite smile. When she swept her the smile on Seth’s lips, she immediately felt it was mocking.

gaze and caught

Her heart sank, and she subconsciously reflected on whether she had said something wrong. As she pondered, her brain froze for a moment, and she ran out of words.

The venue fell silent.

The sound of cameras clicking was very noticeable, and it also invisibly heightened the tension.

Isabella was annoyed with herself and also resented Seth. What was he laughing at? It made her forget her words.

She maintained her smile, changed her speaking style, and went straight to the final part of her speech about the future.

Fortunately, the people below the stage didn't care about what she was saying; they were just going through the motions.

Isabella spoke for about ten minutes, and the expected applause came from below the stage. Her task was complete.

She stepped down from the stage, originally intending to walk towards Seth, but found that two directors were sitting next to him, and behind him were Selena and Nicolas.

She pursed her lips, glanced around the venue, straightened her back, and walked towards where the Nemotors employees were gathered.

Alex stood at the front, and he hugged her as soon as she approached, whispering in her ear, "You were awesome!"

Isabella wanted to laugh but couldn't help feeling excited. She patted Alex's back twice.

They didn't have time to say much, as the host on the stage had already announced the start of the banquet, and the atmosphere of the venue quickly changed.

After the ceremony, there was a dance, which was also a customary procedure for Isabella, the protagonist. It was important to whom Isabella danced the first dance with.

She had just rushed to Alex, and now she was a bit far from Seth. If she walked over now, it would seem a bit deliberate, and Seth might not even dance with her.

As she hesitated, someone appeared next to her.

“Miss Symons, may I have this dance?”

Isabella turned her head, surprised. “Mr. Leonard?”

Leonard raised his eyebrows. He was wearing a light blue suit, a diamond stud in his

earlobe, and a hint of a mischievous smile.

Isabella couldn't refuse, and without thinking, she placed her hand on Leonard's.

The music started, and the two stepped onto the dance floor.