

I QUIT MR 218

Chapter 218

Isabella felt an overwhelming urge to punch Dariel. His behavior was incredibly infuriating.

She bit her lip, glaring at Dariel. When she looked up, she saw Seth approaching them with a glass of wine in his hand.

Taking a sip of his wine, Seth looked down at them and said, "Simon is going to be my uncle, so you better behave."

Isabella was confused.

Simon almost choked on his drink. Seeing that he might get involved in the situation, he quickly surrendered.

"Today is Isabella's home court. I beg you all, please don't pay attention to me."

Dariel clicked his tongue, still unwilling to back down. "That can't be helped. With so many people here, Miss Symons is eager to greet you."

Isabella gritted her teeth, picked up a glass of champagne, and poured it directly into

Dariel's nearly empty glass.

She smiled, enunciating each word, "Mr. Wells, take your time!"

Dariel raised an eyebrow and said with a grin, "Fair enough."

Isabella rolled her eyes.

Just then, two senior colleagues came over to toast. They probably saw this group of

Imperia's most famous young masters gathered together and decided to make friends

with each one.

In this group, Isabella was like a child with no experience or family background. She

could only play a supporting role.

She understood this, so she naturally drank along and then quietly stood aside.

Seth stood in the center, still the focus of the conversation. He was the head of

Imperia's business at a young age, a rare figure to see. But today, he was unusually

talkative, giving face to anyone who came to toast.

Isabella thought he might be in a good mood, but others saw it as her having some

prestige.

One thing led to another, and even if Seth didn't get a word in, there were still people who specifically came over to greet Isabella.

The words "Miss Symons" never stopped, and all she saw were smiling faces.

It was at this moment that Isabella truly realized that her status was different from before. She could stand upright next to Seth, no longer as an accessory.

With the

thought, her smile became more confident, and her movements more natural.

After a few rounds, she had drunk quite a bit of champagne.

Taking advantage of the moment when everyone was not paying attention, she went to the restroom.

The area near the restroom was very quiet. Before Isabella entered, she faintly heard some movement inside, as if someone was vomiting.

In the spirit of being the host, she lifted her gown and walked in.

The door of the stall opened, and a young woman came out.

Isabella took a closer look and was surprised to see that it was Selena.

Selena looked pale. When she saw Isabella, her eyes flickered.

Isabella looked behind her, a little puzzled. "Are you feeling unwell?"

Selena didn't give her a good look and went straight to the marble counter to freshen

"Feeling proud, aren't you?"

Selena's tone was mocking, completely villainous, a far cry from the innocent girl she was a month ago.

Isabella found it amusing. She turned around and looked at Selena.

"I'm at the peak of my life. I should be proud."

Selena's expression darkened, and she turned her hateful gaze towards Isabella.

"What's there to be proud of, climbing up by relying on a man?"

Isabella crossed her arms, lifted her chin, and showed no fear. "I've slept with Seth, but

I've never relied on Seth."

Selena sneered, "You're shameless."

"Think what you want." Isabella shrugged, looking at her pale face, and said, "I have one

piece of advice for you.”

“In the workplace, focus on self-improvement and stop daydreaming.”

Selena gritted her teeth and slammed her hand on the sink, splashing water

everywhere.

Isabella didn't want to talk to Selena anymore. She lifted her gown and went into the

stall.

She thought Selena was just a little girl who couldn't get her beloved toy. At most, she

would play some petty tricks like she had before when she leaked information to Lara.

She couldn't make any big waves.

She carefully unfastened her gown, about to squat down.